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 7, 1887. | VOL. XXII.—NO. 39.

1887. SEASON. 1887.

The Majestic Trotting Stallion,

WALKER MORRILL!

AN EQUINE KING!

Standard No. 2557, Wallace's T. R.

RECORD: 2.37, On Slow Half-Mile Track.

Crowned by merit of Performance, Pedigree and Progeny!

WILL MAKE THE SEASON

At the Stables of Mr. SOL. PIPPIN, Easton, Md.

PEDIGREE:

Sire: "Winthrop Morrill, 373. —SIRE OF— Honest Harry, 2.22¼ (Dam unknown.); Baby Boy, - 2.30 (Dam unknown.); Glengarry, - 2.27 (Dam unknown.); Ed Getchell, - 2.27 (Dam unknown.); Sam Curtis, - 2.28 (Own brother to Walker Morrill); J. G. Morrill, - 2.29 (Dam by Eaton Horse.); Ben Morrill, - 2.27; Fleetwood, - 2.29; John Morrill, 2.26¾

Dam: By "Eaton Horse," 122. —SIRE OF— Grey Stranger....2.30. And Grandsire of: Shepherd Knapp, Jr.....2.27¾ (Two and a half mile record at Paris, France, 6.14.); Grateful.....2.28½. Also get the Dams of: Lothair.....2.29¼; Sam Curtis.....2.28; J. G. Morrill.....2.29

WINTHROP MORRILL, bay stallion, 15½ hands, foaled 1855, was driven a carefully measured mile on Winthrop Pond, drawing two men in a sleigh, without a break, in 2.32, the last quarter in 33 seconds, or a 2 12 gait. His get have great courage, pure gait, and rarely break their trot. His success in the Stud, always with common hard-worked farm mares, is a matter of public record. He was got by Young Morrill, sire of Fearnaught, 2.28¼, &c., son of Old Morrill, a direct descendant of Morgan and Messenger. Dam by The Huckins Horse, son of Royal Morgan.

EATON HORSE, Standard No. 122, light chestnut stallion, of immense size and substance, 16½ hands, weight, in good flesh, 1450 lbs.; was foaled in 1842; got by THE AVERY HORSE, and his Dam, THE PELTON MARE, was by WINTHROP MESSENGER, SON OF IMPORTED MESSENGER.

WALKER MORRILL is therefore full of the blood of Morgan and Messenger. These Stallions of the olden time have won world-wide fame, as every great trotter of the past or present originally came from their loins.

PERFORMANCES.

The turf career of WALKER MORRILL was meteor-like and unusually brilliant. After a full season in the Stud he trotted four races in his five year-old form, winning three and taking second money in the fourth race, lapping out a 2.30 horse, at Coldwater, Mich., on one of the slowest half-mile tracks imaginable. In 1876, ten days after completing a full Spring Season, he beat a field of six seasoned trotters. He continued his victorious march through the Michigan and Indiana circuits, most of the races being from five to eight heats, and won by MORRILL'S steadiness and gameness. In the Fall of the year he won the 2.28 race at Plymouth, Ind., and was a hot second in the Free-for-all won by Red Cloud, 2.18. He also won the 2.35 race at Niles, Mich., trotting the fourth and fifth heats in 2.37, each, through the sand, and beating the then Michigan Wonder, "Edward," 2.19, a most creditable showing for a six-year-old, kept for stud purposes.

PROGENY.

His first years of sirehood were passed under the shadow of Masterlode, sire of Belle F., 2.15¾; Fisk's Mambrino Chief, 2.19, sire of Mambrino Sparkle, 2.17, and Royal Fearnaught, sire of Silver Thread, 2.18¾. SO WALKER MORRILL had to serve an inferior class of mares, with the exception of Belle Hastings, dam of his fast and game daughter, Kitty W. L., record 2.24, and the dam of Col. F. M. Holloway's noble bay stallion, Brick, who can beat 2.30. MORRILL'S chances were not improved on the Eastern Shore of Virginia and Maryland, where he was still coupled with common mares; but his intrinsic merit prevailed, as shown by the uncommon speed of his colts. They take to trotting as early and naturally as a duck to swimming, and there is no trouble to make them winners. Their handling began only a season or two ago, yet their records speak volumes, viz: Clay Morrill, 3-year-old, 2.34¼; Mollie Morrill, 4-year-old, 2.34¼; they contended in a race and were lapped for a half mile in 2.12¾. Grey Morrill, 2.38¼, a seventh heat; Carpet Bagger, bred and raised in this county, when in his 4-year-old form demonstrated his ability to trot in 2.30. Maroa and I X L, 2-year-olds, trials in 2.50 and 2.45; quarters faster; and many others of his get are coming trotters and enduring roadsters. Breeders will find the claims of this prepotent sire for patronage is based upon the crucible test of Individual Merit, for by his Roll of Honor it has been established that he is not a pensioner on his ancestors.

TERMS.

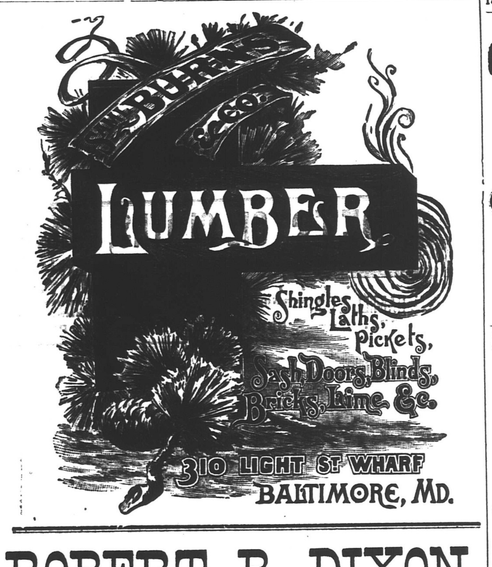
$35 the Season, $50 to insure.

Communications by Mail should be addressed to WILLIAM HOPPS, Baltimore, Md.

Descriptive Circulars and Pedigree furnished upon application.

SOL PIPPIN, Easton, Md.

Lumber Business.



ROBERT B. DIXON.

LUMBER AND Building Materials.

Have just received per steamer direct from North Carolina a fine lot of the

Celebrated Urquhart Shingles.

Have also other good brands of shingles.

Laths, Pickets, Locust Posts, Lime and Hair.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS.

DEALER IN Anthracite and Cumberland Coals, AND FERTILIZERS.

Will sell all of the above at Low Prices.

HANNIBAL, No. 2191,

By the great Woodford Mambrino, No. 345; Dam, Lady McKenny, standard under rule 5.

Will make the season of 1887 at $25 the season, or $35 to insure; owners parting with mares forfeit insurance money. Will be limited to 40 approved mares, parties wishing his services will please notify me.

Groom fee, 50 cents.

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

mar8 3m

The Celebrated Standard-Bred Stallion

JACK SPLAN,

Record 2.26¼.

By the great *ALMONT*, (sire of 34 horses with records better than 2.30). Out of the dam of *MAUD MACEY*, 2.27¾, by Star Denmark. 2nd dam by Shark son of American Eclipse.

For service in Talbot county from April 1st to July 1st, 1887.

TERMS.

$25.00 the season. Groom fee, 50 cts. Can be seen at F. G. Wright's. For particulars apply to ROBERT HOUGH, Easton, Md.

adr5 3m

Young Sovereign

Will travel this season in Talbot county.

Sovereign is a beautiful black, nine years old, and weighs sixteen hundred pounds.

Pedigree.

Sovereign is by Bank of England; Bank of England by Young Oxford; his dam by Tom Lincoln; grand dam by John Bull. Sovereign's dam was by Sir William Wallace, grand dam by Black Hawk, great grand dam by Glenaell.

Terms.

Single service, $4.00; season, $8.00; to insure, $15.00. Parting with insured mare forfeits insurance. 50 cents in each case to the groom.

N. C. FITZJARRELL.

mar22-2m

The Black Trotting Stallion

YOUNG ROB ROY

Will travel in Talbot county during the season of 1887, commencing March 23d and ending June 25th.

PEDIGREE—Young Rob Roy was sired by old Rob Roy, who had a record of 2 30; his dam was a Hambletonian mare.

DESCRIPTION—Young Rob Roy is 8 years old, a coal black, 15½ hands high, weighs about 1200 pounds, and is of a kind and gentle disposition, and can be driven by a child.

TERMS—$8.00 for the season; 2 mares, $14; 3 mares, $20; to be paid at the end of the season. 50 cents to the groom in each case.

R. N. PERRY

Kirkham, Talbot co., Md., March 22, 1887 2m

GARDEN SEED.

LANDRETHS' CELEBRATED Garden Seed IN FULL SUPPLY

Just opened and for sale at

Trippe's Drug Store.

BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS.

For the best, the cheapest, and the freshest, call at

JAMES T. ROBINSON'S,

at the old stand, Washington street, Easton, opposite the Bayside road.

In fine, coarse, good substantial, and cheap Shoes, for men, women, boys or children, he defies competition.

His stock of groceries is full and cheap.

In domestic dry goods and notions everything will be found as cheap as the cheapest.

Call and see him. He charges nothing to show goods.

The Nursery and Child's Hospital, Cor. FRANKLIN AND SCHROEDER STS., is now open for the reception of patients, either medical or surgical. A number of first-class private rooms have been arranged for the accommodation of patients coming from a distance, who may be accompanied by an attendant. Contagious and incurable cases will not be received. Rooms and board from $5 to $15 per week. Apply to the institution.

jan29-1mo

Plain Dealing Oysters.

J. W. TODD,

Corner of Market Space and West street, serves oysters of all kinds and at any hour, fried, roasted and stewed.

Families supplied with oysters to order. Shucked oysters always on hand.

The public patronage solicited.

sep21, 86-tf

T. J. THOMPSON, Boot & Shoe Maker,

Opposite Covey's Stable,

Railroad Avenue, Easton, Md.,

Makes all kinds of boots and shoes for gentlemen, and does all kinds of repairing for ladies and gentlemen.

Gentlemen's fine hand-made Boots a specialty. The best of material used, and neatness and dispatch guaranteed. Please call and leave your measure and encourage home industry.

Easton, Feb. 10th, 1887.

PAPER SACKS FOR HAMS

For sale at R. J. TRIPPE'S.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

feb22-12m

Great Model Clothing House,

Acme Hall! which was established a very few years ago, is now by far the largest Clothing house in Baltimore. Its rapidly increasing business has recently compelled the proprietors to remove to the immense premises recently occupied by the Wholesale dry goods house of Hurst, Purnell & Co.

To-Order Department.

All the leading makes and novelties in Woolens from this side as well as the other side of the ocean shown here. These we sell by the yard, or make to your measure by skilled artists who will please your taste and fit your body. It is a rare treat to see the artistic character of the work produced here.

The Men's Department

shows the grandest assortment of Suits, Overcoats, and single garments ever produced under one roof. Nothing you can possibly want is omitted and everything is warranted lower than any other house south of N. Y.

The Boys' Department

has always been a most interesting one but now is made complete by adding Hats, Caps, and Furnishings; all the newest, latest, most choice here already, and novelties added daily.

Prices, here as elsewhere, as usual the very bottom.

The Gent.'s Furnishing Department

is a new one with us, but will be marked with the same vim and care which has made the other Departments so successful. All the best makes and many manufactured expressly for us will be sold at the lowest possible profit.

Acme Hall,

Oehm & Co. Props.

5 & 7 W. Baltimore Street.

1 door west of Charles st.

N. B.—Waiting room for ladies. Baggage checked without cost to all visitors, buying or not.

Mail Orders receive punctual attention.

FRANK S. ANDERSON, Cabinet street. | J. W. GROVE, Railroad avenue near Depot.

ANDERSON & GROVE

are now prepared to do

PAINTING

in all its branches. House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, Graining in Oak, Cherry, Walnut, Mahogany and all other woods. Glazing, Frescoing, and Wall decorations in the best possible manner. Satisfaction guaranteed, and orders solicited. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Shop on Cabinet street, Easton, Md. Respectfully,

F. S. ANDERSON, J. W. GROVE.

dec7-6m

R. H. T. COUNCELL, Furniture Dealer AND UNDERTAKER.

Next to Masonic Hall

EASTON, MD.

Cross Ginger.

For sale by J. C. HENRY & BROTHER.

Select Poetry.

FATHERLY ADVICE.

"You wish to be a lawyer, John—well, I'd not say a word
Unless I felt quite certain that your longings are absurd;
I don't wish to discourage you, but then I can't consent
To board you as I hev to do, and pay your office rent.

"You've got a lusty set of limbs and ordinary head,
And you were meant by common toil to earn your daily bread;
And a thriving farm and pleasant home where man and wife agree,
Beat any one-horse lawyer's luck as far as you can see.

"If you'd been born with talent, John, you'd long ago hev shown
That you had gifts by stealing off to study books alone;
Now, if you've ever read a book, I r'ally don't know when,
Though, come to think, I b'lieve you sling a somewhat legal pen.

"Be wise, my boy, the legal ranks are more than crowded now,
And half of them who starve therein was cut out for the plow,
But they mistook pure laziness for talent, understand,
And help to fill a big supply where there was no demand.

"Are they not educated? Yes, but here let me explain,
Seed that's grown in shaky soil tringe forth but little grain;
And this higher education fitted to a common mind
Is like a pair of big gold specs upon a man that's blind.

"There is no prouder place than 'twixt the handles of a plow,
(Though stumpy land has humbled me at times I must allow,)
And as for human greatness, I should think I had my share,
If I could take the prize for hogs at our next county fair.

"Just emulate your sire, my son, and just as sure as fate,
You'll live to be respected, though perhaps you won't be great;
But enter law and five short years will clean you out so bad
You'll have no recollection of the last square meal you had."

Select Story.

A GOOD THRASHING.

Many people are in the habit of assuring their friends that they "enjoy very poor health," not meaning by this assertion to express contentment with their condition, but the contrary. When I, however, tell you that I once had a jolly good thrashing, there is a special intention in every word of the phrase. The castigation was jolly, because I thoroughly relished every blow as it fell on my body; and it was good, because it saved my life. The circumstances in which I took this very unusual form of gratification was as follows:

I was living at Trimurtigherry, where I had a small cotton cleaning and pressing factory. The cotton grown from indigenous seed in that district was but a poor staple, and, in fact, is a crop only cultivated on soils which are considered too poor for cereals. This inferiority of quality naturally deterred shippers from placing orders freely with me; and in the hope of demonstrating to the ryots the advantage of paying more attention to the industry, I procured a variety of seed from America, and formed a small model plantation near my bungalow.

I succeeded very well, and as the bolls ripened I used carefully to gather them myself, in order to keep the different kinds distinct, and to test the yield.

I was engaged one morning in this manner, and was in the act of plucking some pods off a tree, when I felt a sharp bite on my right wrist. At the same instant I saw a snake drop to the ground and writhe rapidly away. I noticed a bright yellow line on each side of the upper surface of the reptile's head convergent on the snout, and I feared, only too justly, that I had been bitten by a tic-polonga, the daboia Russellii, one of the most common of venomous snakes. If anything were needed to confirm my misgivings, it was supplied by a glance at my injured wrist. A look was sufficient, and I instantly knew that the wound had been inflicted by a poisonous serpent.

There is an unmistakable indication of the nature of snake-bites, the non-poisonous being marked by the teeth of the animal thus: ⋮ ⋮ whereas poisonous ones are distinguished by two punctures in this manner (..). The two fatal marks where the creature's fangs had pierced my skin were only too plainly visible.

'At least my destroyer shall not escape,' I thought, and springing forward I crushed the snake, which proved to be a tic-polonga, under my heel, just as it was reaching a crevice in the earth, where it would have been safe.

Revenge was certainly my primary object in killing the reptile, but I had a secondary object, which was to ascertain its age and and size, as the consequences attendant upon a poisonous snake bite are materially affected thereby. The tic-polonga attains a length of fifty inches, and death generally rapidly supervenes on the bite of a full-grown specimen, especially if the wounded part happens to be one of the extremities, such as a finger or toe which can be fairly seized between the animal's jaws. The venom is in that case injected deeply into the flesh, and commingling at once with the blood, is rapidly diffused through the veins and arteries, and reaching the heart, paralyzes the action of that organ. But if the part attacked present a wider surface, so that the epidermis may perhaps only be abraded and the subcuticle remain unpierced, the chances of remedial measures proving efficacious are greatly increased, while the consequences of any wound inflicted by a daboia of not more than twenty or twenty-four inches may generally be counteracted.

The degree of danger from snake-bite also depends considerably on several other considerations, such as the health of the patient; whether the snake has recently made a meal or bitten any other object, in which case it will have exhausted its poison glands; and, finally the time of day, as in the early morning, when the air is raw and chilly, a snake is languid, and will strike with comparatively little energy, whereas during the heat of the day it is active and generally very fierce.

The circumstances of my case seemed decidedly against me. The tic-polonga I had killed was at least thirty inches long, and therefore capable of inflicting a mortal wound; it was fasting, and its poison glands must have been fully charged at the moment it bit me—it was after 9 o'clock, and a very hot day, and the bite on my wrist was deep. The only point in my favor was that I was in excellent health. I knew the awful gravity of my situation, and was aware that unless some remedies were applied immediately, I should certainly be dead in three-quarters of an hour at the longest.

There was no surgeon or apothecary within fifteen miles of my factory, but I fortunately had some knowledge of the proper method of dealing with such cases as my own, having once seen a ryot being treated for snake-bite by the remedies I proposed to apply to myself, only I remembered with melancholy interest that the unfortunate Hindoo had died, notwithstanding the unremitting exertions made to save his life.

The treatment for snake-bite is ligature of the limb above the wound, free incision, sucking, cauterization, bathing the wound with ammonia, and taking ammonia, or brandy internally. Remembering these directions, I rushed into the bungalow and made a very efficient tourniquet with a walking stick and a wet towel, which I passed around my forearm, effectually stopping the circulation. I also summoned my boy Veerapen to my assistance, and as I had no ammonia in the house, I ordered him to open a bottle of brandy with all speed. Whilst Veerapen was getting the cognac, I slashed my wrist freely all around the injured part with my pocket-knife, particularly probing the punctures make by the serpent's fangs, and as the blood spurted freely from the wound I sucked it with the vigor and desperation of a man who knows that the delay of only a quarter of a minute in eliminating the virus from his system may seal his doom.

I noticed with horror that my arm was swelling rapidly, and I began to experience a difficulty in respiration, which I knew was a most unfavorable symptom. Some powerful excitent was necessary immediately to counteract the effect of the poison, yet it seemed as though Veerapen would never bring the brandy, and I called wildly to him to come to me. He ran into the room with a bottle of the precious liquor in his hand, but in his confusion he could not find a corkscrew, and he was too much terrified and dazed by my misfortune to think of the ready expedient of knocking off the neck of the bottle. However, I soon sent it flying, and pouring out half a tumbler of brandy, I drank it at a gulp.

The spirit revived me, and thus nerved to renewed action, I bade Veerapen call the cook to bring some burning sticks from the kitchen. With one of these glowing firebrands I seared my bleeding and quivering flesh, never flinching under what in ordinary circumstances would have been excruciating agony, but rather cherishing the pain which was a possible means of saving my life. But I feared my case was past all help, for I was sensible that the contractions of of my heart were growing very feeble, and respiration became more and more difficult.

I felt the [illegible] that there remained only one final stage, that of falling into a faint before death supervened.

Just as my senses were deserting me, I was able to clutch the bottle of brandy, and once more poured out a large quantity into the glass. With an effort I just managed to raise it to my lips, and quaffed the reviving spirit, which acted on my prostrated nerves like a magic draught.

I rallied; and with a fierce determination to live, I braced my senses together for a final struggle with the potent poison which now coursing like liquid fire through every vein in my body. The brandy had no intoxicating results, its ordinary effects being neutralized by the virus in my body. The giant Alcohol had for once to combat with a rival mightier than himself, and my life depended on the issue of the struggle.

Knowing I might at any moment lapse into the final comatose state, I hastily gave my instructions to Veerapen and the cook while my mind remained clear. I directed them to hold me by my arms, one on either side, to keep me walking about, and on no account to suffer me to lie down or go to sleep. I explained to Veerapen that my life depended on my being kept awake, and I ordered him to check the fatal drowsiness by thrashing me with my own horse-whip if necessary, and not to spare it.

Veerapen armed himself with the whip as ordered, and he and the cook began marching me up and down the room. An overwhelming faintness soon came upon me, from which a further large dose of brandy failed to rouse me, and I should have gone to sleep as I walked, had not Veerapen then administered a sharp cut across my calves.

The pain stung me into activity, and I turned upon my servant with an amount of fury which caused him to retreat in hot haste. But remembering why the blow was given, I thanked him for it, curbing my passion and telling him to resume his cure of me. I begged him, no matter what my present anger might be, to continue, by the severe means I had placed in his hands, to prevent my falling asleep, as I would handsomely reward him if he saved my life.

I cannot recollect all that passed; but Veerapen told me that I alternately commanded and entreated with tears in my eyes to be allowed to go to sleep if only for a minute, but that the only attention he paid to my threats or entreaties was to lay on all the harder with the whip.

The blows roused me from my state of torpor for a few minutes only at a time, but during these intervals of consciousness I thoroughly relished the cure I was voluntarily undergoing, and experienced a positive pleasure in feeling the stinging cuts showered on my back, arms and legs by my lusty attendant.

The struggle for life was protracted, but gradually the pulsations of my heart became more regular, the load which had oppressed my breathing was slowly lifted from my chest, the fatal yearning for sleep rolled away, and I knew the mortal risk was over.

Perhaps Veerapen had a few scores to pay off—anyhow, he discharged his duty so thoroughly that by the time I was out of danger I was black and blue from head to foot, but I bore him no grudge for these striking marks of his fidelity.

I know I consumed a great deal of brandy, but I did not think I had finished as much as six bottles. Veerapen, however, assured me I had not only taken that quantity, but had wished to have more, only he refused to let me have it. He produced half a dozen "gentlemen-commoners" as vouchers to his assertion; and if he and the cook had not grossly exceeded the limits of sobriety that night, I might have been persuaded that I alone had swallowed a full gallon imperial measure of old cognac. As it was, I formed an opinion that my worthy servitors had been drinking my very good health and speedy recovery, and I did not reprove them for the jollification on such an occasion.

I gave my faithful boy twelve months' pay, and to the cook six, as a reward for their timely services. I do not think anything could induce me to part with Veerapen, or Veerapen to leave me as long as I remain in the country, and I shall give him a pension for life when I finally retire from India.

The effects of the poison did not altogether disappear for some time, but manifested themselves at intervals in muscular spasms, which were very painful and accompanied by great depression of spirits. Time, however, cures all things, and I am today as sound as though I had never been within an ace of losing my life through the bite of a tic-polonga.—London Society.

The Mormon Temple.

The construction of the grand temple of worship now being erected by the Mormon church at Manti, Utah, is being pushed ahead with as large a force of workmen as convenience will permit, and the walls of the building are beginning to loom up and are covered with scaffolding and derricks. The temple is being constructed of white limestone. The building is situated on top of a mountain, a spur of the Wasatch range, that extends out into the town of Manti, and is called by the people of Utah the mountain of the Lord. The foundation of the temple is sixty-three feet above the level of the road, and is solid rock; the top of the mountain having been excavated and removed, making it level, is ninety-five feet in width and 172 in length. From the ground to the square will be eighty-two feet in height. There will be two towers erected, one at the east and the other at the west corner of the building. The tower at the east corner will be 179 feet in height, while that at the west corner will be ten feet lower, or 169 feet in height. They are thirty feet square at the base. There are four terrace walls around the mountain in front of the temple, which will average about seventeen feet in height and are about 900 feet in length, and in all contain about 2,400 cords of rock, as at present built, and 55,000 yards of debris has been excavated and hauled away. The stairway from the road to the upper terrace is sixty-three feet, and will contain 132 stone steps, sixteen feet in width. The back of the terrace will be filled with rich soil, to the top of the stone work, and trees and shrubbery planted, and the tops of the terraces are to be ornamented by neatly dressed and cut stones, and statues will be placed at various and appropriate places. The water to supply the temple will be brought in wooden pipes from a spring situated about one and a-quarter miles east of the temple, back in the mountains, and has a fall of seventy-nine feet to the reservoir, and one hundred feet from the reservoir to the lower terrace. The whole side of the mountain is to be planted with trees and flowers, and the crystal stream poured forth by the little spring, as it winds its way down the side of the mountain, will travel from root to root, quenching their thirst, thus assisting the trees to produce their foliage in spring, the flowers to bloom and the grass to grow. The building of the temple was first commenced five years ago, and has been worked on ever since, and it is expected that it will be in such condition in about three years that it can be used, but it is estimated that it will take fully five years to complete the building. The building will be fifty feet in height, and the excavation at the east end for the basement is about forty-six feet in depth. It was President Young's intention when he ordered the erection of this temple that it should be the grandest and most imposing structure erected on the American continent, and all indications point to such being the case.

Manti is situated about 125 miles a little east of south of Salt Lake City, and is quite a large town, being the third oldest settlement in Utah territory. It is located at the foot of the east side of the Wasatch mountains, in one of the most fertile valleys in the territory, which is dotted the entire length with well stocked farms and large orchards. The Saupitch river, a tributary to the Sevier river, flows through the town, supplying the people with water for all necessary purposes, including irrigation. The Manti and surrounding valleys is the granary of the mountain country. Its fruitful farms not only produce a sufficient quantity of grain to supply the greater portion of Utah with grain and flour, but it supplies the greater portion of southeastern Nevada with flour and a goodly portion of grain.

A Mongolian Prayer.

The worship of ancestors at graves is not seen here, as the bodies are sent back to China; but there every April, on a certain day, the family tombs are visited and offerings made. The Chinese think that we do the same on Decoration Day: at least this is the impression of many. The prayers offered at the tomb of an ancestor are ready made and printed, and are not recited, as the bearer very naturally argues that the soul of the ancestor if it knows anything is aware of what is wanted, so it is simply burned at the tomb. The following is a literal translation of a prayer offered, copied from one of the slips:

TANGKWANG,

12th month, 3d moon, 1st day.

I, Lin Kwang, the second son of the third generation, presume to come before the grave of my ancestor, Lin Kung. Revolving years have brought again the season of spring. Cherishing sentiment of veneration, I look up and sweep your tomb. Prostrate I pray that you will come and be present, and that you will grant to your posterity that they may be prosperous and illustrious. At this season of general showers and gentle breezes I desire to recompense the root of my existence, and exert myself sincerely. Always grant your safe protection. Most reverently I present the five-fold sacrifice of a pig, a fowl, a duck, a goose, and a fish; also an offering of five plates of fruit, with libations of spirituous liquors, earnestly entreating that you will come and view them. With the most attentive respect this announcement is presented on high.

The religion of the Chinaman and of Chinatown is bounded by no narrow limits. It is boundless—fitted for all stations, and is a jumble of tradition, superstition and ignorance, incomprehensible to nine-tenths of its so-called adherents.San—Francisco Call.

A man was wheeling a barrow across a churchyard not twenty miles from Manchester, England, when he was threatened by the clergymen with condign punishment for his daring outrage in polluting his consecrated ground by his wheelbarrow. The man, scratching his head, said: "I did not know but the wheelbarrow was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton."

Desirable Trees for the Lawn.

From the American Farmer.

There is great diversity of opinion regarding the kinds of trees most suitable for the ornamentation of the lawn, many still fostering the foreign craze for trees of any country but their own, and planting of foreign specimens. While I admit that there are many examples among trees foreign to the United States that are desirable acquisitions in themselves, yet I do say that to obtain the best results, as quick and vigorous growth, great luxuriance of foliage, shapely and graceful habits and hardiness, the "truly" American tree is by far the best adapted to produce satisfaction to all those who select them to ornament their grounds, and are the only ones that we can safely expect to reward us abundantly. As this subject is extensive, only such trees as are native will be described.

I think in the estimation of many, and positively in my own, the Silver Maple (Acer eriocerpum) stands first. Its perfect healthfulness and adaptability to all soils; its graceful swaying branches, the under surface of the leaves beautifully silvered in color, its vigorous growth, tend to place it first among our grand native trees. In the maple class I would further recommend the following:

Sugar Maple (Acer saccharinum), a perfectly hardy tree well proportioned in growth, and the foliage of which in the autumn is most striking and lovely in color. It is the famous tree from which the maple sugar of commerce is extracted. Ash Leaved Maple (Acer negundo) is a desirable variety. Its rapid growth and symmetrical head and luxuriant foliages coupled with its comparative likeness to the apple tree, make it at once peculiarly attractive. It luxuriates in moist locations.

The American Linden (Tilia Americana) is significant with its name truly American. It is a fine, lofty tree, growing easily and vigorously with little care, and is a veritable giant among American trees.

The American Ash (Fraxinus Americana), somewhat of the habit of the Linden, attains large size and great luxuriance.

The Carolina Poplar (Populus angulata) is a tree of wonderful luxuriance and most vigorous in growth. It requires the annual pruning in of its branches to keep in proper form, but amply repays all labor thus expended. Its leaves are angular in form.

The Tulip tree or Poplar (Liriodendron tulipifera) ranks deservedly high among our native forest trees. It should be planted about the time it makes its growth in the spring, and its roots kept moist and uninjured as much as possible. It is pyramidal in form of growth, and is furnished with a bountiful supply of cup-shaped greenish yellow flowers which are highly ornamental.

The American Oaks, such as the white oak (Quercus alba;) the scarlet (Q. coccinea;) the mossy cup (Q. oliœformis;) the pin (Q. palustris;) the red (Q. rubra), should have a place on all lawns of large extent, and are difficult to transplant from the forest.

The American Beeches, such as the white beech (Fagus sylvestris), and the red (F. ferrugines), are very desirable, and can be successfully transplanted with care. They prefer moist locations.

The Dogwood (Cornus florida), is a good example of a low growing or dwarf tree. Its white flowers in early spring, and intensely scarlet berries (seed pods) late in autumn, make it very ornamental for the lawn. It requires an open situation to develop and display its attractions.

The transplanting is most successfully performed in the month of November; excellent success can be attained, however, in March also, although the first named month is preferable to plant in, as the trees become better established by spring.

To plant a tree correctly, the hole should be dug four feet square and four feet deep, and filled up with good soil, having some well rotted manure and ground bone incorporated with it. Plant the tree one inch deeper than its former depth in the nursery. Prune in its branches to within one bud of its last year's growth; cut off all broken roots with a sharp knife; pack the soil firmly about the roots with the foot; stake and tie firmly, exactly perpendicular; put the stake towards the northwest from the tree, as the prevailing winds are from that quarter. In summer give the trees a good mulch of straw or some such material, and if very dry, water freely once a week,

WM. D. HAMILTON.

Druid Hill Park, Baltimore.

He Approved.

As Mr. Popperman threw himself on the sofa last Monday evening and took up the paper, his wife said to him.

"Charles, I went to a wedding today."

"Did you indeed?" said he. "Whom did you marry?"

"What an idea! I saw a couple married in church."

"Oh!"

"Yes. They were married according to the latest fashion."

"The latest fashion? What is that?"

"For the bride and groom to give presents to all the guests?"

"No, No. I mean the latest fashion with regard to entering the church. Formerly, you know, the bride and groom both came down the same aisle. Now, when the couple leave the carriage at the entrance of the church, the bride comes down the aisle followed by her maids, but the groom goes around the corner, comes in at the side door, and meets the bride at the altar."

"What's that? Do you say that the groom goes around the corner and comes in at the side door?"

"Yes, dear."

"That's a splendid idea."

"Why?"

"Why? Because it gives him a good chance to get away."

A Young Mother's Grief.

A pretty little story is told of one of the prettiest and sweetest little women in Englewood. She has been a wife seven years, and three times a mother. Not long ago one of her babes—her youngest—died, and was taken on a cold day to Oakwood for burial. The young mother was half dead with grief, but proved sufficiently strong on the day of the funeral to ride to the cemetery. After the services were over at the vault she requested that the coffin be once more opened, and the undertaker gratified her wish. Being left almost alone with her dead for a moment the poor mother suddenly took the lifeless little body in her arms, pulled from beneath her cloak a warm and fleecy choose cloth child's quilt, and carefully wrapped it about the form of the infant, murmuring: "There—there—my little darling shall not be cold. This will keep her warm."—Chicago Herald.