The Easton Star.

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

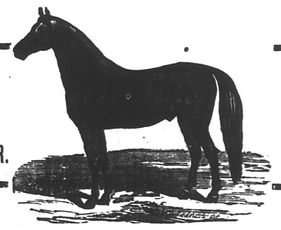
NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1887. | VOL. XXII.—NO. 43.

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	Sam Curtis,	2.28
Dam unknown.		Own brother to Walker Morrill.	
Baby Boy,	2.30	J. G. Morrill,	2.29
Dam unknown.			
Glengarry,	2.27	Dam by Eaton Horse.	
Dam unknown.			
Ed Getchell,	2.27	Ben Morrill,	2.27
Dam unknown.		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 2.28¼

Also got the Dams of { Lothair ..... 2.29½ 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, 2.28¾, &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, 1150 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 2:38 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.

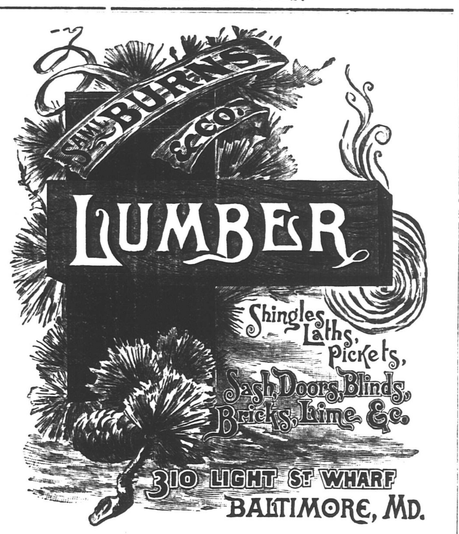
His first years of sirehood were passed under the shadow of Masterlode, sire of Belle F., 2.13¾; Fisk's Mambrino Chief, 2 22, sire of Mambrino Sparkle, 2 17, and Royal Fearnaught, sire of Silver Thread, 2 18¾. So WALKER MORRILL had to serve an inferior class of mares, with the exception of Belle Hastings, dam of his fast and game daughter, Kitty Van, 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 couple t 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, 2.38¼; Mollie Morrill, 4-year-old, 2.34¼; they contended in a race and were lapped for a half mile in 1.12¼. Grey Morrill, 2 38½, 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. Marga 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 Circular and Tabulated Pedigree furnished upon application to 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 Woolford 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*, 2.27¼, 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 Glensell.

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 cool black, 15½ hands high, weighs about 1200 pounds, and is of a kind and gentle disposition, and can be driven by a lady.

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.
jan25-1mo

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 B. 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,

Ochm & Co. Props.

527 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.

F. S. Anderson

is 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,
dec7-6m

R. H. T. COUNCELL,

Furniture Dealer

AND

UNDERTAKER.

Next to Masonic Hall

EASTON, MD.

Ocean Ginger.

For sale by J. C. HENRY & BROTHER.

Select Poetry.

ARBOR DAY IN FLORIDA.

BY PROF. LEWIS A. AUSTIN.

Thus reads the psalm three hundred decades old:
"Within God's temple strength and beauty dwell,"
A living psalm outspread our eyes behold,
The truth the singer sang its numbers tell:—
Creation's psalm, whose countless voices swell,
With praise in vain essayed by human tongue;
Whose worship doth great Nature's temple fill,
And echo farthest aisles of space among;
And hath through all the ages grand and ceaseless rung.

We live in sanctuary courts. The palm
With sculptured trunk, the enduring oak, the pine
With wind-harp voicing low its solemn psalm,
And cypress rise as pillars o'er the shrine;
The skies, its dome, with jewelled splendors shine,
Its lavers are a thousand lakes in bowls
Of gold and emerald; the jessamine,
Magnolia, orange from each censer rolls
The heavy-perfume prayers of Nature's voiceless souls.

Here strength and grace in wondrous union met;
Strength of the forest open-aisled and vast;
Beauty of branch and leaf and flow'ret,
Beauty of lakes with light waves running fast,
Beauty in fruits that charm both sight and taste,
Beauty in skies with glory spangled o'er;
Strength in the breeze that comes from ocean's waste,
Strength in old Ocean's mighty rush and roar,
Smiting with hand divine the loud complaining shore;

Beauty in pendant moss and grass and fern
Beauty in perfect day and perfect night,
Beauty where'er our raptured gaze we turn,
Cloud, curtains, mist, and darkness from our sight
The temple shroud; then, these uplifted, bright
The sun's Shechinah glories burst o'er all,
Painting in countless forms, with heaven's light,
The temple's floor and vaulted roof and wall,
And every living soul to God's pure worship call.

Select Story.

A BACHELOR'S REWARD.

BY GEORGE TRACE.

It was a cold January day. John Steele sat alone in his office, in the midst of a deep reverie.

It was seldom that he was idle, as he was at the present time, but this evening the memories of the past came flocking upon him like ghosts from another land.

John Steele was a bachelor of forty. He had been born and reared a poor boy, in the little town of M——, and had never felt a desire to leave it. He had studied law and plodded along year after year in the dingy, grimy office, in which we find him now, and had grown rich. He had no personal friends, and lived alone in a large, old frame house at the outskirts of the town, with a man servant as cook and general man-of-all-work.

Years and years before, when a young man of twenty, poor and aimless, Steele had loved a girl whose parents would not let her marry him because he was pennyless. In his rage he blamed her for this and would listen to no reason, and from that day had hated women and had led a solitary life. It was this scene that now held John Steele in his office chair, as the mantle of night gathered over the town.

"More than twenty years ago," he mused, "and I don't believe I have ever spoken to a woman, except on business, since that day. They say she married a no-account wretch after all, who has sunk down to poverty and want. Well, well, I must not waste time thinking about such things now. I was only a boy then, and did not know what I wanted. I must be going." Whereupon he arose, buttoned his coat about him, locked his office and trudged on his homeward journey.

Rumor had it about town that, although by her parents' influence, Katie Drew had married shortly after her refusal of Steele, that she had loved him dearly. This was most likely true, but as twenty years had faded from the general mind to give way to more lively gossip.

Steele ate his supper in silence. William, his man-of-all-work had a very good meal prepared; for, though Steele was close-fisted he believed in good eating, good clothes and comfortable living.

"Now, William," said Steele, when he had finished, "If you fix me up enough food to do me tomorrow, you may have a holiday. And here is your money and five dollars to have a time with. No holiday for me; I don't need any and don't want any."

"Thank you, Mr. Steele, for your goodness," said William. "But, Mr. Steele, don't you never take any little extra pleasure at all? You know I used to know you when you was a little fellow; and I can remember seeing your good mother holding you up at the old church so you could see the Christmas tree. "And you was a wee little tad then, and you clapped your little hands in glee and your mother would kiss your baby face and talk baby talk to you. It don't seem like that was near forty years ago, Mr. Steele, but it was."

"Confound the fellow," grumbled Steele, as he sat down in his room that night to read. "If I should listen to him he would upset me. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening anybow. I never felt so queer in my life. I guess I am using too much tobacco of late."

He read until bedtime, and was in the act of taking off his boots, when he heard a knock at the front door.

"Wonder who that is," he thought. "Something unusual at this place."

He listened a moment and there came another knock

"What the deuce can that William be doing that he don't go to the door?" said Steele. "I want to go to bed, and it may be some one that wants me. To borrow money, I guess. Well, unless they have good security, not a cent do they get."

At this juncture, William opened the door. Steele heard an indistinct conversation and then William conducted the visitor to the kitchen. After some moments William came walking into the room.

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Steele, but there is a poor woman in the kitchen who needs some help badly. I'm sure she does, for she don't look as a common beggar. She says she has walked through the cold all the way from the last town, and is most dead."

"Yes, that is what they all say. Give her something to eat and send her on."

"But I wish you would come and see her."

"Bother these beggars," mumbled Steele. "But I guess I'll go down to get rid of her."

Steele saw a black figure sitting by the fire.

"Well," he said to her, when he entered, "what can I do for you?"

She turned toward him. Her face was not that of a beggar. Although a trifle pale, it was the face of a pretty woman of thirty-five.

"I only wished to get warm," she said. "I was so cold that I felt as if I should freeze. I am sorry to disturb you. I have friends in the town and am sure I can get employment of some kind there. I used to live there years and years ago."

By means of a few questions he learned that she was a widow without any relations in the world. He was deeply interested by her story.

"What was your husband's name?" asked Steele.

"Carter," she said; "George Carter."

"Wait here a moment," he said, and went up to his room.

He went to his desk and took out some money. "I so seldom give," said he, "and can afford to be liberal to this poor woman." He took two ten-dollar bills and started back to the kitchen.

"She said her name was Carter. Carter—Carter? Where have I heard—what! Carter! My God! That was the name of her husband. She said she used to live here years ago. It must be she. It is Kate Drew! It must be!"

Steele shook like a leaf. He seemed young again. He remembered her once more as the sweet-faced girl, and the heart which had been slumbering so long seemed to spring into new life. He sat down on the stairs to compose himself, and then started again for the kitchen.

"William," said Steele, when he entered, "here is the key to my office. I wish you would go there and bring me a packet you will find on my desk."

William fell into the trap without suspicion, and was off.

Steele seated himself in a dark corner and looked at the woman. He could see his old love in every feature of the face. He was strangely excited and knew not what to say.

"You say you lived here once?" he began.

"Yes, when I was a girl," she said.

"And bad fortune has overtaken you since. Perhaps you knew my cousin, then, John Steele?"

"Yes," she said, "I knew him. Is he not here now?"

"No, poor fellow," said Steele, feeling guilty as he spoke the words, "he is dead."

"Dead!" and she leaned her head on her hand and went.

"Yes," said Steele, feeling like a murderer as he spoke, "but none who knew him were sorry for it. He had no good in him, and lived a selfish life."

"Poor man!" said the sweet, sympathizing tones. "At heart he was good."

Something seemed to move Steele. He got up and stood by her chair. His hand, by accident, touched her. It sent a thrill through him that seemed to make a new being of him.

"Katie," he said, "don't you know me?"

She looked up, started, stood, erect and got a good look into his face.

"John!" she said, in a scared way, and hid her face in her hands

"Yes, Katie," he said, "it is John. I was thinking of you today, and it seems as though heaven has sent you."

"This is such a shock to me," she said, and she sat down again.

Steele's heart was throbbing wildly, and he quivered with excitement.

"I am old, now Katie, and perhaps awkward in my speech, but—I—I can't help what I am saying. You have no home, I am rich, and you are the only woman I ever loved. You are welcome to all I have. My life has been very lonely. With you I would be happy. You can't love me, I know, after all this time, but I do not ask that."

She arose as if to go. Poor Steele's heart seemed to be bursting. He unconsciously put forth his arms and touched her. With a sob she fell into them and rested her head on his shoulder.

'Katie!' he cried in joy.

'Oh, John, how can I speak?'

'Say something, Katie.'

'I feel so guilty. I thought you would never forgive me But—but—but I have—'

'But what, Katie?'

'Oh, John, you know I loved you then, and it was not my fault. I have loved you all these long years. I am so happy, if you will but forgive me.'

'Forgive you! Don't speak of that again. You are homeless no longer, Katie. I know what love is at least. You are in my house now, and you shall never go out of it except as my wife.'

'No, John, not—'

'Yes, don't object. I know it don't sound well, but I don't care for that. A preacher lives close. Won't you consent?'

'But—'

'Please don't refuse, Katie.'

'Well, I guess—'

Just then William came in. Steele nearly ran over him. 'Hang the papers!' he said, as William offered them to him.

'Here, William,' he said, as he came down stairs putting on his overcoat, 'fix the front room and light a fire. Don't you hear, you idiot?' Don't stand looking, move about.'

William did not know what was the matter. He had just got the fire lighted when Steele came stumbling in with the preacher.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Connecticut lover, young and enthusiastic, who sang and played for nearly two hours before the house of his lady love the other evening, was electrified—that is shocked—after a short pause, by a cordial "thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the drawing-room window.

"What's the price of sausages?" "Dwenty cents a bound." "You asked me twenty-five this morning." "Yes; dot vas ven I had some. Now I ain't got none I sells for dwenty cents. Dot makes me a rebutation for selling cheap, und I don't lose noddinge."

A simple-minded man having an attack of the gout, wanted to know why he should be so afflicted, as he had always lived a temperate life. "It is probably hereditary," said the doctor. "Sure enough," responded the poor victim "I understand it now; my wife's father had it awfully."

An agricultural exchange thinks that the old-fashioned plow is soon destined to become a thing of the past. We have often thought it was being run into the ground.

THE LEGACY.

My grandfather was a sea captain—not a mere claimant of the title, like the watermen of the lakes and the coast skippers who never get out of sight of land, and who, if they got there, could never get back—but a genuine "old salt," trained from boyhood under a tarpaulin hat, and as familiar with the "paths of the sea" as a shepherd is with those of a sheep walk. Spending his life on extended voyages, he was seldom at home long enough at a time for the salt spray to dry on his weather beaten cheeks; and there was hardly a port on the habitable globe in which he could not shake hands with an old acquaintance, civilized or savage.

Of course his history was crowded with curious incidents. Most of these, at which my childish ear tingled and my eyes dilated, have become so faded in memory as to be incapable of a tolerable narration. The following, however, made a more lasting impression:

During the calm between the old French war and the American revolution, a large ship was lying at a wharf in the town of New York, loaded with a valuable cargo and ready to sail for Liverpool, and thence to whatever part of the globe the chances of commerce would dictate.

This was my grandfather's ship, only waiting for her papers and a fair wind. The papers were soon ready, and shortly after them came a breeze. Presently everything on board was in active motion—the casting off and coiling of ropes, the unfurling of canvas, and the running up of sailor boys along the lines like spiders on their webs, while the sharp, imperative orders of the mate and the hearty "ye-hoy-ye" of the cheerful crew echoed over the rippling waters of the harbor, which looked in the rays of the setting sun as if it was covered with a cream of liquid gold.

Just before the last plank was hauled in a stranger stepped hurriedly on board and inquired for the captain's stateroom. Being conducted thither he entered, and with a slight bow, accosted the captain, who sat writing at his desk.

"You are for Liverpool, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am in poor health, and, intending to spend the winter in Italy, wish to get passage in the first ship that sails for Europe.—Will you take a passenger?"

"Yes, sir, if my accommodations will suit you?"

"No matter about accommodations, captain. I am an old sailor, and know how to accommodate myself. Besides the trim of your ship suits my eye."

The allusion to his ill health attracted my grandfather's scrutiny, and the introduction of himself as an old sailor touched his heart. On noticing him more particularly he was struck with an undefinable feeling of curiosity and sympathy at his appearance. Tall, straight and rather slender, he was dressed in fine black broadcloth, with a small Spanish cloak of the same color and quality. A two-edged sword, common on shipboard at that time, and improperly called a cutlass, was partly covered by his cloak, and hung by his side without a sheath. His hair was quite gray and his manly features would have been handsome had they not been so emaciated as to give unpleasant prominence to a half a dozen deep scars on his face. His eyes were blue and full of expression, but restless at times, showing a sudden abstraction. The looseness of one of his black gloves gave evidence that he had lost a finger or two from his left hand. These observations were made by the captain while the stranger was looking at a beautiful sextant on the table. Turning, as if startled at his forgetfulness, he resummed:

"Name the price, captain, and I will pay it now."

My grandfather had already asked the price in his mind, and replied:

"You are a sailor, sir, and sick. The accommodations of my ship, as well as my own services, are at your free command."

The language of a sailor's heart cannot be misunderstood and knows no interpreter, and the stranger knew that remonstrance would be ungenerous on his part. He made no reply, but eagerly extended his hand, and my grandfather, as he shook it, thought he saw a tear in the stranger's eye. But noble hearts are impatient of exhibitions of gratitude, and he quickly added:

"I am ready to sail, sir. Is your baggage on board?"

This is all my baggage, sir, he replied, showing him a small black satchell under his cloak.

Leading him to a state room the captain left him and went on deck and found the ship already under way, the sails filled with a stiff breeze, and wharves, warehouses and spectators fast growing small in the distance. At length, as darkness shut in the view, the wind increased to a gale, and from a gale to a tempest, and for ten days and nights the noble ship, which had plowed the seas of every latitude from Spitzbergen to New Zealand, underwent such a conflict with the elements as she had never before encountered. During all this time the stranger had been confined below with an apparently rapid consumption, which rough weather had swiftly matured.

During the storm the duties of the captain were so urgent that he could only make snatches and hasty visits to the sick man; and, although they could have been spared from their quarters, he could have hoped for little aid or symyathy from any of the crew, who, with the easy tendency to the superstious peculiar to their class, had associated his presence with the perils of the ship.

It would have required but slight encouragement from their official to induce them to pay him some compliment that the sailors of Joppa paid to Jonah on a similar occasion, when "The sea wrought and was tempestous."

But on the tenth night, just as the captain was ready to answer a summons to visit the sick man's berth, the storm ceased with a suddenness that was startling; the wind was entirely lulled, and no evidence of its fury remained except the long swelling billows of the sea—the deep aftersighs of its mighty passion.

The sudden stillness of the tempest and the mournful creaking of the spars, now audible for the first time for many days, forced a shade of melanoboly over my grandfather's spirit as he hastened down the gangway at the call of the stranger.

As he seated himself beside the berth the sick man fixed his brilliant eyes upon him and said, calmly:

"Captain, I am dying!"

"I hope not, my dear sir; this dreadful gale has weakened you. It is all over now, and you will soon be better."

"No, Captain," he repeated, "I am dying! The tempest, I know, is over; so is that other tempest in my breast! The ship has long been tossed and beaten about by the fury of the waves, but it has been sunshine and calm compared with that tempest, captain! But it is all over now, for I have forgiven him—he has long been in the grave—but I have forgiven him!

My grandfather thought he was delirous, but a second look at the deep intelligence of his eye and the smiling calmness of his features forbade the conclusion. He gazed at him a moment with mingled compassion and curiosity, anxious to learn something of a history the closing scene of which was so dark and mysterious, but unwilling to ask it. His look was interpreted, and the stranger continued:

"I told you I was a sailor. Of thirty-five years I have not spent one upon the land.—But this was not my choice. Like a ship, captain, my supports were knocked from under me, and I was launched upon the ocean. My father was an English merchant in Cadiz, exclusively engaged in navigation. He lavishly provided for my education. Having traversed the halls of science, I left Oxford and returned to Spain at the age of 20. This first year of freedom from school I spent in rambling over the mountains of that enchanted country. In a deep inland dell, shut out from the world, where the earth was always green and the sky always blue, I met one day, a beautiful young shepherdess—and loved her.

"I will not describe her charms, captain, for you have been young, and a heart that has loved needs not to be told that to the eye of true affection its object has no defects.

"My father learned my secret—but I knew it not. I had a life long secret afterward, which he never learned! He came to 'me one morning, smiled and said:

"'My son, do you wan't to go to Cuba?'

"I eagerly answered in the affirmative, for it had been a cherished but hitherto forbidden passion with me to travel.

"'One of my vessels sails tomorrow,' he said, 'and you may go.'

"This short interval allowed me no time to bid farewell to my shepherdess who was fifty miles distant, nor even to inform her of my departure, but I said aloud: 'I'll soon be back,' and many other consolations I whispered to my heart the next day while bounding over the Atlantic.

"The ship arrived in good time at Havana, discharged her cargo, reloaded and sailed for Calcutta! I was a prisoner in my father's ship! and for five long years I was kept from home—as if all the waters of the ocean could wash out my love!

I escaped at length from the prison ship while lying at Rio and took passage in a French bark for the Guadalquiver. No circumnavigator of the globe was ever so long as that voyage I strained my eyes every day watching for Gibraltar, which I knew was thousand of miles off; and every night I dreamed of mountain rivulets, snowy flocks and Ina.

"Arriving at last at Seville, I hastened over the Nevada and sought the sunny dell where my affections had so long nestled, and there found that the idol of my heart was the wife of an Andalusian shepherd! She had been told that I had deserted her, and afterwards that I was dead. I did not weep, for my heart was turned to stone. 'My father,' said I, 'shall never know of this victory!" I did not go to see him; it was wicked, I know, but burning with the spirit of revenge, I turned again to the sea and never saw him more. I am faint captain and cannot prolong my task. In six months I was master of a fast sailing vessel—you have seen that vessel, captain, but never in port, and I have often seen you, and knew your name twenty years ago. But no matter about that. My father continued to freight his ships and send them to different parts of the world—but he never knew that I superintended a large part of his business, and many of his cargoes found a sale in ports to which they had never been consigned. His agents sometimes failed to report.

"I have said enough, captain; before tomorrow's sun sets I shall be in the caverns of the deep. But I have forgiven him and do not complan. I have a fortune in the Bank of England, but with it is deposited a will, and the orphan son of Ina is my heir. You have been kind to me, captain, and in token of my gratitude I teg you except my watch and cutless and this paper, which you will carefully preserve." So saying he held out a folded scrap of paper, which my grandfather put into his pocket.

Morning dawned—but the stranger's eyes did not open upon it—they were closed forever. In the afternoon the "Burial Service at Sea," that most solem of sea scenes, was preformed, and the shrouded body of the pirate, with a gentle plunge, broke the glassy surface of the ocean, and sank swiftly to the mysterious depths.

It was many hours afterwards that my grandfather bethought himself of the paper in his pocket. He opened it and read as follows:

CAPT. LANE— on the eastern point of Nantucket, at high water mark, is a tall sharp cliff. A quater league due west from that cliff is a large, round stone, and near the stone a thorn bush. That bush grows in a very rich soil.

The duties of his station bept my grandfather along time abroad, and when he was in Boston about two years afterwards, and having a few days of leisure, he was thinking about acting upon the hints of the enigmatical paper, when his eye happened to fall on the following paragraph in the old Boston Messenger:

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—As John Rogers was breaking a piece of pasture ground on the east shore of Nantucket about a month ago his plowshare turned up a stout thornbush, sticking to the roots of which Mr. Rogers espiped several Spanish dollars. Upon this he went to digging lustily, and did not give up till he hauled out coins, chiefly Spanish doubloons, of more than $23,000 value. No doubt it was buried by Capt. Kidd or some of his pirate kin.

"No doubt," thought grandfather, as he put down the paper with a slight nervousness. In a week he was again facing the storms of the ocean, enriching his employers by his skill and toil, till infirmities drove him high and dry on the shore. There, in due time he died at old age, leaving little to his family, except the pirate's cutlass, which three generations of boys have used it in juvenile "trainings," and which, rusted and blunted, may now be seen in the office of his great-grandson, a lawyer of New York.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself with one.