MY NEIGHBORS.

My neighbors are humble, and quiet, and small;
They are in the frame houses, just over the way;
Not one of my neighbors is known will call,
Not one of my mansions neighbors will call
The plainest or fairest of sweet women will
They drive, good ... they never come out—
Those neighbors are only intended to gaze
And the little frame houses I'm writing
about
Are in Trinity Churchyard, just over the
way.

—John Ernest McCann, in Puck.

THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

A Modern Application of the Hare and Tortoise Fable.

Five strokes from the office clock, and Dick Parchment shut his ledger as if they marked an epoch. They did. The probability was that his world never place in it another figure, for five more years were ended, and, according to the policy of Deaker & Co., publishers, the senior of four partners would retire on the morrow, and a trusted employe would become the junior.

Having risen from office-boy to chief book-keeper, Dick felt quite certain of this promotion, and was, in consequence, mightily impressed with his importance. For "Pa" it was an exalted distinction to be a Deaker. The firm was a power in financial circles; but what served most to lift Dick skyward was that to the highest society of the great city his name was a passport.

"Tom," he said to his assistant, "you'll occupy this desk after to-day."

Tom Wilgus pondered a moment, then slowly replied:

"You'll become the junior."

"Certainly. Come, it's time to quit."

"Can't just yet. I haven't finished squaring up these accounts. I'm rather slow."

"Yes," said Dick, with superiority, "Tom, you are slow. You must be more brisk and enterprising. In five years, you know, you'll have my present glorious prospect and unless you bestir yourself you'll miss the position if you'll be taken it."

He slid off the high stool and began preparations for going home, while Tom Wilgus, with pen behind his ear, turned around and seriously asked:

"Do you really think, Dick, that I'm too slow? I can't waste time here if I'm not to become partner. I've too many depending on me. I know I'm slow and cautious; but am I too much so?"

"Yes, Tom, you are. Your traits are adverse to the dashing, go-ahead policy of Deaker and Company. Now, when I was in your place I made sprightliness a point, and did lots of Emmert's work as well as my own. And do you think the firm hasn't noticed that? Rather."

James Emmert was then junior partner, having been promoted five years before.

"You haven't forgotten the old fable about the turtle and the hare, have you, Dick?" Tom asked, in mild retaliation.

"No, I haven't," replied Dick, smiling loftily; "but it don't apply to these modern times. You ain't catching a firm like ours sleeping by the way and letting any mercantile turtle win the race. That was the only time a turtle ever did win a race, which is a moral you'd do well to profit by, Wilgus."

With which impressive advice the future Deaker strutted forth to a cab.

Dick Perchmont, as book-keeper, had wooed Annie Jermyn, a young lady of his suburban neighborhood, whose plain, old-fashioned, practical sense was refreshing; and, richly blessed was he in those womanly traits that stand firm and helpful when sorrow and adversity sweep away humbug chaff.

But could Richard Perchmont, as a Deaker, marry such a girl? The most exclusive circles would soon be open to him. Would he wish to take Annie Jermyn there? Would she be received? Could she grace a scene of gayety; be a belle amid belles; be what a Deaker's wife should be; like—well, like Sophia Emmert, the flashing daughter of the junior partner?

"No," he decisively answered, as he pulled the bell at Annie's humble home.

Easily detecting his mood, Annie was not unprepared for the words he soon spoke:

"Annie, my position in life will be greatly elevated to-morrow."

"You will become the junior partner," she quietly replied.

"Yes; but you don't congratulate me, Annie."

"Yes, I do, Dick; but will you let me be frank with you? I see by your manner that the time for plain speech between us has come. Will you?"

"Yes; if you wish."

"Well, then, I've seen a great change coming over you. You're not the same Dick I used to know. Your bright prospects are always in your mind, driving out much of the kindness and friendliness of my old friend. Dick, you are being dazzled by your anticipations of social distinction, business prominence and increasing prosperity."

"Well, Annie?"

"Well, Dick—I'm to be frank, you remember—don't you think a heart made cold to one's old and tried friends a high price to pay for these? Have you over thought of it that way, Dick?"

"No, I haven't; but then other men rise to these elevated positions. Why can't I? My old friends wouldn't want to keep me back from prosperity, would they?"

"No, no, indeed, Dick, it isn't that. There's no change in your old friends, but they are sad to see success changing you. You have brought yourself to believe that the friends you will make in the higher place will be better than we, and there have sprung up the wish and the purpose to turn your back upon us. You feel that you'll be ashamed even of your good, blessed old mother, and—and, Dick, of—"

"Well, Annie?"

"Of me."

Memory placed beside this truth the feeling once fondly cherished—the anxiety that she should reciprocate his many secret vows of constancy, and the contrast pierced him. But not deeply; he had too long nursed the belief in her "incompatibility," and the old affection faded as stars at dawn.

"If you feel, Annie," he replied, "that's life in the fashionable world that I will soon enter is distasteful to you, I—"

"There, there, Dick, don't finish it. I know now how you feel. I speak kindly, but please don't say it. Spare me at least the plain statement that I'm too common for the plane you are rising to. Don't go away thinking I don't wish for your happiness and success. I do, Dick. You can't wish for them more than I do. I will always be glad to see you. Good-bye. God bless you."

He had obtained his wish—was free from this lovely girl—but where was the feeling of relief? Walking homeward he felt cast adrift, not like having himself loosed his bark upon a desirable tide. As in a battle, success meant something stain. But youth's fairy fabric has few threads of regret; the flying years soon weave them into the heavier woof of life.

Next morning the customary formalities made Dick junior partner, and Tom Wilgus chief book-keeper. The dinner always given on the evening of the day by the retiring partner was announced by Sydney Deaker, and Dick, with his mother and sister, was cordially invited.

Words fail to describe Dick's lavish preparations for this important introduction to society. Highly delighted therewith, sharp misgivings as to his mother and sister pricked his refined soul as they rode dismissed in the coach. The former was too plainly dressed; the latter serious, too demure and lacking in that dashing grace of Sophia Emmert. His giddy fancy pictured her cold, critical glance upon them, and her turning haughtily away and forever ignoring him.

The celestial creature did drop such a glance upon the plain widow and daughter, but she did not turn haughtily away. She was exceedingly gracious; Dick feared patronizingly so; but he repelled the base thought, particularly when he saw that such, too, was his mother's impression. Sophia was angel-high above such pettiness. What cordial congratulations! What queenly dignity! What loveliness! What radiant signs of a loving, confiding, womanly heart! The junior partner was a worshiper from that moment, and lowly, unassuming Annie sank below the horizon.

Old Sydney Deaker was plainly dressed, but Emmert shone resplendent. Dick couldn't help noticing the genuine cordiality extended by the two Deakers to his mother and sister; and when Mrs. Deaker, a placid, motherly old lady entered, no patronage iced the kisses she gave them, but they were warm with true, unaffected hospitality.

Emmert's greeting was like throwing reflected sunlight into another's eyes, and greatly impressed by it, Dick shallowly rejoiced at the increased prosperity awaiting his firm when those old-fogy Deakers dropped out. Rose sadly purblind in youth, but experience soon adjusts corrective spectacles. He was not too far gone, however, to note, with some wonder, how easily his mother and sister were conducting themselves, instead of sitting neglected in a corner, as he had expected; but he was not permitted to profit by the observation. A soft voice beside him asked:

"Do you sing, Mr. Perchmont?"

Sophia flashed her glorious eyes into his face. He had been fluttering moth-like around her, and now, looking down into those lustrous orbs he saw in their divine depths a shrine of devotion.

"No," he replied, "but I know you do."

"How do you know?"

"Your face, your eyes show me that the divine spirit of music must be in your heart."

Oh, callow youth!

"Oh, you men are *such* flatterers. I didn't think it of you, Mr. Perchmont. Turn the pages, please."

He was only too glad to serve her; would have tried impossibilities for her. The first link of love's soft but tenacious chain had been forged.

She sang "Waiting," heavenly, Dick said. He thrilled with the delicious hope that soon *his* "footfalls" would be music to her. He was, indeed, far gone. Annie, too, sang "Waiting," but not like that. Sophia's voice soared to a musical pinnacle; Annie's—Dick scorned the comparison; yet at this moment his mother was thinking how sweetly simple and touching Annie's rendering was to this giddy performance.

Taking leave, he truthfully said it had been a delightful evening. It had been a dream; a fragment of Heaven descended to earth, and Sophia was the light thereof.

James Emmert's gorgeous mansion was a fit temple to enshrine the object of Richard Perchmont's love, and would that all worshipers were as constant as he. His life was ecstacy. With Sophia he threaded the tinsel maze of fashion—the Argus-eyed door-keeper, exclusiveness, who guards the portals of society having benignly passed him in. He had eaten the lotus of social success; his former life, his old friends, were forgotten; mother and sister were neglected; Annie was obscured.

A year flashed by, and the senior partner announced the customary dinner, which was similar to that given by the retiring partner, except that, in addition to the other members and families, such employes as he chose to invite, with their families, were present.

It was an occasion after Richard Perchmont's heart. Where else could the humble employes be so duly impressed with his importance? Tom Wilgus needed such impressing more than any, for he had so far forgotten himself several times as to call him "Dick," and he determined to impart a lesson.

He did not accompany his mother and sister. Sophia had proclaimed that she would not go without his escort. What would the dinner be without *her*? What is day without sunshine? What is Hamlet without Hamlet? He obeyed, still thinking, poor fool, that it was his own delightful free will.

Whether the assembled employes were properly awed by his imposing entrance is not known, but certain it is that a Joshua-like surprise caused this society sun to stand still—stunned.

In a select little group—Sydney Deaker smiling his interest, his kindly little wife beaming her admiration; Dick's mother and sister flushed with worthy pride—sat Annie Jermyn telling a story.

In sullen wonder he stood apart, noting the good impression Annie was making, and when the story ended in a burst of applause the party separated, and old Sydney proudly led Annie through the rooms on a tour of introduction. He instantly sought his mother and asked:

"How did Annie get here?"

She looked mild resentment at him, and quietly replied:

"Mr. Wilgus brought her."

"Where is he?"

"He excused himself for a time. I believe he said he had work at the office."

"That fellow's too slow for our purposes," Richard muttered, following old Deaker and Annie with wondering eyes; then turned at Sophia's order. She said:

"Come for a walk in the hall. Where have you been so long? I can't endure this room! It is filled with those low clerks. I hope when you get to be a senior you'll stop these disgusting mixtures."

She spoke angrily, but Dick thought he detected anxiety, too, in her manner. As they promenaded the hall she grew quite restless, and plainly anxious. He walked quietly by her, thinking of old Deaker and Annie, and too ill-humored to ask the cause of her nervousness.

They walked into the sitting-room at the end of the hall, and from there heard the servant admit some one at the front door.

"There's papa, now!" Sophia exclaimed, brightening; and Dick, remembering that the gathering did lack a customary brilliancy, saw that this had been the cause of her anxiety.

It was not the gorgeous Emmert who had arrived, but plodding Tom Wilgus, greatly excited, with face spotted red by unusual exertion.

"Where are Mr. Alfred and Edward Deaker?" they heard him ask.

Both gentlemen hastened from an adjoining room, and Sydney appeared, startled, at the parlor door.

"I must have an interview with you, gentlemen, at once," Tom said.

Sophia, trembling, caught Richard's arm.

"Where is Emmert?" asked the old gentleman, as he and his two sons, with Dick and Wilgus, entered the library and closed the door.

"He hasn't been here," Edward replied. "Now, Wilgus, what is it?"

Then Tom slowly told how he had watched Emmert's extravagance, and, knowing that he had lost heavily in a late speculation and needed funds to save himself, he had come to suspect him, and had only that evening finished a careful examination of Emmert's books as treasurer of the firm.

"He was in his office this evening while I was there," continued Tom, "and rushed out past me, trying to hide his face, but I saw it was pale and excited. I hurried to his office and found his check-book. Three checks were just torn out, leaving the stubs blank."

"Well, well!" they all cried, as Tom paused.

"Can't you guess, gentlemen? To meet the heavy expenses of our new building, Emmert has collected all the available funds in three banks—"

"But he couldn't use the checks," said Edward, confidently. "The banks all know that our checks must be signed by two members of the firm."

From the sofa came a groan; Richard had sunk upon it, wringing his hands.

"I have reason to know, gentlemen, that those three checks were signed by Emmert and—and Perchmont."

"We are lost, then. Father, have you funds at command? We have heavy obligations."

"I tied up the last available funds yesterday."

"No, not lost, gentlemen," said Tom. "I followed Emmert to his home and forced an entrance. He was packing a satchel. There was a struggle; but here are the checks."

He produced them, and sank exhausted into a chair.

An explanation from Dick was demanded, which was that Emmert, working upon his infatuation for Sophia, had induced him to sign the checks, but he earnestly asserted that he was entirely innocent as to their intended purpose.

"In fact," said old Sydney, "your head has been turned. I've been watching you. You must remember, Richard, that dash and style don't make business, nor fine clothes and gay acquaintances and empty womanly beauty make life. We must reconstruct the firm. For your worthy mother's sake, we won't dismiss you; but I think another term of five years as book-keeper will condense your giddiness into business, and I propose that Tom Wilgus be junior partner."

And as Tom Wilgus rode home with Annie Jermyn, he asked, in his plodding way:

"Annie, will you be the wife of the junior partner?"

"Oh, Tom—Tom!"

Which meant "yes," of course. And as Dick Perchmont sees the slow but telling methods of the new junior he believes there may be, after all, a modern application of the old fable, and remembers the vanished Emmerts as one thinks of a hideous dream.—Howard M. Hoke, in N. Y. Ledger.

NOT FIRE-MAKERS.

Savages Who Are Ignorant of All the Methods of Producing Fire.

It is not often that explorers discover savage people who are ignorant of the art of producing fire. As far as is known, fire has been a necessity even among the rudest savages for many centuries, and it always excites wonder when we hear of tribes of people who, while enjoying the blessings of fire, express themselves as wholly ignorant of the methods of producing it, and who imagine that if by some calamity all their fires were extinguished they could never kindle them.

Such a tribe has recently been met by Dr. Finsch during his travels in New Guinea. He says the people in the large villages that are buried in the forests along the shores of Astrolabe bay know of no means by which they can produce fire. It is therefore a duty devolving upon every member of the community to aid in preserving fire. All their cooking is done outside their huts in the open air, but in the center of each hut is a fireplace, and it is a crime to permit the fire to go out. They use a hard wood that burns very slowly, and their aim is to keep a good bed of coals on which the wood burns without bursting into flame.

Dr. Finsch asked the natives if they never lost their fire. He was told that such a calamity had occurred, and that they would never have had fire again if it had not been for a very fortunate circumstance. They know a tribe in the mountains away from the sea who possess the art of making fire, which they guard as a secret. One time the people were compelled to go to those fire-makers for the spark that would rekindle the dead embers in their huts. They carried the fire for many miles. They were determined never again to be reduced to this calamity, though it made them feel very comfortable to think that they could get fresh fire if they lost their own.

It is to be presumed that this principle of guard the smoldering embers in their huts with such jealousy. A white man has been among them, one of the sort who brings blessings instead of evils in his train, and they know now that even if they never see a white man and the wonderful little fire sticks he carried with him again they can, with the aid of friction and tinder, be their own fire-makers.—N. Y. Sun.

—The majority of funny writers write ten items, one of which is really funny. The late Philip Welch became famous by being a brilliant exception—of ten items from his pen, nine, at least, were funny.—The Journalist.

THE RATTLER'S RATTLE.

A Cambridge Professor Says the Attachment is Merely Mechanical.

Mr. S. Garman of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., has been investigating the rattle of the rattlesnake. The habit of sloughing is common to all serpents. A short time before the removal of the old skin takes place, the new epiderm makes its appearance beneath the old. The mode of growth of the new and the removal of the old is the same in all snakes, with the exception that in those with a rattle that portion of the slough that covers the tip of the tail is retained to form one of the rings of the rattle. The attachment is simply mechanical; the rings are merely the sloughs off the end of the tail. The terminal bone of the tail is formed of vertebræ that have coalesced and changed in great measure their shape. In the different species the number of vertebræ included in this bone varies considerably, and sometimes it varies in individuals of the same species. With the purpose of indicating the manner of growth of the rattle, and as far as possible determine its origin, Mr. Garman has followed up the appearance in several species, full details of which, with figures, have been lately published. In the very young rattlesnake, while the vertebræ are still separate, there is no rattle; but about a week after birth a well-marked button is seen. With the first slough the first ring is set free, the button being pushed forward, and a third button is gradually perfected. In time the traces of the vertebræ in the terminal bone are almost obliterated. The bone becomes thickened, pushed forward at its edges, and otherwise enlarged. In a full-grown rattlesnake the hinder seven of the rings belong to the period of the snake's most rapid growth—they form the "tapering rattle" formerly used in classification of the species—while four of the rings and the button are formed while the gain in size was less rapid, and form the "parallelogrammic rattle" of the old classifiers. Many serpents besides those possessed of a "crepitaculum" are addicted to making a rattling noise by vibrations of the end of their tails. In illustration of the extent to which the tail has been modified in different cases, Mr. Garman figures the tails of several species, among others that of *Anoistrodon contortrix*, Lin., the copperhead of the United States. The tip of its tail is directed downwards as well as a little backwards. Most often the button has one or two swellings in a degree resembling those on a ring of the rattle. A living specimen of this snake, kept for a year or more, would take to rattling on the floor whenever it was irritated. The sound was made by the terminal link of the tail, the latter being swung from side to side in the segment of a circle, so that the tip might strike downward. The result was a tolerable imitation of the sound made by a small rattlesnake.—Science.

WOMAN'S GREAT GLORY.

A Learned Hair-Dresser Tells Ladies How to Care for Their Hair.

Very few ladies in this country know how to take care of the hair. Abroad it is part of a lady's education to know how to keep her hair, her hands, her feet, her teeth and her complexion in perfect condition. The American ladies who were educated abroad, or who have maids to attend them, are almost the only ones who give their hair the proper attention. The rest let it go any way, and you will see elegantly dressed women on the street with hair broken off at the back and sticking out in every direction. Very few hair-dressers in this country understand their business. The only good ones are those who have been brought up to it and whose fathers were hair-dressers before them. The art can not be learned in this country; it must be learned abroad. It is not necessary to wash the head very often, if the hair is carefully combed and dressed every day. When a shampoo is needed, braid the hair, commencing about four inches from the head and braiding to the ends. Then wet the scalp and with a sponge apply a lather made from the best soap that can be obtained. After rubbing the scalp thoroughly with the fingers, wash the head with clean water. Now, let the hair dry naturally. Do not sit by a fire or near a gas-burner, as heat will make the hair brittle. It is best to not even use a fan, but take plenty of time for the hair to dry. It will be from an hour to an hour and a half. Do not comb it or put it up before it is thoroughly dry. A drop of hair oil may be used to give it a gloss. Only the best oil should be employed. The hair should be combed with a tortoise shell comb, and a brush made of horse hair should be the only one used. These brushes are made expressly for the purpose in France and England, and cost three dollars each. In dressing the hair care should be taken to avoid straining it by doing it up too tightly. The late style of drawing it all up on top of the head was very injurious. The tendency of the hair is to grow downward, and fastening up breaks off the hair at the back of the neck. The styles of braiding and twisting into a coil at the back, from which two small curls are left hanging, or of twisting the hair into two strands and forming what is called the chain-link, which droop from the crown of the head to the edge of the neck, are becoming to the wearer, and do not interfere with the growth of the hair. It is better for ladies to wear a false front than to curl their own hair with an iron every morning, and gradually burn it up in front.—H. Gullmard, in Courier-Journal.

NEWGATE'S CUPBOARD.

Full of Casts and Busts of Heads of Murderers and Criminals.

It was the practice of the authorities up to the time of the murder of Mr. Briggs to take a cast of the heads and faces of criminals after execution. Our guide commenced his tour of the prison with an exhibition of a cupboard full of these memorials. It was a ghastly show of fearful countenances, low foreheads, large brutal mouths, full necks, strong jaws, and weak, broad chins and narrow, and beneath them all the mark of the rope which had strangled them. Seen in this fashion the criminal countenances were no doubt sometimes by discounted, but not so seriously as a caricature of some of our public men would have us believe. How can fain of the shining lights of the day might look, shorn of their hair, and in prison dress, offers temptation to any artist who is opposed in politics to the man he is drawing, but he would have to give rein to his bitterest imagination, to match the countenances in the Warder's cupboard at Newgate. I could not help thinking that Franz Muller was something like—but let us not be personal.

"This is the head of Martha Browning, who murdered her mistress, you will remember, in Park lane; killed her for the sake of some bank notes, which, when she got them, turned out to be on the Bank of Elegance. This (tapping the grim bust with a curious familiarity) is Franz Muller, who murdered Mr. Briggs, and, after denying his guilt almost to the last, confessed it in a conversation with his Lutheran priest. This is Greenacre, who cut the the body of his victim up in pieces and hid them in various parts of the town."

Greenacre's was a tell-tale mask—a low forehead of the worst form and a thin, wide mouth, that had the "downward drag," still and cruel. A good thing for some of us that we do not shave! Do you remember the mustache movement? It was probably started by some interested person who did not care to go about with his wicked mouth exposed to the general gaze. Leech did some of his most characteristic sketches in Punch during that curious period. I was visiting at a little provincial town in those days, where the leading draper of the place had been hooted and called "Frenchy," and pelted for coming back after a holiday with a beard and mustache. And I remember as a boy that the records of the Burke murders were still used as Bogey by nurse maids whose charges would not keep close to their apron strings. The fear of being "Burked" was a lively one for many a long year after Burke was hanged at Edinburg and Bishop and Williams at Newgate.

"These are the heads of Bishop and Williams," said our guide, pointing to a particularly ugly couple; "they murdered a little Italian boy and offered the corpse at King's College for twelve guineas; they were body-snatchers. And this is Mrs. Brownrigg, who used to take little girls as apprentices and then murder them; that was in 1783."

"Do you notice that some of the masks have open eyes?" asked the barrister.

"Yes, and they remind me of the line in Poe—'His eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.'"—London Sunday Times.

THE PLANET VENUS.

The Likeness Existing Between It and our Own World.

While watching these graceful windings of the planet, we naturally inquire as to its real condition. Readers are familiar with the idea that it is a world like our own earth, traveling in a smaller but otherwise almost similar orbit around the sun. On more minute inquiry we find that the likeness between it and our earth is in some points very great—greater, in fact, than in the case of any other planet. In the fundamental element of size they are almost alike, our earth being 7,900 miles in diameter, and Venus 7,500. The force of gravity on the surface of the latter is very nearly nine-tenths of what it is with us. Its density is almost the same fraction of that of the earth. These facts show that if transported to the surface of Venus we should feel more at home, so far as some essential features of experience are concerned, than on any other planet known to us. We should weigh just about nine-tenths of our present weight, and should find ourselves looking much the same ratio to our muscular power of walking that they do in this world; while in all probability the surface rocks and earth, if such be formed there, would be composed and constructed like those we daily see around us. This would not be the case on planets so much smaller than the earth, as Mercury or Mars, or so much larger, as Jupiter, Saturn or Neptune. Again, the year on Venus would be about two hundred and twenty-five days in length, a good deal more like what we have on the earth than is the case on any other planet. In the length of the day we should find a still more homelike experience, as the difference would be imperceptible except to careful observation. Venus rotates in 23 hours 21 minutes 23 seconds, and the earth in 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds. The day, of course, depends a little on the motion of the sun in the sky, but the difference between this as seen on our earth and from Venus would not appreciably affect the similarity of the days in each. These likenesses to the length of our day and year and to our world's density would cause a similarity, in all probability, in the important matters of mountain form and of vegetation. In fact, so far Venus is nearly the twin sister of our world.—Chamber's Journal.

—A Kansas paper says that prairie dogs make excellent eating, though there is a prejudice against their meat as food. Two of them were lately killed for a family that was short of meat, and they were fried for supper. The family being ignorant of what they were, thinking they were cotton-tail rabbits, ate heartily of them, and pronounced them the finest meat they had ever eaten. Enough fat came from the two little animals to make almost a teacupful of oil.

—A resident of Talbotton, Ga., says that goats are spunky animals. He says that his father had a flock of goats, and that the goats while grazing came to a pond of clear water. They went to the pond to drink, and when they lowered their heads they saw their shadows in the water. They began to butt at the goats in the water, and failing to drive them away they continued to butt until the entire flock was drowned.

—James Dawson, of Atchison, recently from Nebraska, has been a pioneer in railroad and town site business for many years. A few years ago he gained considerable fame and created a great furor among settlers by plowing a single furrow a distance of over one hundred miles through Scott, Greeley and Wichita Counties, Kansas, and into Colorado. He said nothing, but kept on plowing, and the people, imagining that he was locating a railroad, began to take up claims along the furrow. Afterward Jay Gould came along and bought the Dawson right, and the D. M. & A. branch of the Missouri Pacific was built on the famous furrow.

—A young man and a young lady of marriageable age of Sumpter County, Georgia, had a singular coincidence to befall them. The young man visited his sweetheart in another county, one day; the young lady's lover from another county visited her the same day. The young man and his girl set the day for their marriage, and the young lady and her beau set their day. It now turns out that they set the same day to celebrate their marriage, and both parties selected the same minister to perform the ceremony, and it is to take place at the same hour. The two ceremonies take place in two different counties about twenty miles apart.

—One traveler who never bothers about having his trunk checked: The elephant.

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The Easton Brick and Tile Yard is now fitted up with all the modern and most approved appliances for the manufacture of Brick and Tile. It has capacity to fill promptly and satisfactorily the largest and heaviest orders, whether from home or abroad. The products of this yard have now been in the market for years, and the constantly increasing demand for them throughout Talbot and adjacent counties and the fact that a customer made is a customer kept, is proof of their superior quality.

DRAIN TILE OF ALL SIZES.

From two to seven inches vent, offered to farmers from 20 to 30 per cent. less than they can be procured anywhere else. Terms will be accommodating, so that no farmer need fail to put his land in order. Call and examine the Drain Tile Stock.

BRICKS, BRICKS, BRICKS.

A large assortment

COMMON AND FRONT BRICKS,

of the best quality, constantly kept on hand, and will be sold at lower prices than can be obtained elsewhere. Orders for any number of bricks, from one to five thousand will be promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Correspondence and opportunities make estimates solicited.

JOSEPH H. WHITE

feb6,82 EASTON, MD.

SAMUEL A. MEINTZER,

Vienna Bakery,

Next Door to the Masonic Temple,

EASTON, MD.

Bakes Vienna and other bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, Rolls, Tea-Buns, and all kinds of cake, either plain or ornamental. Also manufacturing candy, carameis, and fancy taffies that cannot be excelled. Charlite Russe, Blanc Mange, Italian Cream and Jellies of all kinds prepared to order. Satisfaction in all departments guaranteed.

Veterinary Hoof Ointment

is the finest thing on the market for Veterinary purposes. Will positively cure Scratches, Collar and Saddle Galls, Shoe Boils, Mange and Wounds of all kinds. One trial is all that will be necessary to prove all that it claims to do. For sale by

W. C. HUGHES.
Successor to R. J. Trippe.

Northern Early Rose and Early Beauty of Hebron Potatoes!

For seed; just received and for sale by

HENRY & BRO.,
Druggists.

VACUUM HARNESS OIL

is the oil for Harness, as it is free from acid or other corrosive properties. For sale at the Drug Store of

WALTER C. HUGHES,
Successor to R. J. Trippe.

ODONTINE.

An elegant and refreshing Tooth Wash, for cleansing and preserving the teeth and hardening the gums. It imparts to the breath a delightful fragrance. Try it. Prepared and for sale by

HENRY & BROTHER,
Druggists, opposite the Bank.

BIRD SEED.

For to keep your canaries in a healthy condition, feed them on Snider's bird seed. A mixture of imported Sicily Canary, Russian Hemp, German Millet and German Rape, in packages of 10 cents, at the Drug store of

HENRY & BROTHER.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully compounded day or night by

WALTER C. HUGHES,
Successor to R. J. Trippe.

BRUSHES.

If you want a fine English Tooth or Hair Brush, see what we can do, as we have them cheap. HENRY & BRO.,
Druggists.

SODA WATER APPARATUS.

We have a soda water apparatus in perfect order, with six syrups, we will sell cheap. Call at Henry's Drug Store, opposite the Bank.

Go to Henry & Bro.

For Lamps and Lamp Supplies. Lamps repaired, Lanterns, Wicks and Chimnies.

Fast—2.08¼—Time.

Put your Horses in condition to make it by the use of Henry's Condition Powders. They are first-class. For sale by HENRY & BRO.,
Druggists.

All Kinds of Spices

for pickling at the Drug Store of

WALTER C. HUGHES,
Successor to R. J. Trippe.

QUALITY AND PRICE

We don't starve Quality to throw a bone to Price. In other words, we don't slight our work or use inferior trimmings to tempt you with a low price for poor goods. None but the Best Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

A. C. YATES & Co.

LEDGER BUILDING,
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.

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.

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

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY AND LIFE,

WITH

M. T. G. EARLE,

SUCCESSOR TO

DAWSON & EARLE,

Dover Street, Easton, Md.

The Largest Agency on the Shore.

Both Foreign and American Companies Represented.

Losses promptly adjusted. Correspondence solicited

To Travellers.

Maryland Steamboat Co.

1889. *Summer Schedule.* 1889

Baltimore, Third Haven, and Great Choptank River Route.

The magnificent side-wheel iron Steamers JOPPA and IDA will leave Baltimore from Pier 4 Light St., alternately every week day at 6 P. M., for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Travers, Cambridge, Oyster Shell Pt., Medford's, Dover Bridge, Two John's, Potter's and Denton.

Returning to Baltimore, leave daily except Saturday, Denton 10 o'clock noon, Cambridge 5 P. M., Easton 9 P. M., Oxford 10 P. M., stopping at the intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore at 4 A. M.

Freight taken at Low Rates and Carefully handled.

HOWARD B. BENSON, Pres't.
Office 207 Light st., Baltimore.
ROBERT B. DIXON, Agt. at Easton.

Notice to Travelers.

The omnibusses of the subscriber run regularly from the hotels in Easton to the cars and steamboats, to convey passengers to any place they may desire to go. Passengers at private residences called for at any hour by leaving word at my office, on Railroad Avenue. Hearses and carriages for hire at all times at my livery stable. Travelers conveyed to any part of the county or peninsula. Handsome turnouts always on hand.

LUTHER W. COVEY.
Easton, March 25th, 1879.

Livery & Exchange.

FRANKLIN D. WRIGHT, next door to the Easton Bank office, informs the public that he now has the Brick Hotel Stables, near his office, and continues to give strict attention to feeding and grooming horses. He has special rooms for this and every facility for transporting travelers to any section of this or adjoining counties. He hopes by strict attention to business, and good care of horses to merit a continuance of the public patronage.

mar1,81

Drugs! Drugs!

Our stores are stocked with all the leading remedies of the day, and any goods not in stock will be furnished on short notice at

HENRY'S BROTHER'S Drug Store.

Farmers and Merchants Packet Line.

The Schooner Mary Vickers, Clara M. Leonard and Annie M. Leonard.

The above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are new and built out of the very best material. Orders left with Messrs. G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be brought or taken at the lowest freight rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouses, in case of fire will be owners risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the lowest prices. Feeling thankful for the past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, a continuance of the same.

C. E. LEONARD & BRO.

Office in same room with R. B. Dixon, on Dover street, Easton. feet25,81.

BLACKSMITHING.

Having built a first class blacksmith shop on Federal street, Easton, opposite the stables of Mr. Solomon Lippin, and stocked it with all the necessary tools, I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing in the best manner and at reasonable rates.

HORSE SHOEING.

I have just secured the services of a first-class city horse-shoer, and using none but my own best-made work, will guarantee all work done in this line, as I intend to make it the special feature of my business.

I would like to see all my old friends and customers, and have no doubt they will be satisfied with any work which they may favor me with. Asking a call, I am the public's obedient servant,

PATRICK RYAN.

sep4tf

Diarrhœa Mixture.

If you have diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, cramping, pains in the stomach and bowels, use our Diarrhœa Mixture. It is the best.

SEE WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT IT.

I was troubled with diarrhœa three years, sometimes so bad that I was unable to do any work. I tried your Diarrhœa Mixture, and it cured me in a few days. ALBERT A. FASSITT.

The Diarrhœa Mixture cured my mother of diarrhœa of long standing. JOSEPH A. VANSANT.