The Easton Star.

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NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1889. | VOL. XXIV.—NO. 42.

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jun15-6m

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Easton Business Cards.

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All kinds of painting done in the best manner. Material found or not, as customers require.
Jobs taken in town or country, by the day or by contract.
All work warranted to give satisfaction in price and otherwise.
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Any building that is not satisfactory when painted with our Prepared Paints we will repaint at our expense with such White Lead or other Paint as the proprietor may elect. This contract is understood to apply to every gallon sold by any dealer who has the sale of our paints, and every dealer is authorized by us to fulfill it, using for the purpose the funds which he has be longing to us.
Very Respectfully,
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Call and get cards of colors of
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The greatest Cough Syrup on Earth. Every bottle gives satisfaction. A sure cure for the most obstinate coughs, without injuring the stomach, like Opium, Morphia, or Alcohol habits. It does not bind the bowels, thus necessitating Cathartics, but by its peculiar, nerve tonic properties, stimulates them to regular action, thereby counteracting any tendency to constipation. It has never been known to fail, even in cases of colds of seven or eight years' standing. This syrup is well named "Marvelous" for certainly it is marvelous the success it has had with us so short a time. For sale by
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Absolutely Pure.
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feb16-12m

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A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.
We call particular attention to our large line of Shirts--ready made in White, Percale and Flannel--all sizes, embracing every variety, style and price.
Shirts Made to Order
Our Specialty.

FOR SALE.
HORSES and MULES.
The subscribers are for sale at the stables in Easton, a splendid lot of Western
HORSES AND MULES,
bought especially to suit the wants of Eastern Shore farmers.
Call and see them. If I can't suit you in price, you need not buy.
SOLOMON PIPPIN.
Easton, Md., April 17, 1888.

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Call at HUGHES Drug Store.
All kinds and sizes from a handsome Parlor hanging lamp to a little hand lamp always kept in stock and constantly getting in new styles. All kinds of Lamp repairs, Burners, Chimney and Lamp fixtures on hand at all times. Fine Hall and Dining Room Lamps a specialty at
HUGHES' Drug Store.

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This is an elegant preparation for cleansing and beautifying the Teeth and purifying the Breath.
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Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books. Any one can learn. Mind wandering cured. Every old and dear subject at command. Great inducements to Correspondence Students. Prospectus with opinions of Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Dr. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Joseph Cook, Prof. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Very best Coal Oil sold by
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PLAINT OF THE MODERN INFANT.

It's the dream of my life a marauder to be,
To plunder and maim and destroy:
But, alas, Fate has cruelly marked out for me
The role of a good little boy.

On the plains I should like a wild bronco to ride,
At citizens shoot with a "gun;"
Build a fire on an Indian while he was tied,
And chop off his fingers for fun.

I could make a good show as a bold burglar, too—
I've studied the "cracking" of "cribs;"
With what pride would I point to a safe that I "blew!"
Yet here I sit dining on bibs.

I'm surrounded with luxuries, playthings and food,
I've all that for wealth's to be had;
I am forced by (ironical) Fate to be good—
I know how I yearn to be bad!

I've heard all the tales that were written for boys,
To whom then to murder and steal;
In my heart how I envy the ruffian's joys
When he "kicks" for a "bun" who would "squeal."

All the years I have lived are but six, I am told;
I've wasted that much of my life;
I have threatened my sisters to "lay 'em out cold,"
But can't get a real bowie-knife.

Then my father's so rich and my mother's so good,
I can not become a low tramp;
I have no chance to steal and pretend to say wood,
Or under the haystacks to camp.

With the talents I have in criminal line
And thirsting for gore, it's no joke
As a parade or doctor my powers to confine—
To live and to die a mere "bloke."

Yet this fate is for me—a respectable lad,
I'm doomed to eat honest-earned food—
I have not got the faintest excuse to be bad,
But, oh! how I dread to be good.

There are only two chances at present I see—
Two gleams through life's horrible blank—
Of some widow's estate to be made the trustee,
Or cashier of a national bank.

—Ben Bent, in Time.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Story of a Bachelor's Love and Self-Sacrifice.

I think now, looking back sadly over my life experience, that I fell in love with Lorna Hillburn when she was a baby and I a man nearly forty.

Absurd? Well, it may have been. My whole life from my boyhood until I was past middle age was a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty, downright grinding want, when I, a youngster, split wood for my mother's washings, by which she earned our bread; a little easier when I was old enough to be errand boy in the wholesale store of Ennis & Lee, dealers in country produce.

There was another lad about my own age in the employ of the firm, and we shared an attic room for seven years after poor mother gave up her life in weary toil. David Hillburn was a boy like myself, toiling up the ladder of wealth, and we worked shoulder to shoulder, fast friends ever, until we proudly contemplated the sign over our produce house, that told the partnership of "Hillburn & Eastman."

This was when our ladder was firmly planted in the savings of close economy. David took a wife, a pretty blue-eyed mite, and four noble boys were born, who drooped and died when mere children.

So, as I said, David and I were nearly forty when Lorna, the only girl, was born, and I became the willing slave of every baby caprice, every girlish whim, until she was a fair maiden of eighteen, and I knew that I loved her—I, a man old enough almost to be her grandfather.

I had sense enough to keep my secret locked in my own breast, and Lorna had no suspicion of it when her own troubles began.

Long before this the house of "Hillburn & Eastman" had ceased to exist, and the partners, men of large wealth, had retired upon the fruits of their labor. But while I was satisfied to draw the income of sure investments that were not enormously profitable, David had a restless mania for speculation that kept me very uneasy. He could not be content without some active interest in business affairs, and speculated constantly, winning and losing, but never tiring of the dangerous employment.

At the time we left the old firm of Ennis & Lee, Mr. Ennis chose, most unfairly, to consider we did him a grievous wrong by going into the same business, the only one we understood. From that time there was a feeling of ill-will toward us, that deepened as Ralph Ennis became enfeebled by age.

So when Donald Ennis, the grandson of our old employer, a handsome fellow of twenty-two, began to hover about Lorna, David became anxious to separate the two.

"Old Ralph Ennis owes us a grudge," he said to me, "and I don't want it spent upon Lorna."

But Cupid laughs at grudges in a past generation, and these two loved each other deeply. Ah me! I kept my pain closely locked in my heart, when I saw Lorna's violet eyes full of love-light not for me, when I saw soft rose-tints on her cheeks deepen at Donald's voice or footstep.

David Hillburn was strongly opposed to the visits of Donald Ennis from the first, but he did not wish to insult the young man, and Lorna met him constantly in society. When the fact that they were lovers was too evident for concealment, David had not the heart to tell his darling the truth.

For, in the shadow of those four tiny graves, Lorna had grown up literally the idol of both parents. Had she not been blessed with a sweet, gentle disposition, she must have been utterly spoiled; for I do not think she was ever crossed in her life by either father or mother.

David was not surprised when Lorna, hiding her face upon his shoulder, whispered that Donald had asked her to be his wife, but he was troubled. And, not many hours later, his prophetic fears were realized. Ralph Ennis, on being asked by Donald for a blessing upon his new hopes, burst into a torrent of vituperation, ending in placing the choice before his grandson of giving up Lorna, or being turned out of doors.

And Donald, who had been brought up in luxury and idleness as his grandfather's heir, chose the latter alternative, and left his home. He came straight to David Hillburn, and told his story in a manly fashion that won instant sympathy.

"I have not come a beggar, sir, for your helpless," he said, "but to tell you my plans. My mother's brother in San Francisco, has offered me a situation in his counting-house many times. My grandfather scoffed at the idea of my leaving him, but now I shall accept the offer. In three years I will return to tell you, if my prospects will satisfy you, that I can support a wife. May I see Lorna?"

The last request, timidly offered, was granted instantly, and the lovers parted with mutual vows of constancy.

I must own that I was greatly surprised when the interview was described to me, that David Hillburn, loving his child as he did, allowed Donald to go. Surely, I thought, out of his great wealth he could establish his son-in-law in some business near home, and see Lorna happy.

But six months after I understood better why he was silent. Even in that hour he was a ruined man. Speculation after speculation had failed, and he was struggling by still more desperate ventures to retrieve his lost fortunes. When the task was hopeless he took his own life.

Was it strange, in that time of agony, that I, his brother in love, if not in blood, stepped forward to sustain the heart-broken widow, the desolate child? Without one selfish thought I worked over the entanglement of the estate, only to find debt inevitable—total ruin a certainty.

Mrs. Hillburn, though her life had been one of perfect ease, was no baby, to fold her hands idly, and though past fifty years of age, she accepted her position with quiet resignation. The handsome house on the outskirts of the city was claimed by the creditors of the estate, and one was taken in a good locality, to be opened for boarders. I was the first applicant, leaving the hotel I had called home for thirty years to occupy two of Mrs. Hilburn's rooms.

If I had loved Lorna as a child, as a gentle maiden, my love took a new impetus in due respect, as I watched her womanhood develop in her hour of trial. She had borne Donald's absence with a patient submission that was very touching in one whose whole life had been flooded with sunshine, and now she took up her share of the new burdens with courage and willingness.

Her proficiency in music was sufficient for her to form a class of pupils very soon after her father's death, and she was thus enabled too add materially to her mother's means.

But it cut me to the heart to see how both mother and daughter drooped under their burdens. In spite of their brave, patient resolve to live an independent life, earning their own support, they were utterly unfit for the weary struggle. Delicate women, reared in luxury, they showed plainly the physical strain in their pale faces and heavy eyes.

And while all this sorrow was still new, a newspaper paragraph recorded the sudden death of Donald Ennis in San Francisco.

We feared Lorna would die, in the long, dangerous illness that followed the reading of this news. But she rallied, found her insensible, grasping the paper, and she came out of her long swoon only to rave in delirious fever. We learned, in her grief, how strong her love had been, and wondered at the cheerfulness that had covered a heart so sorely tried. But she came back to life, a shadow of her old bright self, patiently taking up her routine of duty again, though pale and sad as she had never been before.

For a year I watched her with all a lover's interest, seeing her hold upon life weaken visibly, until the family physician whispered to me that only a speedy removal to a milder climate would prevent consumption.

Then I spoke. Then for the first time I told the love I had hidden for years, and asked Lorna to be my wife. I told her frankly that I did not expect her to give me the love she had given Donald, or even that she could forget him. But I would be satisfied if she would continue to love me as she had done all her life, only giving me the right of a husband to replace her in a home of wealth, and take the necessity of bread-winning from her frail hands.

And she consented. Once betrothed, she grew so winsomely loving that my heart filled with a delicious content it had never known. It was as if the gratitude she felt to me was merging little by little into love; true, wifely love. And I believe then, and believe now, that it was. I believe that as my wife, Lorna would have learned to love me, and me alone, had we married.

The wedding preparations went forward briskly, for Mrs. Hillburn and I were both anxious to have Lorna ready to go south in September, and escape any danger from winter winds.

Upon the seventeenth we were to be married, and the seventeenth dawned bright and clear; a day to make the heart glad. How glad mine was when I greeted the sunshine can never be told here.

After my engagement to Lorna had become known I had taken my old room at the E—— Hotel, and it was there I rose to greet my wedding day. At eight in the evening all our old friends were to assemble in Mrs. Hillburn's drawing-room to honor Lorna's marriage.

You must realize how completely this was the fulfillment of my whole life dream to understand the trial of that day. I was no boy, who could love, forget and love again, but an old man, though a robust one, whose one life-love was after years of despair, crowned with hope.

Mrs. Hillburn had smilingly forbidden me to appear at the house during the day, and I, after sending my gift of a parure of diamonds, half hidden in a basket of choice flowers, had gone to the steamer to make sure of Lorna's comfort during our trip to Florida, and busied myself with other final arrangements until five o'clock.

"A gentleman is waiting in your parlor, sir," the clerk said; and I went up stairs to open the door, and face—Donald Ennis!

Grasping his hand he told me his story and asked me where he could find Lorna.

"I never heard of Mr. Hillburn's death until to-day," he said. "I arrived here this morning, and went to the old house. All they could tell me was that Mrs. Hillburn lived in the city. But I knew you would be over their faithful friend, and so came here to find you. My grandfather is dead, and I take his place. Nothing save death between me and Lorna—and yourself!"

"Nothing! My boy, tell your story in an instant, Donald, said I.

"I, she is dead, or married, tell me quickly, and I will go back to California! I could not bear to see her the wife of another man!"

"She believes you dead!" I said. "I feel that was a trick of my grandfather's to still further separate us. His old servant told me of it to-day. Believing me dead, she has given her love to a more fortunate suitor!"

O the fierce, bitter temptation to say one little word—"yes." My rival would go back to California, and Lorna would learn to love me. Only to speak the plain truth—"Lorna is to be married in three hours," and my happiness was secured. But looking up into the pale, handsome face that Lorna loved, I could not tell Donald to go.

I told him all; told him Lorna's love had never wavered, but for pity and gratitude she had consented to be my wife. Of my own agony I said no word, but bade him follow me to Mrs. Hillburn's in an hour's time. He may be Lorna will be married as yourself in bridal array.

So I put my temptation aside, and my darling's happiness became more precious than my own. She heard my story with blanched cheeks, but with her mother's persuasions added to my own, consented to assume her bridal dress and so meet Donald.

I gave her away—I, the old man who filled her father's place—and saw her leave her home for the Southern winter, from which she returned to preside at Ennis place. I am her best friend still, ever loved, but neither Lorna nor Donald guess the agony of struggle that overcame *my temptation*.—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

Matrimonial Inclinations Checked.

The pretty maidens employed in the Augusta publishing houses are indulging their taste for sport by playing with the love-lorn youths of the Sunny South. One of these young men, who resides somewhere in Georgia, on the line of Sherman's march to the sea, wrote a letter to Augusta ordering a love-bag advertised, and saying that he had matrimonial inclinations. One of the girls wrote a tender epistle in reply, in the course of which she asked that he send a description of himself and his prospects. Very soon a letter came in return in which he said that he was good-looking, but twenty-four years of age, and owned a farm. The young farmer desired that his fair correspondent give a return description, which she did. She wrote that she was a widow, twenty-four years of age, her hair being of an auburn shade, commonly known as red. She was freckled, also, but wore a veil. Up to last accounts the young man had not been heard from, and no doubt his idea of Northern beauty has received a severe shock.—Portland (Me.) Argus

Cobble-Stone Cultivation.

I have planted a row of quinces along an open ditch one-fourth mile long, where the plow and cultivator can not go. I first laid down around each tree a mulch of potato-vines, then having many loads of stones, picked from the meadows and berry-fields, and no other use for them, I made a stone-pile over the mulch close about the trees and three feet distant. These stones are equal to cultivation as far as they go. The soil under a stone-pile is always loose and moist, and free from grass or weeds, what better cultivation is needed? As the trees grow larger the limits of the stone-piles should be extended. I consider this even better than ordinary cultivation, for the roots of the quince feed near the surface, and are injured by cultivation and severe winters if unprotected by some mulch.—Green's Fruit Grower.

—"Pa, what does mote mean? At Sunday-school we have a text which says: 'Take the mote out of thine own eye.'" "Motes, my son, motes are the sames as specs. That's what they called eyeglasses in Moses' time."

—"Erasmus, you are sure these are spring chickens?" "Yes, Missus. Dey wer brought up rite under my own eyes." "You watched them growing all last spring?" "Yes, Missus—an' a-l spring afore dat! Yah—dey is spring chickens."—Epoch.

—A man of Orlando, Fla., is the owner of valuable Ceylon cat. The principal distinguishing feature of these cats is that they have no tail. They are great rabbit catchers, being able to effectually deceive a rabbit by feigning to be one, and being able by reason of having no tail to carry out the deception.

—In a swamp north of the town of Astor, Fla., a man lately cut a huge cypress tree, and was surprised to find therein an alligator seven feet long. The opening in the tree being not half large enough to admit the reptile, it is presumed it got in while young and subsisted on small animals that therein sought shelter.

—A team of four cows appeared in Bellevue, Idaho, not long ago, having been driven from Nebraska, a distance of 1,000 miles. They had acted as motive power for a prairie schooner, and had also furnished milk and butter for the farmer and his family en route. They were in good condition, with the exception of their feet, which needed shoes badly.

—John Hancock, of Worth County, Ga., says that he can remember when every member of the Georgia Legislature was dressed in homespun. He was in 1829, and the tariff had caused woolen goods to reach such an exorbitant price that the Legislature resolved as a man to buy no more manufactured cloth until the tariff was reduced; and they kept the resolution.

—Not long since, at the meeting of one of our grand juries, one of them said to another: "Very intelligent-looking jury; I wonder how many can tell us the name of the Governor?" After a moment's reflection No. 2 said he did not know. "Ask the next," said No. 1. No. 3 could not tell, and so the question was passed around, and but three of the grand jury could tell the name of the Governor of South Carolina.—Anderson (S. C.) Intelligencer.

—Two strangers were talking on the cars and one was a portrait painter. After some time the other inquired the painter's business. "I am an artist he replied modestly. "Ah," said the other, "what do you draw?" "Faces," "And I am an artist," continued the other. "Ah," exclaimed the painter, with a smile of interest, "and pray, may I ask, what do you draw?" "Noses," said the other. "I am a finer." Thus the artist got up and left the seat.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

'Twas a clipping from the paper
Telling of some funny capers
On the stage;
So I read it, every letter,
Saying that I'd seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there,
But in smiling contemplation
Of the humorist's creation
Rich and rare.

As I looked, I knew I started
And the smile from me departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in neat column,
Notices of deaths, and column
Full of woe.

So, I thought, some priest and preacher,
Mixed out with equal measure
You may laugh,
But some other day's waiting
For the tear it smiles unbidding
Other half.

—Columbus Dispatch.

PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

The Unpleasant Side of a Hunter's Life in the Tropics.

Providential Escapes From an Awful Death of Daily Occurrence—Charmed by a Lion—A Good-Natured Reptile.

During the many years I was employed to procure wild animals for the great German museum outfitter, I naturally met with more or less adventure of an exciting and dangerous nature. Indeed, it was all adventure from start to finish, with scarcely a day that one's life was not in peril.

It seemed as if Providence had a hand in some of the close calls and narrow escapes. One time, when encamped between two of the branches of the Niger, thirty miles from its mouth, I went out on foot and alone to locate a spot to set a trap for a big serpent which the natives had espied and come to tell me of. I had crossed a level piece of ground about thirty rods wide, and had almost gained the fringe of wild rice on the far side, when a black rhinoceros who had been concealed in the thick cover uttered a "woof!" and came charging full at me. He was not over thirty feet away when I wheeled and started at my best pace for the grove of trees I had left behind. In those days I could run like a horse for half a mile, but I had not gone half the distance when I heard the old fellow close behind me, and realized that I was in deadly peril. He could outrun me, and the only chance I had was to swerve quickly aside and let him pass on. I was about to spring to the right, when the ground trembled under my feet and I heard a crash behind me. I glanced over my shoulder, to find that my pursuer had disappeared from sight, and when I retraced my steps I found him at the bottom of a cavity at least fifteen feet deep by ten across. He struggled for awhile as I looked down upon him, and then sunk out of sight in the mud and water. He had broken the crust of one of those spots often to be met with on the lowlands of Africa—a crust of grass and earth formed over a water hole or bed of quicksands. It had been strong enough to bear me, but his weight had proven his death. Had my line of flight been to the right or left by ten feet the beast would have surely overtaken me and killed me in spite of my efforts.

Just a week later, while I was out with three of my men to kill fresh meat for the camp, I took my station under a great tree and sent them to windward of a thicket, which I suspected might contain the game we wanted. It took them twenty minutes to get into position, and pretty soon a fine buck deer came trotting toward me. I was concealed by the trunk of the tree, and he came within twenty feet of me and stopped. As he did so there was a "swish," a crash among the branches, a sort of shriek from the deer, and next moment he was in the embrace of a great python, which had a tail-hold on the limb above my head. This serpent was fully twenty-five feet long, and at his middle was nearly as large as a nail keg. Why he had not attacked me is beyond my power of guessing. He must have known of my presence, and he surely had no fear of me. A serpent of that kind, when hungry enough to attack, would strike at an elephant, so far as fear was concerned. He was almost exactly above my head, and he would have rendered me powerless with his first blow.

Some months subsequent to this incident I was walking in a path through a forest over two hundred miles from this spot. We were on the march, twenty-five or thirty of us, and had for half an hour been traversing a path used by animals in going to a drinking place. I had been in the lead for two hours, when I dropped back to consult with one of the "bosses." One of the natives took my place and passed on, but he had not gone fifty feet when a serpent of the same species, which was hidden in the foliage of a tree, struck and knocked him down and had two coils about his body before a shout was raised. I hurried forward with my heavy shot-gun, but the snake was threshing the poor native about so that I dared not fire for several minutes. Then, as the horrible head was reared to hiss at me I shattered it with buckshot. I was too late to save the man, however. He had been crushed to a pulp—a fate that would surely have been mine had I continued two minutes longer in the lead.

On the Beane river, to the east of Cameron mountain, we had two or three traps set for lions. One of these was a log trap, the same as is used for bears in the United States. It was, in fact, a small but stout log house, with a door connected with a "figure 4" inside. We baited this trap with fresh meat, but the lions would not enter it. After it had been unvisited for two days I took my gun and started in that direction. This was at about ten o'clock in the morning. I approached the trap from the side where the door was fitted and peered in, to find the bait untouched. As I straightened up one of the biggest lions I ever saw turned the corner of the pen, and we were face to face. I think he had been lying in the shade on the other side. I had my gun in my left hand, and I realized that any movement on my part would be a signal for him to attack. The lion was standing, stone fitted as I was. Indeed, his idea, I was to drop the door behind me. I could have put my right hand out and held it on his nose, but presently he sniffed at me and turned off to a distance of about [illegible] and then stood and stared at me [illegible] back. Is was the only thing I could do. He was neither hungry nor patient, and he finally lay down and rested his head on his paws and kept his great yellow eyes steadily fastened on mine. I stood like a stone for [illegible] minutes. Then I sank to my [illegible] feeling that if I did not I should [illegible] my equilibrium. As I went down he rose up with a menacing [illegible] and seemed about to spring. [illegible] I remained quiet he took down [illegible] resumed his stare.

I was dangerously [illegible] by the state of this [illegible] and by I felt a strange [illegible] wanted to shout and wave my [illegible] I really believe I should [illegible] upon him had we been [illegible] uninterrupted two minutes longer [illegible] lives. [illegible] reached the lion's ears he whined and seemed uneasy, and finally made a bolt for the thicket. I was still on my knees when the native came, and was so weak all day that I remained in camp.

Near Kharme, in Burmah, some native once came about twenty miles to beg of me to return with them and rid their village of the presence of a man-eating tiger. I went with them in hopes to catch the beast alive. We found his lair in a mass of rocks in the midst of a thicket, and also the water-hole from which he quenched his thirst. We dug a pit in the path he used, but every beast, except the one wanted, fell into it. I therefore determined to shoot the tiger as he came to drink. One night, when he had killed and partially devoured a cow early in the evening, I took a native and repaired to the water-hole. It was then eleven o'clock at night, and the tiger might be expected along at any moment. I first took position under a tree just above the water, but after a few minutes moved ten feet to the left, and gave the native my place. We were armed with shot-guns heavily charged, and intended to kill the tiger at the first fire whether we saved an inch of his skin or not. We had been in place about fifteen minutes when the native suddenly shrieked out that the tiger had got hold of him. I sprang up, and it was not so dark but that I could make out some animal shaking and worrying him. I shouted and ran forward, and as the beast wheeled upon me I fired and rolled him over. The native was not dead, but so badly wounded that he lived only two days. I supposed, of course, that he had been attacked by the tiger, but when I came to strike a light and investigate I discovered that I had killed a panther. The beast was perched on a limb of the tree directly over the spot I had at first selected, and had I retained it he would have made me his victim in place of the native.

One more instance; I was out one day with a native in the province of Siam, looking up the lair of a panther which had worked great havoc, when we sat down in the shade to rest. I had been up the night before, and soon fell into a drowse. The man dared not awaken me, and yet was too cowardly to remain beside me. He therefore quietly climbed a tree, and I went sound asleep. I had been in this condition half an hour, according to his calculation, when a great rock snake came out of a ledge a few yards away and approached me. This species of serpent is kin to the pythons and anacondas, only much more fierce and active. The native saw, but dared not speak. If he aroused me I was certain to move and receive the terrible fangs and the deadly embrace. He said that the snake crawled over my legs three or four times, and twice it seemed on the point of striking me, and had I moved in the slightest I would have been made a victim. Happily for me, I slumbered on; and by and by the serpent went off through the brush, and the native dropped from his perch and aroused me.—N. Y. Sun.

SOME SHARK STORIES.

They Are Good, But to a Man Up a Tree They Look Improbable.

Last night, in a company of congenial spirits, the conversation turned on sharks, those scavengers of the sea. Their voracity, staying qualities, and ability to swallow any thing and every thing that came their way was discussed at some length. A young man who had never been to sea said he had read stories of monster man-eating sharks following ships for weeks, accompanied by an aching void which able seamen alone could fill with any degree of satisfaction—to the shark. He had also read of a sailor who was on deck one day grinding his knife, with a boy turning the stone, when the ship gave a sudden lurch, the whole outfit went overboard and was swallowed by a shark. The sailor and his boy kept at work, sharpened the knife to a razor edge, cut their way out of the shark and were picked up by a boat lowered from the ship.

The man-of-war's man said that story was a little too improbable, but that he could tell one himself within the bounds of reason. "When our ship was in Honolulu," he said, "I was ashore one day in the launch, a small steamboat used for conveying officers and sailors to and from the ship. We were lying at the dock, and when the engineer attempted to start his engine on the return trip she refused to work. Thinking, perhaps, that a rope or something had fouled the propeller, the engineer looked over the stern and found that a monster shark had swallowed the wheel, and though we prodded the cuss with a boat-hook it refused to disgorge the cast-iron delicacy. We then slewed the boat around, and heading for the ship, a mile distant, we managed by jabbing the fish with boat-hooks, to make it furnish motive power, and thus got under way. The coxswain stood at the tiller and steered for the ship, but just as we got alongside the vessel the shark gave a sudden lurch, broke the propeller short off at the bearing, and got away with it."—Chicago Herald.

—A lady's paper gives the following recipe for getting rid of the smell of fresh paint in a bed chamber or living-room: Slice a few onions, and put them in the middle of the room. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the onions. This can easily be done by putting on another coat of paint.

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TRINITY CATHEDRAL—Rector, THE BISHOP OF EASTON; Assistant, Rev. John O. Barton, D. D. Holy Communion, 1st morning service on 1st Sunday in every month and on the greater festivals. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 8.00 P. M. Fridays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 9.30 A. M.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS, EASTON POINT—Under charge of the Cathedral clergy. Services, 1st Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M. Sunday School, the remaining Sundays at same hour.

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EBENEZER CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. W. W. W. Wilson. Sunday services: Class Meeting at 10 A. M., Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8.00 P. M., Sunday School at 2 P. M. Young People's Prayer and Experience Meeting at 7.00 P. M. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the first Sunday morning of every month. Weekly services: Class meetings, Monday and Friday afternoons, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights; Prayer meeting, Friday night, at which a brief lecture on the International Sunday School lesson will be delivered.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL, SOUTH.

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SS. PETER AND PAUL CHURCH.—Rector, Father P. J. Connolly. Mass, every Sunday except 2d Sunday in the month, at 10.30 A. M. Vespers, Sundays at 7.30 P. M.

THE FRIENDS SOCIETY

Meetings are held at their Meeting House, near Easton, on Sundays and Thursdays at 11 A. M.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN MISSION

Holds services at Red Men's Hall alternate Sundays at 11 A. M., under the charge of Rev. J. E. Smith.

SOCIETIES.

COATE LODGE, NO. 82, A. F. & A. M.—Meets 1st, 3d and 5th Mondays in Masonic Temple. Master, M. E. Whitman; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

TALBOT R. A. CHAPTER, NO. 22—Meets 2d and 4th Mondays in Masonic Temple. High Priest, E. S. Tripp; Sec'y, R. T. Martin.

MILLER LODGE, NO. 18, I. O. O. F.—Meets Tuesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. Noble Grand, J. E. Bennett; Sec'y, C. E. Nicols.

MILLER ENCAMPMENT, NO. 38, I. O. O. F.—Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on 1st and 3d Wednesday nights. Patriarch, W. J. Golt; Scribe, C. E. Nicols.

FRED AVON LODGE, NO. 168, K. of H.—Meets Thursday nights in Mason's Temple. Dictator, Wm. J. Biery; Reporter, Wm. J. Benny.

EXCELSIOR LODGE, NO. 45, A. O. U. W.—Meets Wednesday nights in Masonic Temple. M. W., O. E. Nicols; Recorder, John T. Dalton.

GUARDIAN SONNETTE, NO. 848, R. A.—Meets 1st and 3d Fridays in Masonic Temple. Regent, W. A. Frazier; Sec'y, S. H. Whitman.

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