The Easton Star.

Published Weekly. Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1890. VOL. XXV.—NO. 47.

Professional Cards.

CHARLES W. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EASTON, Maryland.
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET IN REAR OF HUBBARD'S BANKING HOUSE.
Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages.
The highest cash price paid for gold first or preferred mortgages, Bonds and Mortgages.
Real Estate.
A number of fine farms for sale. The list includes the cheapest and best farming properties in Talbot county.

PHILLIP F. THOMAS. EDWARD TURNER.
THOMAS & TURNER.
Special attention given to collection of Claims, management of Trusts, examination Titles and Conveyancing.
Office on Dover Street,
EASTON, MARYLAND.
feb19,89

CHAS. H. GIBSON. CHAS S. CARRINGTON.
GIBSON & CARRINGTON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office in the Masonic Temple.
sep22,ly

WILFRED BATEMAN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EASTON, MD.
Oct. 4, 1887.

JOSEPH B. SETH
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD., AND 52 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.

OSWALD TILGHMAN,
Attorney-at-Law,
EASTON, MD.
Office in new Odd Fellows' Building, corner of Washington Street and Market Space. Special attention to the collection of claims, negotiation of loans, and the sale of real estate.

J. PRICE KIRBY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EASTON, MD.
Office on Railroad Avenue, opposite the Easton Bank.
jul15,ly1r

WILLIAM H. ADKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EASTON, MD.
Office recently occupied by the Savings Bank.
Oct1,89

VETERINARY SURGEON.
ROBERT J. HANLEY, M. D., V. S.,
is now residing near Easton, and will take on livery diseased horses for treatment at moderate terms. Orders left at Hayward & Bro.'s drug store will receive prompt attention. Diseases in horses and cattle treated, and all surgical operations performed.
jul15,6yr

DR. J. O. HARDIN,
DENTIST,
Easton, Maryland.
Inserts full upper sets of teeth at $5, $10, $15. Gold filling, $1.00. Gas administered. All work guaranteed first-class. Office, 1 door North of Masonic Temple, Washington st.
may27

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Cor. Washington and Cabinet Streets
Easton, Md.

Easton Business Cards.

ED. ROBERTS,
BUILDER,
EASTON, MD.
oct7,84

BRICKLAYING & PLASTERING.
All kinds of work in my line of business will receive prompt and careful attention, soliciting a portion of the trade of this and adjoining counties. Satisfaction will be given.
SAMUEL T. BROWN,
Bricklayer and Plasterer,
jan7-6m Easton, Md.

W. J. LLOYD,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
UNION HOTEL,
Pratt Street, for the last forty years, has removed to,
102 South Sharp Street, Hopkins Place,
Two squares from the old place, and is prepared to entertain his friends, old and new.
Terms moderate.
jun28,ly

GEO. T. RECORDS. H. P. GOLDSBOROUGH
RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
IMPORTERS OF
Brandies, Wines, &c.,
Dealers in
PURE RYE WHISKIES.
Pure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes Furnished.
No. 56 Light Street, Baltimore.
mar18,6yr

WM. H. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN
WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.
(Successors to Keely & Tilghman.)
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, and all kinds of Country Produce,
219 (Old No. 18) Bowly's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, - Maryland.
Having secured the services of Mr. Walter B. Stearns, a thoroughly competent salesman, we are now prepared to give special attention to the Sale of Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and Produce Generally.
jan21,6yr

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully compounded day or night by WALTER C. HUGHES, Successor to R. J. Trippe.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

GRACE CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. C. E. Busk. Sunday services: Holy Communion, 9 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11 A. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 7.30 P. M. Wednesday Prayer and Lecture, 7.30 P. M. Thursday Prayer and Sermon, 11 A. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 7.30 P. M. Celebration of the Holy Eucharist on all Feast and Saints' Days, 11 A. M. Sunday School, 3 P. M.

TRINITY CATHEDRAL.—Rector, The Bishop of the Diocese; Assistant, Rev. Albert R. Walker. Holy Communion, at morning service on 1st Sunday in every month and on the days of festivals. Sunday services: Morning Prayer, 7.30 P. M. Friday, Evening Prayer, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 3.30 A. M.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS, EASTON.—Public worship of the Cathedral Parish. Services, 1st Sunday in the month at 11 A. M. Sunday School, the remaining Sundays at same hour.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. R. H. Adams. Sunday services: Class Meeting at 9 A. M., Preaching, at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, at 3 P. M. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. Wesley Hall. Sunday services: Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday School, 3 P. M. Epworth League, 6.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. Wesley Hall. Sunday services: Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday School, 3 P. M. Epworth League, 6.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

CALVARY CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. W. Trout. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 3 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, SOUTH.

TRINITY CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. G. D. Harris. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 3 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

ST. PETER AND PAUL CHURCH.—Rector, Father Mickle. 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.

COATS LODGE, NO. 103, A. F. & A. M.—Meets 1st, 2d and 5th Mondays in Masonic Temple. Master, S. E. Whitman; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

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

MILLER LODGE, NO. 15, I. O. O. F.—Meets Tuesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall, Noble Grand, W. H. Wihgott; 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.

TRED AVON LODGE, NO. 1356, K. of H.—Meets Thursday nights in Masonic Temple. Dictator, Wm. J. Bierly; Reporter, Wm. J. Benny.

EXCELSIOR LODGE, NO. 15, A. O. U. W.—Meets Wednesday nights in Masonic Temple. M. W., C. E. Nicols; Recorder, John T. Rathell.

GUARDIAN COUNCIL, NO. 510, R. A.—Meets 1st and 3d Fridays in Masonic Temple. Regent, W. A. Pratt; Sec'y, S. E. Whitman.

GRIFFIN COUNCIL, NO. 512, A. L. of H.—Meets alternate Tuesday nights in Masonic Temple. Comm., I. N. Elston; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

HICKS POST, NO. 24, G. A. R.—Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays. Comm., T. H. Coburn; Adjt., J. H. White.

MATAPEAKE TRIBE, NO. 76, IMP'D O. R. M.—Meets Thursday nights in Red Men's Hall. Sachem, S. H. Willey; C. of R., C. E. Morris.

STAR OF THE EAST LODGE, NO. 106, K. of P.—Meets Tuesday nights in Pythian Castle. C. C., S. A. Mainster; K. of R. & S., Wm. J. Benny.

TALBOT LODGE, NO. 234, G. of T.—Meets 1st and 3d Monday nights in Red Men's Hall. Pres., S. H. Kemp; Sec'y, J. C. Davis.

Baltimore Advertisements.

Charles H. Gale. Custis W. Woolford.
Chas. M. Gale & Co.
(Successors to Harry Hughes.)
MEN'S FURNISHERS,
30 and 32 Pratt Street (Under Maltby House),
BALTIMORE, MD.
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.

RUPTURE
Thousands have been permanently cured by
DR. J. B. MAYER 831 ARCH ST
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Ease at once, no operation or loss of time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others wanted. Send for Circular. Advice Free. Office Hours 9 to 2.
CURE GUARANTEED.

Donation for Churches.
We will make a donation of one gallon of Longman & Martines Pure Paint out of every eight gallons used on church property.
J. C. HENRY & BRO.,
Easton, Md.

Gum Camphor Cheap.
For sale by HENRY & BROTHER

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.
You will save money by buying Atlas Ready Mixed Paint, as every gallon can be depended upon to give satisfaction. Writen guarantee on top of each can. For sale 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.

Fast—2.08¼—Time.
Put your Horses in condition to make 2 08¾ by the use of Henry's Condition Powders. They are first-class. For sale by HENRY & BRO.,
Druggists.

Diarrhœa Mixture.
If you have diarrhœa, cholera, dysentery, summer complaint, pains in the stomach and bowels, use our Diarrhœa Mixture, it is the best. HENRY & BRO.
SEE WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT IT.
I can recommend Henry's Diarrhœa Mixture, as I have used it in my family for several years, and find that it does all that is claimed for it. ALEXIS A. PASCAULT.
The Vegetable Diarrhœa Mixture of Henry & Brother's is certainly superior to any I have ever used. JOSEPH A. VANSANT.

For a Complete Assortment of Lamps
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 Chimneys, Burners, Oil Stoves and Lamp Trimmings on hand at all times. Fine Hall and Dining Room Lamps a specialty at
HUGHES' Drug Store.

HEARTSEASE.

In simple words what mighty power!
Hermione, when in my sad old age
To find the sweet and simple flower!
Ask those who on their summer way
The early blossoms of an hour,
Unnoted by the heavy clouds
Is it not strange it is not there,
With such a lovely name? Is it not there,
On forest board, in dusky covert
Amongst the leaves dark and mute,
Of death's pale white, the bridal dower,
On silent nights, the starry stole,
In that of gold, the sunny zone,
In whatever and the earth's fair
Look for the flower. It is not there,
With fancy's eye, it is not there.

Oh, where shall I find Heartsease?
When winter rules and chills my heart,
When flowers of every hue and fragrance
In vain I search for some one flower,
With trembling hand, my heart beats
I'll press in hopes for memories there
—Mary Sullivan.

HOW I FOUND HIS WIFE.

It came at last. We were in the library. I seated before the grate, gazing vacantly into the fire; he in an armchair close by, and she at the piano.

Three months before I had met Harry Vane in the out-of-the-way country village where chance had thrown us both. I was no child; twenty-three summers and winters had passed over my head and left me a wearied, unsatisfied woman, with numerous acquaintances but few friends, much wealth but no happiness, many lovers but no one to love.

Harry Vane was seven years my senior—an educated, traveled, polished man of the world in its best sense. We were much together. Our tastes were similar, though on many, perhaps most, points our opinions were diametrically opposite.

I first admired, then loved him.

Two months of unalloyed happiness went by. I loved him with an intensity at which I myself almost shuddered, and he, perhaps because he had nothing else to do, loved me. How did I know that he loved me? I never could explain. You might sneer at the foundation on which my belief rested, and possibly you would be right.

Then Louise Damerton, having wearied of Saratoga and Newport, and having by some chance discovered my hiding place, came too.

She was very beautiful. Even I, who had known her from childhood, and knew how false was her heart and how utterly worthless her character, was obliged to admit that a more peerlessly beautiful woman I had never seen.

Before three days had passed I felt that I was losing the only human being for whom I had ever cared, and ere a week was gone I knew that for the time at least I had lost him. Her beautiful face, her tasteful dress and her innocent, childish manner had completely enthralled the man for whom I would have perilled my soul.

I said that we were stopping at an out-of-the-way village. The residents themselves said that it had not grown any in fifty years, and this statement was readily believed by the stranger. We never found that in the whole place there was not a single piano. This was an unfailing source of annoyance to Harry Vane, who was passionately fond of music, and who soon learned that Louise was proficient in the art.

But the summer passed away, autumn came and our party broke up. The cold winds of December were howling when we met again. Louise had come to New York to spend a few weeks with me. We hated each other hotly, had always done so, and yet our interchange of visits was frequent. Nor was there any hypocrisy in this; each understood the feelings of the other thoroughly; there was not the slightest deception; but each understood that for convenience sake the outward appearance of civility must be maintained.

I had not seen Harry since summer, but shortly after Louise's arrival he, too, came to New York. The next day he came to dinner and spent the evening. Louise at his request had played and sung. She had done her best, and done well.

And this brings me to the opening scene of this sketch. All the time I had been sitting with crossed hands, gazing vacantly into the fire and thinking with throbbing heart and glowing cheek that the moment of my triumph was at hand.

He loved music, and what was her talent to mine? She had not heard me for years, for in my misanthropy I had refused to play for any one, and only practiced when entirely alone.

Had she known the truth she would never have touched a piano in my presence. But she grew weary of playing and he, starting from a dreamy trance, arose and set a chair for her by his own.

"Would you favor us, Martha?" she asked, in a half triumphant, half insolent tone.

He gave her an impatient glance; it was provoking to have the charm of her music broken by any ordinary performance.

I saw at a glance and understood it perfectly; but without a word I arose and seated myself at the instrument. I saw them exchange smiles; then he threw back his head and closed his eyes, as if resigning himself to what could not be avoided.

Before I struck a dozen notes, however, his head was raised, and in less than five minutes he was at my side. For an hour or more I played, and he, enraptured with the strains, never left me.

After that he called almost daily, and with a triumphant swelling of my heart I saw how completely Louise had lost her influence and how my own was re-established. Once more I felt that he loved me and this time not because I happened to be the only woman near, but because from a host of competitors he had chosen me of his own good will.

Louise saw that her almost certain conquest had become a most humiliating defeat. It cut her to the quick that I, her avowed enemy, should deprive her of the lion of the season. She saw her cause was lost, and to retrieve it resolved on a desperate expedient.

She became ill. For several days she was confined to her room. We thought it only a temporary disorder till the physician gravely informed me that Miss Damerton's friends ought to be notified.

I was greatly startled. My heart misgave me for the part I had acted toward her, and thinking she was dying I began to reason how much better it would have been if I had made no effort to regain Harry Vane's love. I thought how much wiser and stronger I was than this frail flower; how much easier it would be for me to go through life alone than this weak child—vain and trifling as I knew her to be—who had never for a single hour depended on herself for pleasure or happiness. In this state of mind I one day asked her if she would like to see Harry Vane. The flushed cheek and quick glance told how grateful was the question, and made me reproach myself for not mentioning the subject before.

He came of course at my request; my slightest wish had become his law; his stay was very brief.

A few days passed and then I, knowing the pleasure his visit had afforded him to see her again.

He had scarcely entered the room when I was summoned away and we were left alone. Precisely what passed in that strange interview I never learned enough, I guessed to assure me Louise made him believe that her illness and approaching death—she told she was dying—were caused by his indifference.

Such statements could not make powerful impression on his highly sensitive nature.

He was bound by no promise to me and possibly not knowing the extent of my love pledged himself to her.

I do not think her sickness was entirely feigned. Prince[illegible] herself to the utmost.

Day by day she grew stronger. In a little while she was able to leave her room, and soon, the weather becoming milder, to take a short drive.

Harry was her constant companion. I do not believe he loved her. I do not believe it now; but a feeling of chivalry prompted him to devote himself to the woman who, for his sake, had ventured on the doubtful borders of the grave.

I did not learn all at once. It was some time before the full conviction dawned on me, and then I hated her. All my fine theories were blown to the wind. I felt and knew that the love for which she pined with the wantonness of a spoiled child was to me life itself.

She left us. Spring came, and with it a letter from Louise asking me to come to her home and be her bridesmaid. She was to be married early in May.

I went, of course. I found Louise just as I had expected to find her—proud of her conquest, and yet half dreading the man who, in the intercourse of married life, would soon fathom her worthless heart.

We rode out one bright, sunny morning to enjoy the pure air and visit the cataract, which the recent rains had swollen to a miniature Niagara.

My bright morning had a fearful ending.

After half an hour's rapid riding we reined our horses in on the edge of a steep bank overlooking a beautiful rivulet. The scene below was delightful. The sparkling water, the white pebbles, the green moss and sweet violets made a picture never to be forgotten.

"We must have some of those flowers as souvenirs of our ride," Harry remarked, as he directed his horse down the declivity.

He had reached the margin of the brook, dismounted, and was about to gather the violets, when a loud shriek from Louise caused both him and me to turn our eyes toward her.

From some cause her horse had become restive and she not being able to control him had darted off at a rapid pace along the road.

The animal dashed along like a mad creature, Louise tugging at the bridle, but being a poor horseman and being a better rider, I was obliged to use every exertion in order to overtake her.

At first my only anxiety was lest she should fall from the saddle, but soon the appalling sound of the cataract met my ears, while at the same instant a wild cry from Louise assurred me that she, too, was aware of her danger.

I urged my horse forward. I was at her side; to save her now required scarcely an exertion, when, like a flash of lightning, the i. nce of Darkness whispered in my ear, "If she dies there is none between you and Harry Vane's love." With a sudden jerk I reined in my horse, and Louise dashed on.

A new sound greeted me. I turned and saw Harry Vane tearing madly along the road. He passed me, and as his eye met mine I saw that he had witnessed and understood my murderous act.

Never shall I forget that scene. Louise swaying wildly in her saddle on the mad animal, dashing frantically on to destruction. Harry Vane, badly mounted, yet by almost superhuman exertion gaining on her, and I gazed spellbound after both.

Scarcely an instant had passed when the enormity of my crime sent a shudder through my frame.

"I am better mounted than either and can save her yet," I muttered, as I urged my horse forward.

I passed Harry, reached once more the side of Louise and had my arm extended to save her, when suddenly my horse stumbled, slipped and fell headlong to the earth. I started to my feet, saw Vane go by, grasp wildly at Louise already on the edge of the chasm, saw his horse stumble and all go over the brink into the fearful abyss below.
—Hazel Brown in Atlanta Constitution.

All Relatives.

"Englishmen and Germans in this country are all related to each other."

"How's that?"

"The former comes from the mother country and the latter from the fatherland."—Drake's Magazine.

Be Content.

Be content with such things as ye have. Some people have better things, others have worse. You, perhaps, cannot have the better, and you have no desire for the worse; then be content with what you have. You may have had better things in the past; you may have worse things in the future; be thankful for the present and be content. If your lot is a hard one you may improve it, but not by murmuring, fretting or repining. Just here today learn the lesson of contentment, and wait on God for brighter days, for richer fruits, for purer joys.

No blessing comes to the murmuring, complaining, discontented heart. When once this evil demon of discontent has entered into the soul nothing is right. Even the "angel's food" was not good enough for the murmuring Israelites, and "the corn of heaven" could not satisfy those whose souls were filled with the discontent of earth. But when once the heart has found its rest in God, and all its murmurings are hushed in sweet submission to his will, there is peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost, and a hallowed confidence in the kind providence of him who hath done all things well.—Christian.

At first a little, hacking cough,
"'Tis nothing but a cold,"
They say, "I'will very soon wear off."
Alas, the story old!
The hectic cheek, the failing strength,
The grief that cannot save,
And life's wan flame goes out, at length
In a consumptive's grave.

If persons would use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when irritation of the lungs is indicated by a cough, it would be an easy matter to avert consumption. Be wise in time. The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

THE HEATHER HILLS.

I often think on I sit alone
How we two sat in the dark together,
And I hear you call the cattle home
Across the hills of heather.
Your "Cuhas! Cuhas!" rings out clear,
With all the music's underlooting,
And I look, as though I did not hear,
At the grisly dusky glooring.

I see the ruins of castle walls,
With Scottish ivy dropping over,
And just where the dying sunlight falls
A maiden quits her lover.
The "Bonny Dooe" lifts her head, drown fool,
The grazing kine away are straying,
And she calls them with her "Cuhas" sweet,
Nearing her love's delaying.

And dark comes over the furze covered hill,
Your heavy turns in greeting,
The bell of the distant kine is still,
And day and night are meeting.
Your song grows falsetto and yet more faint,
You come to my side in the glooming.
"What scones," you ask, "does the firelight paint?
Where is your family roaming?"

But my thoughts are gone, and yet and I
Sit and talk by the fire together,
Till the stars shine out in the frosty sky
In the dark winter weather.
And those other dreams go as they come;
No more we sit in the dark together,
While I hear your call to the cattle home
Across the hills of heather.
—Ruth Hall in Good Housekeeping.

JOHN WALTON'S REVENGE

"Be off from here, you little beggar!" said Oscar Ronalds imperiously.

The speaker was a well dressed boy of 14, and the words were addressed to a boy of about his own age and his sister of 8. The contrast between their outward appearance was striking. Oscar was of light complexion, and looked like a petted child of the aristocracy. He held a club in his hand, which, it might be judged from his scowling face, he would not be unwilling to use.

John Walton, who confronted him without fear, was a stouter boy than Oscar. His complexion was dark, his hair, black as the raven's wing, hung over his forehead. His clothing was coarse and well worn, his pants were tucked up nearly to his knees, and shoes and stockings were luxuries which he dispensed. His little sister, terrified by Oscar's rude manner, clung to her brother in affright.

"Don't be scared of him, Lizzie," said John. "He won't dare to touch us."

"Won't I, though?" said Oscar, clutching his stick tighter.

"Not if you know what is best for yourself," said John, looking fixedly at him.

"You have no business here, you beggar," said Oscar furiously.

"I am no beggar," said the barefoot boy proudly.

"This is my father's land. Can you deny that?" demanded Oscar.

"I know it is, and I suppose it will be yours some day."

"Then, why have you intruded here?"

"I did not suppose it would do any harm to pick a few berries, which would otherwise decay on the vines."

"Then you know it now. I don't care for the berries, but I don't want any [illegible]

"Stop there, young master," said John firmly. "You called me a beggar and I did not care much, but if you call my mother by that name you'll be sorry."

"I?" said Oscar contemptuously. "What will you do?"

"I'll beat you with that stick you hold in your hand."

"Then I do call her a beggar," said Oscar furiously. "What are you going to do about it?"

"You'll see."

John Walton let his sister's hand fall, and springing upon Oscar wrenched the stick from his hand, laid it over his back with sharp emphasis three times, and then flung it into the pool hard by. Leaving his young enemy prostrate he took his terrified sister by the hand and saying, "We'll go home now, Lizzie," walked qdietly away.

Oscar picked himself up, mortified and furious. He would have pursued John and wreaked instant vengeance upon him if he had dared, but in the hands of the young savage, as he mentally characterized him, he had felt his own utter inability to cope with him, and resolved that vengeance should come in another shape.

"My father should turn the beggars out of house and home," he muttered. "I wish they might starve."

The father of Oscar Ronalds was the proprietor of a handsome house and large landed estate, including several tenements which he rented out. In the poorest of these lived John Walton and his mother. They lived poorly enough; how it would be hard to tell, but at all events they lived and never sought help.

When John told the story of his encounter to his mother she was disturbed, fearing that trouble might come of it. So, indeed, it did.

The next morning Squire Ronalds, with his stiff, erect figure, was seen approaching the widow's cottage.

Mrs. Walton opened the door.

"Won't you come in, Squire Ronalds?" she said nervously.

"No, madam, I have but a word to say, and that is soon said. Are you aware that your boy grossly insulted my son Oscar yesterday?"

"He told me that Oscar called me names, and he knocked him down. He has a nasty temper."

"Your son is a ruffian, ma'am."

"Not so bad as that. He is a good boy to me, Squire Ronalds."

"It is a pity he cannot treat others with proper respect."

"Do you think he was wholly to blame?"

"Certainly he was. My son caught him trespassing on my land, and very properly ordered him off. I don't care to argue the matter. If he will apologize to Oscar I will let it pass. Otherwise, as your mouth's up today, I shall require you to leave this tenement."

John, who had been inside and heard what had been said, came forward looking resolute and self sustained.

"I shall not apologize to Master Oscar, sir," he said. "It is he who should apologize to me."

"Apologize to you! That would look well, would it not?" said the squire scornfully.

"It would be right," said John firmly.

"You are an impudent young rascal."

"Mother," said John quietly, "there is no use listening further. I shall not apologize, and am ready to take the consequences. Don't be alarmed. I'll take care of you."

"You must leave this house to-morrow," roared Squire Ronalds, in a very undignified rage, stamping his gold headed cane upon the ground.

"Very well," said John. "Good day, sir," and closed the door, leaving the squire under a vague impression that he had got the worst of the encounter.

"What shall we do, John?" said Mrs. Walton dismally.

"I'll tell you, mother," said John. "There is nothing for me to do here. We'll go to Brandon, where there are woolen mills. Then I can get a chance to work, and I'll rise, never fear. It is best for us to go."

The next day Mr. Ronalds' tenement was empty, and no one knew where the family had gone. Oscar exulted in what he regarded as his triumph.

* * * * * * *

Twenty years passed. To the barefooted boy they brought wonderful changes. At 34 he found himself superintendent of the mill, where he had entered as a poor operative, earning a salary of $9,600 a year. He had built a handsome house, over which his mother presided with matronly dignity. His sister Lizzie was the wife of a young physician in successful practice in the same town.

One winter evening they were all seated in a luxuriously furnished room, before a glowing fire. His sister had come to spend the afternoon, but was prevented by the violent storm from returning to her own home.

"What a storm it is!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "I pity those who are out in it."

"Yes," said her brother, "it is the most violent storm of the year. The snow must be two feet deep at least. But we need not feel troubled. It is summer indoors."

"Who would have thought, John, we should come to live in such comfort?" said his mother. "Twenty years ago we were poorly off."

"I well remember it. It was a lucky thing we came to Brandon."

"So it has turned out. But I was alarmed when you quarreled with young Oscar Ronalds."

"I have forgiven him. The harm he intended has only done us good."

"Have you heard anything of him lately?"

"Not lately. His father died ten years since, and I am told Oscar is very extravagant, that is all."

The storm increased in violence, shaking the house, firm and strong as it was. All at once the door bell rang sharply.

"I'll go myself," said John. "The servant may not be able to close the door again."

He opened the front door, and a sharp cutting wind entered with a flurry of snow.

"Will you give me shelter?" said a faint voice.

It was a man who spoke, still young. He stepped in quite exhausted. John Walton closed the door.

"You have had a hard struggle with the storm, have you not?" he said.

"I have indeed. I am chilled to the bone."

"Come in to the fire," and John threw open the door of the sitting room.

He perceived that the stranger had no overcoat and appeared thoroughly chilled. Warm drinks were ordered and in half an hour he was more comfortable. He looked thin and haggard, and his face bore the impress of dissipation.

He had more than once looked earnestly at John Walton. Finally he said abruptly:

"Will you tell me your name? Your face looks familiar."

"My name is John Walton."

"What?" said the other with a start. "Did you live when a boy in the town of [illegible]

"Yes, but I don't remember you."

"I am Oscar Ronalds," said the other in a low voice.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the three, and they involuntarily glanced at the ill clad stranger.

"I see what you are thinking of. I don't look much like the boy you used to know. I have been wild and extravagant, and lost or squandered all my property. I have gone down hill—you have gone up."

"I am sorry for your misfortune," said John. "If I can be of service to you I will."

"I came here hoping to get the post of clerk, which I understood was vacant. If I had known you were here I would not have come."

"And why?"

"Because you cannot have forgotten my ill treatment of you."

"It is not forgotten but quite forgiven," said John Walton kindly. "Unconsciously you did me a service. The clerkship you seek is mine to bestow. You shall have it, and I will guarantee your good conduct. The salary will be small, only $600."

"It will be a fortune to me who am penniless. God bless you, John Walton, for your generosity. You shall not find your confidence ill bestowed."

I have no more to tell, except then and there began a new and better life for Oscar, who was after a while promoted, and now has a modest and cheerful home of his own with a good wife to add to his happiness. And this was John Walton's revenge, a noble and Christian revenge, the only one worth taking for an injury.—Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

Hard on the Opal.

Miss Keene (who has just read that the beauty of the opal is due to minute fissures in the stone)—Mr. De Sopp, why is an opal like the dude who presents it to an actress?

De Sopp—Weally, now, I don't know, you know. Why?

Miss Keene—Because both are interesting on account of being a little cracked.
—Jewelers' Circular.

"I Am with You Alway."

'Tis sweet to read the promise he hath given
To cheer our hearts along the pilgrim way,
But sweeter far to know its best fulfillment,
And humbly walk with Jesus day by day.

To walk with Jesus! who shall tell the gladness
Of those whose daily life the master shares?
Who hear his voice, so full of love and pity,
And rest on him their burdens and their cares.

And this is mine—the joy of knowing Jesus,
And walking in the sunlight of his smile;
Mine is the peace that floweth like a river,
Deeper and broader growing all the while.

No more a transient guest my Saviour cometh,
To bless me but a while and then depart;
But with me now he evermore abideth,
And with his own glad presence fills my heart.

Sometimes, when busy with my daily labor,
Yet thinking of the mighty love he bore,
Some precious promise unto me he giveth,
Oft read, perhaps, but never mine before.

I know not why he gives his choicest blessings
To one so undeserving of his love;
But, since he calls, with willing feet I hasten,
Content and glad to bear him say, "Well done."

Content to walk in paths of his own choosing,
Since he will hold my hand along the way;
Content to know that I am journeying homeward,
And brighter grows the pilgrim's path each day.
—Unidentified.

Do not think you can cultivate a man's acquaintance by giving him an occasional dig.

The men who become suddenly rich remind us of the whales. They no sooner get to the top than they begin blowing.

Take It in Time.

A man who presents an appearance of debility, whose countenance is anxious, and who is subject to spells of faintness, is liable to sudden death from heart disease. Let him take DR. FLINT'S REMEDY before it is too late. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

ONLY A FARMER.

"Only a farmer"—so disdainfully spoken
By a scorn of fashion, so her garments gave
token.
"Only a farmer, a tiller of soil,
With hands stained by labor and hardened by toil,
Reared in the country he knows little but work,
Always able with his knife, while disdaining the
fork.
"Only a farmer—so awkward—a boor,
And what is far worse, he always is poor.
The said he's contented, his face wears a smile,
But he is no gentleman unless he has style."

"Only a farmer," the politician says,
"The best little in knows of the mainsand of ways.
Let him stay on the farm, he is better off there.
We've enough in our ranks, aye, and many to
spare."

"Only a farmer," did the lawyer exclaim,
"There's no laurels for him, and no honor or fame.
Professional men should the office fill
And leave the farmers at home their acres to till."

But be not disheartened, ye tillers of earth,
Many others there be who recognize worth.
Whether in office high, or fashion's gay hall,
Or a plain country home, we obey duty's call.
Of old it was said by the great of men's brow
Should he win daily bread—the honorable now.
—Millie Coolidge in New England Farmer.

SHORTY'S CONVERSION.

"Wal, you see thar wuz 'bout a dozen of us fellers over thar workin' the mines, an' bein' all men, we got ter be blamed tough. We didn't have nothin' to read, an' nothin' to do when we warn't workin' but to play keards an' drink whisky, an' so we sorter slid down hill into cussedness, and got to be 'bout the hardest lot ever a feller see.

"But one day 'long in spring, 'bout four years ago, a feller come 'long over thar holdin' meetin's an' Sunday schools. When he fust struck Horsethief Pass we didn't take much to 'im, an' some o' the fellers talked right smart 'bout givin' 'im a coat o' tar an' feathers an' ridin' 'im outen the camp, an' I reckon they'd a done it but for a leetle carcumstance whut happened jest then.

"You see old Shorty Brown wuz the leader in the camp, an' every feller swore by him through thick an' thin. Shorty wuz powerful wicked an' could out cuss a dozen common fellers, but he had a heart in him bigger'n a punkin an 'ud do anything to help the boys out.

"Wal, 'bout the time they wuz talkin' o' tarrin the preacher Shorty he got hurt in the mine, an fer a week wuz powerful bad off. We got ter thinkin' he'd reached the end o' his leed an' that he'd hev ter cross over the range. Shorty'd been the wust feller in the camp agin the preacher and it wus him that proposed the tar and feathers, so when he got hurt the others dropped the matter, an waited fer him to git well if he wuz a goin' to.

"We wuz workin' like eve'thing then to git a new mine opened, an' we didn't hev much chance to look after Shorty, so we had ter leave 'im to git 'long by hiself. That preacher, he see how it wus, an' blame my skin if he didn't jest go right down to Shorty's cabin, an' fling off his coat an' turn suss. An' he stayed by Shorty jest like a mother, an' waited on 'im an' give 'im medicine till he pulled through all right an' got well.

"After that we all thought a good deal more of the preacher an' as for Shorty—wal, I reckon he'd made short o' anybody who'd a said a word agin him. Shorty wasn't a man to go back on a friend, an' he never forgot a favor. As soon as Shorty was able to git about he comes down to the saloon whar we usually round o' nights, an' he says:

"'Boys, the parson's a goin' to preach down at my cabin to-night, an' I want ever last one o' ye to come.'

"Wa'n't none of us hankerin' to go, but we could tell by the way Shorty spoke that he wuz in dead earnest 'bout it, an' we knowed it wouldn't be extry healthy to refuse, so we agreed to come.

"'An' I want you to b'ar in min', says Shorty, 'that the preacher's my friend, an' that he's got to be treated white. I want you fellers to behave an' act decent, an' if any galoot disturbs the meetin', blamed if I don't put a hole through 'im on the spot.'

"Shorty'd a done it, too, an' we knowed it, so you may jest bet yer last dollar that we wus a moughty well behaved congregation that night as we squatted agin the wall o' Shorty's cabin an' listened to the sarmont.

"At fust I didn't take no special interest in what the preacher said, an' reckon none o' the others didn't neither, but after he'd talked on a while he kinder warmed up to business, an' fer 'bout a hour he talked powerful eloquent, shore, an' the way he ripped them old rascals away back ther' to Jerusalem wus a caution. Before he'd gone very far we all got powerful interested, an' could a listened a heap longer if he'd a kep' on.

"After that we tuck to goin' to meetin' reg'lar, an' afore many nights we got to lookin' forrard through the day, an' feelin' sorter anxious to hev night come an' with it another sarmont. Shorty allers set up in front along o' the preacher, an' sometimes when I looked up thar an' see him so solemn like an' remembered how he ust to cuss it wuz 'bout all I could do to keep from laughin' right out.

"Wal, the meetin's kep on fer a week, an' then one night the preacher said he reckened we ort to hev a Sunday school. Shorty said 'Certainly,' an' the rest uv us agreed, because we thought it 'ud save trouble. You see Shorty had got mouty pions, but the way he fingered them shootin' irons o' his'n made us a leetle jubous uv 'im, an' we didn't know but he would break out an' shoot some uv us 'fore he knowed what he wuz 'bout.

"So the next Sunday we met at Shorty's cabin to git up a Sunday school. Fust the preacher prayed an' sung, an' then he read a chapter o' scripture 'bout Judas betrayin' his master an' all that, you know, an' then he axed us to talk—to sorter give our notions of it. After waitin' awhile, an' nobody else not gettin' up, Shorty rose an' said:

"'Fellers, this yere's a new lay to me, an' it comes a bit awk'ard, an' I mayn't be able to say nothin' o' any count, but I'm blamed if