# 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, OCTOBER 7, 1890. | VOL. XXVI.—NO. 4.



## Professional Cards.

**CHARLES W. BAKER,**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**
EASTON, Maryland.

OFFICE ON DOVER STREET IN ESQUIRE HUBBARD'S BUILDING—2d FLOOR.

**Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages.**

ⱦThe highest cash price paid for good first or preferred Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages.

**Real Estate.**

A number of the best bargains in Farms and Town Properties for sale. The list includes the best and most desirable properties and also the cheapest and best in the land in all classes of property.

**Money to Loan.**

PHILIP F. THOMAS. J. FRANK TURNER.
**THOMAS & TURNER.**
Special attention given to collection of Claims, management of Trusts, examination of Titles and Conveyancing.
*Office on Dover Street.*
EASTON, MARYLAND.

CHAS. H. GIBSON. CHAS. S. CARRINGTON.
**GIBSON & CARRINGTON,**
**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,**
EASTON, MD.
ⱦOffice in the Masonic Temple.

**WILFRED BATEMAN.**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**
EASTON, MD.

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

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

**OSWALD TILGHMAN,**
**Attorney-at-Law,**
EASTON, MD.
Office in 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.

**WILLIAM H. ADKINS,**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**
**EASTON, MD.**
Office on Dover street, in room formerly occupied by the Savings Bank.
Oct1,89

**AUCTIONEER.**
In all its branches, carefully and accurately made by
ROBERT H. BLAIN.
Office with Chas. E. Shannahan. Easton, Md.
sep2,6yr

**DR. J. C. 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

**Last Proclamation.**
The undersigned offers his services to the people of Talbot and adjacent counties as agent for
COLLECTING CLAIMS,
RENTING HOUSES,
COLLECTING RENTS.
Also as AUCTIONEER.
WM. H. BOSTICK.
jan28tf

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

## Easton Business Cards.

**ED. ROBERTS,**
**BUILDER,**
EASTON, MD.

**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,
Easton, Md.
Jan7-6m

GEO. J. RECORDS. H. P. GOLDSBOROUGH.
**RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,**
IMPORTERS OF
**Brandies, Wines, &c.,**
DEALERS IN
PURE RYE WHISKIES.
ⱦPure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes Furnished.
No. 86 Light Street, Baltimore.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN.
**WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.**
(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman.)
**GENERAL**
**Commission Merchants**
For the Sale of
Grain, Fruit, and all kinds of Country Produce,
219 (Old No. 13) Bowly's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, - Maryland.
Having secured the services of Mr. Walter B. Simpson, a thoroughly competent salesman, we are now prepared to give special attention to the sale of Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and Produce Generally.

**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.
ⱦTerms moderate.
jun28,89

For Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Fancy Toilet Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Perfumery, and Fine Cigars, call on
HENRY & BRO., Druggists,
opposite the Bank.


## CHURCH AND SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

### CHURCHES.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

CHRIST CHURCH.—Rector, Rev. C. E. Buck. Sunday services: Holy Communion, 9 A. M., except 1st Sunday in the month, when the celebration is at the 11 A. M. service; Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11 A. M.; Evening Prayer and sermon, 7.30 P. M. Wednesday, Litany Service, 9.30 A. M. Friday, Evening Prayer, 7.30 P. M. Celebration of the Holy Communion on all Feast and Saints' Days, 11 A. M. Sunday School, 3 P. M.

TRINITY CATHEDRAL—Rector, THE BISHOP OF EASTON; Assistant, Rev. Albert H. Walker. Holy Communion, at morning service on 1st Sunday in every month and on the greater festivals. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 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, 4th Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M. Sunday School, the remaining Sundays at same hour.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

MERIDIAN CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. R. H. Adams. Sunday services: Class Meeting at 10 A. M., Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M., Sunday School at 3 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.

CALVARY CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. J. W. Trout. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursdays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, SOUTH.

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

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

SS. PETER AND PAUL CHURCH.—Rector, Father Mickle. Mass, every Sunday except 3d 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. 102, A. F. & A. M.—Meets 1st, 3d and 5th Mondays in Masonic Temple. Master, S. E. Whitman; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

TALBOT R. A. CHAPTER, NO. 29.—Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays in Masonic Temple. H. Priest, E. S. Trippe; Sec'y, R. T. Martin.

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

MILLER ENCAMPMENT, NO. 33, 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. 1546, K. of H.—Meets Thursday nights in Masonic Temple. Dictator, Wm. J. Bier; 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. 513, A. L. of H.—Meets alternate Tuesday nights in Masonic Temple. Comm., J. N. Elston; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

HICKS POST, NO. 24, G. A. R.—Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays. Comm., T. H. Coburn; Adj't., J. H. White.

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

STAR OF THE EAST LODGE, NO. 108, K. of P.—Meets Tuesday nights in Pythian Castle. C. C., S. A. Meinster; K. of R. & S., Wm. J. Benny.

TALBOT LODGE, NO. 384, O. of T.—Meets 1st and 3d Monday nights in Red Men's Hall. Prest., S. H. Engler; Sec'y, J. C. Davis.


## Baltimore Advertisements.

Charles M. Gale. Custis W. Weatherd.
**Chas. M. Gale & Co.**
(Successors to Harry Meginniss.)
**MEN'S FURNISHERS,**
90 and 92 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.

**WHAT**
**SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES**
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Wasting Diseases
**Wonderful Flesh Producer.**
Many have gained one pound per day by its use.
Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.
**PALATABLE AS MILK.**
*Sold by all Druggists.*
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

SEVEN 25 SEVENTY-FIVE SEVENTY
To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,
SMITH'S
**BILE BEANS**
Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.
**KISSING** "17-17-70" "PHOTOGRAVURE" PANEL SIZE. Mailed for 4 cts. (SUPPLY or stamps). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS, MO.

**FOR MEN ONLY!**
VIGOR and STRENGTH for LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Simplest, Safest, Best TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Illustrated Book, explanation and proofs (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**ECONOMY IS WEALTH.**
You will save money by buying Atlas Ready Mixed Paint, as every gallon can be depended upon to give satisfaction. Written guarantee on top of each can. For sale by
WALTER C. HUGHES,
Successor to R. J. Trippe.


# Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

[Copyright, All rights reserved.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

## CHAPTER II.

The rancho of Maj. Randolph lay on a rich falda of the coast range and overlooked the great wheat plains that the young girl had just left. A house of wood and adobe, buried to its first story in rose trees and passion vines, was large and commodious. Yet it contained only the major, his wife, her son and daughter and the few occasional visitors from San Francisco whom he entertained and she tolerated.

For the major's household was not entirely harmonious. While a young infantry subaltern at a gulf station he had been attracted by the piquant foreign accent and dramatic gestures of a French creole widow, and—believing them in the first flush of his youthful passion more than an offset to the encumbrance of her two children, who with the memory of various marital infidelities, were all her late husband had left her—had proposed, been accepted and promptly married to her. Before he had obtained his captaincy she had partly lost her accent, and those dramatic gestures which had accented the passion of their brief courtship began to intensify domestic altercation and the bursts of idle jealousy to which she was subject. Whether she was revenging herself on her second husband for the faults of the first is not known, but it was certain that she brought an unhallowed knowledge of the weaknesses, cheap cynicism and vanity of a foreign predecessor, to sit in judgment upon the simple minded and chivalrous American soldier who had succeeded him, and who was in fact the most loyal of husbands. The natural result of her skepticism was an espionage and criticism of the wives of the major's brother officers that compelled a frequent change of quarters. When to this was finally added a racial divergence and antipathy, the public disparagement of the customs and education of her female colleagues, and the sudden insistence of a foreign and French dominance in her household beyond any ordinary creole justification, Randolph, presumably to avoid later international complications, resigned while he was yet a major. Luckily his latest banishment to an extreme western outpost had placed him in California during the flood of a speculation epoch. He purchased a valuable Spanish grant to three leagues of land for little over three months' pay. Following that yearning which compels retired ship captains and rovers of all degree to buy a farm in their old days, the major, professionally and socially inured to border strife, sought surcease and arcadian repose in ranching.

It was here that Mrs. Randolph, late relict of the late Scipion L'Hommadieu, devoted herself to bringing up her children after the extremest of French methods and in resurrecting a "de" from her own family to give a distinct and aristocratic character to their name. The "de Fontages L'Hommadieus" were, however, only known to their neighbors after the western fashion, by their stepfather's name, when they were known at all, which was seldom. For the boy was unpleasantly conceited as a precocious worlding and the girl as unpleasantly complacent in her role of ingenue. The household was completely dominated by Mrs. Randolph. A punctilious Catholic, she attended all the functions of the adjacent mission, and the shadow of a black soutane at twilight gliding through the wild oat fields behind the ranche had often been mistaken for a coyote. The peace loving major did not object to a piety which, while it left his own conscience free, imparted a respectable religious air to his household and kept him from the equally distasteful approaches of the Puritanism of his neighbors, and was blissfully unconscious that he was strengthening the antagonistic foreign element in his family with an alien church.

Meantime, as the repaired buggy was slowly making its way toward his house, Maj. Randolph entered his wife's boudoir with a letter which the San Francisco post had just brought him. A look of embarrassment on his good humored face straightened the hard lines of hers, she felt some momentary weakness of her natural enemy and prepared to give battle.

"I'm afraid here's something of a muddle, Josephine," he began with a deprecating smile; "Mallory, who was coming down here with his daughter, you know"——

"This is the first intimation I have had that anything has been settled upon," interrupted the lady with appalling deliberation.

"However, my dear, you know I told you last week that he thought of bringing her here while he went south on business. You know, being a widower, he has no one to leave her with."

"And I suppose it is the American fashion to intrust one's daughters to any old boon companion?"

"Mallory is an old friend," interrupted the major impatiently. "He knows I'm married, and although he has never seen you he is quite willing to leave his daughter here."

"Thank you!"

"Come, you know what I mean. The man naturally believes that my wife will be a proper chaperon for his daughter. But that is not the present question. He intended to call here; I expected to take you over to San Jose to see her and all that you know, but the fact of it is—that is—it seems from this letter that—he's been called away sooner than he expected, and that—well—hang it! The girl is actually on her way here now."

"Alone?"

"I suppose so. You know one thinks nothing of that here."

"Or any other propriety for that matter."

"For heaven's sake, Josephine, don't be ridiculous! Of course it's stupid her coming in this way, and Mallory ought to have brought her, but she's coming and we must receive her. By Jove! Here she is now!" he added, starting up after a hurried glance through the window. "But what kind of a d—d turn out is that, anyhow?"

It certainly was an odd looking conveyance that had entered the gates and was now slowly coming up the drive toward the house: A large draught horse, harnessed to a dust covered buggy, whose strained foreaxle, bent by the last mile of heavy road, had slanted the tops of the forewheels toward each other at an alarming angle. The light, graceful dress and elegant parasol of the young girl who occupied half of its single seat looked ludicrously pronounced by the side of the slouching figure and grimy duster of the driver, who occupied the other half.

Mrs. Randolph gave a gritty laugh. "I thought you said she was alone. Is that an escort she has picked up, American fashion, on the road?"

"That's her hired driver, no doubt. Hang it! she can't drive here by herself," retorted the major, impatiently, hurrying to the door and down the staircase. But he was instantly followed by his wife. She had no idea of permitting a possible understanding to be exchanged in their first greeting. The late M. L'Hommadieu had been able to impart a whole plan of intrigue in a single word and glance.

Happily Rose Mallory, already in the hall, in a few words detailed the accident that had befallen her to the honest sympathy of the major and the coldly polite concern of Mrs. Randolph, who in deliberately chosen sentences managed to convey to the young girl the conviction that accidents of any kind to young ladies were to be regarded as only a shade removed from indiscretions. Rose was impressed and even flattered by the fastidiousness of this foreign appearing woman, and after the fashion of youthful natures accorded to her the respect due to recognized authority. When to this authority, which was evident, she added a depreciation of the major, I fear that some common instinct of feminine tyranny responded in Rose's heart, and that on the very threshold of the honest soldier's home she tacitly agreed with the wife to look down upon him. Mrs. Randolph departed to inform her son and daughter of their guest's arrival. As a matter of fact, however, they had already observed her approach to the house through the slits of their drawn window blinds and those even narrower prejudices and limited comprehensions which their education had fostered. The girl, Adele, had only grasped the fact that Rose had come to their house in fine clothes, alone with a man in a broken down vehicle, and was moved to easy mirth and righteous wonder. The young man, Emile, had agreed with her, with the mental reservation that the guest was pretty and must eventually fall in love with him. They both, however, welcomed her with a trained politeness and a superficial attention that, while the indifference of her own countrymen in the wheat field was still fresh in her recollection, struck her with grateful contrast. The major's quiet and unobtrusive kindliness naturally made less impression, or was accepted as a matter of course.

"Well," said the major, cheerfully but tentatively, to his wife, when they were alone again, "she seems a nice girl, after all. And a good piece of luck and character, by Jove, to push on in that broken buggy, rather than linger or come in a farm cart, eh?"

"She was alone in that wheat field," said Mrs. Randolph with grim deliberation, "for half an hour—she confesses it herself—talking with a young man!"

"Yes, but the others had gone for the buggy. And, in the name of heaven, what would you have her do? Hide herself in the grain?" said the major, desperately. "Besides," he added with a recklessness he afterward regretted, "that mechanical chap they've got there is really intelligent and worth talking to."

"I have no doubt she thought so," said Mrs. Randolph, with a mirthless smile; "in fact I observe that the American freedom generally means doing what you want to do. Indeed I wonder she didn't bring him with her! Only, I beg major, that you will not again in the presence of my daughter—and I may even say of my son—talk lightly of the activity meetings of young ladies with mechanics, even though their faces were smutty and their clothes covered with oil."

The major here muttered something about there being less danger in a young lady listening to the intelligence of a coarsely dressed laborer than to the compliments of a rose scented fop, but Mrs. Randolph walked out of the room before he finished the evident platitude.

That night Rose Mallory retired to her room in a state of self satisfaction that she even felt was to a certain extent a virtue. She was delighted with her reception and with her hostess and family. It was strange her father had not spoken more of Mrs. Randolph, who was clearly the superior of his old friend. What fine manners they all had, so different from other people she had known. There was quite an Old World civilization about them; really it was like going abroad! She would make the most of her opportunity and profit by her visit. She would begin by improving her French—they spoke it perfectly and with such a pure accent. She would correct certain errors she was conscious of in her own manners, and copy Mrs. Randolph as much as possible. Certainly there was a great deal to be said of Mrs. Randolph's way of looking at things. Now she thought of it calmly, there was too much informality and freedom in American ways! There was not enough respect due to position and circumstances! Take those men in the wheat field for example—yet here she found it difficult to formulate an indictment against them for "freedom." She would like to go there some day with the Randolphs and let them see what company manners were! She was thoroughly convinced now that her father had done wrong in sending her alone; it certainly was most disrespectful to them and careless of him (she had quite forgotten that she had herself proposed to her father to go alone rather than wait at the hotel), and she must have looked very ridiculous in her fine clothes and the broken down buggy. When her trunk came by express to-morrow she would look out something more sober. She must remember that she was in a Catholic and religious household now. Ah yes! how very fine it was to see that priest at dinner in his soutane, sitting down like one of the family and making them all seem like a picture of some historical and aristocratic romance! And then they were actually "de Fontages L'Hommadieu." How different he was from that shabby Methodist minister who used to come to see her father in a black cravat with a hideous bow. Really there was something to say for a religion that contained so much picturesque refinement—and for her part—but that will do. I beg to say that I am not writing of any particular snob nor feminine monstrosity, but of a very charming creature who was quite able to say her prayers afterward like a good girl, and lay her pretty cheek upon her pillow without a blush.

She opened her window and looked out. The moon, a great silver dome, was uplifting itself from a bluish gray level which she knew was the distant plain of wheat. Somewhere in its midst appeared a dull star, at times brightening as if blown upon or drawn upward in a comet like trail. By some odd instinct she felt that it was the solitary forge of the young inventor, and pictured him standing before it with his abstracted hazel eyes and a face more begrimed in the moonlight than ever. When did he wash himself? Perhaps not until Sunday. How lonely it must be out there! She slightly shivered and turned from the window. As she did so it seemed to her that something knocked against her door from without. Opening it quickly she was almost certain that the sound of a rustling skirt retreated along the passage. It was very late—perhaps she had disturbed the house by shutting her window. No doubt it was the motherly interest of Mrs. Randolph that impelled her to softly come and look after her. And for once her simple surmises were correct. For not only the inspecting eyes of her hostess, but the amatory glances of the youthful Emile had been fastened upon her window until the light disappeared, and even the Holy Mission Church of San Jose had assured itself of the dear child's safety with a large and supple ear at her keyhole.

The next morning Maj. Randolph took her with Adele in a light cariole over the ranch. Although his domain was nearly as large as the adjoining wheat plain, it was not like that monopolized by one enormous characteristic yield, but embraced a more diversified product. There were acres and acres of potatoes, in rows of endless and varying succession. There were miles of wild oats and barley, which overtopped them as they drove in narrow lanes of dry and dusty monotony. There were orchards of pears, apricots, peaches and nectarines, and vineyards of grapes so comparatively dwarfed in height that they scarcely reached to the level of their eyes, yet laden and breaking beneath the weight of their ludicrously disproportionate fruit. What seemed to be a vast green plateau covered with tiny patches, that headed the northern edge of the prospect, was an enormous bed of strawberry plants. But everywhere, crossing the track, bounding the fields, orchards and vineyards, intersecting the paths of the whole domain, were narrow irrigating ducts and channels of running water.

"Those," said the major poetically, "are the veins and arteries of the ranch. Come with me now and I'll show you its pulsating heart." Descending from the wagon into pedestrian prose again he led Rose a hundred yards further to a shed that covered a wonderful artesian well. In the center of a basin a column of water rose regularly with the even flow and volume of a brook. "It is one of the largest in the state," said the major, "and is the life of all that grows here during six months of the year."

Pleased as the young girl was with these evidences of the prosperity and position of her host, she was struck, however, with the fact that the farm laborers, vine growers, nursery men and all field hands scattered on the vast estate were apparently of the same independent, unpastoral and unprofessional character as the men of the wheat field. There were no cottages or farm buildings that she could see, nor any apparent connection between the household and the estate. Far from suggesting tenantry or retainers, the men who were working in the fields glanced at them as they passed with the indifference of strangers, or replied to the major's greetings of questionings with perfect equality of manner or even businesslike reserve and caution. Her host explained that the ranch was worked by a company "on shares;" that those laborers were in fact the bulk of the company, and that he, the major, only furnished the land, the seed and the implements. "That man who was driving the long roller, and with whom you were indignant because he wouldn't get out of our way, is the president of the company."

"That needn't make him so uncivil," said Rose, poutingly, "for if it comes to that you're the landlord," she added triumphantly.

"No," said the major good humoredly, "I am simply the man driving the lighter and more easily managed team for pleasure, and he's the man driving the heavier and more difficult machine for work. It's for me to get out of his way. And looked at in the light of my being the landlord it is still worse, for as we're working 'on shares' I'm interrupting his work and reducing his profits merely because I choose to sacrifice my own."

I need not say that those atrociously leveling sentiments were received by the young ladies with that feminine scorn which is only qualified by misconception. Rose, who under the influence of her hostess' nationality had a vague impression that they sounded something like the French revolution, and that Adele must feel like the Princess Elizabeth, rushed to her relief like a good girl. "But, major, now you're a gentleman, and if you had been driving that roller you know you would have turned out for us."

"I don't know about that," said the major mischievously, "but if I had I should have known that the other fellow who accepted it wasn't a gentleman."

But Rose having sufficiently shown her partisanship in the discussion, after the feminine fashion, did not care particularly for the logical result. After a moment's silence she resumed, "And the wheat ranch below—is that carried on in the same way?"

"Yes; but their landlord is a bank, who advances not only the land but the money to work it, and doesn't ride around in a buggy with a couple of charmingly distracting young ladies."

"And do they all share alike?" continued Rose, ignoring the pleasantry; "big and little—that young inventor with the rest?"

She stopped. She felt the ingenue's usually complacent eyes suddenly fixed upon her with an unhallowed precosity and as quickly withdrawn. Without knowing why, she felt embarrassed and changed the subject.

The next day they drove to the Convent of Santa Clara and the mission college of San Jose. Their welcome at both places seemed to Rose to be a mingling of caste greeting and spiritual zeal, and the austere seclusion and reserve of those cloisters repeated that suggestion of an old world civilization that had already fascinated the young western girl. They made other excursions in the vicinity, but did not extend it to a visit to their few neighbors. With their reserved and exclusive ideas this fact did not strike Rose as peculiar, but on a later shopping expedition to the town of San Jose a certain reticence and aggressive sensitiveness on the part of the shop keepers and tradespeople toward the Randolphs produced an unpleasant impression on her mind. She could not help noticing, too, that after the first stare of astonishment which greeted her appearance with her hostess she herself was included in the antagonism. With her youthful prepossession for her friends, this distinction she regarded as flattering and aristocratic, and I fear she accented it still more by discussing with Mrs. Randolph the merits of the shopkeeper's wares in school girl French before them. She was unfortunate enough, however, to do this in the shop of a polyglot German.

"Oxcous me, meos," he said gravely, "but dot lady speaks Engeleesh so goot mit yourselluf, and ven you dells to her dot silk is hallnf gotton in English she onderstand you mooch better, and it don't make nodings to me." The laugh which would have followed from her own countrywoman did not, however, break upon the trained faces of the "de Fontages L'Hommadieus," yet while Rose would have joined in it, albeit a little ruefully, she felt for the first time mortified at their civil insincerity.

At the end of two weeks Maj. Randolph received a letter from Mr. Mallory. When he had read it he turned to his wife. "He thanks you," he said, "for your kindness to his daughter, and explains that his sudden departure was owing to the necessity of his taking advantage of a great opportunity for speculation that had offered." As Mrs. Randolph turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders the major continued: "But you haven't heard all. That opportunity was the securing of a half interest in a Cinnabus lode in Sonora, which has already gone up a hundred thousand dollars in his hands. By Jove! a man can afford to drop a little social ceremony on those terms, eh, Josephine?" he concluded with a triumphant chuckle.

"He's as likely to lose his hundred thousand to-morrow while his manners will remain," said Mrs. Randolph. "I've no faith in these sudden California fortunes!"

"You're wrong as regards Mallory, for he's as careful as he is lucky. He don't throw money away for appearance, sake or he'd have a rich home for that daughter. He could afford it."

Mrs. Randolph was silent. "She is his only daughter, I believe," she continued presently.

"Yes; he has no other kith or kin," returned the major.

"She seems to be very much impressed by Emile," said Mrs. Randolph.

Major Randolph faced his wife quickly. "In the name of all that's ridiculous, my dear, you are not already thinking of"—— he gasped.

"I should be very loth to give my sanction to anything of the kind, knowing the difference of her birth, education and religion, although the latter, I believe, she would readily change," said Mrs. Randolph severely. "But when you speak of my already thinking of 'such things,' do you suppose that your friend Mr. Mallory didn't consider all that when he sent that girl here?"

"Never," said the major vehemently; "and if it entered his head now, by Jove he'd take her away to-morrow—always supposing I didn't anticipate him by sending her off myself."

Mrs. Randolph uttered her mirthless laugh. "And you suppose the girl would go? Really, major, you don't seem to understand this boasted liberty of your own countrywomen. What does she care for her father's control? Why, she'd make him do just what she wanted. But," she added with an expression of dignity, "perhaps we had better not discuss this until we know something of Emile's feelings in the matter. That is the only question that concerns us." With this she swept out of the room, leaving the major at first speechless with honest indignation, and then, after the fashion of all guileless natures, a little uneasy and suspicious of his own guilelessness.

For a day or two after he found himself, not without a sensation of meanness, watching Rose when in Emile's presence, but he could distinguish nothing more than the frank satisfaction she showed equally to the others. Yet he found himself suggesting to Emile, in subtle ways the contagious of his wife's suspicions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Exposure of One's Weaknesses.

A special weakness of a man is exposed by his indiscriminately accusing others of the same defect. When a person, in criticising the character or disposition of others, applies with a certain blind persistency one or two common faults to them all, now perchance hitting the mark and now flying far wide of it, we may be sure that these very faults are possessed by the critic in a marked degree, though they are often in a measure concealed by the complications of his own character.

They seem to stand before his mind's eye as glasses of various colors, giving corresponding hues to whatever is viewed through them, as he who looks at the sky through a colored window will see it red, yellow, green or otherwise, as the case may be. One who desires to rid himself of faults will do well to scrutinize himself in this respect, and if he finds a tendency to harp on some particular weakness of human nature he may feel assured that there he can apply the pruning knife.—New York Ledger.

### Bombay Oysters.

The very newest thing about town is the "Bombay oyster."

The "Bombay oyster" isn't an oyster at all, of course, but this is the name that has been bestowed on it.

It is a composition sufficiently simple and common to please the lean and larded purse alike. It is nothing more than an egg dropped unbroken into a tumbler, and deluged with vinegar, and sprinkled with pepper and salt.

It is consumed always before breakfast, and by a great many sporting men in the city.

One of its effects is to counteract the evil tendencies of over eating. Some stout men like a "Bombay oyster" in the morning, and eat nothing again until noon. For a bilious stomach it is the finest kind of a remedy.—Boston Globe.


To look upon a bright, beautiful baby and remember that the only medicine it ever takes is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, certainly converts another family to the use of the remedy. Price 25 cts.

Wherever you find sudden changes of climate or very damp, unwholesome air, there you find nasal catarrh. Old Saul's Catarrh Cure is a specific for this ailment. At all dealers, 25 cents.


There is one large farm in Mississippi on which there is only one old whip, and that is not used. The owner will not permit the whip to be used on any of the stock, and the farm does well, and the animals work with a will without feeling the lash.

"Will you please insert this notice," said the old gentleman to the editor; "I make this request because the deceased had many friends, that will be glad to hear of his death."


Dr. Gatling, of Hartford, Conn., the inventor of the famous gun, is a comparatively old man, but still keeps busily at work with his plans and conceptions.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.


Riches have wings; but they always roost on the highest branches.

A cutting remark—How will you have your hair trimmed?

Song of the miner—"My dream of life is ore."

Bakers are great men to loaf.

## SEVERAL PARISIAN DENS

### RARE COMBINATIONS OF LUXURY, COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

**The Sanctums of Scientists, Critics and Literary Geniuses of World Wide Reputations—Where the Bright Lights Retire to Do Their Chosen Work.**

The sanctum of M. Louis Pasteur, for example, is one of the most simple in the high order of truly physical comfort. It is not encumbered with the scientific paraphernalia often met with in the houses of medical men. A large carved oak table stands by the side of the armchair in which the great scientist often sits in quiet contemplation of his past experience and future hopes. In that high stack of green cases at which he casts an occasional glance stores of valuable notes are classed in perfect order. They are ready for reference should a fresh problem arise in the course of his labors in bringing about the prevention or cure of that terrible affliction to the study of which he has devoted so many years of his valuable and successful life. M. Pasteur usually wears a close fitting skull cap when in his sanctum. He is grand cross of the Legion of Honor, member of the French academy and perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences.

THE GREAT TOWER BUILDER.

M. Gustave Eiffel, the engineer whose wonderful popularity has grown so rapidly, is accustomed to ruminate in a quiet looking but very comfortable sort of library. He is fond of walking about when in deep calculation, and frequently makes a halt in front of his admirable chimney piece, the shelf of which is surmounted by a very chaste and beautiful female bust. On each side of the chimney piece is a handsome Venetian mirror. It was in this sanctum, situated in the Rue de Prony, that M. Gustave Eiffel solved the last few serious difficulties which at one time threatened the completion of his Champ de Mars triumph; and there it is that he now meditates over the opposition formed by some of the members of the municipal council to his project for the construction of the Metropolitan railway for Paris. The main objections to the metropolitan scheme are that it would destroy the beauty of the boulevards and ruin the line of omnibuses running from the Madeleine to the Bastile. It is not at all unlikely that the engineer who triumphed so gloriously in the case of his tower will achieve another victory with the railway he proposes to construct. The man of the iron tower is an officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the well known theatrical critic of The Temps, and one of the brightest of the galaxy of Parisian chroniclers, inhabits during his long working hours a library in which he is almost surrounded by his books. M. Sarcey is beyond what is usually considered the prime of life, yet he looks well as "with spectacles on nose," and wearing a soft and smooth white beard, he poses himself circumspectly and closely over his table in the throes of the copy he is carefully preparing. He is reputed to be a model of gallantry toward the ladies; but the case might be reversed when it is considered that the lady artists whom it is his duty to criticise not infrequently call at his house to ask a favor or an act of justice for their professional requirements. There are two places where Sarcey may very often be met with: one is his library, and the other is his fauteuil d'orchestre, whenever a grand performance or a premiere representation is given at any of the principal Parisian theatres.

WEAVERS OF ROMANCE.

M. Georges Ohnet, the celebrated romancist and dramatist, still young and handsome, with his smooth dark hair carefully brushed and parted, usually sits in pensive attitude in one of those luxurious armchairs with which his study abounds. The sculptured chimney piece by the side of which he takes his place in winter is a work of art in three stories, surmounted by a beautiful clock and a looking glass out of old or young human reach. The author of the "Maitre de Forges" is one of the most amiable of Parisian litterateurs, as all who have visited him at his charming residence in the Avenue Trudiane can affirm. M. Georges Ohnet is as young in the Order of the Legion of Honor as he is in his age; but with time both may surely be expected to ripen and advance to a brilliant maturity.

M. Emile Zola dwells in the artistic quarter Clichy, where, in the Rue Rallu, he possesses a sumptuously furnished sanctum, provided with sofas, peacock pictures of the greatest beauty, statuettes, evergreens and objects of art in every variety. All these strikingly apparent comforts and delights combine to encourage that inclination for the dolce far niente to which the indefatigable pretender to academical honors does not for one moment yield. With his limpid hair falling in a loose style on each side of his head, after the manner of many popular knights of the palette, he continues to wear the same bincle as when he wrote "L'Assommoir" and "La Terre." In fact Zola, by his free and easy appearance, looks more like an artiste peintre than a literary man. He may be considered a painter also, since he writes pictures with his pen almost as vividly as those who paint them with their brushes. M. Emile Zola is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the red ribbon is well placed and well merited as the reward of his profound thought, bold imagination and vigorous expression that are sometimes severely criticised but invariably admired.—Galignani's Messenger.

The Phenicians are amongst the earliest nations which are supposed to have used the saw. The scholar is not surprised to find a very pretty story accounting for the discovery of the saw in Grecian mythology. Here the inventor is said to have found the jawbone of a snake, which he imitated by jagging an iron plate.

## THE BELLS OF THE CITY.

The bells of the city sound aloud
Over the heads of the hurrying crowd,
Marking surely the flight of time,
Ringing out a melodious chime,
Calling loudly through the busy hum,
Come! come! come! come!

The minstrel group from Trinity call
To the belfry hard in the city hall,
And the echoes fly at a lively pace
To meet with the charming cherubs of Grace,
And all join in the tuneful song,
Ding, dong! ding, dong!

Now a melody—now a prayer—
Woven in through the harps of air,
Finds its way to the prisoner's cell,
To the homes of the rich and poor who dwell
So far it sounds like a drowsy hum,
Come! come! come! come!

I know the bells are endowed with speech,
And have a message they bring to each,
And none can give the signal clear
That is meant for another person's ear,
Or guess what memories throb and throng—
Ding, dong! ding, dong!

But bells of Trinity! bells of Grace!