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EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1889.

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 39.

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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.

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The subscriber has for sale at his 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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Very best Coal Oil sold by
J. G. HENRY & Bro.

OLD BACHELORS.

They are wanderers and ramblers—never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And everyone knows that the bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for those singular men —
A nook in the clouds of some five feet or four
Though sometimes by chance it may be rather more,
With skylight or no light, ghosts, goblins and gloom,
And everywhere termed the old bachelor's room,
These creatures they say are not valued at all,
Except when the herd gives a bachelor's ball.

Then, dressed in their best,
With their gold-broidered vest,
It is known as a fact,
That they act with much tact,
And they lisp "How d'ye do!"
And they coo and they woo,
And they smile for a while,
Their fair guests to beguile;
Condescending and bending,
For fear of offending.

Though inert,
They exert
To be pert,
And to flirt,
And they whisk and they whiz,
And they brisk at the quiz,
For they meet,
To be sweet,
And are fleet,
On their feet,

And they spy
With their eye,
And they sigh,
As they fly,
Advancing,
And glancing,
And dancing,
And prancing

Sliding and gliding with mute pace,
Pirouetting and setting with infinite grace,

And jumping,
And bumping,
And stumping,
And thumping,

And racing,
And chasing,
And pacing,
And lacing.

They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning and lounging all day.

But when he grows old,
And his sunshine is past,
Three score years being told,
Brings repentance at last.

He then becomes an old man,
His warmest friend the frying-pan;
He's fidgety, fretful and weary; in fine
Loves nothing but self, and his dinner and wine.

He rates and he prates,
And reads the debates;

Despised by the men, and the women he hates.

Then prosing,
And dozing,
And cosing,
And nosing,

And poring,
And snoring,
And loring,
And roaring,

Whenever he falls in with a rabble
His delight is to vapor and grabble;

He's gruffy,
And puffy,

And musty,
And fusty,

He sits in his slippers with back to the door

Near freezing,
And wheezing,
And teasing,
And sneezing,

And grumbling,
And stumbling,
And mumbling,
And tumbling,

He curses the carpet or nails in the floor,

Oft falling,
Oft bawling,
And sprawling,
And crawling,

Oft waking,
Oft aching,
And quaking,
And shaking;

His hand is unsteady, his stomach is sore.

He's railing,
And failing,
And ailing,

Uncheery,
And dreary,
And weary,

And groaning and moaning,
His sickliness owning,
Grieving and heaving,
Though nought is his leaving,
But pelf and ill-health,
Himself and his wealth.

He sends for a doctor, to cure or to kill,
Who gives him advice and offense and a pill,
Who drops him advice about making his will.
As fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
The miserable life of a bachelor is ended;
Nobody misses him, nobody sighs—
"Nobody grieves when the bachelor dies!"

THE SNOW-DROP.

In the volume of sermons or addresses to the young called "The King's Ferry-Boat" by Rev. John T. Norton, of Louisville, published by T. Whattaker, of New York, we find the following beautiful story of the King of Prussia, in a chapter on Flowers:

"The winter in Prussia had been unusually long and severe, and when March came, the ground was still covered by a shroud of snow and ice. It was only about the middle of the month that the warm sunbeams softened the surface of the ground. The larks sang the sweetest songs that they knew, the children began to trundle their hoops, and here and there you could see the sprouts of the hardiest plants springing out of the ground.

"The beams of the warm spring sun also entered the open window of a splendid room in the castle of a count, which was built high up on a rock, and at whose feet lay a fruitful valley and splendid gardens. A servant in the castle, who had lived there for a number of years, was cleaning out the parlor, and was just at the time dusting off the two marble statues standing near the fireplace. She had already dusted the gold clock and the picture frames, and had half finished everything in the room.

"At this moment the parlor door opened a little wider than it already was, and there appeared a girl scarcely fourteen years of age, who was dressed in neat and plain clothing.

"'Good morning!' said she, very much abashed by the splendor of the furniture which she saw, for she had never beheld anything so grand before. The woman who had been dusting was inclined to be haughty and impatient toward the one whom she regarded as an intruder, and she replied:

"Who gave you permission to come in here?'

"'No one came to the front door,' modestly replied the girl, 'and as it stood slightly open, I took the liberty to walk in, especially as I heard some one say 'Walk in! walk in!'

"'You foolish thing!' said the woman; 'that was only the parrot; not a single person in the house ever told you to walk in.'

"The girl was very much astonished at this, for though she had seen a large bird with green feathers on it, she had not the slightest idea that such a bird could play a joke on her.

"'What is your business here, anyhow?' asked the woman. 'The servants' room is below; you had better go and see the housekeeper if you have any requests to make.'

"The girl looked quite surprised at such harsh treatment, and replied: 'I would like to see the countess, if she would be so kind as to permit me.'

"'You foolish thing! Don't you know she doesn't get up so early in the morning? Besides, she doesn't care any thing about seeing you.'

"Just then a lady entered the room, and said—

"'The countess is up.'

"Behold, it was the countess herself, who gave the servant some very plain words of reproof for her impudence to a modest country girl. The countess was very kind to the girl, who soon made known her request.

"She had brought from the country a little basket of beautiful snow-drops, the very first of the season. She asked the countess if she would have the kindness to see that the king of Prussia should receive that little basket of snow-drops, for her brother was his chamberlain.

"The kind lady was very much pleased to see the plain peasant girl have such respect and love for the ruler of her country, and immediately promised that the flowers should be placed in the hands of the king of Prussia.

"'But where did you get these snow-drops so soon?'

"The girl replied: 'There is only one place in the whole forest, where they grow so soon, and I cannot tell why it is they bloom two weeks sooner in that particular spot than elsewhere. But such is the fact, for I have gathered snow-drops a fortnight earlier there than anywhere else, for three springs in succession. Strange to say, nobody knows it but me—or at least nobody seems to know it, for I am always the first to gather them.'

"'But,' said the countess, 'why do you send snow-drops to the king?'

"'I send them to him because I know he likes them better than any other flower that grows. My brother is a student in the University of Berlin, and he is acquainted with the son of the king's gardener, and I have often heard him say that there is no flower which the king of Prussia loves so well as snow-drops.'

"'Yes,' said the countess in reply; 'you are perfectly right. I have often seen the king wear a beautiful snow-drop in the button-hole of his coat and I have frequently heard him say myself that he regards it as the loveliest flower on earth. Your request shall be fulfilled, and I know it will please him. But who shall I say has sent it to him?'

"'A subject who prays for her ruler twice a day—Gertrude Alling.'

"Gertrude then thanked the countess very cordially for promising to see that the basket of snow-drops was placed in the king's hands, and bade her good morning. But the countess would not allow her to leave without putting a large piece of gold in her hand, which the peasant girl at first refused to accept.

"Three months after the beautiful spring morning when this scene occurred in the count's castle, a great express wagon stopped before the house where Wood-chopper Alling, who was the father of Gertrude, the girl who sent the king of Prussia a basket of snow-drops, lived.

"Gertrude's mother did not have the slightest idea that the great box which the expressman was taking out of the wagon was for her or her husband. But in this she was very much mistaken, for not only did the box belong to her, but also another one that was still in the wagon.

"One box contained several pieces of linen, a number of dresses, two pieces of woolen cloth and many other articles useful for the family. The other box had in it a handsome sewing-machine, which was a special present to Gertrude's mother.

"The great question now was, who could have sent those beautiful presents? It was only after many of the parcels had been unrolled, that they came to a little box about a foot square, which was marked with Gertrude's name and which revealed the name of the giver. The box was opened and contained a beautiful gold-edged Bible, with this inscription on the back of it, in large letters:

"'*To Gertrude Alling, from the King of Prussia.*'

"Had the two boxes fallen from the skies they could scarcely have created more surprise in that little family, than these did when it was known that they were from the king of Prussia himself, as presents to an humble but patriotic family. In the inside of the Bible were these words, written in the king's own hand-writing and signed by his name:

"'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool.' My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers upon the grass.'

"Now, it was plain enough that this was the king's return for the basket of snow-drops, though the thought of receiving a present for them had never crossed Gertrude's pure mind."

An Anecdote of Bret Harte.

Bret Harte was lecturing in Pennsylvania a short time ago. At one of his appointments he felt very much depressed. It is a peculiarity of humorists to feel unaccountably gloomy at times. Harte was in this mood now. One of the committee went in back of the scenes to see him.

"Mr. Harte," he said gravely, "you will find this an unusually healthy city."

"Ah!" said the pleased humorist.

"Yes. The death rate is only one a day."

At this juncture Harte took the committeeman by the arm, and hurriedly asked:

"Is he dead?"

"Dead?" ejaculated the committeeman, "who dead?"

"Why, the man for today," was the grave reply.

The committeeman stared with all his might into the immovable face of the lecturer.

"Isn't there a clerk here or someone like that of whom you could find out whether a man for this day has died?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," slowly replied the committeeman.

"Would you be so good, then, as to find out, and, if possible, before I leave the city early in the morning; but if he is not dead, I cannot but feel uneasy over myself, and I am not well tonight."

The kind-hearted committeeman immediately hurried off to get the information.

When in his room at the hotel that night a servant told him a gentleman wished him to step down stairs into the hall, as he wanted to see him. Mr. Harte went down, and there met the committeeman.

"Mr. Harte, I am sorry to disturb you," he said; "but I could not get the information sooner. It is all right. The death rate I spoke of was merely the average."

MR. WELDRED'S CLOTHES.

He Had Rather Hard Luck in Betting Them on the "Result"—Nothing to Wear.

Perhaps no one took more interest in the late election than Mr. Weldred, of Danbury. He is a young married man with a lovely wife and a bright handsome child. For weeks before the election he scarcely remained in his attractive home long enough to get his meals. Every hour to be spared from his work and necessary sleep was devoted to his club-room, street discussions and newspapers. In fact, so well posted was he determined to be that he availed himself of every scrap of information bearing on the campaign. Mr. Weldred not only desired to inform himself on political principles that he might cast his ballot in a conscientious manner, but he wanted also to post himself thoroughly on the state of the canvass, that he might better himself in a pecuniary way.

Mr. Weldred is not a monied man, but he had a good wardrobe and he felt safe in taking certain bets. He had ten dollars, all his ready cash, on the result in Danbury. He bet it would go Republican, and was so sure of winning that he did not give the result a thought, only as referred to his disposition of the other man's money. The result at night came upon him like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. In addition to the loss of the money, irritating enough in itself, came the jibes of his friends. Mr. Weldred, who anticipated so much and realized so little, lost the balance of his judgment, and talked and acted in what has ultimately proved a very extravagant manner. With the ten dollars gone he waited for the result from the State. The next morning, as he prepared to go down town, he said to his wife:

"Maria, I must take my overcoat with me."

"How's that?" she asked.

"Oh, the State went Democratic, and I bet the coat that it would go Republican. I never saw such cussed luck."

His wife sighed.

At noon he came in and said:

"Where's them white cassimers, Maria? Iowa has gone Republican, gosh dum it."

And he marched off in a sombre manner with the white cassimers.

The next day at noon he found a boy sitting by the kitchen fire. His wife said:

"John, this is Mr. Marshall's boy. He is waiting to see you." Then the boy spoke up.

"Pa says Mr. Hawley was defeated for Congress, and would you please let me have your black pants."

Mr. Weldred groaned as he caught the inquiring look in Mrs. Weldred's eyes.

"Too true, Maria; too true," he sighed. "I must take off these breeches. But I could not help it. I could a-sworn that Gen. Hawley would a' got it."

And he retired to change the garment.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon he again made his appearance. He seems to be quite depressed.

"I'll have to have that dress coat, Maria," he exclaimed with a dreary sigh. "Both Republican Representatives are elected in Ridgfield, and Bangs will want that coat after this."

Mr. Bangs, who was waiting outside in a wagon, got the coat and departed, and Mr. Weldred returned down town with a sickening pain in his heart.

There was nothing new at night. But the next day, when he came home at noon, he electrified his wife by gloomily observing:

"This is perfectly devilish! My best pair of boots and that plush vest swept away by Indiana's majority."

"My goodness!" ejaculated the unhappy woman, in despair.

"I can't help it," he protested. "I could a' sworn on my dying bed that Tilden wouldn't a' got 1,000 majority in Indiana. I believe the world is bottom side up, and every man is either a liar or a lunatic."

"Oh, John," she said, "how could you be so rash? You won't have a rag on your back by the time this dreadful election is over."

"Not much to speak of on my legs," he gloomily rejoined. "By George, I'll have to cover myself with shellac if this infernal luck follows me to the end—that is, if there'll be enough of me left to put shellac on. But I won't be bluffed down," he impetuously added, "if I have to commence on my limbs and eventually bet my liver, I'll win yet."

"You ain't got anything more to bet, I hope?" she asked in a voice of apprehension.

"Yes," he sighed. "There's this coat and vest," indicating the articles he wore, "on Louisiana, and the pants and boots on Florida." He sighed drearily and sank into a chair. Then he said, in a voice whose quivering he vainly strove to conceal, "If Tilden loses the election I've got to wheel McClelland, the barber, the whole length of Main street, and if Hayes wins South Carolina I'd have to do it barefooted and bareheaded. If South Carolina is all right, however," he added, "I can have my underclothes and hat on when I wheel him."

Mr. Weldred's live interest in the general result not assumed.

Unveiling of the Haymarket Monument in Chicago

The memorial monument erected by citizens of Chicago, in honor of the policemen who were killed by the Anarchist bomb in the Haymarket riot, on May 4, 1886, was unveiled. The ceremonies consisted of a presentation address by Mr. R. T. Cane, chairman of the citizen's committee; the ceremony of unveiling by Master Degan, son of Officer Matthias Degan, the first of the policemen who died from the effects of the explosion; an address accepting the monument on behalf of the city by Mayor Cregier, and a historical address by Mr. F. H. Head.

The monument consists of a pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of a policeman, in uniform, of heroic size. The memorial stands upon the scene of the riot, at the intersection of Desplaines and West Randolph streets, and is something over twenty feet in height.

The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper.

Story of an Elephant

Elephants have a decided liking for a military life. Various regiments, while serving in the East, have had such an animal, which often rendered good service to the corps to which he might be attached.

The King's Rangers at one time were in possession of a fine male of enormous size, which for many years was never once absent from parade. As soon as the bugles sounded he would walk majestically to the place of muster and take up his position, always at the right of the column.

If the manhout, or driver, presented himself, the elephant would lift him up on to his shoulders with his trunk, and evidently without the slightest effort to himself; but if left to his own unaided intelligence, he obeyed the ordinary words of command, without ever making a mistake, such as "Right Face!" "March!" "Mark Time!" "Halt!" and so on.

He insisted at all times on giving help to the men whenever they engaged in loading or unloading baggage, and was pleased to be allowed to make himself useful.

When the wagons were impeded on march, which not unfrequently occurred, Jock was duly sensible of his own importance, for by his enormous strength, he would push a heavy load up a steep declivity, which six or eight oxen failed to do unassisted.

It happened that the rangers were suddenly ordered to embark for China, and there were no accommodations for taking Jock on ship board. To the great disappointment of the men, the authorities decided that he should be left in India. He was, however, permitted to accompany the regiment as far as the quay to watch the troops as they went on board, many of whom had a parting word of kindness for their old comrade.

"Good-by, old man!" "Poor old Jock!" were repeated, with many variations by both officers and men.

Meanwhile the animal watched proceedings with great apparent interest, as if wondering when his own turn would come to go on board, but when the vessel steamed off and left him ashore he became frantic with rage and disappointment.

It had been proposed that he should be transferred to another corps; but he persistently refused to have anything to do with it. Neither the coaxing nor the threats of his mahout were of any avail.

Though he had previously manifested the gentlest disposition, he now threateningly repelled all kindly advances on the part of his new comrades, and at length he became so savage that it was deemed expedient to place him in confinement. Even the mahout was several times placed in a very awkward predicament, and on one occasion barely escaped with his life.

No means could be found to assuage the grief or to calm the rage of this faithful creature, who constantly mourned the loss of his friends; but in a little less than two years the Rangers came back to their old quarters, and were informed of the melancholy change in their old comrade.

"No go near—no touch sahib; he strike very hard," said the mahout: "he kill!"

"Why, Jock, my boy," said the officer formerly one of his special friends, "what's the matter?"

The animal pricked up his ears, and instantly recognized his voice, which was proved by his manifesting unmistakable signs and sounds of joy.

It was quite affecting to see, when he was once more permitted to repair to the parade ground, with what kindly recognition he embraced many of his companions, placing his trunk tenderly on their necks and shoulders.

I need hardly say he was at once reinstated in his old regimental post, the duties of which he recommenced to discharge as if no interruption had taken place.

Amos' Book-Keeping.

We asked Amos, says the Atlantic Constitution, how his boy was getting on at school.

"Pleg take dat boy, I done tuck him 'way from dat school."

"Why, what for?"

"Mh, oh! he was gittin' mos' too smart down dar wid dat book larnin'. 'Twon't do fer some niggers to be too edgikated."

"Why not, Amos?"

"Well, sah, jess take dat boy, frinstance. I put dat boy ter keep books fer me 'bout de sellin' ob de garden truck dis summer. Well, sah, he jess rit down charges dar in de book fer all de truck dat I tuck out de gardin, an' charges fer all dat I sole, an' charges fer all dat we eat in de house, an' den credit himself wid the little 'mounts dat I let him hab 'long at odd 'casions, an den he go an' add dem all up, and struck er balance he say!"

"And how did you come out?"

"Come out? 'Fore de Good Marster, I didn't come out all. Dat boy done stuck me for 'bout thutty-tibe dollers, 'sides his wages as de bookkeepah—now dat's what de figgers said."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I jess burn up dat book right dar and den, discharged de book keeph and hire him ober agin ter saw wood fer his borde and clos."

"You did?"

"Yes, sah, I did dat!" Why, Boss, ef dat boy hed kep dat book on me tell now he'd done own dat hous' an' gyardin patch an' bin 'chargin' me an' his ole mammy fer bed an' bred. I tell yer dis hyar book larnin' is ruinin' dis young breed ob niggers, 'tis shore!"

The Internation Exhibition of Horses, etc., to be held in Paris in 1889, has been fixed definitely for the 1st to the 10th of September. The prizes have been largely increased, and the highest for the best horse in the exhibition will be 10,000 francs.

A citizen of Huntington, Vt., has a cat which is in the habit of going into a stable on cold winter nights and getting on the back of one of the cows and remaining there during the night, having discovered that this is an effective way to keep warm.

This flood is the worst ever know.

Accidental Gold Strikes.

Two-thirds of the rich "strikes" in California, says an old miner, were purely accidental. A man in Columbia, out of luck for years, strolled out of town one day in a state of utter despair. Seating himself under the shade of a tree he began poking in an aimless way at a black boulder before him. Its weight attracted his attention. It was a lump of gold worth ten thousand dollars.

Another man was traveling one hot summer's day on the trail leading from Mariposa to Tuolumne county. He sat down on a white rock to eat his dinner; and after having eaten, while smoking the post-prandial pipe, and wondering how many years more must elapse before he could make a pile which should guarantee him an honorable reception by his Eastern relatives, his experienced eye was attracted by the dull yellow color of the gold in the rock about him. He was sitting on his fortune—one of the richest quartz leads in the country.

The history of Indian Bar, on the Tuolumne, is another illustration. Indian Bar was supposed to be worked out. All save a half-dozen miners left. Pat Gibbons and his gang remained. These four men were content to work for "grub and whisky money." They gathered up the gleanings. One day Sam Jones commenced picking at a thin streak of gravel left by the Point Company in a bank thirty feet above the river. A panful yielded three cents. He dug a little further. It panned out ten cents. That was better. The gravel streak increased in thickness, and the bed-rock pitched away from the river into the mountain. Pat Gibbons and his crew immediately took up their claims for several hundred feet. They had now three and four dollars per day diggings. This was wealth—drunken wealth. They worked as little and drank as much as possible. Two days' labor would furnish the means for a week's dissipation. Meantime, John Sanborn, a prudent man from Massachusetts, patiently biding his time, approached one member after another of this reckless gang and bought their claims at sums ranging from eight hundred to one thousand dollars. When he had secured almost the whole frontage, he went to work systematically, and the result was sometimes a yield of forty ounces per day. In two years' time he took out nearly two hundred thousand dollars. Pat Gibbon's crew could not bear prosperity. Two soon drank themselves to death. Patrick killed his wife. Jones survived it all, and today is probably shaking his rocker in some forgotten gulch, making seventy-five cents or a dollar per day.

Ludicrous Mistake.

A handsome young man stepped off the train at Milan, a few days ago, and while the engine was letting off a few whiffs of extra steam, concluded to send a young lady close by a pine-apple by way of keeping his image fresh in her memory.

He had rather a weakness for this young lady and was therefore rather particular in selecting the finest pine-apple and wrapping it up in the finest paper.

While bending over a table "gurbbing up" something very nice to put in the note to accompany the present, he failed to notice that a traveling drummer had laid a package upon the table, very similar in appearance to his pine-apple.

In an unlucky moment he got hold of the drummer's package and innocently dispatched it with his billet doux to the fair charmer and again took his seat in the train, wearing a smile of satisfaction beneath his curled moustache.

But his smile was sad when the mother of the young lady entered the car about fifteen minutes later, with a pair of soiled linen breeches, flying pennant like from her hand. Her eye fell at once upon the offender. She wanted him to know that her daughter was not to be insulted in any such manner, and he had better explain himself without delay.

The drummer here put in an appearance, and, comprehending the situation, disgorged the pine-apple from his carpet satchel, which he had so innocently mistaken for his own bundle. A light broke on all parties and a general laugh ensued.

The young lady got her pine-apple, and the train rolled away, bearing a young man happy that the mistake had been so fortunately explained.

Anecdote of Ben Johnson.

Lord Craven, in King James the First's reign, was very desirous to see Ben. Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very shabby condition, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return.

My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of no one to speak for him, said he understood his lordship desired to see him.

"You, friend," said my lord; "who are you?"

"Ben Johnson," replied the other.

"No, no," quoth his lordship, "you cannot be Ben Johnson who wrote the 'Silent Woman;' you look as if you could not say 'Boo!' to a goose."

"Boo!" shouted Ben.

"Very well," said my lord, who was more pleased at the joke than offended at the affront, "I am convinced that you are Ben Johnson."

Same Thing.

The pastor was a little abstracted while giving out the notices from the pulpit, and bid not observe the smile that passed around the congregation like a magic hat, as it were, when in speaking of the concert for the benefit of the poor fund he called it "A Charity Bawl!" Everybody smiled except the quartet.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh," said he, "I belong to another church."

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are, the better they crack.

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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, 8.00 P. M. Wednesday, Litany Service, 9.30 A. M. Friday, Evening Prayer, 8.00 P. M. Celebration of the Holy Communion on all Feast and Saints' Days, 11 A. M. Sunday School, 4 P. M.

TRINITY CATHEDRAL—Rector, THE BISHOP OF EASTON; Assistant, Rev. John O. Barton, D. D. Holy Communion, at morning service on 1st Sunday in every month and on the greater festivals. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 8.00 P. M. Wednesdays, 5.00 P. M. Fridays, 5.00 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.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

EBENEZER CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. 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.

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. S. V. Hildebrand. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesdays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

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.

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. 27—Meets 2d and 4th Mondays in Masonic Temple. High Priest, R. R. Trippe; Sec'y, R. T. Marsh.

MILLER LODGE, NO 18, I. O. O. F.—Meets Tuesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. Noble Grand, J. H. 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. Colt; Scribe, C. E. Nicols.

TRED AVON LODGE, NO. 1546, K. of H.—Meets Thursday nights in Masonic Temple. Dictator, Wm. J. Biery; 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. 519, R. A.—Meets 1st and 3d Fridays in Masonic Temple. Regent, W. A. Pratt; Sec'y, S. E. Whitman.

GRIFFIN COUNCIL, NO. 818, A. L. of H.—Meets alternate Tuesday nights in Masonic Temple. Comm., I. N. Elston; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

HICKS POST, NO. 34, 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, D. H. Roberts; C. of R., C. E. Morris.

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

TALBOT LODGE, NO. 264, O. of T.—Meets 1st and 3d Monday nights in Red Men's Hall. Prest., S. H. Engler; Sec'y, S. H. Willey.

WHEN TRAINS LEAVE EASTON.

Going North, 6.55 A. M. and 2.40 P. M.
Going south, 11.46 and 5