# The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, APRIL 29, 1871: NO. 17.



*PROFESSIONAL CARDS.*

**CHAS. H. GIBSON**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**
*EASTON, MD.*
Office opposite the M. P. Church.
[mar 16-1y

**SAMUEL T. HOPKINS,**
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE in the New Town Hall Building,
UP STAIRS, (*right hand door:*)
feb 18-1y S J C

**BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON,**
*ATTORNEY-AT LAW,*
OFFICE ON DOVER ST.
**EASTON, MD.**
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties.
feb 11-1y

**JOSEPH B. SETH,**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**
*EASTON, MD.*
apr 1-1y

**WM. G. ROBERTS,**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**
**EASTON, MD.**
Office opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church—the one formerly occupied by Judge Goldsborough.
Special attention paid to the collection of Claims. (apr 8-1y

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND,
(Formerly of Easton Bar.)
**Forrester & Townsend**
**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,**
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
**Law Buildings,**
*Cor. LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.,*
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-1y

**ED. B. BATES,**
**ATTORNEY AT LAW.**
*EASTON, MD.*
CLAIMS promptly collected, and REAL ESTATE sold,
Office on Dover street, two doors from the Journal Office. [dec 17

**CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,**
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Also Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

**Auctioneering.**
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales when prev called on. [mar 9-1y

**CONSTABLE**
AND
**AUCTIONEER.**
JAMES B. RATHELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19-1y

**Furniture! Furniture!!**
**House Furnishing Goods,**
**CABINET MAKING**
AND
**UNDERTAKING.**
SAMUEL PATCHETT
HAS removed to the store room and shed formerly occupied as a Hardware store by Nicols & Taylor, and respectfully announces that he intends to conduct the above business, and keep a full line of the following named goods:
BUREAUX,
WARDROBES,
TABLES,
SIDEBOARDS,
STANDS, CHAIRS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
BEDSTEADS, MATTRASSES,
Woodenware
Brooms, Oil
Cloth, Carpeting, Table Oil
Cloth, and many articles too tedious to mention!
A nice lot of Gilt, Walnut and Rose-wood Moulding.
PICTURE FRAMES, all sizes, made to order.
PICTURES FOR SALE.
Looking Glass Plates put in old frames
All kinds of Furniture made to order
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
UPHOLSTERING DONE.
Such as repairing Sofas, Lounges, and Spring Chairs, Window Cornices and Curtains made and put up.
**UNDERTAKING.**
I most respectfully announce to the public that I have fitted up for the above business, which has long been needed in Easton, and have purchased a handsome HEARSE, employed a competent workman, and intend to furnish Caskets and Coffins in the best and handsomest manner, and at prices suited to the means of all. Hearse furnished and funerals attended at all times, when desired.
While I am thankful for past favors, I do not propose to sell my goods at cost to break down any opposition that may please to commence the same business, but to sell my goods at fair prices. The public is respectfully invited to give me a call. SAM'L PATCHETT.
jan 14

*MISCELLANEOUS.*

*Agents Wanted for*
**"Wonders of the World."**
Over one thousand Illustrations. The largest best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. One agent in Denver, Colorado, sold 100 copies in 4 days. One agent in Milwaukie sold 30 copies in ½ day, and a large number from 20 to 30 copies per day. Send for circulars, with terms at once, Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., N. Y.
apr 1-4w

A CURE FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA—Valliant's Cholera Syrup is a certain cure for Chicken Cholera; if it should fail to cure after a fair trial, the money will be refunded. Price 50 cts. For sale at
TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

WHITE WASH BRUSHES of all sizes and prices; Dusting Brushes, Window do., and Feather do, for sale at
TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

PENDANT LAMPS—For hall or dining room, with celebrated Argand Burner attached, for sale at
Trippe's Drug Store.

NIGHT LAMPS—The consumption of oil in the little night Lamp is barely perceptible—for sale at R. J. Trippe's.

COCOA NUTS—A fresh supply for sale at
apr 1 Trippe's Drug Store.

**Manhood: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.**
Just published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure, (without medicine,) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cent
The celebrated author in this admirabl essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 6 cents, or two post stamps.
Also, Dr. Culverwell's Marriage Guide price 25 cents. Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York.
P. O. Box 4,586.
apr 1-1y

**ESTABLISHED 1860.**
**Weinberger's**
**Boot and Shoe Houses,**
The Largest & Cheapest in the
**UNITED STATES.**
**No. 103 W. Baltimore St.,**
**NEAR HOLLIDAY ST.,**
*AND*
**Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.**
**BALTIMORE, MD.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Gents' Fine Sewed Calf Gaiters, | $2,75 |
| Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Gaiters, | 3,50 |
| Gents' Fine Stitched B x Toe Gaiters, | 3,75 |
| Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Boots, | 5,50 |
| Gents' Fine Sewed Congress Gaiters, | 2,50 |
| Gents' Fine Pegged Congress Gaiters, | 1,50 |
| Gents' Fine Pegged Boots, | 2,75 |
| Gents' Fine Pegged Balmorals, | 1,50 |
| Gents' Heavy Balmorals, | 1,25 |
| Gents' Heavy Kip Boots, | 3,25 |
| Gents' Heavy Kip Boots, | 3,00 |
| Gents' Heavy Split Boots, | 2,50 |
| Gents' Waterproof Boots, | 4,00 |
| Gents' Sporting Boots, | 4,50 |
| Gents' Cloth Top Gaiters, | 2,75 |
| Gents' Sewed Box Toe Gaiters, | 2,00 |
| Gents' Lasting Congress Gaiters, | 2,00 |
| Gents' Low Cut Shoes, Sewed, | 1,50 |
| Mens' Heavy Brogans, | 1,25 |
| Mens' Plow Shoes, | 1,75 |
| Mens' Heavy Balmorals, | 1,50 |
| Mens' Gum Shoes, | 75 |
| Mens' Gum Boots, | 4,50 |
| Boys' Heavy Bolmorals, | 1,50 |
| Boys' School Shoes, | 1,25 |
| Boys' Heavy Kip Boots, | 2,00 |
| Boys' Waterproof Boots, | 2,50 |
| Boys' Calf Boots, | 1,75 |
| Boys' Box Toe Gaiters, | 2,25 |
| Boys' Sewed Plain Gaiters, | 1,75 |
| Boys' Pegged Gaiters, | 1,50 |
| Boys' Low Quarter Shoes, | 1,25 |
| Boys' Gum Boots, | 2,50 |
| Boys' Gum Shoes. | 50 |
| Ladies' Fine Lasting Button Boots. | 2,50 |
| Ladies' Kid Vamp Button Boots, | 2,70 |
| Ladies' Patent L'thr Vamp Button Boots | 3,05 |
| Ladies' French L'thr " " " | 2,50 |
| Ladies' Brnoze Button Boots, | 3,75 |
| Ladies' High Cut Lasting Gaiters, | 2,00 |
| Ladies' High Cut Side Lace Gaiters, | 1,50 |
| Ladies' Lasting Balmorals, | 1,75 |
| Ladies Lasting Congress Gaiters, | 1,25 |
| Ladies' High Cut Morocco Boots, | 1,75 |
| Ladies' High Cut Calf Shoes, | 1,50 |
| Ladies' Pegged Calf Shoes, | 1,25 |
| Ladies' Kid Balmorals, | 2,25 |
| Ladies' Kid Button Boots, | 3,50 |
| Ladies' French Leather Button Boots, | 3,00 |
| Ladies' French Leather Balmorals, | 2,00 |
| Ladies' Medium height Lasting " | 1,25 |
| Ladies' " " Side Lace Gaiters, | 1,00 |
| Ladies' White Kid Slippers, | 2,75 |
| Ladies' Bronze Slippers, | 2,50 |
| Ladies' Morocco Slippers, | 1,50 |
| Ladies' Kid Heeled Slippers, | 1,25 |
| Ladies' Heeled Slippers, | 75 |
| Ladies' Maria Antoinette Slippers, | 1,75 |
| Ladies' Slippers without Heels, | 50 to 75 |
| Misses' Morocco Shoes, | 1,50 |
| Misses' Lasting Gaiters. | 1,25 |
| Missos' Kid Balmorals, | 1,75 |
| Misses' Calf Shoes, | 1,10 |
| Misses' Heeled Slippers, | 75 to 1,00 |
| Misses' Slippers without Heels, | 25 to 50 |
| Misses' Gum Shoes, | 50 |
| Misses' Gum Boots, | 2,00 |

Be sure to send your orders early, which will be attended to the same as if you would call and select yourself, as we have a department exclusive for orders. In ordering from this establishment parties will please notice terms invariably cash at stated prices.—The safest way to order is Post Office Money Orders, Registered Money Letters, or by Express, C. O. D. Parties will please give full directions in regard to the shipment of their goods. All parties ordering goods from us have the privelege of exchanging them within twelve months.
L. WEINBERGER'S
Boot and Shoe Houses,
103 W. Baltimore St., near Holliday,
And Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.,
mar 4-1y Baltimore, Md.

PRETTIEST CALLICOES in Easton, at JUMP & Co's

*MISCELLANEOUS*

**THOMPSON & KERSEY**
Are selling real pretty CALICOES, for 6 cents. Call and see them.
apr

**E. M. Bollman's**
FRENBH WINE VINEGAR.
WE invite the attention of the public to this superior VINEGAR—much better and much cheaper than Cider Vinegar.
The trade supplied at Importer's prices. H. A. Bateman.
ap8

**GASSIMERSS!**
**CASSIMERES!**
A
**Magnificent Assortment,**
GENTLEMEN—If you want a handsome suit of clothes call and examine our stock of Cassimeres—they cannot be excelled in point of taste and cheapness. COVINGTON & MASON.
apr 1

**EASTON, March 30th, 1871**
**TO THE LADIES of EASTON**
And all others Interested,
WE beg to say that our stock of
**DRESS GOODS**
is now complete; we have all of the new styles, some of which are certainly beautiful, and all of which we shall be happy to show you. THOMPSON & KERSEY.

To the Gentlemen
We beg to suggest that our stock of
*Foreign & Domestic Cloths,*
*Cassimeres, Vestings, etc*
has been selected with the utmost care bought at the lowest nett cash prices, and will be sold at the smallest advance.
We shall be pleased to have a call from our friends and an examination of our stock. Thompson & Kersey.
apr 1

**NEW**
**SPING GOODS.**
SECOND ARRIVAL
AT THE
**CHEAP CASH STORE**
OF
**Covington & Mason.**
WE have just returned from the city with our second supply of New and beautiful
CALICOS, DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, &c., and are offering them at a small advance on cost, as we believe in the old maxim—
'Quick Sales & Small Profits.'
apr 1 COVINGTON & MASON.

**SPRING FASHIONS!**
IN
**Tailoring.**
MY customers and the public are informed that I have just received from New York the latest
*SPRING FASHIONS,*
and they are invited to call and see them, and I should be very glad to have them leave their measures for a new and and handsome suit.
All work made by me guaranteed to fit, or paid for.
CUTTING done promptly to order.
The style for youths and boys are very beautiful.
If you want a good fit, and work made in the best manner, call at my shop, opposite the frame hotel, in Easton.
mar 18 JOHN SATTERFIELD.

**MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO**
*Eastern Shore Steamer.*
THE favorite Steamer HIGHLANLIGHT will resume her trips to Easton, Oxford, Cambridge, Denton, and Intermediate Landings, Saturday, March 11th, 1871, Leaving Pier 3, Light street, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9.30 P. M. Returning leave Denton at 12.30 P. M., Cambridge 5 P. M., Easton 8.30 P. M., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, connecting with the Dorchester and Delaware Railroad at Cambridge, and the Maryland and Delaware Railroad at Easton, both ways.
The Hihgland Light has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted, and is now the most spacious, comfortable Steamers of these waters. She has State Rooms and Berths on her Saloon Deck, with an entrance from the Main Deck forward: a new Ladies' Saloon on her Main Deck aft, with Stairway from the Upper Saloon; and Berths and good accomodations for colored passengers in the Lower Cabins forward and aft.

**SPRING TRADE 1871.** **1871**
WE invite the attention of the public to our stock of goods suitable for Spring sales, comprising a full line of
Bleached and Brown Muslins,
New styles Dress Goods,
Calicoes, &c., &c.,
Irish Linens,
Damask Table Cloths,
Napkins and Towels,
Handkerchiefs, Gloves,
Hosiery, &c., &c., &c.
A nice assortment of
SPRING CASSIMERES,
For men and boys,
BLACK FRENCH CLOTHS,
DOESKINS, etc.

**Coffees. Teas. Sugars.**
We are offering our stock at unusually
**LOW PRICES,**
and respectfully solicit a call.
H. A. BATEMAN,
Opposite the Brick Hotel

**WHITE GOODS.**
A full line of
*PLAIN & FRENCH CAMBRICS*
PLAIN and PLAID NAINSOOKS. &c
at unusually low prices.
mar 25 H. A. BATEMAN.


## SELECT POETRY.

### The Lord's Prayer.

BY C. W.

*Our Father,* Thou art to all that live
The source of life and goodness art,
And we so low, how dare we claim,
Like children, place within Thy heart?
Are we Thy children? May we reach
The highest end of life that's given?
To glorify the Eternal Name,
Then be, with Thee *who art in Heaven.*

*Hallowed,* oh Father, *be Thy name,*
So holy that no mortal tongue,
May dare to breathe but reverently
In sacred speech or sacred song.
Dark night and death brood o'er the lands
Where Liberty ne'er found a home,
Speed Thou the holy cause of right,
The while we pray *Thy Kingdom come.*

*Thy will be done,* oh, God, *on earth,*
*As 'tis in Heaven* by angels fair,
Till "peace on earth, good will to men,"
Like angels' song, shall fill the air,
"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
But by each word that Thou hast said,
For this we ask, yet must we pray
*Give us this day our daily bread.*

*Forgive our debts as we forgive*
*Our debtors;* yet how slow are we
Debts to fergive that are but naught
Compared with those we owe to Thee,
Without thy aid we're sure to fall,
Be Thou the guide of every thought.
The way is dark—hold Thou our hand—
*Into temptation lead us not.*

*Deliver us from evil,* that
We from Thy love may never stray;
And make us Thine for Jesus' sake,
Unto the bright eternal day,
With saints and angels we shall join,
And with them sing Thy praises then,
*For Thine is the kingdom and the power,*
*And glory forever and ever. Amen.*

## SELECT READING.

### MY HOUR OF PERIL.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

BY MARY A. OSGOOD.

SOME thought me plain, many passable and a few decidedly handsome. Whether or not I could lay any just claims to personal beauty, I am unable to say; but certain it was at eighteen, the honor and pleasure of my alliance were solicited by two individuals, whose birth, education and position in life might have secured for them a hand, in a pecuniary point of view, far more desirable than mine. Herbert Stanley was a young man, handsome, rich, accomplished, talented, and every way a most eligible match. Scarcely had I recovered from the surprise the unexpected offer of his hand and heart occasioned me before another proposition was made me. George Morgan, my second suitor was a lawyer from the thriving town of G——. He was neither brilliant nor particularly pre possessing in his personnal appearance, but he stood well in his profession, had acquired some property, and had established for himself one of the finest and most unexceptionable characters, and to him my heart inclined.

We were married, and I returned with him to his pleasant home in G——.—Twelve years of conjugal hapiness, such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals; had passed over our heads, and two little ones had been given us to unite our hearts more closely, and to bring fresh joy and sunlight in our happy, cheerful home.—It was an August afternoon, usualy warm and sultry, that I was sitting by the open window of my little parlor, busily plying my little needle. My children were both away, passing the day with a friend, and Mr. Morgan was at his office. He had informed me in the morning that important business called him to New York, and that it was his intention to leave in the evening boat, and my fingers were flying to get the last stitches set in some clothes he was to take with him.

I had been sitting some time wholly engaged in my work, when I heard the creaking of the front door upon its hinges and it slowly opened and closed again; then stealthy steps in the hall fell distinctly on my ear. I caught a glimpse of a shadow on the floor. Hastily throwing aside my sewing, I arose to ascertain by whom and for what I was thus unexpectedly visited, but before I had time to advance a step, the tall, powerful figure of a man stood in the doorway.

One glance in the new comer's face was enough to drive the color from my lips and cheeks, to make the very blood freeze in my veins, and my knees smite one against the other.

It was Herbert Stanly. I had not seen him since the evening of his rejection, twelve years before. But I had heard, from time to time, that he had met with heavy losses in business, which had brought on mental derangement, and for some months he had been regarded as hopelessly insane. He had now escaped from the asylum where he was confined, and had come to pay me, the object of his early love, a visit. His head and feet were bare. A pair of coarse blue pants and a plad calico shirt were his only attire. His long dishevelled black locks fell far down upon his shoulders, and in the red leather hunting belt which fancifully encircled his waist a pistol and the bright steel of a bowie-knife were distinctly visible. A fierce glance of wild delight shot from his dark eyes as they fell upon me.

Seizing the knife in one hand, he brandised it over his head, and, with a laugh long and diabolical, drew it several times so nearly across his throat and forehead that I was in momentary expectation of seeing a frightful wound inflicted.

"Laura More," he exclaimed, (More was my maiden name,) "when you were young and handsome I loved you, adored you, as no man ever before adored woman; but you scorned my love, you spurned from you, you smiled graciously upon my hatred rival, and you gave him the precious treasure of your heart, but I've got you know! You refused to be my bride on earth—you shall be my bride in heaven! Thither I am going, and you shall accompany me!—We'll consummate our vows here, and the celestial abodes of Paradice we'll dwell together. Here is the instrument that will take us there?"

Saying this he advanced with rapid strides towards me, secured me by the arm, flourished the deadly weapon dexterously over my head, brought the blunt edge directly across my throat, then fell back again the door, and stood gazing upon me with those wild, glaring eyes of his, till the very blood froze in my veins.

I essayed to rise, but terror rendered me powerless. It seemed if every muscle had become rigid, and all power o motion denied me. I glanced towards the door. Herbert Stanley must have interpreted that glance.

"You cannot escape," he exclaimed, exultingly; "I've taken good care to prevent that. I've fastened the east door and the back door upon the outside, and here is the key to the front,"

And he took from his pocket a large brass key, and held it up triumphantly before me.

All possibility of escape was thus cut off. I was in the power of a desperate, merciless mad-man, bent on my destruction, as he had expressly avowed, and that paralyzed every nerve and muscle.

"God help me in this my hour of peril!" was the despairing prayer which arose in my soul, for I knew no human aid was near.

Again the madman advanced with the glittering steal quivering in his hands.—I felt the iron grasp upon my shoulder, saw the bright blade of the bowie-kife directly to my heart, and stood powerless and motionless as a statute.

But with this hour of peril came strength adequate to the emergancy. The courage which had for a moment deserted me, revived and triumphed over fear. I knew that to plead for mercy, to sue for life, would be in vain. My entreaties would be unheeded, and perhaps instant death would be the consequece. My only hope then lay in stratagem. A plan whirled through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, and upon it I determined to act.

"Release me, Herbert," I said with as much calmness as I could command, "and come and set down by my side.—I want to talk to you."

He obeyed.

"You will be my wife?" he said.—"You accept my proposition?"

I bowed an assent. A triumphant smile lighted up his features.

"Herbert," I began "years ago you offered me the rich treasure of your heart, but I blindly and foolishly refused it. I recklessly threw awy my own happiness, but the act was a thoughtless, unpremeditated one, and I have never ceased to reget it.

Another wild, shrill laugh resounded in my ears, and the maniac's eye glared with additional lustre.

"I knew," he said, proudly brushing back the long black locks from his high, broad forehead, "I knew your woman's heart could not a second time withstand the power of my charms. Ladies have always courted and admired me. I have been for years the centre of universal honor and attention, and though age is creeping on apace, I can slip into the silly heart of a woman as slyly and subtly as in the days of early manhood!"

"Herbert, I will, as I said, be the bride of your future life. The unseen joys of the eternal world we will share together. But no bride ever leaves her father's home without making prearation; neither can I leave the abiding place of my earthly husband without making some arrangements neccessary for his comfort and happiness. I will prepare a dinner, to be ready against his return, and for the little ones God has given me. While I am in the flesh I must be faithful to the vows made in the flesh. We will refresh our bodies before starting on the long journey. It shall be our marriage feast; you will be the bridegroom and the honored guest. My husband will be there to see the happy exchange I have made."

Thus I ran on betraying neither by look nor act the mental terror of my soul. The eyes of the maniac glared less fiercely; the knife was placed in the belt. I had touched a right chord in his breast; his vanity had been flattered by my praises, and by my readily acceding to his wishes, and for the passing moment I felt the danger was averted.

Determined to follow up the advantage I had so unexpectedly gained, I arose camly, and with a forced smile, said, "I will go pow and prepare the dinner—our wedding feast. We will eat for the last time with our fellow mortals, and take of them an affectionate farewell."

"So we will" replied Stanley, gaily. "So we will. It shall be a marriage like the marriage of Cana. Water will be turned into wine, and we will eat of the bread of life." and he folded me to his bosom in a rough embrace.

"Now Herbert," said I, after a moment of unceremonious hugging, "now I will go and make ready for our journey; time is precious, and we will not delay our happiness." And I proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced laying the cloth and dishes on the table; getting the butter, cutting the bread, and making the neccessary preparations for a meal. I hoped by so doing I should be able to elude the Argus eye of my jailor, and when a favorable moment should present itself, I would leap from the window and escape by flight.

But no cat ever watched for prey more closely than Herbert Stanly watched me. His eyes never left me, and I saw to attempt an escape would be but to spring into the very jaws of death. But as my flight grew more hopeless, my mind grew active. A bright thought crossed it.

"If I remember rightly, Herbert," said "you used to be a great admirer of the canine species?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Now," said I, "I will show you the most splendid specimen of a dog; he is cunning as a fox, and possesses traits of character and a sagacity unworthy of the human race. Here, Napture." And a large, shaggy Newfoundland came slowly into the room, wagging his tail with a doggish joy.

"This is our only errand boy," I continued pointing to the animal, "and a better one could not be found. He does our marketing daily and saves us a deal of trouble. Such a sagacious creature you never beheld. All I have to do is to write down upon a little piece of paper whatever we want, and the quantity, put it in a basket, which Neptune takes in his mouth and presents it to the butcher, baker, or grocer, as we tell him, and forthwith he returns with the articles desired. Now let me exhibit one of his exploits, and you shall judge if we have overated his services. We shall want some meat for our repast, and I will send for some."

I took a pencil from my pocket and wrote upon a little scrap of paper these words:

"MR. BROWN.—For Heaven's sake come immediately to my rescue. I am completely in the power of Herbert Stanley, a maniac, bent upon my destruction. Come with a force sufficient to save me and capture him.
"LAURA MORGAN."

"What have you written?" inquired Stanley, whose attention had been for the moment diverted to the dog, perhaps a little fearful that in spite of my ready compliance to his wishes I might yet play him false.

"Listen," I replied, "and I will read it to you," and I held up the note and read from it:

"MR. BROWN—Please send me a nice piece of tender loin steak, I have unexpected company to-day, and wish to provide a dinner worthy of my guest.
"LAURA MORGAN."

I trembled violently as I read; for I saw the maniac was still a little suspicious of me. With every movement I was in momentary expectation that he would snatch the paper from me to ascertain for himself if I had indeed read it as it was written; and I knew well that the detection of my deception would be instant death. Hastily folding the note I dropped it into the basket, and placed it before the dog.

"I believe, Mr. Stanley," I said, "that you have the key to the door in your possession. Do me the favor to unlock it, if you please, for Neptune to pass out."

The request was made politely, and Stanley, equally politely, opened the door for the dog. Hope once more entered my heart. My dreadful situation would soon be known, and help might yet reach me.

A half hour passed, and Neptune had not yet appeared. Stanley grew impatient at the long delay. Again he drew the knife from his belt.

"Let the marriage vows be consummated, and let the marriage feast go," he said, angrily. But I skillfully and adroitly managed to draw him into conversation upon old times, when I was the flame of his youthful ambition. I told him several little stories and amusing anecdotes of childhood; spoke of my own school days and his college life, and the honors he had won.

At last steps were heard on the piazza. I distinguished my husband's voice, and the tread of half-a-dozen men. Stanley, too, knew that voice. Its rich, melodious tones had years before grated harshly on his jealous ear. Springing like a tiger upon me, he shouted, in a voice of thunder:

"My keepers have come but they cannot capture me; they will find me a cold, stiffened corpse. My spirit will have gone to the eternal world, to enjoy its celestial glories with you, my beautiful bride." And again the same wild, fiendish laugh rang through the house, and the bright steel blade of the bowie-knife glittered in the sunbeams.

A cold tremor ran over me, but courage did not desert me. With Herculean strength and energy I seized the madman's arm, and averted the deadly blow; then, with the agility of a panther, I sprang through the open window, and rushed, at lightning speed, around the house.

Taken completely by surprise, and bewildered at my unexpected flight, Herbert Stanley stood for a moment undecided what course to pursue. He next found himself violently assailed by half a-dozen men. The uplifted knife was knocked rudely out of his hand; a strong rope was thrown dexterously over his arms and shoulders, and drawn tightly around him, and in spite of his desperate struggles to free himself, he was captured. My hour of peril was over. My life had hung as it were upon a thread, and my soul had been fortified for the emergency; but now came a reaction.—My brain whirled; a film came before my eyes, and I fell senseless into the arms of my husband.

At last I awoke to consciousness, as if from a dream. Life and its blessings were mine once more to enjoy, and from the very depths of my soul I breathed forth a prayer of unspeakable joy and thankfulness to the most high God for my unexpected deliverance. Herbert Stanley was taken back to the asylum from which he had escaped, and in a few months after completed his miserable existence.

### The Power to Shun Evil.

"Remember," said Mr. Barton as he sat talking with his children, that no matter how severely you may at any time be tempted, you need not fall. Simply refrain from the evil to which you are strongly inclined, and you are safe. The power thus to refain is given to every one.

"Yes, I know that is so," replied his daughter, Mary, "for I have proved it over and over again. Even to day I found it easy to do wright when I was strongly tempted to do wrong. Last week I called in to see Clara Lee. She was working a collar from a most beautiful patern that pleased me very much.—I asked her if she would not lend it to me when she had finished her collar, that I might work one from it for myself. But she declined doing so with a manner that hurt me."

"That was hardly kind remarked Mr. Barton." "Why did she do so?"

"I believe she did not wish me nor any one else to have a collar precisely like this one. In fact, I know it, for she said so to Ellen Maylie, and also told her that she had burned the pattern to keep any one else from getting it."

That was certainly not acting from a very good spirit," said the father.

"I think not," replied Mary. "But I was tempted to act in a spirit very little if any better. I must own that I felt annoyed at Clara's selfishness. Instead of pitying her weakness, and being sorry for what was wrong in her, I rather permitted myself to be half angry and to feel a wish to be even with her. Too day the opportunity was offered for gratifying this feeling. I called upon Harriet Willord, and she showed me a book full of lace paterns that her uncle had sent her over from Paris. In looking through it, my eyes lit upon a patern precisely like the one Clara had, and instantly I said:

"Oh isn't that beautiful! Won't you let me work myself a collar like it?"

"Certainly," she replied; "from that or any other pattern in the book."

"Won't I take her by surprise?" I remarked to myself, with a glow of satisfaction at the chagrin that Clara would experience. But I had no sooner said this than it flashed through my mind that I was neither thinking or intending right; and so after a a short struggle with myself, I conquered the feeling from wich I was about to act."

"How did you conquer it, my daughter?" asked the father.

"By calling it evil, and because it was evil resolving not to let it influence my actions."

"Did you find this a very dificult task, Mary?"

"Oh, no."

"And you have had an inward peace of mind ever since? said Mr. Barton.

"Oh yes," returned Mary, "an inward peace that can hardly describe."

"And such peace will come whenever you refuse to do wrong or evil. Ever bear this in remembrance, my children; and also bear in remembrance that is not a hard thing to shun what is evil. All that is required is a sincere effort to do so and then there will flow into your minds an instant and all sufficient power. This power comes from the Source of all good, which is God."

## FARMERS' COLUMN.

### Taking Care of Implements.

It is a lamentable fact that a large majority of our farmers lose as much from a want of proper care of tools as from the actual wear-and-tear of them. Repeated wetting and drying injures, sooner or latter, any kind of wood-work the moisture getting into the cracks soon begins the work of decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. Much has been said and written upon the value of tool-houses and it is hardly necessary for us to add our mite to the general collection; but providing the tool-house is not all that should be done—the shovels, spades and forks are brought into the tool house with dirt sticking to them, and in that condition they remain through the winter or until they are again needed. All practical farmers know how much better a bright plow turns the furrow, how much easier it is on the team and driver, and yet they will bring their plows and harrows in every fall with the dirt sticking to them, and allow them to remain in that condition until again wanted, much to their own loss and expense. There are various mixtures which might be applied to the iron to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is common (unsalted) grease. A better article may be formed by melting together six pounds of fresh (not salted) lard and two of rosin. An old iron pot is a good thing to keep and compound the mixture in. As soon as a tool is done being used for the season, clean it off and give it a coat of this mixture, and even if it remains undisturbed for years, it will come out as bright as when put away. Implements properly cared for will not only last nearly twice as long as where this is not the case, but, as we said before, they are far better in every way.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

### Club Foot in Cabbage.

As the season is rapidly approaching when seeding for cabbage plants will be in order, a word or two about club foot may not be out of place. Some contend, with a good show of reason, that growing cabbage on the same ground for several years in succession tends to the production of club foot, but as the disease is known sometimes to infest cabbage the first season on the ground, continous cropping cannot be the sole cause of it. In some cases it is traced to larvæ of some insect, operating at the base of the stem of the plant, which produces elongated swelling or blotches, giving shelter to the pests which feed upon its vital juices, retard its growth and cause decay. Frequent changes of ground may do much towards checking the disease, while other aids are found in a liberal application of wood ashes, marl or dust of charcoal dibbled in at the time of setting out the plants. It is recommended by some, to combine fresh soot and powdered saltpetre in the proportion of four quarts of the former and one pound of the latter mixed with water to the consistency of tar. At the time of planting immerse each root in the proportion, and club foot will not trouble the cabbage ground for that season at least.

### Killing Grubs.

Occasionally, sections of sodded ground becomes so infested with grubs as to render them worthless for the production of hay. These pests work at the base of the sod, eating off the roots of the grass so entirely as to enable one to uncover large sections of ground by simply pulling the grass with the hand. Plowing land in such a condition for the purpose of immediate cropping is not a very promising labor unless measures are taken, at the time of seeding, for starving out the worms. A liberal application of salt, sown broadcast at the rate of about half a bushel to the acre just after plowing, has been known to do the business for the grubs, while benefitting the soil at the same time. If the sewing is accompanied by rain, or immediately followed by it the effect will be all the more decisive.

### Ground Bones.

A correspondent asks, 'For what crops are ground bones most valuable?'

There is scarcely any crop that is not benefitted by phosphate of lime, the chief constituent of bone. When dried, bones consist of about a third part of organic matter and two-thirds inorganic. The first is in the form of gelantine, chiefly, and that you know is highly nutrogenous. The inorganic part is most phosphate of lime, so that you have in bones both organic and mineral manures, the one class furnishing the soil with ammonia, and the other phosphoric acid.

Perhaps they are most valuable for the grain crops, Indian corn, &c.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*