The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIII. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 10, 1870. NO. 44.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, &c.

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

ED. B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PROMPT attention to COLLECTION of CLAIMS and purchase and sale of REAL ESTATE.
Office with I. C. W. Powell, Esq., Easton, Md. (aug 1

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

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

CONSTABLE
AND
AUCTIONEER.
JAMES B. RATIELL, 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

N. E. NICOLS,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE
Collection of Claims
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c.,
EASTON, MD.
REFERENCES:
James Lt. Martin, Easton, Md.
Capt. E. L. F. Hardcastle, " "
Mr. Wm. S. Pawson, Baltimore "
Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. R. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

Plastic Slate Roofing.
THE attention of Carpenters, and those contemplating building new house or putting new roofs on old ones, is particularly called to the Plastic Slate Roofing, the greatest Roofing Material of the age. For flat roof there is nothing to equal it. It is cheap, high and flexible, non-expanding, non-contracting fire proof, weather-proof and everlasting roofing.
The subscribers are now prepared to put on these roofs at short notice, cheap for cash. Orders addressed to us through the Easton Post Office promptly attended to. For further information respecting the Plastic Roofing, address,
WILLIAM H. DUNCAN.
GEORGE W. DUNCAN.
feb 15 1m

Coal! Coal!
THE consumers of coal will remember that the summer season is the time to buy coal the cheapest. I am now receiving at my coal yard at Easton Point the various sizes of best quality of Anthracite Coal, and am preparing to deliver the same at any place in Easton or vicinity, *very cheap*, for CASH.
Persons on any of the Talbot rivers or Creeks can have their coal delivered on their premises.
Cooking coal, smithing coal, and Cumberland Lump Coal, for grates, always on hand at the lowest market rates.
The quality of the coal is the best; it is clean and in good order; and will be sold at 2240 lbs. to the ton.
Persons would do well to send in their orders while the price of coal is down.
ju 2 R. B. DIXON.

TILE! TILE!
FARMERS, if you would improve your farms, and make good crops, without the expense of buying fertilizers for every season, TILE your land, *especially your low springyand*, It is impossible to make good crops, or to improve land without thorough drainage. This is the season for putting in tile. Every farmer should try a few acres. The expense is trifling in comparison with the advantage gained. Try it.
COOPER & WHITE, Easton, Have on hand a large supply of egg shape TILE from 2 to 7 inches, vent, which they are offering cheap.
They also have on hand half a million common and pressed *handmade* BRICK, which they are selling at the lowest market prices.
All necessary information given for putting in tile. Wood taken in trade.
jan 8 1

SOMETHING NEW—Saunders' Face Powder, a delicate preparation for beautifying the complexion; free from anything which can possibly injure the cutis, for sale at Bateman & Trippe's.

The Magic Comb will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent black or brown. It contains no poison. Any one can use it. Sent by mail for $1. Address MAGIC COMB CO., Springfield, Mass.
aug 20-3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN J. JUMP & CO.,
John J. Jump & Co.,
Have Glass Fruit Jars.
WE have just received another supply of the "Glass Top" Self sealing Fruit Jars, which are acknowledged by all to be the best. Come and see them at
J. J. JUMP & CO.'S,
Under Odd Fellows Hall.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION!
A LARGE lot of *BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED MUSLINS*, received this 31st of August, with a full line of
CALICOES BED TICKING,
Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, and a full line of all goods usually kept in a first class store.
Ask your neighbor who sells the cheapest goods in Easton, and see if he doesn't tell you JOHN J. JUMP & CO.,
sept 17 Under Odd Fellows' Hall.

NEW
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
Thompson & Kersey
HAVE just returned from the cities of PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE with a stock of new
Fall AND Winter Goods,
which they feel willing to put in fair competition with any stock in the county.
They invite their numerous friends and customers, and the public generally, to call and examine for themselves. (oct 8

WM. HEMSLEY,
AGENT FOR
GODFREY KEEBLER,
Steam Biscuit, Cracker and Cake Bakery
Nos. 258, 260 & 262 N. 22nd Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
All orders addressed to Agent will be gratefully received and promptly filled.
☞ All goods delivered to Baltimore Steamers FREE of charge, and after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser.
oct 1 1y

WM. PENROSE. WM. PORTER. WM. HEMSLEY
Penrose, Porter & Hemsley,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Brandies, Whiskies,
WINES, GINS, &c.,
No. 240 Arch St. below Third,
PHILADELPHIA.
All Goods delivered to Baltimore Steamer FREE of charge—after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. [oct 1-1y

Pump Making And Well Digging.
JAMES A. CHAPMAN takes this method of informing the public that he has removed to Easton for the purpose of conducting the Pump-making and well digging business. He has been operating in another part of the county for some time past and feels confident that his work will give satisfaction.—Orders left with F. G. Wright or W. L. Taylor, will be promptly attended to.
ap30-1y

$1,000 REWARD
For any case of Blind, Bleeding or Itching PILES that DR. KING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It has cured cases of 20 years standing. Try it, and get rid of the most troublesome disease flesh is heir to. Sold by all Druggists.
L. F. BINGHAM,
Chemists and Proprietors,
142 Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.
apr 23-1y

JUST received a fine lot of country Meat—HAMS,
SHOULDERS
and MIDDLINGS,
cured by experienced farmers.

ALPACAS—We have received and are now offering a large stock of
Black Alpacas,
from Philadelphia and Baltimore. Call and examine before you buy.
oct 29 JNO. W. CHEEZUM & CO.

ANOTHER LARGE SUPPLY OF
LADIES MERINO VESTS.
High neck and Long Sleeve, all sizes, just received and for sale by
oct 29 Thompson & Kersey.

1115 HOPKINS' PHILADELPHIA 1115
Hoop Skirt Manufactory,
No. 1115 Chestnut St., (Girard Row,)
Formerly 628, CHASTNUT, Philadelphia.
A COMPLETE assortment of all the new Fall Shapes of our Celebrated "Champion" Hoop Skirts in every length and size, together with our own make of "Key-stone" Skirts, (second quality,) and full lines of good Eastern made Skirts, for sale, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at PRICES JUST REDUCED BELOW THOSE OF ANY FORMER SEASON. Our Champion Skirts more than sustain their reputation for superiority over all others, and are now Sold at such prices as will meet the views of all, and are warranted in every respect.
CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS Our assortment of Corsets contains over 100 kinds and prices, and includes every desirable kinds such as Thomson's Glove Fitting, J. Beckle's, Werly's, Madam Foy's, and Mrs. Moody's "Patent Self-Adjusting Abdominal, Supporting," Corsets in all grades, together with Misses' and Children and every grade of Handmade Corsets, ranging in prices as follows:—45c, 58c, 60c, 75c, 80c, 83c, 85c, 90c, 94c, $1,11, $1,14, $1,19, $1,25, &c, up to $,700.
PANIER BUSTLES in 27 styles, from 35 cents up to $3,25. Ladies under Garments in all kinds and prices. Night Dresses from $1,00 to $9,60. Infant Dresses, long and short, from $2,35 to $13. Gored Muslin Skirts, 6 Tucks, 65cts, 10 Tucks, 94; 15 Tucks, $1 32, &c. &c. up to $10.
Hoop Skirts and Corsets made to order altered and repaired, at Manufactury and Sales Rooms 1115 Chestnut st, Philadelphia. Call and send for Circulars.
oct 15 3-mo WM. T. HOPKINS.

HELMBOLD'S COLUMN.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15th, 1868.
Allow me to call your attention to my
Preparation of Compound Extract. Buchu.
The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.
MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper berries, by distillation to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small portion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.
Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that contains its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle,) leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.
Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,
With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist, of
16 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.)
NOVEMBER 4, 1854.
"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."
WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman,
Manufacturing Chemists,
9th & Brown St., Philadelphia.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu
is the great specific for Universal Lassitude, Prostration, &c.
The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu,
In affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu and Improved Rose Wash
Will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superceding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu
In all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant to taste and order, "immediate" in action, and more strengthing than any of the preparations of Bark and Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to effect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50 Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address,
H. T. Helmbold,
Drug and Chemical Warehouse,
594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE
Unless done up in a steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed
H. T. HELMBOLD.
apr 23

SELECT POETRY.

The Future and the Past.

The heart is like a river,
Where two currents flow—
One to the future heading,
One to the Long Ago.
On both the banks are roses,
On both the sun is cast;
But the current which is smoothest
Flows over to the past.

Upon this ebbing river
Our thoughts like vessels go—
Some to the future sailing,
Some to the Long Ago.
Bringing at their returning
Relics we dearly prize,
Brought from those distant islands
Bound by youth's sunny skies.

Strange that the past remaineth
Shut in the heart for aye—
Strange we are never willing
To say to the past good-bye.
The future is a shadow—
A cloud whose golden sheen
Makes every cloud look golden
That's in the distance seen.

The past is full of pleasure,
A rainbow bright whose bow
Connects the present moments
With those of Long Ago—
A bridge we oft are crossing,
Passing the friends of old,
With faces fair and youthful,
And hair as bright as gold.

Strange that the gold must vanish
Out of the sunny hair,
Strange that the silver spinneth
Nets for the old to wear;
Strange that the wrinkles trample
Out the young face's bloom,
Like shadows that, in evening,
Over bright pictures come.

SELECT READING.

A Dinner of Herbs.

Between eight and nine o'clock on a fine September morning, a young married couple stood together at the window of a charming little house, pleasantly situated at Norwood.

The neatly appointed breakfast equipage had had not been as yet removed by the spruce maidservant, but the meal had concluded, and the master of the little cottage was about to take his departure by train for the scene of his daily labors.

Robert Denwillow was only a solicitor's confidential clerk, on a salary of rather less than the much abused three hundred pouds per annum; yet he contrived to find life very tolerable on the whole. He was a fine, honest-faced, stalwart person, about thirty two or three who loved his friends, his old mother and sisters, and adored his pretty, spoilt, wilful, loving wife—a bright eyed, petulant, chirping little woman, ten years his junior.

The morning was splendid; the room was cheerful, the servant maid brisk and willing, and the eggs and rashers had been unexceptional, the coffee clear the rolls crisp, and the butter, really butter. Yet for all that, as she stood amid the flowers in her bay window—herself in her white dress and blue ribbons, the most attractive object there—there was a sullen pout on Selina Denwillow's pretty mouth that was not pleasant to see.

'Come dear, I must go in two minutes,' said her husband. 'I think I shall be home early to day. You promised me a roast leg of pork, you know.

'And you promised me that gay *moire antique* at Swan & Edgar's,' retorted the lady, sulkily.

'But, Lina, dear, I had no notion that *moires* were so expensive. Why, they wanted twenty guineas for it.'

'Well?'

'Well! Why, it is the twelfth part of our whole year's income.'

'But if it was to please me?'

'To please you I would make a good many sacrifices; you know well my dear Lina; but if I were to try to please you at that rate, I should soon be in the Bankruptcy Court.'

Lina tossed her golden head contemptuously.

'Besides what does my little wife want with such superb fabrics?' said her husband, laughing. 'No, no, Lina. Leave *moires* to duchesses. I like you best in your white muslin. There I must go! Give me a kiss, and don't forget the pork Bye-bye! You'll be better tempered when I come home, poppit.'

And whistling cheerily, away hurried Robert Denwillow to catch the train to London-bridge.

Like most of her sex, Lina, could have borne any opposition better than her husband's imperturbable good temper She was out of humor, and she knew it. She wanted to quarrel, and she would quarrel, and she couldn't, because it takes two parties to a quarrel, and her husband had not afforded her the slightest excuse for giving away to her ill humor.

No sooner was he fairly out of sight than the little woman rang the bell furiously.

'Ann!'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'When the green grocier calls, turnips and potatoes.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And when the butcher calls, a leg of mutton for boiling.'

And there was a malicious tinkle in Mrs. Denwillow's eyes.

And opened her mouth wide with astonishment.

'Yes, ma'am, I thought master said something about roast pork.'

'Never mind what your master said.'

'But, ma'am,' remonstrated Ann, boldly, 'master can't bear boiled mutton, and then I've got the onions for the stuffing.'

'Put on your bonnet immediately.—Ann,' returned her mistress, with stern dignity, 'and go to the Italian warehouse and order a bottle of capers.

And with a look of dismay Ann vanished.

'Oh, my! ain't she a tartar!' muttered she, as she quitted.

Mrs. Denwillow watched her servant close the door, and then smiled triumphantly.

'There!' exclaimed, she, in such a tone as Alexander the great might have adopted after a decisive victory; 'there I think I've done it now.'

Five o'clock approached—the Denwillow's usual dinner hour. The boiling mutton began to give signs and tokens of its presence in the house, and Lina's little dog snuffed the savory odor in the passages, and slobbered anticipatingly.

'Dear me! I wish Robert would come,' thought little Mrs. Denwillow. 'The mutton will be boiled to rags.'

A quarter past five—half past—but no master of the house forthcoming—Lina grew exceedingly angry.

'How dare he tease me like this?' she asked herself.

It must be owned that there is nothing in all the world so trying as waiting for an expected person who does not come; and the little woman had this additional incentive to anger, that she had intended to play her husband a trick, and it seemed as if he were turning the tables on her. She thought of serving up dinner—she was fond of boiled mutton—but then she would loose her anticipated laugh; and besides, her wifely instincts revolted from such a piece of selfishness as that.

Six—half past—nearly seven, and no Robert Denwillow! The little woman's anger had all gone. She was now seriously alarmed. Thrice had she decended to the kitchen, to confer with Ann each timeless Augrify and more anxiously, and she was already thinking of paying her servant another visit, when Ann herself, with a hasty and unceremonious knock, entered the parlor. The girl looked flurrid and allarmed.

'Oh, if you please mam, dour not to be frightened, but M. Hodges, the stationmaster, has sent up to say as there's a accident on the line!'

'What?' screamed Lina, pale as death and with an autul sinking of the heart.

'A Crystal Palace train have run into the four-thirty, please, ma'am, and seven persons are killed, and as many wounded. Its near New Cross, ma'am, and. Them accidents is always New Cross.'

'Oh!' sobbed poor Mrs. Denwillow, 'I've lost the best husband—my poor Robert! And I so wicked to him! Ho!

'Law, no, if you please, ma'am, master aint' killed. Here's a gram as Mr. Hodges said I was to give you. It ought to have come an hour and a half ago, but were delayed in the confusion. 'Them grams always is delayed somehow,' added Ann, soliloquizingly.

Lina seized the paper, and tore it open it ran thus:—

'DARLING—Don't be allarmed. Frightful accident at New Cross. Am making useful to sufferers. Shall take a cab home. Don't wait dinner.'

In the intense relief of her heart. Lina sobbed convulsively and made an inward vow never to be so petulant and exacting in the future. In a mood of mad penitence, she sat upon the sofa, forming hosts of good resolutions, until the sound of cab wheels fell joyfully on her ears.—In two minutes in more Robert Denwillow was in the parlor, clasping the penitent little woman in his arms.

'Oh, Bob, dear, I'm so sorry! And I've been so frightened! I'll never be so cross again?' sobbed she.

The husband stroked her fair hair tenderly, but did not reply. He judged it better to let her tears have their course. At last he said:

'Well, dear, it's all right now, so let us go to dinner.'

'Oh, these poor people killed, only a score of broken arms and legs.'

'Why,' exclaimed the little woman, in surprise, 'Ann told me there were seventeen persons killed.'

Robert Denwillow laughed.

These sort of things are always grossly exagaggerated,' he said. 'But come I want my dinner—odd! I don't preceive the onions.

'Oh, Bob, dear?' sighed his wife, coloring to the roots of her hair, 'I—I'm so sorry, but there is nothing but b b—boiled mutton for dinner,'

The good fellow winced for a moment but he comprehended in an instant how matters stood, and said gently.

'Well, dearest, a certain grand old Book says: Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than.—

Lina kissed him impetuously.

'You are an angel, Robert—a good, man—and I am a weak, silly, wicked little thing?'

'Not wicked, pet?'

'Oh, Robert,' said she earnestly, as she hung around his neck, 'bear with me, and forgive me.'

'Forgive you my darling!' said her husband, returning her caress. Have we not all need of forbearance and forgiveness?'

Dinner's ready, please sir,' cried Ann entering, with a covert smile on her face.

'Well Ann, returned her master, good-humoredly, and as if boiled mutton were his favorite dish.' I am hungry enough to do credit to your cooking.'

Little Mrs. Denwillow, with a feeling of intense shame, took her seat at the head of the table. Ann removed the covers. The boiled mutton, sadly overdone was there, it is true; but opposite her master Ann had placed a splendid rump steak pie, which she had covered over to produce the greater effect when disclosed.

Lina cast a graceful glance at her servant, Whilst Robert Denwillow said—

'This is famous! But how is it Ann I thought boiled mutton———'

'Well, sir,' said Ann, with a gratified smile, and a sly glance at her mistress, 'I thought as master didn't like mutton, and as the butcher's boy had a fine steak on his tray, I'd make a pie on my own 'sponsibility.'

'You have done quite rightly, Ann,' said her mistress, and show good sense.'

Surley a merrier 'dinner of herbs' never was than that, seasoned as it was by a renewal of love and confidence between the 'married couple.' Mrs. Denwillow often spoke of it afterwards as the commencement of a long and happy life.

A country girl coming from the field was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by dew.

'Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was by Jones that kissed me. I told him every person in town would find it out.'

Abundance, like want, ruins many.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRY AGAIN.

If you find you are baffled in hope,
Your prospect look dull and forlorn,
With harsh fortune vainly you cope,
And nought comes to brighten your morn
Still wholly yield not to despair;
Strive boldly, nor weekly complain,
Know Man's noblest motto while here
Is 'try hard, and try, try again.'

Whatever your station may be,
There always is something to do;
If riches show'r thickly on thee,
Yet sometimes the blessing we rue;
If wearied by poverty's frown,
And penury chill heart and brain,
Don't live with a spirit bow'd down,
But up and by trying again.

There is work for us all; we must on,
Either business or labor to swell—
No difficult trials beset one,
But oppress e'en the other as well.
Some sorrow or grief may be too deep;
Rugged cares may be hard to sustain;
But still a brave front we must keep,
And try hard, and try, try again.

Perseverence alone gains success,
Frowning clouds at her smile flee away;
And dark troubles surely grow less,
While her sunshine beams gladden our way
Though nought is perfection while here,
And troubles seem conquer'd in vain,
Yet one soothing motto will cheer—
'Tis, strive hard, and try, try again.

THE LAST DOLLAR.

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet with a look of resignation.

'It is our last dollar,' he said, 'but the Lord will provide.'

The Rev. Jas. Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thornville He was poor, and his conuregation poorer. Often before he had been near his last dollar, but he had never actually got to it until to-day.

'So you've been always saying,' sobbed his wife, 'but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust us any more at the store, and your salary won't be due for three weeks, even if you get it then. Why do you stay here, when the people are so poor?'

'I have no other place to go to, nor money to travel to it, if the Lord opens the way: My work for the present is here. He feedeth the young ravens, and He will surely feed us.'

'I wish I had your faith, but I haven't, and it won't come to me. Oh, what shall we do!' and she wrung her hands dispairingly. 'My poor children!'

'Once I was young, and now I am old,' solemnly said her husband, speaking in words of the Psalmist, 'yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'

As if in answer to this pious ejaculation there came a knock at the door.—All the while the minister had been talking, a storm had been raging outside.—On opening the door a traveler, quite wet, entered.

'I was coming through the forest from Maryville,' he said, 'and ventured to stop at the house I saw. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too great a liberty?'

'Not at all,' answered the man of the house. 'We have but poor shelter, as you see; but there is a good fire, at any rate.'

For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed, this humble house boasted no parlor, and the kitchen was dining-room, drawing-room, living-room, and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education and inteligence, and in conversation with him the minister forgot his troubles, and was reminded of earlier and brighter days when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now among these hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger rose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him until he disappeared behind a turn in the road.

'See here, James, said his wife eagerly, when he returned to the house, 'I found this on the table near where the gentleman sat.'

It was a $50 greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book; and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist which it now appeared the traveler had overheard:

'I thought he was writing the direction he asked for,' said the minister. 'He means it for us. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, He would provide?'

His wife burst into tears.

'God forgive me!' she said, 'I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid.'

'And He will still provide,' replied the husband. 'Whatever my lot may be, here or elsewhere, in Him I trust.'

A month after, a letter, a rare event, came to the "Rev. James Spring." It was as follows:

"Rev. and Dear Sir—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred and a good parsonage house."

The letter concluded by saying:

"The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him a few weeks ago. He overheard you, in a moment of great distress, speak with such great faith, that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made."

Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills. It was a far finer sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. Jas. Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often, when people show want of faith, tells them the story of the Last Dollar.

☞ Sir John Burgoyne, who brought the ex-Empress Eugenie over to England is the head of a very ancient family in Bedfordshire since the time of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster who conferred an estate on the family, which gift he is said to have thus versified.

"I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do grant,
To Jonny Burgoyne
And the heirs of his loin
Sutton and Potton
Until this world's rotten."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Barlow and his Apples.

'Tom,' said Mr. Barlow.

"Sir?" answered the boy.

"Go down to Smith's, and tell one of the men to come and fix up the old cider mill."

Tom didn't start from where he was standing.

"Did you hear me?" asked his father, a little sharply.

"Yes, sir!" Tom's face crimsoned.

"Then why don't you move off as I told you?"

Tom did move off, but in a slow, irresolute way.

"Tom!" called his father.

The lad stopped and turned around.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"I thought you wasn't going to make cider this year," said Tom.

"You thought I wasn't! And what put that into your head, pray?"

"I heard you say last winter, when you were talking about the man who was frozen to death," answered Tom—"you know he had been drinking too much cider, and it got into his head—that apples were a great deal better as food than drink: so I thought you were not going to make any more cider."

Mr. Barlow's face grew serious.

"Never mind about going down to Smith's today. It will do another time," he said.

"Now this beats all!" exclaimed Mr. Barlow, as soon as he was alone. "I might have known how it would be when I let Tom join the Band of Hope. He has not tasted cider since; and I'm glad of that, for it's apt to grow on young people, and make them crave something stronger. It's safer and better. But this doesn't satisfy him. He talks against cider and beer, and now puts me in mind of what I said one day last winter, that apples were better as food than drink.—Well, well, well! Things do go queer sometimes. A body must watch his words sharp when these boys are about.

"Going to make cider this year?" asked one of Mr. Barlow's neighbors, leaning over a fence close to where the farmer was standing. "You have lots of apples."

"Don't know," answered Mr. Barlow.

"Best thing you can do with them."

"And the worst, may by, for somebody else," said the farmer.

"Can't see that"

"Eating apples is a great deal better than drinking them, and much less likely to do harm."

"Oh! Ah! I see! Guess you're half right about that, neighbor Barlow."

"I was going to fix up the old press and make a few barrels of cider, but something my boy Tom said has set me to thinking, and I've about half made up my mind to drive into town with a load to-morrow, and see what they'll sell for."

"I can tell you that now," replied the neighbor, "for I was in town to-day and asked Martin what he was paying for good, sound apples, and he said a dollar a bushel."

"Then he shall have mine, as fast as he wants them." said Mr. Barlow, "and the old cider-mill can rot for all I'll ever do to it. Nobody shall be the worst for my apples."

"I guess that's the right talk," answered the neighbor, moving on.

Next day Mr. Barlow drove to town with a load of splendid apples, and sold them to the storekeeper for a dollar a bushel.

So much through the influence of one Band of Hope boy.

A Hindu Story.

A tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a bleating calf. It was proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring-cage. There he lay for two days, when a Bramin, happened that way.

'O Bramin,' piteously cried the beast, 'have mercy upon me, and let me out of this cage.'

'Ah, but you will eat me!'

'Eat you! Devour my benefactor!—Never could I be guilty of such a deed,' responded the tiger.

The Bramin, being benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties, and opened the door of the cage.

The tiger walked up to him, waved his tail, and said, 'Bramin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you.'

'O, how ungrateful, how wicked! Am I not your savior?' protested the trembling priest.

'True,' said the tiger, 'very true; but it is the custom of my race to eat men when we get the chance, and I cannot afford to let you go.'

'Let us submit the case to an arbitrator,' replied the Bramin. 'Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his judgment.'

'Very well,' agreed the tiger.

The fox, assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could muster, and looking at the disputants, said—

'Good friends, I am somewhat confused by the different accounts which you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render an equitable judgment; but if you will be good enough to act the whole transaction out before my eyes, I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered that cage; and then do you, Mr. Bramin, show me precisely how you liberated him; and I shall be able to render a proper decision.'

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage, the spring-deer fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner inside.

The judicial expression faded from the fox's countenance, and turning to the Bramin, he said, 'Now you are all right, you silly Bramin. I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain in future from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Bramin, good morning, Tiger.'

TIGHT FIT.—The editor of a Maine paper says that he has a pair of boots given him which were so tight, that they came very near making him a Unitarian—let, because he received his punishment as he went along.

Business neglected is business lost.