THOSE WHO

PAY FOR WHAT THEY GET are the people the advertiser wishes to reach. The subscription list of the GAZETTE is *not* inflated with bums and dead-heads for the sake of "largest circulation."

The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY.

The Purest in Politics, the Subscription Lists containing the most Bona-fide subscribers.

VOL. LXXIX. NO. 8. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895. $1.50 PER YEAR.

Here's Your Chance!
FOR BARGAINS.

☞Everything in CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, LACES and EMBROIDERIES at and below cost. Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets greatly reduced. About 300 pairs of Corsets left. A good CORSET for 35 Cents.

☞Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear and all Gents' Furnishings greatly reduced. In fact, everything in Dry Goods, Notions, &c., must go, to make room for our new line of HOUSE FURNISHINGS, of which we intend to carry the largest and handsomest line ever in the market. Our Carpets are extremely low.

☞Best Razor-Steel Scissors, 25 cents. "New-Home" and "American" Sewing Machines, from $12 to $30. A first-class Machine for $18 and $20. In Queensware we are headquarters. Our Groceries are always pure and fresh. Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco, all grades. An immense stock of Pipes at half-price.

J. E. SHANNAHAN.

☞Agent for the Old Staten Island Dyeing Establishment.

Dallas B. Hayward.

DRUGGIST.
SUCCESSOR TO HAYWARD & BRO.
WASHINGTON STREET.

Drugs, the freshest, finest and cheapest. Prescriptions, compounded with the greatest of care. Every feature of the drug business given particular attention. Our establishment is perfectly appointed, thereby enabling us to supply you with the best of everything in our lines. Besides carrying the best assortment of drugs, we have a choice lot of toilet articles, perfumery, sachet, soaps, etc. Patent Medicines, and all else you may require. Visit us.

Dallas B. Hayward.

Christmas Gifts!

Consisting of Novelties in
Sterling Silver.
Artistic Articles of Fancy Brass. Wrought Iron Five O'clock Teas, &c., &c.
Diamonds and Fine Jewelry.

STURMER,
"THE JEWELER,"
Washington Street, EASTON, MD.

MRS. JNO. MEINTZER,
CONDUCTS ONE OF THE LARGEST
BAKERY ESTABLISHMENTS.
ON THE SHORE.

Everything in the Bakery line can be found at her store in the Shanahan Building, opp. Saml. Patchett's, Dover Street. Fresh Bread delivered at your home in time for breakfast, Rolls, Buns, Pies, Cakes, etc.

CONFECTIONERIES
of the choicest kinds, together with Fruits are always kept in stock. Your kind patronage solicited and desired.

PRICES THE LOWEST.

JOSEPH MILLER,
MARKET SPACE, EASTON,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Collars and Saddlery Goods
Largest Stock on the Peninsula.
Repairing Department Attached.
All Work Positively Guaranteed First Class.

Lewis Whitehouse,
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER and PLUMBER.

Steam and Hot Water Heating, with latest and most Scientific appliances.

ALL KINDS OF ELECTRIC WORK AND FIXTURES.

Moving Buildings a specialty. Also Agent for AER MOTOR WIND MILL.

Carpentering and Constructing given Special Attention. All work GUARANTEED.
ADDRESS, EASTON, MD.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

JOHN MASON & CO'S.

Three story warehouse is full of Furniture from bottom to top, the best and cheapest that was ever brought to town and in price and quality we defy competition. We have bought our goods at the lowest cash price and as times are hard we propose to sell at a very small advance.

COME AND SEE US AND WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

UNDERTAKING and EMBALMING.

This department is complete in all its details, and price the lowest. Our fifty years experience enables us to know our business thoroughly. 11-18

MEAT and PROVISION DEPOT
GEO. C. SHEHAN,
COR. DOVER and HARRISON STREETS.

THE RELIABLE MEAT AND PROVISION DEPOT.

Fresh meats, vegetables, canned goods, etc., constantly on hand. Buy only where the best is served at lowest market rates.

About Shopping!

☞Some folks go in stores to look, others go in to buy. You are welcome to do either. If you come in my store to buy, you will leave feeling you have come the nearest getting value received you ever did.

☞Stock is complete with everything known to the trade.

☞Read a more elaborate description of same on third page this issue.

MARTIN M. WRIGHT,
Successor to P. P. COX.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED.

White sail upon the ocean's verge,
Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
Thy happy homeward course to run,
And winged hope, with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire.

I watch thee till the sombre sky
Has darkly veiled the lucent plain;
My thoughts like homeless spirits fly
Behind thee o'er the glimmering main.
Thy prow will kiss a golden strand,
But they can never come to land.

And if they could, the fanes are black
Where once I bent the reverent knee:
No shrine would send an answer back,
No sacred altar blaze for me;
No holy bell with silver toll,
Declare the ransom of my soul.

'Tis equal darkness, here or there,
For nothing that this world can give
Could now the ravaged past repair,
Or win the precious dead to live.
Life's crumbling ashes quench its flame,
And every place is now the same.

Thou idol of my constant heart,
Thou child of perfect love and light,
That sudden from my side didst part
And vanish in the sea of night,
Through whatsoever tempests blow,
My weary soul with thine would go.

Say, if thy spirit yet have speech,
What port lies hid within the pall,
What shore death's gloomy billows reach?
Or, if they reach no shore at all.
One word, one little word, to tell
That thou art safe and all is well.

The anchors of my earthly fate,
As they were cast so must they cling,
And naught is now to do but wait
The sweet release that time will bring,
When all these mortal fetters break,
For one last voyage that I must make.

Say that across the shuddering dark—
And whisper that the hour is near—
Thy hand will guide my shattered bark
'Till Mercy's radiant coasts appear;
That I shall clasp thee to my breast,
And know once more the name of rest.

—William Winter.

A SECTARLY OFFICE.

HANNAH ARKWRIGHT, warning the family hose, according to her sex and position, envied her brother Asa from the bottom of her soul when she heard him declare his intention of "being a doctor," of taking his grandmother's legacy from the bank and using it for his education and support and all the necessary expenses of a medical student's life. Hannah, handsome, large, strong-minded without knowing it, and nearly eight and twenty, would have done well for herself had she been a man. She would have entered some profession; succeeded in it; found a wife to suit her taste, courted and married her. As it was, Miss Arkwright must sit still, do work that any woman could have done, and find no mate whatever. How she could have loved, too!

"Don't do it," said the old gentleman; "don't do it, Asa. Let the money grow, and help me farm. It'll come to you in the end—the farm will."

"Don't go, Asa," said the mother; "I shall miss you so."

But Hannah, standing by her brother's side, said to him:

"Go, Asa. Do what I would do if I were a man. Carve out your destiny. Be somebody and something, if you can."

Asa looked at her.

"You know it is as much for Mattie as for myself. But all this study takes time. Will she wait, do you think?"

"If she loves you she can wait or share poverty with you," said Hannah. Then bitter feelings swept over her, as they sometimes did when she thought of Asa's sweetheart.

And Asa kissed his sister and called her a [illegible] girl—and thought of Mattie—little Mattie Blume, who helped her father keep the school and who was engaged to Asa.

Her eyes were dim with tears when he told her of his resolution, and she could not speak for many minutes. At last she found voice to tell him that she could bear it if it were best for him, and that she would wait.

"But you'll forget me in the city, perhaps," she added. "The girls have a way with them that will charm you. They are accomplished, too, and dress so. I shall look plain and shabby to you, and you'll—" But he stopped her mouth with kisses and vowed he never, never would, and meant it. Then he gave her a little forget-me-not ring, and asked for a lock of her hair. And if Hannah Arkwright could have seen into the girl's heart she would have known that, "doll baby" though she was, she loved Asa very dearly; but as Hannah could not look into that pure recess, she thought as before:

She is pretty, and Asa sees it, and cares for nothing more. It is always so with men."

When Asa went away Hannah never fancied that Mattie needed comforting in earnest.

Moreover, when a month or two had passed Hannah noticed a certain young clerk from New York who was visiting his aunt at Hopgrove, walking home from church with Mattie, and though she did not, as many a sister would, write of this to Asa, or even tell her mother of it, Hannah's lip curled when she thought of the silly girl, and she wondered what Asa saw in her.

Late in the fall, when winter was approaching, Mr. Blume, desiring a new supply of books, slate pencils, etc., and finding that the academy could scarcely spare him, bethought himself to send Mattie to New York to purchase these necessities. She had been there once before and could stop all night with her cousin, and he would direct her to the express office and to the booksellers also. And Mattie was delighted with the proposal and looked happier than she had looked since Asa went away.

Hannah, looking out of her window, which commanded a view of the railroad station, saw the young clerk, Mr. Brown, skurrying along with his valise in his hand, and saw him also enter the car in which Mattie had ensconced herself.

Mattie was as innocent of any knowledge of Mr. Brown's intention of going to the city with her as she was of Greek or Hebrew. To be sure, it was not unpleasant to sit beside the kindly young fellow who entertained her with his chatter, nor to be escorted to her cousin's safely, but her thoughts were with Asa all the while, for she was trying to make up her mind "whether it would do to call on him." She knew where his room was. Could it be any harm for his betrothed wife just to stop in five minutes? He would not think so, she was sure; she would do it.

So, having left her little bag at Cousin Smith's, received kisses, answered questions and been directed to the School Book Repository, she started out again, and having made her purchases, turned her feet in the direction of Asa's abiding place.

A woman was scrubbing the hall floor when she arrived, and informed her that the gentleman she was in search of occupied "the second floor back," and picking her way, Mattie climbed the stairs, and stood in a little passageway, quite dark and commanding a view of two small rooms, dusty and grimy.

In one of these, with his head resting on both his hands, after a fashion of his own, all his black hair rumpled about by his restless fingers, and a great book before him, sat Asa. I presume that he would not have been a particularly attractive object to any one else, for Asa was not beautiful, and just then was not attired very freshly or elegantly.

This loving little soul dared not enter the room and speak to her betrothed lover until she had quited her heart a little.

"My poor old Asa—and no one to take care of him!" she sighed. As she did so the door of the other room opened wide, and somebody came out of it.

It was hard for Mattie to realize what it was at first. Such a looking creature she had never seen before. It was dressed in the latest style, and it walked directly into Asa's room.

"It is a woman," said Mattie to herself. "What an object! What can she want with Asa?"

And then she saw this object walk up to Asa, clasp him about the neck and kiss him.

"The bold, bold wretch!" said Mattie.

Her hands clinched themselves; but in a moment they grew clammy and helpless, and she trembled from head to foot. Asa did not push this creature from him. Instead, he burst into a roar of laughter, caught hold of his visitor by the shoulders and shook her in a jovial manner.

After a while Mattie found strength to creep down stairs, and got home to Cousin Smith's, and told that good lady that she had "a headache."

The next evening she took the ring from her finger and wrote:

"Good-by, Asa. I shall never write to you any more. It must be all over between us. Don't ask me why; I will never tell you. I hope you will be happy, but now I could not make you so. MATTIE BLUME."

And this note came to Asa one morning and fell upon his heart so terribly that his friend and chum, Frank Werter, found him, an hour after, senseless upon the floor, and telegraphed to his sister to come to him.

Hannah went at once. She found her brother tossing in a fever. She looked in his vest pocket and found the note and the ring.

So when her brother's senses returned Hannah told him as she now blamed herself for not having told him before, how Mattie had been "going on" with young Brown.

So it was over—the romance of two lives. That beautiful thing, first love, had died the death.

Mattie went on with her school; Asa worked hard at his profession; gained his diploma; practiced; began to make money—not for Mattie, alas! He heard a funeral bell toll at his heart when he thought of her.

Meanwhile Hannah had returned home, buxom and fresh and bright, and went about her work singing. A new light had dawned upon her life. Frank Werner had fallen in love with her, and loved him in return. He