The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1885. VOL. XX.—NO. 52

Lumber Business.



TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR

50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXES.

We have always on hand a full supply of MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE and HEMLOCK Timber, with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices.

We have the BUILDING HARDWARE and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.
January 14, 1885-1yr

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

LUMBER

—AND—

Building Materials of all Kinds.

White Pine & Hemlock Fencing.

Celebrated Urquhart Shingles.

LATHS, LIME, HAIR.

Deliveries made on navigable waters free of freight. Estimate on bill of material furnished on request.

Life & Fire Insurance Agency.

All fire and lightning policies made to cover loss or damage by Fire and Lightning. Insurance effected at lowest rates in responsible companies.

Anthracite and Cumberland Coals,

AND

FERTILIZERS.

ROBERT B. DIXON,
Dover Street, Easton, Md.

GO TO THE NEW

FURNITURE STORE

OF

R. H. T. COUNCELL,

In the GRANGE BUILDING, Adjoining Masonic Temple.

Where you will find it filled, beside his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions, Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet Maker.

UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth trimmings for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary, I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging

Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paints, I can offer inducements to all that are wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton and vicinity since I have been agent, and in a few instances the paint which I used is where I painted with other paint has been used:

J. F. Bateman,	Building Committee for Trinity Church:	W. D. Roberts & Sons,	Builders.
G. G. Sperling,		M. P. Stevens,	
Thos. K. Hebert,		Mrs. T. A. W. Powell,	
C. F. Bateman,		Philip F. Thomas,	
J. Bolsterl,		Thomas E. Roberts,	
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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paints, in Flats, Quarts and One Gallon Cans. All work in this branch will be done promptly and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

POETRY.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

The girl I love is just the one
Who's as fair and bright,
As the sun at light,
As the sun at day,
And as gay.

Some may say how can she know?
That I'm her lover true,
I sit with the [illegible] Boy,
And stare in the [illegible]'s pew,
Still I try her chance to meet;
Her eyes are large and gray,
Only half a church between,
The world away,
My dear!

I watch her when the [illegible]
Singing so sweetly,
And I am sure I hear her
Sing through the choir,
I watch her when we pray,
There's only half a church between
But what a world away,
Oh, dear!

Oh, what a world away!

By the great pillar as she sits
She looks so slight and fair,
The light of the stained windows falls
Upon her yellow hair,
A her of glowing amethyst
And in myself I say,
There's only half a church away,
But what a world away,
Oh, dear!

[illegible] was fun,
[illegible] smile I met today,
There's only half a church between,
My dear!
Ah, what a world away!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BARREL OF SOFT SOAP.

"Hain't you put that rack in the cellar yet, to hang that ar dried beef on?" asked Mrs. Stutson.

"No, Judy, I thought mebbe 'twould rain in a day or two, and then Jabe could be spared to help a little about the house, for I must get my work ketched up while we have good weather."

"Yes, there's allus something ye can't do if it don't rain, and ye can't if it does. I declare for it, I'd like to know what on arth would become on us all if 'twant for me to look after things."

"Come, come, mother, don't fret any more; we don't want a cloud in the kitchen when there ain't none outside."

"Wal, I've got something else to do beside frettin' as the weather, and if you ain't its time that you had."

Giles Stutson was a farmer—a man of good habits, honest in his dealings with his fellow men—who in his youth had married Judy McIntosh. "A smarter girl never trod upon leather." So said the elder Stutson on the morning of their marriage.

They had by the closest economy acquired a small fortune, in the shape of a farm, located about two miles from the village of M——. Only one child had been given them to brighten their home, and this was a daughter, who at the time of our story had reached the age of 20 years.

Mrs. Stutson, as you will observe by this conversation, was one of that peculiar type of women whose very life seemed to depend upon scolding and working, all at the same instant; and the more she fretted and scolded, the more work she accomplished.

The whole family had become so accustomed to this that its effect was, as Mr. Stutson once said, "it went in one ear and out t'other."

"Wal, Giles, there's just this much about it; if that ar rack ain't up by ten o'clock, I'll git some nails and drive up, ye hang that beef on myself. I've got to clean the cheese room today, and I want that pile of beef out of my way."

So saying she went into the milk-room, to strain the morning's milk.

"It's no use arguing," said Mr. Stutson to Jabe, the hired man. "When Judy gets set on anything she'll have her way, and if she says she'll do a thing, she'll do it every time. I guess that cheese-room won't spile if 'taint cleaned today, and the beef is well enough where it is. I can't bother with it today, anyhow."

Having thus expressed his opinion, he followed Jabe to the field, leaving Martha Ann to clear away the breakfast.

Having cared for the milk, Mrs. Stutson appeared and exclaimed, partly to herself partly to Martha:

"Whoever see sich men folks? They think a woman can git along any way, no matter how. Here is I'll dinner to git, them starch clothes to iron, pies to make, cheese room to clean, and many knows what, I don't. Yes, and there's the donation party to the parsonage tonight. Was ever a woman so put it to know what to do first? I never was. Wal, I sha'nt go to the party, that's one sure thing."

"Why, mother, of course you'll go."

"Of course I sha'nt go! I've got something else to do beside going skylarking round nights. There will be enough on 'em without me. Let them go that hain't got so much to do as I have. Here, Martha, you go into the shed, and behind the door git me some nails, and out on the wood pile and fetch me the hatchet, and I'll see what I can do."

All things now ready, Mrs. Stutson with hatchet, nails and beef in hand, started for the cellar, stopping on the top stair to tell Martha to "be sure and wash the greens clean, and not be a-gaping out the winder to Tom Ryder."

Thomas Ryder was the son of a neighboring farmer, who had at sundry times shown Martha Ann some attention at apple bees and candy pulls; these incidents being sufficient to impress the mother with the great responsibility which devolved upon her to keep a watchful eye upon Martha, lest Tom, whom she deemed unworthy, the prize, should rob them of their precious treasure.

On reaching the cellar she found a suitable place over the pork barrel, where to hang the beef would be out of the way of rats, and "ye all handy to get at," as she afterward told Mr. Stutson. Having armed herself with hatchet and nails, she mounted the barrel and prepared to drive the first nail, when the barrel cover, and splash she went—into what?

It seemed like Giles and Jabe had been there before her, and in getting out some cider barrels, had changed things about in such a manner that the barrel of soft soap stood where the pork should have, and into in her haste, and noting the change, had

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIDE IRON BITTERS

TUTT'S PILLS

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

NO. 18 BOWLEY'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Maryland.

THE SOLIOTT

$200,000

University of Virginia

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

CUT RATES!

ACME HALL,

The Class in Fashion,

Miscellaneous.

THE RIVAL WIDOWS.

She was a very pretty little widow, and though nearly forty, with a complexion as fresh as though she had been fifteen years younger, and suit of a lovely golden yellow, disposed about her head in a series of curls, which was simply ravishing.

She was seriously sick of it, for she never passed a mirror without glancing at it, and if there happened to be any distortion or discolorings, she would hasten to her room to remedy it.

At least so Mrs. Langley said; but then some of the ladies whispered among themselves that Mrs. Langley, the tall, handsome, dignified wife of Col. Langley, of Belton.

There were but two or three unmarried men at the "Lake Hotel" or as age ruled out them late widows, and of these the major was by far the most important.

Time and again had he presented smitten with the charms of some fair lady, and time and again draw back just on the fact was becoming patent to lookers on.

This time, however, the major was undeniably smitten. Some said that he was in love with the golden locks of the blonde widow, while others insisted that the dark eyes of Mrs. Langley had won him captive.

The major himself was evidently undecided upon the subject, being alternately in attendance on one or the other.

And so the two ladies, beneath a surface of extreme politeness, were at daggers drawn with each other. The brunette widow was certain that [illegible] she could bring the major to her feet with little trouble.

So she was thinking, as with her little pet dog beside her, she reclined upon her lounge at the time of her afternoon's siesta.

The day was warm, and the doors of all the ladies' apartments opening upon the corridor were ajar. Most of the fair inmates were taking the beauty sleep.

"Lie still, Puck," she said, as the silky little spaniel awoke from his nap and became restless.

Puck submitted for a few minutes, and then noiselessly sliding to the floor, slipped out into the passage and sought amusement in his own way.

It was the dog that woke her. There he was, dying about and round the room, dragging after him what looked like, yes, most decidedly like the skirt of Mrs. Belton's.

Mrs. Langley sprang up, for no other lady at the hotel had precisely that shade and color of hair. It was—good heavens! It was a wig!

Here was a discovery, indeed! And a light of mingled surprise, amusement, and triumph sparkled in the eyes of the handsome brunette as she surveyed the unexpected prize.

Then, with the wig in her hand, she softly glided into the passage, paused outside Mrs. Belton's door, and took a cautious peep within.

There reclined the fair, plump, little widow herself, fair still, though her snowy complexion and delicate features were set off by only a thin mist of short golden hair, which, if twisted all together, would not have made a strand as large as her little finger.

Mrs. Langley gently tossed the ruined wig upon the floor, and retiring to her own room, closed the door securely on Puck.

Mrs. Belton did not come down to tea though her aunt did. The old lady seemed considerably upset, and glanced suspiciously round upon the faces of the ladies.

But all looked so innocent, and all—especially Mrs. Langley—inquired so naturally as to the cause of her niece's absence that her doubts were quieted. They should know nothing about it.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and there was music and dancing in the saloon, and promenading on the lake terrace.

Mrs. Belton, listened to the music, grew tired of staying in her own room. She could not possibly show herself in public for a day or two, in which time she might have her wig restored to its normal condition.

Why, indeed, should she not take advantage of the moonlight obscurity to enjoy herself as she might be permitted?

Mrs. Langley stared, and the major brightened, as they saw her step upon the terrace. Her face was shaded by the folds of a silk scarf, in which, failing to her shoulders, entirely concealed her head. Thus, you said, she must protect herself from the dews and the breezes.

They were all seated in a group when Mrs. Langley said:

"Did you ever see the Indian scarf dance, Mrs. Gaylord?"

Mrs. Gaylord had not, and the major begged a description of it.

"I would show it to you if I had a shawl," said Mrs. Belton, should be glad enough to lend me here for a moment."

The blonde widow colored in the moonlight, and murmured something about taking cold.

"You could not possibly take cold in this Summer air, and you shall have my zephyr," said Mrs. Langley, with her sweetest and most persuasive smile.

What could Mrs. Belton do? How could she refuse with the eyes of every one fixed and especially the major's upon her? It would look a little as though she were afraid.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon her. She would let the wig fall, and thus ruin at one fell swoop the rival. She saw it all in a moment; her secret had been discovered, and to-morrow, without doubt, it would be known.

For an instant her hopes failed her, but then she rallied herself to the occasion.

"I am very sorry that I cannot let you have the scarf," she said, in a voice which faltered despite herself.

"Why, Mrs. Belton, I thought you and I were friends," said Mrs. Langley, with an air of innocent surprise.

"Because—I do not want to say; after all—because I have put my wig on."

"Really, indeed Mrs. Belton, I do not see how that can affect the matter. Of course I shall have to make a clean breast of it, and tell the major and the others that the latter part of your costume is a—a—Langley?—got holder of my wig this evening, and has completely spoiled it. Just see how it is all—"

The major turned his eyes upon her with a sudden and glad surprise.

"Do you wear a wig, madam?" he said. "How delightful! I am so fond of a lady who wears one herself! Why, I would have married long ago but for the haunting fear of shocking my bride with the discovery of my baldness."

Then there was a tableau! Mrs. Belton, or locket deliberately and Mrs. Langley's face [illegible] she turned away.

"Light my cigar, major," said Mrs. Langley, in a voice [illegible] has never grown again. "Mrs. Belton, you [illegible] you accept my escort?"

When the company broke up at the "Lake Hotel," it was perfectly well known who were engaged.

And it was all Puck's doing.

YOUNG AMERICA IN LOVE WITH TOBACCO.

The following has been condensed from an article published in the "Independent," New York City:

If, today, a census could be taken of all boys who smoke, it would surprise, and might well distress our American people. For it is one of the facts that has to do with the real, moral and political degeneracy. To-bacco has no doubtful position in the list of toxics. While it is admitted that, in those full-grown, its effect may be temporary, and that a toleration of it is established, yet so pronounced in its effect upon the nervous system that there is no hesitation in condemning it for children. It is a notable fact that the attention of the American, German, and French Governments has been directed thereto in the interests of those who are in the service for their respective Governments.

Special observations on the effects of tobacco on thirty-eight boys, from nine to fifteen years old, have recently been made by Dr. G. Decaisne, a French physician. With twenty-two of the boys there was no distinct disturbance of the circulation, with palpitation of the heart, deficiencies of digestion, sluggishness of the intellect, and a craving for alcoholic stimulants. In thirteen instances on the pulse was intermittent. Analysis of the blood showed, in eight cases, a notable falling off in the normal number of red corpuscles. Twelve boys suffered frequently from bleeding of the nose. The symptoms of agitated sleep and constant nightmare. Four boys had abnormal growths, and one of them contracted consumption. The chief, Dr. Decaisne believed, of the great deterioration of the blood, produced by the prolonged and excessive use of tobacco. The younger children showed the more marked symptoms, and the better fed children were those that suffered least. Eleven of the boys had smoked for six months, eight for one year, and sixteen for more than two years. Out of eleven boys who were induced to cease smoking, six were completely restored to normal health after six months, while the others continued to suffer slightly for a year.

We [illegible] further from the testimony of Dr. Gorgas:

The use of tobacco by youths can never be regarded as moderate. It is generally excessive in the literal sense of the term, but its effects, even when but little indulged in, are those which characterize excess in adults. The depressing effect of tobacco upon growth, by diminishing the forces concerned in their change, its effect upon the heart and pulsation, the disturbance of muscular co-ordinative power, or ability to concentrate the mind upon study, the dyspeptic troubles, impairment of vision, headaches, &c., are conceded by most observers and clearly [illegible] by many of the cases of irritable heart supposed to be induced by gymnastic exercise I believe to be caused by tobacco.

The effect of tobacco on the nervous system of children is often more pronounced than that of alcohol. Indeed the prevalent use of it by children means, not only personal evil, but race deterioration. Of all the unmistakable effect of this habit, that it has not been found difficult in some of our legislatures to pass laws against the sale of tobacco to minors. Besides the direct effect on impaired physical vigor there is another view not enough considered. That power of choice, self-control, self-restraint. Willpower, as it has been named, is the greatest power beneath the sky. The freedom of the will is far more than a theological doctrine. It is the reserve hope of manhood, and not only decides individual character and destiny, but social and national destiny, also. Our most outspoken quarrel with tobacco, as with other stimulants and narcotics is this, that indulged in so early, they so affect the brain and nervous system that habits become dominant and uncontrollable, which end in a general loss of self-mastery.

[illegible] Puck, the true grit of life succumbs to masters that are stronger. The cigarette is one of the most pernicious of [illegible] that has been put in the hands of a man or youth. Many are playing with it who are only aspiring a habit, and who will be, through it, set on [illegible] the down-grade of the sadness [illegible] session of manhood, which shows itself in the individual, or in the descendants in various forms of physical, mental and moral weakness. The peril to American [illegible] and American life from the tobacco habit must not be lost sight of in [illegible] voted to other reforms.

"What song shall I sing for you tonight?" she asked him. "Sing that old Scotch song. I wanna leave the said [illegible] yes, we'd better bide a wee." "Oh George, that is a very ugly song. It suggests [illegible] how I [illegible] it sounds."

It is said that "out of every one hundred and nine female school children, [illegible] every year." How awful it must be for

A Chapter of Household Don'ts.

Don't stand when you can sit just as well.

Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the isinglass in the stove doors?

Don't you know your floor oil cloths can be washed in buttermilk or kerosene?

Don't give little children two languages to learn—first baby talk, then, after [illegible] true pronunciation.

Don't hesitate to place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove; it will clear out the stove-pipe.

Don't throw away the nice woolen stocking when the feet are worn out, but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean and tidy in every nook and corner, but don't be a slave to shining stove and carpet.

Don't do unnecessary work because your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cherish the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air, or know there is an ounce for breathed impure air.

Don't throw away old bustle or hoop skirt, but save them to the corner of kitchen bench, thereby serving a better purpose than being hung by.

Don't flirt dirt from dust-pans of floral time to another and call it dusting, but wipe it up carefully on a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't say "mucky" for milky, "titty" for baby, baby will understand plain English from "birth" as readily as it can baby talk, thereby saving its little feet to stumble.

Don't talk shortness or family troubles to callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't you want to know that roaches can be destroyed by using three or four spoonfuls of kerosene to a watering pot of water, if used every night for a few nights?

The cowboys were drenched with water, but they enjoyed it. The drummer got up and chartered the nearest saloon. Before the moon was down he saw the landlord and the cowboys lying on the floor, and ordering his vehicle he put out post haste to overtake and murder his friend.

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"Are you well?" asked the landlord kindly.

"No!" roared the dramatist.

"Do you think you will have another fit?"

"Fit!" screamed he, "who said I had fits?"

"Why your friend who has gone before said when you gritted your teeth you were going to have a terrible fit."

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