Wide Awake . . . 1889

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The Adventures of David Vane and Mark Cheek. A splendid story, swarming with jolly young Yankee spirits. Opens in a beautiful old "manor house" where the two immortals Davids make up a remarkable way, and play Little Mischief before they're in hand. (A boy-vote serial to read aloud in the family.

(The best of serial boys stories by Margaret Sidney.)

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Good agents wanted everywhere. The magazine, at $2.40, is within the means of everybody in the land. They ought to have it. We want bright young men and women in every neighborhood to show it and take subscriptions. We pay well for this work.

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Five Little Peppers and How They Grew, by Margaret Sidney, will be premised to every one sending a subscription for WIDE AWAKE, 1889, together with the subscription for BABYLAND, 1889, provided THREE DOLLARS is remitted at one time, and sent to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions and postage and packing of books.

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Amelia Rives, Edgar Fawcett, John Habberton, Edgar Fawcett, Captain Charles King, U.S.A., Brander Matthews, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Maurice Thompson, Cuido, and many others will contribute to its pages for 1888. For full announcement of Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia. 25 cents single number. $2.00 per year. Sold by newsdealers generally. Specimen copy sent on receipt of price.

Donation for Churches.

We will make a donation of one gallon of Longman & Martinez Pure Paint out of every eight gallons used on church property.

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Office on Stafford Avenue, opposite the Easton Bank.

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N. O. FITZJARRELL.

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Cor. Washington and Cabinet Streets
Easton, Md.

JOSEPH H. SETH. | ALEXIS A. PASCAULT, ALEXIS G. PASCAULT, General Business Agents and Collectors.

Law, Collection and General Business OFFICE.

Having associated with me in business Mr. Joseph H. Seth, Attorney-at-Law, and my son, Alexis G. Pascault, I am prepared to give attention to all business entrusted to this office, and promise prompt attention to all matters entrusted to us.

ALEXIS A. PASCAULT,
Easton, Md.

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Chas. Dimmock, Hill John street, Baltimore, J. A. Edmondson & Son, Roche & Co., T. W. Levering & Co., R. I. G. Jones & Co., R. G. Keene, all of Baltimore; Gen. E. L. V. Hardcastle, D. D. Gibson, R. H. Dixon, Hon. P. F. Thomas, Dr. J. L. Adkins, Easton.

Jan4,87yr

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PERRY DORSEY.

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Oct. 11, 1887.

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If you want to keep your harness black and pliable call at HENRY & BROTHER'S for Colgate's Harness Soap.

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Successor to R. J. Trippe.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction in price and otherwise.

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nov16,86yr

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Houses rented and rents collected. I have houses for rent at all times.
jan8,88

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GROCERIES
AND
DRY GOODS.

For the best, the cheapest, and the freshest, call at

JAMES T. ROBINSON'S,

at the old stand, Washington street, Easton, opposite the Bayside road.

In fine, coarse, good substantial, and cheap Shoes, for men, women, boys or children, he defies competition.

His stock of groceries is full and cheap.

In domestic dry goods and notions everything will be found as cheap as the cheapest.

Call and see him. He charges nothing to show goods.

A CARD.

To the Editor of The Easton Star:

SIR: Please inform my friends and the public generally, that I am still in the Sewing Machine business, and am selling the well known

Royal St. John Sewing Machine,

which is very simple and light running, and will sew equally as well if run backward as forward. I give with each machine a full set of attachments. I have also taken in connection with it, the

New White Sewing Machine,

which is a favorite among a great many ladies who have seen it in use. It is a very fine made machine, and a very light running one. I can furnish almost any kind or style that may be preferred. I keep a good assortment of needles, and the

BEST OIL FOR SALE.

I make cleaning and repairing Sewing Machines a specialty. If any lady has a machine that won't work right, if she will send for me, I can doctor it so as to make it go; or if she will bring it to my office in Easton, I can put it in complete order.

Very respectfully yours,
H. S. COOPER,
Harrison street, Easton.
aug28,87tf

PURE EXTRACT VANILLA

For flavoring Ice Cream Custards, Puddings, Blanc Mange, Jellies, &c. As we use the best Vanilla Beans in making this extract, families can be sure they are getting it pure and free from Tonca Beans and other impurities For sale by Henry & Brother, opposite the bank.

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Go to Henry & Bro.
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ODONTINE.

An elegant and refreshing Tooth Wash, for cleaning and preserving the teeth and hardening the gums. It imparts to the breath a delightful fragrance. Try it. Prepared and for sale by HENRY & BROTHER, Druggists, opposite the bank.

"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH FROM A YOUNG LADY'S DIARY.

BY GARRISON GREENOUGH.

Dec. 31, 18— Georgeville.



Well we were with a theer, a theer of us.

"Oh, my feet!"

"Stop scolding, Sue!"

"You'll turn me with that quick!"

"Take that for a young man running to overtake all nearly crushed some of the girls as he sprang into the sled.

"Oh, you mean thing!"

Whack, thud, bang! The girls were belaboring the young man with their furs. Then the young man seized a handful of snow and rubs the girls' faces with it till rosy red with mirth, friction and exciltment, each sues for mercy.

The winter twilight was settling at the horizon—so near that it seemed as though we would touch the edge of the sky were we at the summit of the hills that fence this hamlet with their massive sides.

Thud! thud! A prolonged [illegible] we had crossed the wooden bridge that spans Pine run.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

And such snow! City people never see this, "the unsunned snow," flakey, virgin white and clinging. It fell gently though rapidly, as the sleds swung around a curve at an old red mill and our merriment boys dashed up a road [illegible] the business of the mountain side. We were bound for "singin' skewl," eight miles away, and every girl had a "fellow."



BOUND FOR SINGING SCHOOL.

Here at Georgeville, eight miles from even a railroad station, and ten miles from any town of consequence, the country girls call their lovers or escorts their "fellows." The usage is not a local one. Country lads and lasses use it everywhere and thereby show greater familiarity with Webster than their city sisters who say "beau."

But, oh! These girls!

The good, old-fashioned kind are these girls;—Fun-loving, rosy and bright. Not many of them are "accomplished," but all are educated in a way that is foreign to most girls of great cities. Their pretty heads are as full of current fashion and classic lore, but when every day information is needed—pop it comes. Then the girls of this section do more work than those of many other states. Penny's damsels hereabouts milk the cows, as an example, something New York state girls vow they won't do, and they don't.

Then these girls make the butter their families use, bake, sew, wash, iron, take care of the baby, make beds, sweep, dust, play the cabinet organ and go to singing school and revivals of religion. In the winter they walk perhaps two or three miles to school and walk back at night. But they do much of the work at home just the same, notwithstanding the discomforts and fatigue of morning and evening tramps, sometimes through unbroken snow. Soon they have mastered the mysteries of a common school education, have a year or two at some boarding-school, then marry and settle down, the mistress of a big farm and to be the mother of many children similarly reared.

And some of these young men might make the hearts of city belles flutter. Hardy, well-informed fellows they are hereabouts making up in broad knowledge of serious, local, state and national affairs for the lack of information they have about the great outside world of fashion, folly and dissipation. The city is far, far away to all these young people. Once a year somebody makes up a club for the weekly edition of some one of the city papers, and as the editors of the weeklies seem to think the countryman is mainly interested in somebody's heandry, or his ways to grow grapes or knit socks, general information about city ways is not common.

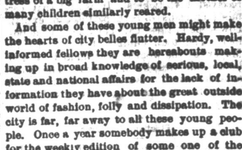
The only customer for a daily paper is the merchant who keeps the postoffice at his store in a village two miles away. It is two or three days old when it reaches him.

Most of these good people are a unit in believing, however, that New York is a bad, a very bad place, and as I have the misfortune to hail from Gotham, some of them are a little suspicious that I must be bad too, for they have heard that in New York some of the church members dance, that they go to balls, at least, and that many women who claim to be respectable drink wine; that some even allow wine at their tables; that women go about the streets leading little dogs with strings; that men are dressed up like grandees, with brass buttons on their coats and silk hats on their heads, only to haul other men around; that human beings die in miserable hovels for want of food; that people won't eat at the same table with their help; that some people pay as much as 25 cents for a cigar and smoke two or three dollars worth of them a day; that actresses dance in the theaters naked; that there are women too lazy to work; that thousands of people really rent houses to live in and pay ridiculously high prices for the use of them; that some do not even have houses but must rent apartments and so on.

Dear, good democratic people are these, the kind that made this great western world what it is.

On we flew. Who cared that the air was sharp or the falling snow damp when blankets and robes were plenty and when, in a nest of long, golden straw each "fellow" could sit close to a pretty mate.

The girl with the driver struck up a sleighing song and everybody sang. The sopranos and tenors were clear, the altos and basses, mellow and full. How people on Broadway would stare, yet how they would listen, I thought, were we to sweep down that thoroughfare singing the chorus of the piece. How some of the choir men would envy the round chest notes of our basses, thundering out "jing" with a "crash" mark as the girls rest in the last measure and the third from the last.



THE CHORUS.

Many more things we sang, merry glees and tuneful anthems, ringing revival choruses and solemn chorals.

The sleighing was splendid and the snow had ceased to fall before we were half way to our destination. Before and behind in the country roads we sighted other sleighs and sled loads of young people, shouting, singing and laughing, all bound for the singing school.

Nearly every church in this section has its singing school in winter, a rosy-faced, demure, little woman at my side said.

Well, the others of the party called her, and I had ventured a few "Miss Nellie's" in addressing her. If there are such girls in New York a poor clerk on $1,500 a year like myself is never brought in contact with them, and I suppose New York cannot be much unlike other large cities in that respect.

"Down in New York, I suppose they don't have singing schools or revivals," Nellie said to me with a shy glance.

I was quite sure about it, but as a general thing revivals did not attract much attention and people learned to sing in other ways than in singing schools as conducted in the country, I said.

Then she wanted to know how the young people in the city amused themselves and I tried to tell her.

"How unhappy you must all be," the maiden remarked compassionately.

I agreed with her. The metropolis will henceforth seem very dull to an ever-going fellow like myself who must soon be spoken of as an old bachelor.

This south-eastern portion of Venango county is a singular section of country.

Only about twelve miles north-west is Oil Creek, where the Indians first discovered petroleum, and a little farther away is the place where Drake sunk the first drill for oil. Along nearly the entire north and south and east lines of old Venango, oil has been found in large quantities at some time in the history of the southern oil fields of Pennsylvania, yet here, within an average radius of seven or eight miles, though surrounded with derricks, petroleum has not been discovered in quantities worth the cost of operating wells.

Oil operators have sunk well after well in different parts of this apparently promising region, but without success. They talk about the vagaries of "belts," "strata," "quality of sand," and so on, but keep on trying to find hidden springs of oleaginous wealth that may be hidden in this magic circle.

No doubt, dollars by the million have been spent hereabouts by oil men. Some day there may be a sudden find and—presto! A city will stand in this hamlet of four or five buildings in a hollow. The red grist mill and its little old-fashioned saw mill annex may be swept away in a day and the rosy, romping girls of the neighborhood may marry the New Yorkers, the Chicago fellows, Philadelphians



AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

and Bostonese who throng the realms of King Oil everywhere. The merry, flour-covered miller—the best fiddler and story-teller of the neighborhood—he too may disappear from his post—a loss to all the country round. He it is who directs the passer-by to East Sandy, to Edenburg, to Emlenton, who gives many a traveler a meal and feeds his horse if his appearance be pleasing, seating his guest at the family table and scorning payment for the hospitality.

But the singing-school. We were there, only too soon.

Our sled dashed by a few houses and a store at a cross-roads and stopped at the steps of a big white barn-like wooden church. The bright light from scores of lamps within shone from the windows and illumined the snow. Out we sprang. The horses were tied with many others in the grove near by, and blanketed. Other parties were arriving, but stiffened with cold we sought the interior of the building and reserved the share of badinage due the new arrivals and the people on the steps for another time.

Huge cylindrical stoves, cherry red far up the pipes, stood near aisles at each side of the house and around each clustered young men and old, maidens, wives and widows, swimming themselves after long rides in the chill air. Others were scattered about the house.

The pews are high-backed, white, cushionless. Two long aisles run from one end of the building to the other, connecting an open space in front of the pulpit, also painted white, with the two doors. The open space and the floor behind the pulpit is carpeted and heavy matting is laid in the aisles.

There is no great organ in gold and green, not even a cabinet organ.

A big Bible with a red marker prominently displayed and a hymn book without a marker lay on the pulpit. The building is lighted by chandeliers with kerosene lamps on them. Cheap, light yellow shades hung at the windows.

The teacher of the class moves around, shaking hands with or bowing to his pupils. A natty looking little man he is, neatly dressed in black, with hair that flaunts on the breeze, even as Anton Seidl's locks are wont to do.

But in this case probably his suits similarity does not make a Seidl. A busy little fellow this teacher is though, riding long distances daily to meet his classes at the country churches and school houses.

Usually these teachers have a class for each night of the week and their keep is included in their pay for their "board 'round." For a term of twelve weeks, one evening a week, they are paid $40 to $50, so that if their time is fully occupied, they make $3½ or $25 a week, which is considered wonderful pay. Few of them have any information to impart except a knowledge of musical notation, though hereabouts most of the young folks have been pretty thoroughly drilled in light chorus singing at some time.

The young people laugh, flirt and ogle, skipping about the aisles to greet each other. The aisles are full and many of the seats occupied.

Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat!

The teacher made a startling, hollow noise by tapping the stove-pipe with a pencil. The company took seats, sopranos, altos, tenors, basses, each after his kind.

We will sing from page one hundred and two," said the teacher. Soon all had the place.

Teacher—What is the signature of this piece?
Pupils—One sharp.
Teacher—What key does that indicate?
Pupils—The key of G.
Teacher—Where do we find Do in this key, treble clef?
Pupils—Second line of the staff.
Teacher—Where do we find Do in this key, base clef?
Pupils—First line, fourth space.
Teacher—What kind of time is the piece written in?
Pupils—Sextuple.
Teacher—Starting with what beat?
Pupils—Downward.

Then pupils of each division in the class stated what the starting syllable in their lines of the score was, the teacher drew the bow across his violin to get the pitch, and sang "Do," the keynote, or G.



"CHORD."

"Chord," he said.

The class struck up the chord as written for the several parts.

"All beat the time, please," said the teacher; "down, up, down, sing."

Off went the voices in the very sleighing song we had been singing on the way to the school, but fa-soling it. Then they sang the words, the teacher playing the melody on his violin, the pupils beating time with their hands.

Other pieces were sung in the same way, and it finally dawned upon me that none of the singers had been taught to drop the "Do, Re, Mi's" and sing words without, in this way learning their parts, when of course the words were sung by rote. Every selection, though it be "Old Hundred," must be fa-so



HOMEWARD BOUND.

this Christmas vacation. Would that I could have one such every year. Perhaps, dear diary, an interest in the red-hooded, cherry-cheeked witch at my side in that sled may be one cause for the length at which I am writing tonight.

I suppose these folks are all "provincial." Perhaps this is not so grave an offence after all and perhaps the alleged progress of civilization is a farce. Thriftless, helpless insanity and consumption of dog to the detriment of baby and of club to the ties of home may be better than provincialism, but I doubt it.

Be these things as they may, if a young fellow like myself were to think of marrying a bright, cheerful little mate, who must help him on in the world, and help children to success in life, where could he find her but in the "provinces?"

En Route, Night, Dec. 24.

OW, queer the people look! Jostling, struggling impatient crowds have surged through the store all day, and the gladness that is supposed to come with Christmas did not show itself on a single face. The women are fretful, the men cross and everybody dyspeptic looking, all either hard to please or in a hurry. One cannot imagine how even the prettiest of these girls can be jolly, and affectation shows itself so plainly in their conversation that one wonders how a thousand accomplishments could make them attractive.

Many drop into French with each other, but really their pronunciation is atrocious as a rule. Then some are "English you know," and most of them anything but their own natural selves.

American girls, these? Hardly, it seems to me, for there is no trace of that healthful, sturdy independence and unique nobility that the historians are wont to ascribe to the founders of a certain great republic, nor the vigor of middle class citizenship the world over. Cosmopolitan? Well, perhaps that is it, but if so cosmopolites have not plucked the sweetest flowers from the garden of the universe.

I had a cheap seat at the opera a few nights ago.

The great orchestra conquered me. I closed my eyes, every emotion wooed and won by weird and dreamy harmonies. The talk, clatter and buzz about me was only the background of the picture, and on which my senses eyes would not dwell. The violins were twittering, joyous-throated birds by and by, and the oboes, clarinets and flutes carried me to downy lees by purling brooks and flower-lined and perfumed paths. Mellow-voiced horns sang to me of forest shades, solitude and dreamy peace. Voices there were in my dream, warm, sympathetic contraltos and pure, resonant sopranos; the ponderous basses throbbed with a power that might shake the earth if unburdened, it seemed to me. And people flitted about the streams, groves and meadows, broad-browed, timid-eyed, gentle-voiced women and sturdy men, giant-framed but soulful. Then the music changed and oh, horrors, with roll of drum and shrill-toned trumpet I was brought back to the city, the place, and our highest civilization again!

Diamond-decked beauty filled the boxes. Glinting arms and pulsing, sensuous busts—wanton pictures framed in all the gorgeousness known to costumer's art—the hectic flush of excitement, the covert sneer of cynicism, the unabashed air, the bold stare and self-approving shrug; all were marshalled before me, lascivious statues of monuments to virtue. There were wide expanses of shirt front, too, trembling hands and sallow, peevish faces with them. Oh hot-bed civilization, can you ask how comes the evolution of the dude?

Then you know, dear diary, that I was at a ball given by some of my fellow employes not long ago.

Its impressions come back to me again. The girls were of our great middle class, most of them bread-winners and workers in their way, independent, bold, quick at repartee, fond of any form of excitement that laps a trifle on dissipation, and of every aping notion in dress that presumably lifts the wearer above her real circumstances in life to that of her bold and bejewelled sister who lolls in the sixty-dollar-a-night opera box. And the men? High-flyers every one of them whose highest measurement of the obligations of life is to while away each fleeting moment as lightly as they may without a thought of the morrow.

A little further down in the scale and we find communism, anarchy and the bitterest enmity toward law and organized society. Are cities pills for the destruction of the race or can man return to nature again to find the flaming sword removed from its place in the garden?

How I have been writing! Did all these thoughts come with me from the country, I wonder?

Our ways would be strange indeed to those girls far away at Georgeville, where woman's ambition and man's is laid on old-fashioned lines. What would they think of young men and women here who regard their highest obligations to the race with loathing and fall fawning on the neck of Mammon to reap the whirlwind in the folly of fashion's temples.

Little Nell! What would she think of all this? Diary, I would give anything to know.

Our Cottage, Christmas Day, 188—.

Nell knows all about these thoughts now, for I unearthed this old diary today and have read to her all the thoughts started by my Georgeville vacation. We have been married two years and have one of the finest boy babies alive. Our cottage is not pretentious, but to see it any one would know that an old-fashioned American girl is its mistress, one of the sort that don't require a rich husband to make her happy. I am still a clerk and may continue to be one all my days, but nothing can convince me that any other Christmas gift the world can give equals in value true wife, true love, true home.

But as my Christmas gift and I look at society from the peace and quiet of this Jersey cottage we agree that it is not strange that some people say, "Is marriage a failure?" When life has no higher ambition than folly, dissipation and the violation of nature's laws, serious discussion of the dissolution of society is timely.

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The Easton Brick and Tile Yard is now fitted up with all the modern and most approved appliances for the manufacture of Brick and Tile. It has capacity to fill promptly and satisfactorily the largest and heaviest orders, whether from home or abroad. The products of this yard have now been in the market for years, and the constantly increasing demand for them throughout Talbot and adjacent counties and the fact that a customer made is a customer kept, is proof of their superior quality.

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1888 [illegible] 16th.

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C. R. LEONARD & BRO.,
Office in same room with R. B. Dixon, on Dover street, Easton. [oct25,81.

Notice to Travelers.

The omnibusses of the subscriber run regularly from the hotels in Easton to the cars and steamboats, to convey passengers to any place they may desire to go. Passengers at private residences called for at any hour by leaving word at my office, on Railroad Avenue. Hearses and carriages for hire at all times at reasonable rates. They will always be found in good and careful order. Careful drivers constantly employed. Horses shod by an experienced hand. Orders solicited.

LUTHER W. COVEY.
Easton, March 26th, 1879.

Livery & Exchange.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, next door to the Easton Star office, informs the public that he now has the Brick Hotel Stables, near his office, and continues to give strict attention to feeding and grooming horses. He has several teams for hire and every facility for transporting travelers to any section of this or adjoining counties. He hopes by strict attention to business, and good care of horses to merit a continuance of the public patronage.

mar1,81

FOR SALE.

HORSES and MULES.

The subscriber has for sale at his stables in Easton, a splendid lot of Western

HORSES AND MULES,

bought especially to suit the wants of Eastern Shore farmers.

Call and see them. If I can't suit you in price, you need not buy.

SOLOMON PIPPIN.
Easton, Md., April 17, 1886.

BLACKSMITHING.

Having built a first class Blacksmith shop on Federal street, Easton, opposite the stables of Mr. Solomon Pippin, and stocked it with all the necessary tools, I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing in the best manner and at reasonable rates.

HORSE SHOEING.

I have just secured the services of a first-class city horse shoer, and using none but my own hand-made work, will guarantee all work done in this line, as I intend to make it the special feature of my business.

I would like to see all my old friends and customers, and have no doubt they will be satisfied, with any work which they may favor me with. Asking a call, I am the public's obedient servant,

PATRICK RYAN.
sep488

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