THE EASTON STAR.
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 43.

Lumber Business.

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SASH
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
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Headache,
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is a disease of the Liver
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SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,
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apr29-6m

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Easton, April 1st, 1884.

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PREPARED FOR A
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Remember also that we manufacture to order and keep in stock the finest hand made harness, in both double and single sets, that can be found in Easton.

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P. S.—Headquarters for Machine made harness for carriages, wagons or carts. Large line of Trunks at lowest city prices. McHALE & RYAN.

POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English
column failed,
And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch
in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and
flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and
Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barre's wood the English soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve his latest chance to try;
On Fontenoy, Fontenoy! how fast his generals ride,
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast;
Through rampart, trench and palisade and bullets showering fast.
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy! while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude the shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain";
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes."
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes;
How fierce the looks these exiles, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broke ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country's overthrow—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! nor never yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is heard with joy, as halting, fix bayonets! "Charge!" Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands.
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show,
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers foam; like rocks the men behind.
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! Remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead,
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantissin dash in upon their track.
Oh Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Bank Vault Mystery.

One day the directors of the Bank of England were much perplexed and not a little amused when the secretary read to them, at the usual sitting, the following ill-spelt and somewhat curious letter:

Two gentlemin of Bank England: You think yow is all safe hand your bank his safe butt i knows bettur. I bin hinside the bank thee last 2 nite hand yow does nuffin about it. But i um nott a theaf, so hif yeo wil met mee in the grate squar room, werh arl the moneys, at twelf 2 nite ile explain orl to yeow. let ownly wun or too cum down alown, and say nuffin 2 nobuddy.

JON SMIFF.

The letter having been duly read, was, as might be expected, the topic of conversation and suggestion for some little time. Some of the directors thought it was a hoax. Others thought that under the apparently ignorantly written letter a deeper mystery was hidden; but all agreed that the safest way was to put the letter with proper instruction in the hands of the detectives.

The detectives looked grave. There was a plot at work, they saw; and with their usual penetration they at once penetrated the deepest depths of the inquiry.

There is a very large room under ground, where the huge wealth of the bank is deposited—millions and millions of English sovereigns, bars of gold and hundred weights of silver, with myriads of notes.

The detectives, of course, knew that this room must be the place which the writer of the letter had designated as "the grate squar room." It is full of treasure. The floor is of solid stone pavement, and its walls, roof and door are of wrought iron and steel.

All night long detectives were secreted in the room, but they saw nothing and heard nothing, with the exception that some said they heard, between one and two o'clock, a strange noise that they could not account for.

The next night was the same, and the next and the next; and when the board day of the bank came round few of the directors would have treated the affair as an idle attempt to frighten them had not their attention been more strongly called to the subject by the following incident:

A heavy chest had been forwarded addressed to the "Directors of the Bank of England." The chest was of course opened before them at once—such a thing being very unusual—and found to contain a large packet of most valuable papers and securities, which had been safely deposited in the vault. With them was the following letter:

To the Directors of the Bank of England:

GENTLEMEN:—My husband, who is an honest man, wrote to you last week and told you that he had found a way—which he believes is only known to himself—of getting into your strong room, and offered if you would meet him there at night to explain the whole matter. He had never taken anything from that room except the luckiest box. You set detectives upon him and he took the box to show that he could go there, whenever might watch, if he chose. He gives you another chance. Let a few gentlemen be in the room alone, guard the door and make everything secure and my husband will meet you there at midnight.

Yours respectfully,
ELLEN SMITH.

This letter was more mysterious than the last. The only thing that was evident was that the writer, "Ellen Smith," was a better scholar than her husband, who styled himself "Jon Smiff."

The detectives were shown the letter and acted accordingly. Of course they were posted in the room.

In the morning they told a strange story. They said they saw a light at about 12 o'clock. It seemed to come from a dark lantern, but when they ran to the spot from whence the light proceeded it went out, and the strictest search had discovered nothing.

The bank officials became alarmed. They, however, agreed to do what perhaps would have been wiser if done at first—to depute a few of their number to visit the vault alone. So it was arranged that three gentlemen should remain in the strong room all night, and that no one else should be with them.

Every suitable precaution was taken when night came. The sentinel paced up and down outside; the detectives were not far off; and, after the most vigorous search had been instituted, the gentlemen were locked in.

At last one of them, who paced the floor rather impatiently, beginning to think that perhaps, after all, it was only a clever trick, cried out:

"You ghost, you secret visitor, you midnight thief, come out! There is no one here but two gentlemen and myself. If you are afraid, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that the police are not here. Come out, I say."

It was more in jest than in earnest that Major C., for he was a military man, shouted out the absurd speech; for, as we have said, he had begun to suspect that, after all, some practical joke was being adroitly carried on, as had more than once before been perpetrated, and he did not much like being victimized himself.

His surprise and astonishment, however, was great, when, in reply, he heard a strange voice saying:

"If you have kept your word I will keep mine. Put out your light, for I've one, and then I'll come."

The Major and his fellow-directors did not like putting out their light [illegible] they were no cowards, and after some demur it was done.

Where the voice came from, however, was a mystery, for there were no hiding places in the room, every side being of thick, many plated iron and steel. The ceiling was also of the same material.

When the light was out they waited in silence, while the Major grasped firmly in one hand a revolver and in the other held the lantern and a few matches. For a little while a low, grating sound was heard, and then a voice, evidently that of some one in the room, said:

"Are you three alone, sure?"

The major, who cared for nothing in bodily form, struck a match, and instantly a crash was heard, and a low, smothered laugh. When the match was lighted, nothing could be detected. No one was there.

Again the Major called upon the mysterious somebody to come forth, and again a voice was heard saying:

"How can I trust you now?"

The Major was angry and his companions alarmed, and after trying in vain to trace the point whence the voice proceeded, he exclaimed:

"Well, we'll put out the light again; only come quickly and put an end to this bother."

So saying he put out the light again.

A moment or two after the same grating sound was heard, then the falling of some heavy body, and the next instant a man was visible standing in the middle of the vault with a dark lantern in his hand.

Of course he came from somewhere, but the puzzle was how? A ghost could not have entered more mysteriously.

The man soon spoke for himself, and the directors, who were still at a loss to explain his presence there, listened in astonishment.

It appeared that he was a poor man and obtained a precarious living in a strange way. When the tide is low, it is the custom of a certain class of men, unknown to refined society, to enter the sewers to search for any article of value which may have been washed down into them. It is a very dangerous task, and, of course, revolting in the extreme, but they not infrequently find very precious things in the filth. This man was one of those strange adventurers.

One night he had discovered an opening leading to some place above. There was a large square stone, which he found could be easily raised. He listened for some time, and finding all was silent, lifted up the stone without much difficulty, and found, after little investigation by the light of his lantern, that he was in the strong room of a bank.

These men, like miners, can readily determine the exact spot of ground under which they are, and he soon had a clew to the whole mystery. He told his wife, who was a woman of superior education to his own, of the whole affair, and he then wrote, as we have seen, to the directors.

Down in the sewer he was able to hear all their movements as well as if above ground, and thus was not only able to know their plans, but to frustrate them, and of course could watch his time to remove the small but valuable box, to leave the letters on the table, and to appear so mysteriously.

No one had thought of looking to the stone pavement, which was supposed to be solid and immovable, as it was known that there were no vaults below, although the iron walls and doors had been carefully tested. The mystery was now cleared up and the man well rewarded.

A man in Liverpool has been sentenced to a week's imprisonment for having bought an another man's wife for a glass of beer. The punishment was merited. If a wife isn't worth two glasses of beer, she isn't worth anything.

A SERIOUS JOKE.

How the Performance in a Circus was Interrupted.

A short time ago, at a circus performance in Arkansas, the conventional drunken man who goes into the ring and wants to ride that "hoss" played his part a little finer than he intended.

Sitting near the ring were a couple of men from "away over the creek." They were perfectly wrapped up in the entertainment, and were very much annoyed when the drunken fellow interrupted the performance.

"I want you to go right away," the ring-master said. "You are interrupting our show."

"Wanter ride that hoss."

"You can't ride. You're too drunk."

"Here," said the clown, assuming a serious air, "I want you to leave."

"Wanter ride that hoss."

"It's as much as you can do to walk, and you can't ride that spirited animal. We paid for the privilege of showing here, and intend to give a good show, but if you keep on interrupting us we can't do anything."

"He's the blamedest fool I ever saw in my life," said one of the men from "away over the creek."

"Yes," his companion replied, "and if he keeps on progickin' around here, I'll show him that I spent my money to see this show, and I don't want ter be cheated outen my rights by a drunk fool. We can see drunk fellers every day, but a show's a show, lemme tell you."

The drunken man fell in front of the horse and came near being run over. The clown seized him and threw him from the ring. He started to go back when one of the creek men jumped up and said:

"No, I'll be blamed if you go back."

The audience thought it was a part of the trick and roared, and the creek man, thinking that his course had received the approval of the crowd, was much encouraged.

"Get away," said the old joker, in an undertone, "this is part of the show."

"Yes, an' it'll be a mighty sorry part for you if you don't git outen here."

"Look out!" and the old joker tried to shove the creek man aside. This was more than the other countryman could endure, and springing up he struck the perpetrator of octegenarian mirth, and his companion seized him and began to drag him out.

The clown and ring-master rushed out and tried to rescue their friend, but the men from over the creek had already stood too much.

The drunken fellow, who was by this time quite sober, had gone beyond the bounds of forgiveness and should be punished. The audience, still regarding the whole affair as a grand, fatherly joke, was almost wild with joy.

"Dinged if you shall pertect sich a fool as this!" and one of the creek men struck the clown in the face and knocked him down.

This was fresh fuel for the fires of fun, and the audience howled and roared, some of the [illegible] master was knocked down with the heavy end of his own whip, and the rest was business-like and practical.

A numbes of the actors rushed to the conflict, and a party of cross-roads boys reinforced the men from over the creek. The fifty-six special constables joined the fray, and after awhile the entire circus outfit, with its tattered canvass and blood-stained men, looked as melancholy as the shank end of a day when a note falls due.

It is not often that an old and well-seasoned joke causes trouble, and the circus manager, tattered and torn as he is, is searching the clown annals of the twilight ages, in hope that he may find a trick old enough for the public.

A HOODOO PUT UPON HIM.

The Experience of a Colored Delegate when at the Cincinnati Convention.

From the Chicago Herald.

"I'se bin to ebry one of dese yer conventions gemmen, and I nebber had no trouble 'cept once in Cincinnati, Ohio. Did any of you uns ever have a hoodoo put on you?" said a dusky delegate from Mississippi to the Republican convention.

One of the delegates scratched his shin on a fire plug, another leaned nervously against a telegraph pole, and all swallowed hard and rolled their eyes.

"Yes, sah; did any of you gemmen ever get a hoodoo put on you? Prob'ly you did, but not like I did in Cincinnati. I was walking 'long de street, thinking, when 'long comes a man with a coffee sack, and jes as I tole yer now, when he comes 'longside of me I hearn a rustle kinder like silk and a cold chill crawled up my back. 'G'way from me!" I tried to yell, but I couldn't open my mouf. My eyes was all covered up and my breff came hard. I tried to raise my arms and hit de feller, but dey hung down like iron. Den he sez to me: 'I've been looking for you dese free weeks. We wants you up to de medicul colligs, and we'll kyarve de liver outen you.' Fo' de good Lawd, but de sweat began to roll offrum me and de har to straighten out so dat de kinks was a snappin', when after a little I got my bref and hollered. Yer orter hern me yell. W hen he seed me hooting dat way he brought out a rabbit's foot and sez he, 'Are you gwine to vote fer Blaine first, last and all de time?' and I sez, 'Golly, marse, if you'll take do hoodoo off I'll vote for Marse Blaine all de time, suah.' Den he took my name and de place where I was boarding and said he would let me go dat time, but dat I'd better be mighty keerful, as de medicul colligs was a-yawning and dey'd slice me up in no time if dey ketched me. Den you orter see me leg it for my boarding-house."

"An' you voted for Blaine?" gasped one of the breathless listeners.

"Voted for Blaine! Voted for Blaine! Hear dat niggan, now, will you, gemmen? Voted for Blaine! When de first ballot was tooken dis chile was a humpin' it on de turnpike more'n a hunnerd miles souf of Cincinnati, boun' for home."

The Husband's Wish.

A case was recorded in a Paris police court a few years ago, where the wife chased her husband, a lion tamer, all around the ring, and compelled him to take refuge in the den of lion despite her taunt of "Coward! coward!" Meanwhile, the husband, cowering between the lions, was growling:

"I wish you were only a tiger, I'd soon teach you."

"Is this seat engaged?" She—"Yes, sir, I am keeping it for a gentleman." He—(bowing politely)—"Madame, he is here." (Sits down.)

How Uncle Ike Stopped a Mob.

"You talk about mobs," said an old fellow at a free lunch counter, the other day, as he blew the foam off a glass of beer, and took a swallow, blowed, and began to spear beef-cheese, and plaster mustard on a piece of rye bread, with a wooden spoon, "that Christmas mob could have been scattered to the four winds in a minute, if anybody had gone about it right."

"How would you have done it, uncle," said an old fellow who came up with a glass of beer, and took a slice of liver sausage, and pealed the skeer off with his teeth, all the time wishing at the other boys, as though they could hear something that would make their hair stand.

"Did you ever have any experience with a mob, uncle?"

"Experience! Well, I should remark," said the old man, as he tried to corner a slippery slice of boned pig's feet in a plate filled with calves' foot jelly. "I paralyzed a mob once, and they went away in a panic."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Ike," said one of the boys, "and here, Bismarck, eight more beers, and take that cheese to the morgue. How was it, uncle?"

"Well, you see I was a deputy sheriff where I lived east, and one day I had a man in jail on a charge of horse stealing. It was at a time when a horse was considered of more value than a human life, the way it is out west nowadays, in some places.

"The man was found on the horse, and when we had him in jail and it got noised around the neighborhood, the people began to come into town from all directions.

"They used to drink Medford rum in them days, just like water, and after the crowd had got pretty full they moved on the jail, and demanded the prisoner.

"I went to a winder and told them they couldn't have him. Says I, 'condemn you, I have rode more than forty miles to get this horse thief, and I want to board him a spell, and get some fees out of his trial.'

"They told me to go and soak my feet, and all that, and they prepared to batter down the jail. They got a long stick of timber and about a hundred of them took it and started for the jail door. I knew if that stick ever struck that door it would go clear through the jail into the next street, and I tell you I was scared.

"My hair raised right up. There they come, mad, and drunk with excitement and Medford rum. They were my neighbors, and I didn't want to shoot them, because every one of them was worth more to society than forty horse thieves, and I stood there trembling. In two minutes more the stick of timber would telescope the premises, and knock my wife and the cook stove out of the back kitchen, and the gang would come in and hang that horse thief in a minute.

"All of a sudden I seemed to be inspired. I was a class leader in the church, and when I got up to say anything I could clear the house quicker than wink. Somehow nobody ever wanted to hear me talk, and I says to myself here is a chance to use my talent. Every man has a talent, if he knows what it is. Mine was talking people out of church.

"So I went out on the steps of the jail, as the mob was coming with the stick of timber on a run, and yelling like Indians. I took off my hat and as the leaders got within a few feet of me, I raised my hand and said, 'One moment, brethren, if you please, before the purceedis's goes any further. I want to make just one remark.'

"The fellows begun to hold back on that stick of timber, and in a second they had all stopped, and there they stood holding it, the front end within six feet of me. They all looked solemn, and only one spoke.

"'What is it, Uncle Ike,' said he, 'and don't keep the purcession waiting.'

"I said, 'brethren and sisters, in order to defray the necessary expenses of this meetin' it will be necessary to take up a collection, and I will now pass the hat,' and I took my hat and walked down the steps and began holding it out.

"Well, you ought to have seen that mob. They dropped the stick of timber and began walking away, looking sway off, as though they didn't see me.

"It had such a pious look to see me with my head bared to the wind, passing the hat for a collection, and reminded them so much of the church where we had often met under similar circumstances, that the murder in their hearts was turned to a desire to get away from that hat, and in a few moments I was alone with my prisoner.

"I did'nt get any money in my hat, but I cut a cord and a half of four foot wood out of that stick of timber that the mob left.

"Yes, sir, if some deacon in Cincinnati, Deacon Richard Smith or young Mr. McLean, had gone to that mob and prepared to take up a collection, that mob would have had its spirit broken, and many valuable lives would have been saved. But I can't be everywhere, to protect prisoners, you know that as well as I do."

There was a silence for a moment in the saloon, when one of the men said:

"Uncle Ike, there is a suspicion on the part of this crowd that you are an old liar, and that you never drove a mob away by passing a hat."

"You don't believe it? Call me a liar? Why, by jingo, I can demonstrate to you that a mob can be dispersed in that way. For instance, now I will pass the hat here, and take up a collection among ourselves to pay for this beer I have ordered," and the old man took off his old plug hat, when every man got up and left.

"It works every time," said the old man, as he put on his hat and went to the bar to have the beer put on the slate.

"More people ought to know the power there is in passing a hat to take up a collection."

A Man, a Dog and a Mule.

A North Carolina wagoner sold his dog to a Laurens county man the other day for a half a barrel of sorghum syrup. The dog, however, refused to be sold, and took refuge under the wagon.

The Laurens county man crawled after him with a piece of meat in one hand and a rope in the other.

Although there were several spectators of the scene that ensued, it is difficult to get at the facts. All agree that there was a scuffle under the wagon, accompanied by yelps and yells; but no one is willing to affirm that the man had the dog or the dog had the man.

Finally, the dog, as it would seem, brushed up against the hind legs of the mule, and then all was still.

It is not certain what killed the dog. One of the spectators said he thought he heard a trace-chain rattle, but when he went around to examine the mule it was asleep.

The man had lost his hat, his coat and the greater part of his trousers, and subsequent examination proved that the dog had died with one ear and a handful of hair in his mouth.

"I shan't be gone long," remarked Juniper as he left the house the other evening. "Not going anywhere in particular; only going out to take the air." "Be careful that you do not come in air-tight," was the injunction of Mrs. J., whose knowledge of Juniper's failing had not begotten confidence.

The latest sweet thing in cradles—The new baby.