The Easton Star.

T. L. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if not in Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1885. | VOL. XX.—NO. 44.

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FROM THE SON: "31 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 20, 1884.

"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from flesh-ule, and his inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

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has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show itself in the form of a scrofulous sore on the leg, which for five years, at times, I thought would cost me my life. Three years ago it broke out afresh, and I was induced to try your Sarsaparilla. The sore healed up, and he has remained free from it ever since. There are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, N. M. PHILLIPS."

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Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 70 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have been tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1884. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

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Smith's Tonic Syrup

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Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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June 16, '85. tf

POETRY.

WHAT THEY HAD DONE.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim and rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood,
Said the glass of wine to its pale brother:
"Let us tell the tale of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch till they cursed the birth
Where I was a King, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth to sip a taste
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I lifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better from knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and the paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Parted in Anger.

"Agnes, you silly little wife, you are not really out of temper about such a trifle! Look up and laugh, or I shall think you are pouting in earnest."

The young husband of two months' standing put his hand under his wife's chin, as he spoke, and strove to raise the pretty face that was hiding its charms under a frown. But Agnes Ray shook off the loving hand, and turned away coldly.

"You may call it out of temper or pouting, which ever you choose," said she, "but I am annoyed with you, and don't feel at all inclined to laugh. You promised to take me to the Morrises' ball; and now, when I have been looking forward to it and preparing my dress, and promised myself several dances, you say you cannot go because your father is ill. He is no worse than he has been, and will probably linger on in this state month after month. Do you suppose I am not to go out all through the winter?"

"I don't know, dear Agnes," replied her husband gravely. "I hope my father may get better soon, but at present he is in a very precarious state, and I could not with propriety go to this ball, or let you go. But can you not make yourself happy at home with me, so early after marriage, my darling? You used to say you preferred a quiet evening with me to any ball, and you see nothing of me all day. Will you give me a kiss before I go?"

"Nonsense, Edmund! I never expected you to be so unkind," retorted Agnes, angrily. "I had better have stayed with papa who never refused me any pleasure, than have married to be tyrannized over like this. I wish I hadn't married."

Edmund Ray's pleasant, good looking face darkened with pain and annoyance at his wife's fretful, angry words, and he struggled to regain his temper before he answered her.

"You are saying what you do not mean, Agnes," he said, coldly, "and you will be very sorry for it afterward. I shall come home by the five o'clock express, and if you have recovered your temper, you can order the horses and we'll go for a ride before dinner. Good by."

Leaving the house, for the first time since their marriage without a parting kiss, Edmund wended his way to the station, and was soon being whirled along toward his office in New York; while Agnes, struggling hard to repress the tears that would force their way to the pretty blue eyes, stood by the window, listening to the sound of the train dying away in the distance.

They had parted in anger, and, woman like, Agnes would have given worlds now to have recalled all that she had said, and to have given the kiss of peace he had asked for in vain. She loved her young husband very dearly, and knew his worth. But she was a spoilt child, and he, in his deep love, was fostering her willfulness and impatience by yielding and ministering to her every wish.

Edmund Ray was a lawyer, living some thirty miles from the city, in a pretty part of Westchester, and consequently Agnes passed many hours of the day alone; but never had she felt them so long and wearisome as they were that morning. She ordered the dinner, re-arranged the flowers in her vases, wrote her letters and a note to Mrs. Morris, to say she would be unable to come to her ball, and long before it was necessary put on her riding habit, that she might be ready for Edmund when he came home; then ordering the groom to bring the horses around at five o'clock precisely, took a book and sat down in her pretty little drawing-room to while away the time till she heard the train approaching that was to bring her husband home. She had no fears as to their meeting after their quarrel. She knew well enough that she had only to give a smile to receive one in return from her loving young husband, and with a happy light in her eyes she took up her book and was soon deep in its absorbing interest, for the suit of the approaching train; but it did not come, and she resumed her reading. The tramp of horses feet aroused her and going to the door she found the groom standing there with the two horses, ready saddled.

"You are too early, Bayne," she said. "It is not five yet, and your master is not come home."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," replied the man, touching his hat, "but it's ten minutes past five; and I didn't know but what you might ride to the station for master. The express ain't in yet."

Agnes paused and hesitated. She rather wished to meet her husband quietly at home, that she might tell him how sorry she was to have behaved ill to him; but her pretty chestnut mare was prancing and curveting, so, gathering her skirt round her she said:

"Very well, Bayne. Bring Maleska here and you can mount Julius and walk home from the station."

The man obeyed, and they rode slowly to the little country station. As they approached it she saw her father (Mr. Wyniard) who lived a few miles away, riding towards it, and she turned her horse to meet him.

"Well, Agnes," he exclaimed, smiling, "have you come to meet your husband like a dutiful wife?" "I am expecting Linton down to spend a few days with me, and have come to look after him. How late the express is. I'll run in and see how soon they expect it."

He dismounted from his horse and entered the station, while Agnes sat outside watching the people coming to meet their friends or depart themselves. Mr. Wyniard stayed several minutes in the station, and when he returned there was a look on his face that caused his daughter's heart to give a dull thump as her side, and made her feel sick and faint.

"Be brave, my girl, and make up your mind to bear a little suspense," he said, laying his hand quietly on hers. "There has been an accident on the line. The five o'clock express has gone over the embankment, and several passengers are killed and wounded. I ton going up the line now on an engine they are going to send, and I'll bring Edmund back with me, I hope. Trust in God, my child. He may be all safe and sound. Go home, and wait as patiently as you can."

Agnes heard him through. Her heart was beating with slow, heavy pulsations, and a numbness stole over her whole body; but she did not cry or faint. One deep, heavy breath she drew; then in cold, hard tones she said:

"May I not go on the engine with you, papa?"

"My poor child," said Mr. Wyniard, "you must not. Edmund would not wish it. Probably he is staying to help the wounded. Go home, my child—I must be off. Be brave."

She stooped and kissed him, quietly and silently, and then, with fixed, unseeing eyes and pale stony face, rode home. Home to the empty house, the loud ticking clock, and the dull gnawing agony of her fearful waiting! Slowly and calmly she passed up the steps, through the hall and into the drawing-room. She took her hat from her burning head and passed on to the window, where she took her stand to watch—for what?

Alas! poor young wife, not for her husband! She felt no doubt about his fate. From the moment that she had heard her father's words a deadly certainty that she should see him no more alive took possession of her. They had parted in anger for the first time, and she felt sure that, by one of those strange fatalities, they would never meet again.

The sun shone as brightly as ever, a bird sang gaily in a neighboring tree, and her kitten was playing happily with a floating feather. But life was over for her. Edmund was dead—those kind dark eyes closed for ever—that loving heart cold and still!

The clock—a wedding present from her father—ticked gaily on, and chimed the quarters three times unheeded by her, before the garden gate creaked, and her father, with slow, reluctant step, passed up the gravel path. She stood still, merely turning her pale face and dreamy eyes on him as he entered the room. The tears stood in his eyes as he put his arm gently round her and the hand that took her cold one trembled violently.

"Agnes, my poor child," he said, in broken tones, "I can give you no hope. The bodies are not all recovered yet, but he is not among the wounded or safe, and he was seen to enter the train some minutes before it started. Heaven help you, my child! It is a fearful, fearful blow!"

Agnes spoke not—a shudder ran through her whole frame, and she raised her head and shook it, as if trying to shake off some bewildering weight. Her eyes were dry, though the tears fell fast from her father's, and she turned her gaze once more on the gate, as if she was expecting somebody else to come.

Alas, poor young wife! was she looking for that dreadful procession that was to come—the shutter with its ghastly burden, so stiff and still beneath sheet or cloak that hid it from the public gaze?

It was long before her father could get her to quit her dreadful post of silent watching, but when she at length threw herself on the sofa with wild cries of agony, it was still more terrible to see that white, despairing face, as she raised it, tear-stained and convulsed, to her father's, saying through the choking sobs:

"And we parted in anger!"

Oh, careless words, so lightly spoken, what agonizing fruit they were bearing now. Poor Agnes! they could not induce her to go to bed throughout all that long, weary night.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed. "I must stay up till—till Edmund! Edmund!" and the shuddering pause spoke more plainly than any words could speak.

But few such nights could come to any woman, and, thank God! in Heaven, such agony can last but one night in a lifetime. The arrow may remain in the wounded heart year after year, but the fearful thrill of its entrance can come but once.

The dull gray light looks at last. The flush on the east, the gray clouds with rose and amber, the little birds twittered gaily and blithely once more among the dew spangled trees, and life proceeded on its so entirely commonplace way, taking no heed of that weary, widowed young bride, sitting desolate by the bed of every hope.

Agnes threw up the window sash, and the fresh morning breeze might cool her burning brow, and leaned out to gaze with heavy, swollen eyes on the lovely scene before her, though all unconscious of its loveliness. Her father, worn out with sitting up hour after hour, in vain endeavored to soothe her wild agony of grief, lay sleeping heavily on the sofa, his wrinkled face looking more wrinkled, and his gray hair grayer in the early morning light.

Oppressed by the dull stupor that follows excessive weeping, Agnes stood leaning against the window, listening to the whistle of the passing laborer, or the clang-clang of the gardener's sharpening scythe, as he mowed the lawn, unconscious that his master was a mangled corpse, and his mistress a widow, for he had left his work yesterday before the sad report had reached the servants' ears.

The distant roar of an approaching train struck on her ears, and Agnes shivered at the terrible sound, and, covering down on the stone step of the window sill, buried her face in her hands, to shut out sight and sound, and all that reminded her of the terrible grief that had come on her young life. She so far succeeded that she heard nothing of the approaching step on the gravel, but sat on, buried in her bitter thoughts, till the sound of her name in a well known voice made her spring to her feet with a wild cry, and in another moment she was in her husband's arms.

"My own Agnes—my darling! what does this mean?" he asked, in bewildered surprise, which was certainly not diminished by her excited answer.

"Oh, Edmund, Edmund!" she cried, "they said you were killed. Edmund—my husband!"

"Who did?—when?" asked the astonished young man; but he could gain no answer, till Mr. Wyniard, roused from his sleep by his daughter's cry, came forward, and asked how he had escaped the smash up of yesterday's express.

"Because I never was in it," he replied. "Did not Agnes get my note?"

"No, Agnes got no note," replied her father, "and one of the passengers told me he had seen you enter the train some minutes before it started. You were in one of the first carriages, he said, and they were smashed and nearly all the passengers killed."

"That is quite true," replied Edmund with a grave face, "but before the train started I received a telegram to say my father was worse, and to beg me to come to him immediately. I wrote a line on the leaf of my pocketbook, to tell Agnes what had happened, and gave it to poor Southey who was sitting by my side, begging him to let Agnes have it at once, but I suppose the poor fellow was killed. I then went to my father, who died at two o'clock this morning, and as soon as I could get away I came home. So my poor little wife has passed a night of widowhood and misery! Agnes have you no word for me now I have returned?"

Agnes raised her pale, tear-stained face to his with a look of tremulous joy, too deep for words, whispering:

"Oh, Edmund! it made it so trebly dreadful to think we parted in anger!"

Literal Answers.

Literal answers are sometimes quite witty.

"Will you kindly put my fork into a potato?" asked a young lady of her table neighbor.

"With pleasure," he responded; and piercing the potato, coolly left the fork extended from it.

Again, we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was stopped by a middle-aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to D—street."

"Well, madam," said the boy, "why don't you go then?"

Sometimes this wit degenerates into punning, as when Flora, pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?"

"I think they're going to thunder," her brother replied.

Also the following dialogue;

"Hollos there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

She Didnt Get What She Wanted.

"I just got a mosquito in my throat," murmured the fair Angeline, as she leaned on her croquet mallet.

"I am so sorry," replied Tom, "cough hard."

And the fair creature coughed hard enough to break her back.

"If I only had something to drink," she sighed, as she glanced at a near by soda water sign.

"All right!" he replied, innocently, and tramped off to a pump and brought about a pint of water, which the young lady, who had not swallowed a mosquito, but had tried to secure soda water under false pretences, was obliged to swallow.

The moral of this is that too much modesty is sometimes bad for the health, and if you see anything you want don't be afraid to ask for it.

He Forgot.

"Now," said the Austin justice to the witness, "you will please tell precisely how the affair happened."

"Yes sir, I'll try. The prisoner and that man were sitting down at the same table, and they got to quarreling, when the prisoner just up with a dab of mashed Irish potatoes and hit that other man on the head with it."

"Do you, sir," said the justice, sternly, "pretend to tell the court that a dab of mashed potatoes, even when thrown with the greatest violence, can make a gash five inches long on a man's head, and knock him senseless? Let me remind you that you are on your oath, sir, and that you must tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Now, sir, do you still persist in your story that when the prisoner threw the dab of mashed potatoes at the man he did not take the dab out of the dish?"

"Well, ma'am," said the Dolphin, the new office buggy, and solemnly lifted out an apparently heavily weighted bag, tenderly and at the moment.

"What you got there, Professor?" asked a friend.

"A cat-fiend," replied the Professor, gravely.

"A cat-fish?" repeated the crowd.

"No, gentlemen, I said a cat-fiend," explained Guffey. "That sack contains four cobblestones and a cat that has made my life a burden to me for three years. She steals everything in the house all day, and yells like a pirate walking the plank on the back shed all night. I've made one attempt after another to assassinate that beast, but I've failed every time."

"You know that cats have nine lives, Professor?"

"Nine? Nineteen times have I given that creature poisoned meat; I threw her off the roof twice, and I've shot at her four times—just filled her plump full of quail shot—and the next day she's round on schedule time, drinking the milk as soon as it is left by the milkman. Last week I borrowed a hundred dollar bull terrier to eat her up, and she killed him in eleven seconds. Why, I blew her clear into the next street with a dynamite cartridge yesterday, and I hope to die if she wasn't on deck reaching for the canary this morning without a hair singed."

"Going to fix her this time, eh?"

"You bet I am," said Professor Guffey emphatically. "I'm going to throw her off into forty feet of water, and if that don't drown her, she's the devil himself."

"Come, take a drink first, Guffey," said his friend Boggs, and the crowd followed into a saloon on the corner. While the beer was being drawn, Boggs slipped quietly back and untied the bag. As soon as the indestructible cat had stripped up the street Boggs retied the bag, and hurried back to the saloon. Pretty soon the crowd emerged and helped Guffey to carry his heavy load to the extreme edge of the wharf, from which it was solemnly dumped.

"I hate to kill even a cat," said the old professor, sadly, "but the fact is, I haven't had a square night's sleep in two years."

Yesterday Boggs was coming off the ferry-boat, when he beheld the professor coming on, a-top of a four-horse load of furniture.

"Why, you're not moving, are you, Guffey?"

The professor moodily descended from his perch, and, drawing Boggs aside, whispered huskily in his ear:

"Yes, I am, Boggs—I'm moving over to Alameda. That cat's come back!"

Cutting A Tunnel.

Describing the work on a large tunnel in Pennsylvania, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times gives this account of the manner in which the work is pushed:

"Inside the tunnel a bustling scene is presented. The racket and rumble of the drills, the hurry and flurry of labor, the shouts of the engineers giving instructions to the men, the yells of the car-drivers to the mules moving mysteriously with their loads through the dark, the flickering of wandering lights, the ceaseless drip of water from the cold roof above and the possibility of rocks falling down upon one at any moment, make up an experience novel, indeed, to the uninitiated. One set of men work from 6 in the morning until 6 in the evening, and are then relieved by another set, who work all night until 6 in the morning. Not a moment is lost. Everything is hurried forward. Workmen have no chance to dally, for time is eminently money in tunneling. Men get killed or laid up, but the work goes right on. Large masses of rock sometimes tumble from the roof and come crashing down, sometimes killing a man or two, sometimes not. Lately, owing to the thawing of frost-bound rocks and to the spring rains, accidents of this kind have been unusually frequent.

"All the latest improved machinery is used. A mammoth steam shovel is operated in loading trucks with earth and rocks. This tunnel is to have a double track. No coal or ore of any kind has yet been struck in the tunnel, notwithstanding Tuscarora Mountain and the neighboring mountains were believed to contain hematite. The rocks cut out of the tunnel are all of slate formation, with an occasional admixture of limestone and soapstone. These rocks are piled up in vast banks a short distance from the portals of the tunnel. The masses of slate, diversely tinted, placed side by side, dark blue, gray, red, brown and sage green, form to the eye a pretty contrast of color.

About 600 men are employed on this tunnel and about the same number on each of the other large tunnels in the neighborhood. Every man wears rubber boots for protection against the water, which collects on the floor of the tunnel. An average man wears out fifteen or twenty pairs of boots in a year. The majority of the men are newly imported Italians and Hungarians. There are some few Swedes and a number of negroes and white Americans from Virginia and Maryland. The men of each nationality encamp in the settlements here by themselves. Most of the negroes are accompanied by their families, but among the foreigners there are but few women and no children. They live in very close quarters, sometimes upward of fifty of them living together in one shanty, where they cook, eat and sleep, in a single apartment, without screens or partitions.

Barry Sullivan the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III., some years ago at Shrewsbury in England. When the actor came to the line: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" some one in the pit called out: "Wouldn't an ass do you, Mr. Sullivan?" Yes, responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter, "please come round to the stage door."

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treatment of malarial diseases. It contains, besides a specific and unfailing antidote for malarial poison, other rational agents which quickly expel the poisonous humors, purify the system and leave it in a healthy and invigorated condition.

To be a sleepy worshipper in church has with a contribution box in sight a hard look of benevolence.

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A PURE TONIC

This tonic, quickly and completely imparts vigor to the system, enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, and cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Nervousness, Malaria, and Chills and Fever. It is the best tonic known for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, Nervous Prostration, Want of Energy, &c. It has no equal.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

It is the only preparation of Iron that can be taken by children and not blacken the teeth, nor cause headache, and it is the best tonic for persons recovering from fevers, nervous prostration, or other wasting diseases, as it does not constipate like other preparations of Iron, but regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and gives new life and vigor to the entire system. It effectually drives out Malaria, and builds up the weak, nervous, and debilitated. It is recommended by physicians and all who have used it as the best tonic known, and physicians prescribe it in preference to all other preparations of Iron. It is pleasant to the taste, and does not injure the teeth, cause headache, nor constipate like other preparations of Iron. It enriches