The Easton Star.

T. K. Robson, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1887. | VOL. XXII.—NO. 17.

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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

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THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

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It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

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

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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HARMLESS AS WATER,

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Crystal Discovery for the Hair.

A perfect clear preparation as easily applied as water, for restoring to gray hair its natural color and youthful appearance, eradicates and prevents dandruff, to promote the growth of the hair and stop its falling out. It is entirely harmless, and perfectly free from any poisonous substance, and will, therefore, take the place of all the dirty and unpleasant preparations now in use. Numerous testimonials have been sent us from many of our prominent citizens. In everything in which the articles now in use are objectionable, *CRYSTAL DISCOVERY*, is perfect. It is warranted to contain neither Sugar of Lead, Sulphur, or Nitrate of Silver. It does not soil the clothes or scalp, is agreeably perfumed, and makes one of the best dressings for the Hair in use. It restores the color of the Hair more perfect and uniformly than any other preparation, and always does so in from three to ten days, virtually feeding the roots of the Hair with all the nourishing qualities necessary to its growth and healthy condition; it restores the decayed, and induces a new growth of the Hair more positively than anything else. The application of this wonderful discovery also produces a pleasant and cooling effect on the scalp and gives the Hair a pleasing and elegant appearance.

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Nov2-6mos

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FAMILY GROCERIES.

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Fish and Coal Oil.

Fresh and Salt Meats.

Sausages and Mince Meat.

Canned Fruits & Canned Meats.

Vegetables and Country Produce.

A full assortment of everything in my line, at the

NEW STORE ON DOVER STREET

nearly opposite the store of Robert F. Walker.

I propose to sell cheap, and solicit the custom of the people in Easton and the country, especially the custom of Caroline marketers.

JOHN M. COVEY.

Oct30 tf

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TWICE.

In addition to our premiums of music and "Mikado" cards, we have just issued a beautiful panel picture, in colors, 14x26, a fac simile reproduction of one of the Paris salon paintings for 1884, entitled "Two Sisters." It is a perfect gem, and well worthy a place on the wall of any of the patrons of Dobbins' Electric Soap. We have copyrighted it, and it cannot be issued by any other house than ourselves. The edition is limited, and will be issued gratis to readers of this paper in the following manner only:

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Save your wrappers of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, and as soon as you get twenty-five wrap them up (like a newspaper, and mail them to us, (postage on them thus wrapped is only two cents.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left hand corner of it "Pictures to," etc., adding your full name and address. And we will mail you "The Two Sisters," mounted ready for hanging, free of all expense.

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I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

GEO. L. MILLIMAN,
Wholesale Agent, Baltimore, Md.

oct19 6m

Select Poetry.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Gone! Gone for ever! Like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
And dying to an echo.

The gay spring
With its young charms has gone, gone with its leaves,
Its atmosphere of roses, its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music, and its streams
Leaping and shouting, from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves,
And summer with its dews and showers has gone,
Its rainbows glowing in the distant clouds
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone! With all its deeper glories gone.
With its green hills, like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit offerings to their God.
Its cool winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
To wake the thousand wind harps; its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West.
Like banners from the battlements of heaven,
And its still evenings—when the moonlight sea
Was ever throbbing—like the living heart
Of the great universe. Ah, these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—the deep
Wild beauty has departed from the earth
And they are gathered to the embrace of death,
Their solemn herald to eternity.
Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of passions have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joy that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
In this young morn, to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze and bird and
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope
That roved forever on the buoyant winds
Like the bright starry bird of Paradise,
And chanted to the ever listing heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky until
Night's burning gems seemed jeweled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wings and made her house
Within the voiceless sepulcher. And Love,
That knelt a Passion's holiest shrine and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star
Whose purity and distance made it dear,
And dreamed of ecstase, until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one, he too has gone
To his eternal resting place. And where
Is stern ambition? He who so firmly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom, he who sought
His fame upon the battlefield, and leaped
As mad a victor a pyramid of bones
And a sea of blood? He too has gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod, his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of year
Whose gleam flashed out a moment o'er the earth
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion, Beauty's bright array,
And life's deep idol memories, all have passed
Like the cloud shadows on a star-lit stream
Or a stream of soft music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty. Yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past. In their bright round
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet,
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of the day, and still
Man will remain to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old affections. Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of past centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that time
Is pressing on, it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest with sonorous wing
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds
And hurries onward, with the might of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill-top of her Western home,
And lo—it breaks across old ocean's flood,
And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years
The dayspring—see—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign.
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free,
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas,
That bears the veteran's bursting game,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of Hope
And life are on the wing. You glorious bow
Of Freedom bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch—
A type of Love and Mercy—on the clouds
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence; and the sinking waves
Reflecting the forms of glory and peace
Below the sudimmed brightness of the heavens.

Give your horse Day's Horse Powder for his cost if he has worms. This will fetch him round every time before the water boils. Twenty-five cents.

We all have our preferences, but no one desires to hear a crying baby when the fact is so well known that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will quiet it.

Save time and money by keeping Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills always on hand. Use them for all liver and blood affections. Price twenty-five cents.

The Baltimorean says that the first sound dance was executed by Adam, when he set down on a kinkel's nest.

Autumn is turning the leaf of time.—Boston Times. Better leaf it alone, or turn over a new leaf.

Select Story.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

I scarcely knew how to spare a dollar. Spread out upon the little table before me was the vast sum of thirty-dollars, every penny of my savings for one long year, and the New Year would open in two more days. It seemed so little, that I could scarcely make myself believe that I could take out the crisp ten dollar bill I had put to one side. Nobody knew I had intended to give Christie a New Year's gift, nobody would blame me or feel in the least disappointed if I failed to do so. The time had been when I could give presents of ten times that value and never miss the money, now I sat looking at the banknote and wondering if I could make my last winter's bonnet last till spring, if my boots would look well until my next quarterly payment; and if, after all, Christie would enjoy the party so very much. And then I saw again the pretty face with unshed tears in the large brown eyes that perused the dainty invitation, and heard the quivering voice saying:—

"It is of no use to think of it, mother; I have nothing fit to wear."

Pretty Christie Burgess was the daughter of the widow lady with whom I boarded. She had passed her seventeenth birthday, and was a winsome, bright girl, well educated, but without remarkable talents. I gave her lessons on the piano, in singing, in French, in part payment for my board; and being the only boarder that small house could accommodate, I was a confidential friend of both mother and daughter, and knew that, like myself, they had known better days; though, unlike me, there was no bitter tragedy in their past to rise up and haunt them. They had lost a husband and father ten years before, and from sharing a large salary he earned in a bank, they were forced to earn their own support, their small income just paying the rent of the little house. Somewhere in California there was an Uncle Charles. Mr. Burgess' brother, who would keep them, they were sure, had he known their circumstances, but whose address they could not tell, and who knew nothing of their having left their former handsome home. We often jested about the rich uncle in California, "just like a novel hero," as Christie said; but I think they knew that little of him personally, as he had lived in A——, previous to leaving for California, and our quiet home was in Cleveland.

Some of Mrs. Burgess's former friends still visited her, and one of them, Mrs. Wharton, had sent Christie an invitation to a New Year's party at her house. As soon as it was positively decided that she could not go, because evening dress could not be thought of, the spirit of opposition took possession of me, and I resolved upon the awful extravagance of presenting the pretty girl with a dress for a New Year's gift. I could make it myself; and, packed away in my trunk were a few jewels that I had kept as a relic of the happy days I had known in the past. I thought the glowing carbuncles would suit Christie's brown curls as well as my own raven locks, and if there was some pain in the idea of bringing them to light, and lending them to another, Christie's pleasure must balance that pain.

New Year's day was an anniversary whose very name made my heart sick; but, perhaps, by giving pleasure to this innocent girl, I might lay some of the ghosts of memory that rose up every January to haunt me.

So, in view of all these things, I put the ten dollars into my purse and started to buy Christie's dress. It must be a white tarleton, I decided, for that was cheapest, and I could make the skirts full enough to dispense with a silk lining and have enough for a white silk waist under the thin fabric, white gloves, a pair of dainty slippers, a cluster of white moss roses for the hair and bosom. I purchased, but found my ten dollars already exceeded beyond my calculations, and so turned my steps homeward, mentally taking new gloves and a few needed "little things" from my own list of expenditures.

It was worth it all to see Christie when I called her to my room on the afternoon of the eventful day, and introduced her to the finery spread out upon my bed. I had worked late into the night to finish the dress, and had taken out my carbuncles with a fierce heart-pang, but when I saw the beaming happiness on Christie's face, I felt repaid for all.

She was all dressed for the party; I had twined the roses in her hair, and arranged every fold of her dress, before I summoned resolution to take the jewels from the box. Then crushing back my pain with a desperate resolve, I opened the case, saying, as carelessly as I could:

"I have some jewels here, Christie, I am going to lend you for this evening."

"Oh, how pretty and how odd!" she cried; "I never saw carbuncles set in that pattern. Where they made to order, Miss Jane?"

"Yes. They were a New Year's gift to me seven years ago, when I was your age, Christie. The giver was something of an artist, and designed the pattern himself. I think I shall never lay aside mourning, and probably never wear jewels again, and they will glow brilliantly on your white dress," and then, fearing to be questioned, I clasped the necklace round her throat, fastened bracelet and brooch, let the glowing red drops fall from her little ears, and talked hurriedly of the party and pleasure I hoped she would have, till I wrapped her in a large shawl and sent her mother down to tell our servant girl to get ready to act as escort.

She looked at me wistfully when we were alone, her soft brown eyes questioning my face, but she asked no questions, only when she kissed me good night she whispered, with an earnest emphasis:

"God grant you a happy New Year, dear Miss Jane," and went down to her mother, softly and thoughtfully.

Alone, with the whispered blessing for company, I fastened my door, and then turned to my mirror to see what my face had betrayed to those questioning, innocent eyes. I saw a small, frill figure, a face that had once been beautiful, that was now white as marble, set with hard lines of suffering and concealed pain, and framed in a heavy mass of jet black hair; eyes large, black, and full of endurance, and a dress of black to add to the dark reflection.

Seven years before that night my mirror had given to my gaze a form robed in rich, dead white, with flowers and herbs of rich black hair, and gleaming on neck and arms the blood-red carbuncles—my New Year's gift. It had shown me a face full and brilliant with health and happiness, cheeks and lips of crimson, eyes radiant with hope and joy.

I had turned from the mirror a happy maiden, with the knowledge that I was beloved where I loved, and that below, in my father's spacious parlors, where guests were already assembling; one waited for me, whose dearest hope in life was the prospect of claiming me in few short weeks for his bride. I left the room to be queen of a festival, hostess of a stately mansion, my father's idol, and without one cloud upon my heart. I came back at midnight, an orphan, hopeless and heart-broken.

My father's partner had secretly appropriated the money of the firm in some investment that my father considered a stain upon his honor. On that night he learned this for the first time, and, smarting under the bitterness of disgrace upon his commercial name, he called his partner into the library and charged him with having dishonored the firm. High words followed, finally a blow; pistols were called for, seconds found among the guests, and an hour later my father lay dead, with a ball through his heart, his partner a fugitive from justice.

The next day all A——was discussing the story. The use of trust funds was found to be added to the list of charges against the firm, and the ignoble purposes of expenditure having failed, nothing was left to meet the demands of enraged creditors.

I had no mother to share the grief, no sister or brother to lighten it. I was all alone. I was not a strong minded girl to face the troubles, and so shut myself up alone until the funeral, refusing to see even Charlie. Then I ran away at night. I had one friend in Cleveland to whom I dared confide all, and I went to her. I wrote to Charley, and told him I should never ask him to fulfill his vows to me, releasing him from our disgrace, and praying God to bless him ever, I bade him farewell.

For days after I arrived at Cleveland, I was utterly prostrated, but my friend was kind, as I knew she would be, and when I was able to think, aided me in all my plans. I had brought nothing from home but the one mourning suit I had worn to the funeral and Charlie's carbuncles. They were my own, bought with no stained money, and I clung to them as the sole memento of the past I might dare think upon.

Mrs. Munroe, my dear, dear friend, was a widow, and childless, living upon an income that returned to her husband's family upon her death; not wealthy, but occupying a good position in society. She had been an old friend of my mother and had visited us more than once, always urging me to return the visits; but, unable to win my father's consent to part with me for so long a journey, for it was a three days' railing ride from my old home. As soon as I was able to undertake teaching, Mrs. Munroe exerted herself to procure me scholars, and I soon had a class that paid me an income sufficient for my modest wants. For six years I had a home in my friend's house, she alone knowing that Miss Jane Grey was the missing Ella Thorne, advertised by her relatives, more to save their own reputation than from any interest in her fate. I made, no doubt, a nine days' wonder in A——, and then my uncles, aunts, and cousins probably forgot my existence. Charlie, perhaps, was one of those seeking me, but I was resolved never to share my fortune with his. Some more fortunate bride, with wealth and an unspotted name, I argued, would never grudge me my memories and my carbuncle.

When the death of my friend and benefactress was added to my list of sorrows, I was known enough in Cleveland to retain my scholars, and found a new home with Mrs. Burgess. Need I again say that New Year's day was the bitterest anniversary of the year?

I was still sitting with locked door, brooding over the past, and unconscious that Christie had been gone three hours, when Mrs. Burgess came to the door, demanding admittance in an excited voice. I opened the door at once.

"O, Miss Jane! Miss Jane!" she cried. "Charles has come! Charles has come! and he wants to see you!"

"Wants to see me?"

"Oh, yes! It's the strangest thing altogether! He has been here more than an hour; he met Christie at the party, and only think, he has been home over three months; part of the time in A——, and part here, trying all the time to find us, so it was no wonder Christie's name struck him at once at the party. He talked to her a little while, and then came to me. But I am talking on, and forgetting we are keeping him waiting. You will come down?"

"But what can he possibly want of me?"

"To thank you, I guess, for sending Christie to the party. He knows she could not have gone but for your kindness."

"Oh, well, that will keep! Excuse me this evening, dear Mrs. Burgess, and I will be introduced the next time he calls."

Only half satisfied, she went down stairs, to return in a few moments with the extraordinary message:—

"Charles says he must see you, Miss Grey."

"Well, I will come then;" I said, thinking it an old gentleman's whim, and not worth a suggestion.

It was some moments before I was presentable and I went down stairs very slowly.

I went into the dining-room a moment and heard a little bustle of arrival. Christie had come and was again welcoming her uncle. Looking through the half-closed door, I saw a group in the entry that arrested my footsteps. There was no venerable white-haired gentleman, such as I had pictured this Uncle Charles, now standing before Christie under the entry lamp. This man was tall and handsome,—barely thirty years of age, in the full vigor of manhood. Just as I saw him he was saying:—

"I could not ask you in those crowded rooms, Christie; but if you will unclasp that bracelet for me, and let me see the initials engraved inside, I shall be very glad. I—I saw a set like them once. They are very old, Miss Grey's you said?"

"Yes, she lent them to me this evening."

"She—she—bought them of some one, did she not?"

"Oh, no; they were a New Year's gift from a friend, who invented the design. How is the bracelet, Uncle Charles?"

His hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold it while he read the initials "C. R." to "E. T."

I could not resist any longer. I went to meet him.

"Ella! Ella!" That was the cry of my faithful lover, as he clasped me in his arms.

"But," said Christie, presently, "what is it all?"

"She is my betrothed wife, little niece," he answered in a broken voice, "whom I have sought for seven long years, but now will hold till death parts us."

"But why didn't you tell us, Miss Jane?" said Christie.

"How could I dream that your Uncle Charles was he?" I said. "And now how is it? Your name is not Burgess, Charlie?"

"No, but my half brother's was."

"Why, to be sure," said Mrs. Burgess, "we never told you that Charles was only a younger half brother. His name is Reynolds. Well Charles," she said, half laughing, a few minutes later, "I suppose Christie and I may retire into the back ground again."

"Not so!" he answered quickly. "I am a vain man, dear Mary, and I know that the same generous spirit that took from a hard earned pittance the sum to purchase an evening of pleasure for my little niece, will be willing to share a husband's fortune with a widowed sister and her child. Is it not so, Ella?"

"You will not love them any more than I do already," I said, sincerely.

We had a quiet wedding in the Spring. Christie was my only bridesmaid, but we returned to A—— taking the widow and her daughter with us. And, in my old home, among my old friends, I now preside the happy wife of my first and only love; while on festive occasions I still wear Charlie's carbuncle.

Carlyle's Love-Letter.

The love-letters of Carlyle, giving his correspondence with Jane Welsh before their marriage, reveal many traits of the character of a great writer. One letter, in which he unfolds a scheme of literary co-operation, is some fifteen pages long, and ends: "What an impudent knave I am to ask this of you, to affect to be on such terms with you! It is your own kind way of treating me that causes it. I have often upbraided fortune, but here I oubht to call her the best of patronesses." In the lastletter he wrote before marriage, Carlyle slid.

The last speech and marrying words of that unfortunate young woman, Jane Baillie Welsh, I recieved on Friday morning, and truly a most delightful and swanlike melody was in them a tenderness and warm, devoted trust, worthy of such a maid, in bidding farewell to the (unmarried) earth, of which she was the fairest ornament. Dear little child! How is it that I have deserved thee; deserved a purer and nobler heart than falls to the lot of millions? I swear I will love thee with my whole heart, and think my life well spent if it can make thine happy. I could say much, and what were words to the sea of thoughts that rolls thought, my heart, when I feel that thou art mine, that I am thine, that henceforth we live not for ourselves but for each other! Let us pray to God that our holy purpose be not frustrated; let us trust in Him and each other, and fear no evil that can befall us. My last blessing as a lover is with you; this is my last letter to Jane Welsh. Good night, then, for the last time we have to part. In a week I see you; in a week you are my own.

Woman's intuition: An Austin candidate, who had a number of negroes employed on his place, had an old musket in the house which had been loaded for about three years. As he wanted to load it up for ducks he called Jim, one of the negroes, to take the gun out into the yard and fire it off. "No, don t let Jim fire that gun off. He is going to vote for you tomorrow, and the gun may bust and kill him. Tell Jake to take the gun and fire it off. I've got my doubts about how he is going to vote!" exclaimed the candidate's wife, with the quick intuition of a woman.

Harry and Charlie—aged five and three respectively—have just been seated at their nursery table for dinner. Harry sees that there is but one orange on the table, and immediately sets up a wailing that brings his mother to the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asked. "Be-because there aint any orange for Charlie!"

Indirect Application.

Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirrors with, and here I find you drinking it.

Faix, mum, it's a drinking it and brathin' on the glass oi'm a-doin'.—Life.

Mr. Geo Denterman, New York city, suffered nearly a month with a severe cough, and having tried several remedies without relief, finally used Red Star Cough Cure which, he says, proved "speedy and effectual."

They are making paper out of banana skins. We advise nobody to use it for writing purposes, as the pen will slip with every stroke.

The descendents of the Pilgrims at Plymouth are clamorous over a clam weighing one pound and six ounces. No doubt it's a sea-clam.

A double-barreled hen in Rhode Island has laid an egg within an egg. Eggs-actly, with the hope of shelling out twin chicks;

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