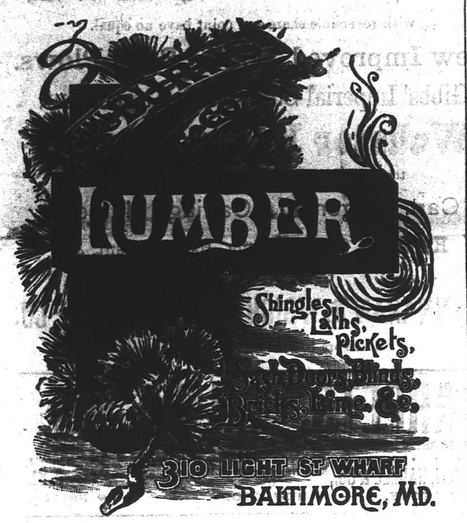
The Easton Star.

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, MARCH 1, 1887. | VOL. XXII.—NO. 25.

Lumber Business.



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TWICE.

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Save your wrappers of DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP, and as soon as you get twenty-five wrappers together, 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 "Return 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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Wholesale Agent, Baltimore, Md.

oct19-3m

Select Poetry.

A KIND WORD.

How soft on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry, and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twas paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delights to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unknown to man—
Or, what the Heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine;
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflects the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, who'er thou art,
That breatheth mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

Select Story.

THE TWO PEACHES.

The first time we met after a separation of twenty-five years was at a banquet given by the college at which we had taken our diplomas.

Vital Herbelot had altered wonderfully since the days when we were schoolmates. I had left him young, timid, dressed like a fop, and exclusively modest in demeanor, as it was proper a clerk should be who had yet to make his way in the office where fortune had placed him. The man before me now was a burly, stout old fellow, his face and neck browned by the sun, with a bright eye, a loud voice, and the short, brusque manner of a man accustomed to command—in short the easy, comfortable mien of a well-to do citizen.

"What are you doing, Herbelot?" I said to him as we chatted between the courses. "Still in the administration?"

"In the administration? I should say not," he responded. "Didn't you know that I had given it up? I am a cultivator. Half a league from here, at Chauteraine, I've a farm which brings me in a round sum. Come home and taste my Burgundy."

"You a farmer? You, the son and grandson of a line of bureaucrats, the model clerk, the prospective ambassador! How did it happen?"

"After the banquet I'll tell you. Great changes are frequently produced by the slightest cause. I gave up my profession for two peaches."

"Two peaches!" I cried, astounded.

"Yes, two peaches; neither more nor less; but have patience; wait until we are at Chauteraine and you shall know all about it."

A half an hour later we quit the banqueting room, and lighting cigars began our walk to the farm. It was a warm afternoon at the end of August, but the road was well shaded and a gentle breeze blowing from the direction of the river prevented our suffering from the heat.

"You know," said Herbelot, beginning his story, "that in my youth I was a rolling ball, without any decided preference for any profession, but my father, an old employe himself, could see nothing comparable to a career in a public office. As soon, therefore, as I had received my diploma nothing would content him but that I too must follow in the ancestral footsteps. As I said before, with no predilection for a special vocation, I willingly consented and entered upon the route of bureaucracy.

"Industrious, educated and disciplined from infancy to listen with deference to the wishes of my superiors, it was not long before I was favorably noticed by the chief and I rapidly conquered my first official grade. At this epoch I married a young and beautiful girl, good and affectionate, but entirely without fortune—a grave fault in the eyes of the world in which I lived. My friends were positive that no good could come of it, and openly quoted the proverb: 'If the husband brings the breakfast the wife must supply the dinner.'

"As far as we were concerned, neither of us had enough for the scantiest supper, counting out the official salary. Perhaps it was reckless, but my wife was an excellent manager; and as we lived modestly, with the strictest economy; local society ceased to rail at our imprudence, and still received us.

"My chief, however, was a very rich man, but continued in the treadmill of administrative work because he loved it, and also because it gave him an excuse for lavish hospitality. He was particularly fond of throwing open his doors to society, and every now and then invited the clerks from the office to attend these entertainments.

"I had far rather have remained at home with my wife, who had become very delicate soon after marriage, but was forced whether or not to attend the directorial receptions, for we were bound to amuse ourselves according to order.

"Just at the time when my wife's health had failed her most completely, invitations were issued from the directorial mansion for a grand ball, and in spite of myself I was compelled again to don a dress coat. As the hour approached for starting for the affair my wife, who was elaborating the knot of my necktie, said to me:

"'Don't forget Herbelot, to look at everything so that you can tell me about it, and, by the way, I saw from the papers that M. le Director has ordered the greatest lot of delicacies from Cheviet's, among them hot house peaches. If you love me you'll bring me one.'

"'My dear child,' I remonstrated, 'that isn't to be done. It is impossible. Think how difficult it would be for a gentleman in a dress suit to pocket a peach and escape being seen. But the more I objected the more determined she became in the fancy. Nothing could be simpler in the midst of the coming and going than to take a peach as if for myself.

"'Perhaps it is childish,' she declared, 'but I cannot help it. Since I heard them talking of Cheviet's peaches I've had the greatest desire to taste them. Promise me, Herbelot, promise to bring me just one.'

"What could I or any other man do under the circumstances. I loved my wife and she was ill, and the request was not unreasonable after all. So I promised and hurried from the room, the last thing I saw as I closed the door being my wife's great blue eyes, brilliant with eagerness, fixed upon my face.

"It was a grand ball indeed, flowers everywhere, magnificent toilets and a splendid orchestra. Everybody was there, among them the Prefect and President of the Tribunal and the officers of the garrison—in short, all the top of the basket. Nothing had been spared that would give eclat to the fete over which the wife and the daughter of the director, my chief, so gracefully presided.

"Supper was served at midnight, the dancers passing from the ball-room directly into the salle-a-manger, and a gorgeous supper it was.

"I had scarcely entered the room when I saw in a most conspicuous position in the table, the celebrated peaches from Cheviet's. Arranged in a basket of the rarest china and delicately interspersed with vine leaves, they proudly dispensed their appetizing odors, the rich crimson and white of the velvet skins betraying at once the lusciousness of the flavor.

"From the end of the table where the servants had placed me I looked upon the dish with a gaze as eager as my wife's, picturing to myself the pleasure I should give her, if by a lucky chance I could carry home a specimen of the exquisite fruit. Gradually, as I caressed them with my eyes, the desire to possess them assumed a more determined form. I decided that I would have not only one, but two of those beautiful peaches. But how? That was the question that puzzled me. The servants in attendance kept the strictest watch upon the basket, for M. Taboraud, the director, had reserved for himself the pleasure of offering to a privileged few this product of Cheviet's industry.

"From time to time, at a sign from him, the head waiter would take a peach, daintily cut in two, and present the halves to the persons designated. I greedily watched the economical arrangement, and tremblingly saw the pyramid grow smaller and smaller. However, when the feast was over and the guests recalled to the dancing hall by a prelude from the orchestra, the instructions had been so discreetly carried out that there still remained a half dozen or so of the wonderful fruit lying embedded in their nest of leaves.

"I went with the crowd, of course, but it was a false sortie, for I had purposely left my hat behind me—a tall stove-pipe which had occasioned me a world of trouble all through the evening. Under pretext of regaining it I could return to the salle, and perhaps, for I was well known to the domestics of the house, obtain a peach. When I re-entered the room the waiters were engaged in carrying out the remnants of the spread. At a certain moment I found myself entirely alone and near the buffet, upon which had been placed the dish of fruit. There was not a second to lose. I approached the basket, and, quick as lightning, rolled two of the peaches into the crown of my hat, adroitly covering them with my hand.

"Carefully holding the hat against my breast I returned to the ball-room, my intention being to cross it quietly and slip away like the English, and when once outside to run every step of the way home.

"It was not as easy to do this as I had anticipated, for they were beginning the lancers. There was a double row of black coats and wall-flowers, surrounding a third row formed by the chairs of the dancers; and in the middle of this third ring a great empty space in which the couples of the cotillion would waltz. Cautiously insinuating myself between the groups I glided around the the chairs with the noiseless flexibility of the serpent dreading at every step that some unwary elbow would strike the hat and dislodge the spoils. I could distinctly feel the tossing about of the peaches as I walked along.

"At last, after a deal of trouble and innumerable scares, I entered the space just opposite the door of entrance as they were forming the 'coquet figure.' A lady was in the centre of the ring, the gentlemen clustering in a circle around her. As you know, when the cavalier presents himself with whom she wishes to waltz, she places a hat which she holds in her hand upon his head and away they go.

"The lady in the centre of the room was Mlle. Taboraud, the daughter of my chief. I had scarcely taken a step across the floor when she saw me and came running towards me.

"'You are just in the nick of time, M. Herbelot,' said she; 'quick give us your hat.' And before I could escape or stammer a protest the hat was whisked from my hand and those infernal 'first of the seasons' spinning over the floor. Imagine the tableaux! The dancers tittered, the Director frowned, the wall flowers exclaimed, and Mlle. Taboraud was transfixed. Red as a beet, and with my teeth chattering with a moral chill, I stood like a fool, the cynosure of all eyes.

"'Take back your hat, M. Herbelot,' said the lady at last, in a voice choked with emotion, 'and pick up your peaches.'

"At this the people, no longer able to restrain themselves, burst into fits of laughter. Even the domestics joined in the merriment. Haggard and stammering with confusion I hastily fled from the salon.

"The next day the story was all over town, and when I entered the office I was greeted with shouts of 'Pick up your peaches. M. Herbelot, take back your hat!' It was unbearable, and it was the same thing in the street. Everywhere I went I was pointed at and followed with the mocking chorus.

"The town was untenable. Eight days from that fatal night I resigned from the office and entered upon a course of farming as assistant to my wife's uncle, who owned a place in the environs of my own native city. With a better liking for the calling of a farmer than I ever had for official documents, it was but a little while before I had become a creditable agriculturist. In fact, the land prospered so well in my hands that the old gentleman left it to us in his will. Since then I have constantly enlarged my enterprise until now I am at the satisfactory stage in which you see me."

By this time we had reached the farm of Chauteraine. Entering by the orchard way we passed through row after row of fruit trees, heavy with apples, pears and quinces. At the extremity of the enclosure a hilly slope rolled to the water's edge, covered with a net work of vines and masses of ripening grapes. The clatter of machinery to the left indicated the granary. To the right was the farmhouse, the white walls cheerfully shining through an espalier of loaded peach trees.

"The most of my attention is devoted to peaches, as you see," said Herbelot, as we passed through the gate; "I owe to them the happiness of my life."

"Never the less, my dear," cried a laughing voice behind the lattice, "happiness isn't always the result of stealing peaches."—From the French.

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

A Story for the Consolation of People Who Don't Believe in Ghosts.

While on my way West from Chicago a few weeks ago, I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant old gentleman, whose conversation sparkled with brilliant sallies of wit, and who seemed far younger in spirit than any youth upon the train.

As the day closed drearily in, with fitful bursts of rain, the conversation began to drag, and at last our little party lapsed into silence.

The brakeman came in, lit the lamps, and I took a newspaper from my valise to pass away the time.

"Bosh!" I said, throwing it down, after reading a few minutes.

"What's bosh?" inquired the cheery old gentleman, lighting his pipe and settling himself back comfortably in his seat.

"O, simply a fool ghost story I was reading. I don't see why papers print such fatal."

"Don't believe in ghosts, eh?"

"I certainly don't—do you?"

"N-o-o-o, That is to say, I don't know. I'm no Spiritualist, yet——"

He came to a pause, patted the ashes in his pipe to prevent them from running out, looked out of the car window at the dull, lowering sky—at the vast vague sweep of prairie—at the little farm sheds rushing past our vision—at the whole dim, uncertain picture, over which a black, tempestuous night was rolling in.

"It's this way," continued the old gentleman, after a few puffs at his pipe. "It's this way with me. I always believed that the mysterious happenings of which we so frequently hear were mere optical illusions, or freaks of fancy, or figments of a fevered brain—always believed this way, until the summer of 1883, when I was suddenly and strangely led to question the infallibility of my conclusions in the premises. Since then, I have been all at sea, and I really don't know what I believe, as far as the supernatural is concerned."

"See a ghost?"

"No—not precisely a ghost. I'll tell you how it was."

He hesitated.

"It always make me feel queer when I allude to it—feel as though I had left some duty undone in connection with it—as though I ought to have seen that the law avenged the—But let me tell the story from the beginning. It's brief.

"I resided in Southern Ohio in 1883, and my business frequently called me to the pleasant little town of Batavia, not far from Cincinnati.

"One afternoon I was sitting in my room at the hotel in that place, when I received a note from a friend living three or four miles in the country inviting me to call and see him. I ordered out my horse and buggy at once and started for his house. It was a large, rambling residence, built at different periods, old-fashioned, the most of it, but handsome withal, and surrounded by a beautiful sweep of grassy grounds and shaded by splendid oaks.

"My host met me on the veranda and ushered me into the library, where we proceeded to discuss the business to which he had referred in his message. It was nearly night when I was ready to start home and the wild, torn, skurrying clouds, the sharp flashes of lightning and the low, fierce muttering of thunder told that we were on the verge of a storm.

"My host prevailed upon me to stay until morning.

"At 11 o'clock he showed me up to my room—a bright, artistic apartment, with handsome furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac and flowers. A ruddy fire danced and sparkled and crackled on the hearth, and everything was comfort incarnate.

"The wall was unpapered, and the side of the room furthest from the bed was unbroken by door or window. I was indisposed to sleep and lay facing the bare, blank wall and watching the play of the firelight upon its bright, surface.

"Suddenly I saw a sight that made the blood turn cold in my very heart—I saw the shadow of a man upon the wall!

"From where I was reclining I could see the fire burning brightly on the hearth, a few feet beyond the foot of my bed—could see that nobody was standing between its light and the wall upon which the phantom figure was distinctly defined.

"I started up and leaned upon my elbow—every nerve tingling with excitement."

"Were you afraid?" I inquired.

"Well, no. It wasn't exactly what you'd call fear; but I had a feeling as if there was somebody in the room besides myself, and that sort of unnerved me, you know. As I was saying, however, I started up in bed, and, as I did so, the shadow of a woman appeared upon the wall and confronted the man. She lifted her hands, clasping them in the attitude of prayer. Her body swayed to and fro, and finally she hid her face in her palms. The man, meanwhile, had been standing straight and motionless, with his arms folded on his breast.

"The woman lifted her head.

"Her companion walked off a few feet, returned and resumed his former position.

"The fire flashed up more brightly than before—the shadows became darker more and distinct.

"The woman, letting one arm drop, raised the other in a defiant manner, and then turned away, as if to leave.

"Quick as thought her companion drew a revolver, and—

"Well, I felt like crying out for help. 'He will kill her,' I thought to myself. The whole seemed real—seemed as though the shadows on the wall had suddenly transformed themselves to real, live beings of flesh and blood.

"The man drew a revolver, as I said—the woman fell—the vision vanished."

"Is that all?"

"No, not quite all. A husband had murdered his wife in that room) as I heard for the first time on the following day. You may say what you please of the supernatural, but you can never convince me that those shadows on the wall can be explained by any known or unknown law of Nature."

The old gentleman put up his pipe, turned a seat over and spread himself out for a nap, leaving me to discuss his story with my traveling companions and digest it as best I could.

A wag, speaking of a friend whom he suspected of living altogether beyond his means, observed that he believed he "would owe several thousand dollars after all his debts were paid."

The English Woman.

In the great middle class of England we find the highest type of her womanhood and her saving grace. In health and physique these women are models worthy of our admiration and emulation. It is with rare exceptions that the tourist sees a pale-faced, puny, sickly-looking, spindle-waisted, fainting, fainting English woman. The pink and white complexion, the clear eye, the well-rounded waist, the firm tread, bespeak perfect bodily health. Many of these women take their summer outing in long walks across the golds, that they may view nature in all its grandeur and simplicity, instead of rushing from shop to dress-maker and packing Saratoga trunks for weeks before "taking a rest." They don a tidy flannel walking costume, fill a hand-basket with a few toilet articles; and start on their walking or tricycle tour over the charming roads, making detours as they fancy over the heaths. It is not uncommon to see a double tricycle with husband and wife riding through the country for their vacation. Doubtless the good health of these women is due largely to their outdoor exercise. In this class will be found the best of home makers, the broadest-minded philanthropists and reformers and the happiest and most useful wives, mothers and spinsters.

The English wife in this class is no drudge. She commands a retinue of servants that would appal the American husband on domestic pay day. The standing of a family socially depends somewhat upon the number of servants employed. "We could easily manage our household service with one servant," said a model mother to me, "but sons and daughters would rather economize in other ways and keep two maids for the appearance of the thing." The irregularity, the timely luncheon of the English household would make a drudge of the head were it not for the number of servants usually employed. I have been most delightfully entertained in several charming, perfectly ordered homes of men engaged in large manufacturing interest, and find that the usual retinue of servants consists of a cook, nurse, housemaid, governess, gardener, groom and valet. The scarcity of labor keeps these servants respectful and attentive, and their "character" depends upon the length of time they serve one master; this makes commanding and serving much less annoying than with us in America where the help expects to rule or ruin. If the mistress of this manse is given to benevolence, as she usually is, she employs a woman philanthropist to read the Bible and visit the sick, the afflicted or the fallen, with messages of consolation, the loaf, or the bunch of flowers, as the case may require. The zeal and magnitude of charities carried on by this class of women in the cities of England is beautiful to contemplate. Considering the great demoralization of the masses throughout the British Empire, it appears to me that these women, and their hearty co-laborers, their husbands, fathers and brothers, are holding up by main force the whole structure of Christian civilization. They are adhering to church duties, the church leading rather than following in works of reform and charity. I am pleased to note the absence of religious cant in their conversation and methods: they do not expect the Lord to serve them as their apprentice, but with an executive ability born of real and common sense they apply the law as laid down in his word. There is an entire absence of silly small-talk and affectation among them which gives place to genial, whole-souled, sensible conversation on artistic, literary, scientific, social, philanthropic or politica subjects. Altogether the women of the middle class of England are charming to study and to know.—Home Journal.

Why Men Become Bald.

"Did you ever notice what classes of men are most commonly bald?" asked an expert hair-dresser the other day. "That throws a good deal of light on the causes of baldness. People give all kinds of explanations for it—dissipation, cutting the hair too short, letting it grow too long, smoking, drinking strong coffee, worry, wearing high hats, wearing low hats, wearing your hat indoors, not wearing it outdoors, late hours and a hundred other things. Now you will notice that there are no classes of men more frequently bald than retail salesmen, bookkeepers and office clerks in certain lines of business. Why should baldness affect them more than others? Because they habitually stand or sit nearly every evening under gas-lights. Bookkeepers always have a strong light right over their heads or just in front of them. So do clerks who have to work at night. Retail salesmen sell goods at night directly under two powerful burners, and most of the time their heads are not more than two or three feet from the flame. The artificial heat dries out the hair, makes it brittle and unhealthy and finally kills it at the root. If you will pass your hand through your hair after you have been standing under a gaslight for a few moments you will see at once how it is. Although you may not have noticed the heat on your head, your hair, if you've got any, will be hot to the roots. You'll be surprised to observe, too, at what a distance from the light the hair will absorb the heat. Now there is nothing so bad for the hair as getting it dry. That is why the use of water on it is so injurious—because it evaporates so readily and takes with it the natural oil of the hair. Your hair should be moist all the time and with the oil that is secreted by the little cells at the roots. When the oil is continually and rapidly dried out, as it is when the head is kept heated by gaslight, the oil dries up and the hair falls out. People who sit under the gaslight should wear some kind of a cool, non-conducting headgear to protect themselves. I have an idea, too, that after the electric light has been in universal use for a generation or two, baldness will be as scarce as it will be before gaslights and night-work got common together.—New York Mail and Express.

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