The Easton Star.

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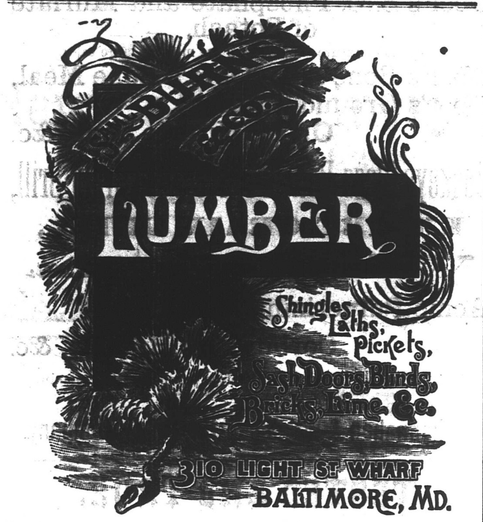
Lumber Business.



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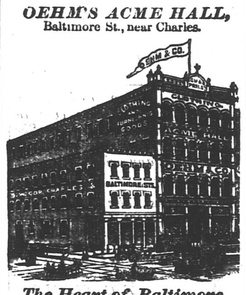

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Repairing fire place heaters a specialty. EDGAR J. HULSE.

Select Poetry.

TOMORROW'S FORTUNES.

My dreams, like ships that went to sea,
And got becalmed in sunnier climes,
No more returned, are lost to me,
Faint echoes of those hopeful times;
And I have learned, with doubt oppressed—
There are no birds in next year's nest.

The seed is sowed in balmy spring,
The summer's sun to vivify,
With his warm kisses ripening
To golden harvest by and by,
Got caught by drought, like all the rest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.

The stock I bought at eighty-nine
Broke down at once to twenty eight;
Some squatters jumped my silver mine,
My own convention smashed my slate;
No more in futures I'll invest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.

—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Select Story.

TWICE MARRIED.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A marriage license was issued in Chicago a short time ago, connected with which there is a story as strange as any ever conceived in the brain of a professional story-teller. It is a story which requires not the art of the story teller to make it interesting; the bare facts are enough. The parties to the contract were married over seven years ago, were never divorced, and yet procured a license to get married again. To begin at the beginning:

In the spring of 1878 Wilhelm Hermann emigrated from his native home in Wurtemburg, Germany, intending to settle with some relatives in a small town in the State of Louisiana. When he got as far as New Orleans he decided to stop there some time, and about two months after his arrival he was married to Amelia Rettich, the daughter of an old German resident of that city. Three days after his marriage he was enticed by a chance acquaintance into one of the low beer saloons on the levee at New Orleans, was drugged, robbed and carried aboard a German trading vessel bound for Newcastle, England. It was eight months later before the vessel reached that port. Immediately on gaining his liberty Hermann sought the German consul at Newcastle and narrated the story of his wrongs. He begged the consul to assist him to return to his wife and home at New Orleans without delay; but the consul refused, saying that as Hermann had no naturalization papers or anything in the way of a legal claim on the United States, he was still a German citizen. Then the consul sent for the captain of the vessel and compelled him to deliver Hermann to the German authorities. On his arrival at Berlin he was pressed into the army, and bound over to a four years' term of military service. He underwent the drudgery and severe discipline to which unwilling recruits are subjected in the German army for a space of nearly three years, when seeing a chance to escape from the country, he deserted. All this time he had been constantly looking forward with an eager hope to the time when he should be again united with his bride. He reached New Orleans exactly four years after his first arrival in that city. He then learned that his wife, thinking him dead, had married again and left the city, no one knew whither. He started out to search for her. For nearly a year he wandered over the greater part of the Southern States, following many clews which turned out to be false, until at last he received a letter from herself. She told him she had given him up for lost until she chanced to see his advertisement for her on a stray page of a New Orleans newspaper; that she had married William Chapman; that her second husband had been rather unfortunate in business, and had changed his place of residence several times hoping for better luck; and that they had now settled down in a small frontier town in Western Kansas. She proposed to leave Chapman and go with him, her own true husband, if he came for her. He immediately started for Tabuta, Kansas, where his wife resided, arriving there five days later. The day following his arrival, William Chapman, the second husband, was found lying dead on his own doorstep with a bullet through his brain. Two days later Hermann was lodged in the county jail on a charge of willful murder.

The morning following the arrest the prisoner was taken before the local justice for examination. A crowd of rough, bearded frontiersmen thronged the little room where the proceedings were held. Justice was usually swift and stern in that district; in serious crimes Judge Lynch reigned supreme. In this case, so far as the spectators knew, the prisoner had been arrested on mere suspicion as being a stranger. If evidence turned up to prove him guilty there was no jail strong enough to hold him from the vengeance of the people, nor any legal power sufficient to stay the execution of his death warrant or punish those who carried it out.

The first witness was Mrs Chapman, a fair, childish-looking little woman, whose woe-begone face and widow's weeds sent a murmur of sympathy through the spectators. She testified that the previous Sunday evening she had paid a visit to a neighbor. Had been gone about an hour, and on coming home found her husband lying dead on the doorstep. Her husband did not carry a pistol; there had never been a pistol in the house to her knowledge. She believed her husband had no reason to commit suicide; was certain he would not do such a thing. He had sold cattle a few days before, and had the money in his pocketbook that day—$120 in currency. He had a small gold watch in his vest pocket, with a black silk ribbon and charm attached. The watch was hers—a present from her mother several years ago. Both money and watch had disappeared. She did not miss them until the day after, owing to the excitement. She presumed robbery had been the motive for the crime; she knew of no other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the Judge.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Do you know his business in coming here?"

No reply. The question was repeated.

"Oh! Judge," she burst out, with a torrent of sobs, "he is my husband! But he didn't do it! Oh, Judge, God knows he is innocent!"

A buzz of excitement spread through the room.

"Silence!" said the Judge, rapping his desk sharply.

Then it was found she witness had fainted in her chair. Presently she recovered, and eventually the story of her first marriage and recent discovery of herself by the prisoner was wrung from her. Only once the prisoner spoke:

"Tell him the whole truth, Amelia, and fear nothing," he said.

She said the prisoner had been to her house the day of the murder. Her husband—the deceased—was off on the farm at the time. She had decided to break the news to him that night and go off with her first husband—the accused—the next day, and would have done so but for what occurred.

Medical evidence was given to prove that the deceased had not committed suicide.

Then the policeman was called. He testified to the steps taken to discover the murderer. He discovered the fact of the prisoner's visit to Chapman's house, and on that ground had made the arrest. The prisoner had freely told the story of his marriage, and that his business here was to get his wife, who was living with Chapman. The only money the prisoner had on his person when arrested was about $25 in greenbacks and silver and $40 in gold certificates. He had neither pistol nor watch.

Then the prisoner was asked to testify. In simple, homely language he told of his search for his wife, his visit to the village after receiving her letter, his meeting with her, not knowing or caring whether her second husband was at the house or away, and of receiving her promise to meet him at the railway station and depart with him next day. At the hour the murder was committed he was alone in his bed room, trying to pass away the time with a pipe. He asserted he never saw Chapman in his life, and had no desire to do him any harm nor had he any enmity whatever against him. He simply wanted his wife. He would have been willing to tell the story to Chapman, but his wife preferred to tell it herself, and he was satisfied.

The landlord of the hotel where Hermann had stopped said he did not know whether the prisoner was in his room at the hour of the murder or not. He paid little attention to the guests except about meal hours. He remembered sending up some beer, but did not know what hour it was at the time.

Here the case rested.

Some of the men in the crowd dropped out with a hard look upon their faces. It was evident Hermann's doom was sealed.

He was certain of a few hours respite, but once the sun went down those men would surely gather around the prison, the doors be burst open, and within a few minutes the victim's body would dangle from the limb of a tree, while his soul winged its flight to the greater Judge of all. It had occurred so often before that every one knew what the departure of the "vigilantes" meant for the prisoner. Probably the latter guessed it himself, but if so his looks did not betray the fact.

He was apparently cool and self-possessed; certainly neither dazed nor frightened.

He was led back to the prison while the judge went through the form of preparing an indictment. No one knew better than the prisoner that the sand was beginning to sink below the Western prairies, when a man rushed into the judge's residence in a state of wild excitement. It was the constable who arrested Hermann.

"For heaven's sake, judge," he exclaimed, "come with me to the prison! That man is innocent! The real murderer has been arrested—one of the Buzzard gang, whom we have been hunting for months. Chapman's money and watch have been found on him."

Judge and constable rushed to the prison. "Hello!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "I want to speak to all of you."

The fast increasing crowd gathered near. Then the judge ordered the constable to tell the story.

"Duck Buzzard jugged—hurrah!" shouted the crowd. "Let's go for him, boys!"

Hermann was liberated then and there without waiting for legal forms. "I will fetch your wife; wait at my house for her," said the judge, kindly.

And here occurs the strange part of the story. Why or how it was the narrator cannot explain; but Hermann absolutely refused to see the woman. He went to the railroad station and sat in a dark corner until a train came along.

Nearly two years passed. About a month ago he met his wife accidentally in Chicago. Old acquaintance was renewed and the old love reasserted itself. The marriage license and the marriage followed in due course. That saved troublesome explanations. And if Hermann had any superstitious ideas that the fates had decreed against his union to the one woman the world had for him they are all gone.—Chicago Tribune.

How the Engagement Closed.

Robinson—"Hello, old boy! How are you? Glad to see you."

Jones—"First rate. You well?"

Robinson—"Thanks; quite! By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondclipper."

Jones—"No; Robinson; I was engaged to her, but that is passed."

Robinson—"Well, Jones, between you and me, now, you are a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her."

Jones—"Yes."

Robinson—"And then her money is really only prospective, you know. Her father might lose it all in a pork deal, or in an unwise flyer in stocks, before the daughter got to handle it."

Jones—"That is true."

Robinson—"Well, that's the way I look at it. I could have married her myself."

Jones—"You could?"

Robinson—"It's a fact; but I counted the cost and drew out just in time. Fortunate, wasn't it?"

Jones—"Very."

Robinson—"But tell me how you managed to break the engagement. Mine hadn't quite gone that far."

Jones—"I didn't break it."

Robinson—"Oh, she did it herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course, you broke it yourself, as she was so anxious to marry, and everybody knows that."

Jones—"Oh, you needn't apologize. I'm not worrying at all about it."

Robinson—"That's good. I like to see a man keep a stiff upper lip. Might I inquire what made her break it?"

Jones—"Oh, she didn't break it, either."

Robinson—"Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father."

Jones—"No; he had no objection."

Robinson—"Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?"

Jones—"I married her last week."

Robinson (with a gasp)—"Ah-h-h! Well, I must really be going now. Good-bye."

Jones—"Good-bye."—Life.

"SPLITLOG."

AN INDIAN WHO IS A MILLIONAIRE RAILROAD BUILDER.

His Early Love for Machinery and Adventures—The Various Steps by which He Acquired a Fortune.

Mathias Splitlog is a full-blooded Wyandotte Indian, and was born in an Indian village in Canada, and shortly afterwards moved to Ohio. While a boy he was apprenticed to a carpenter and millwright, and, although his wages were only $7 per month, young Splitlog thought he was getting rich. He imbibed a love for machinery and inventions, which has caused him to lend a helping hand to many a poor fellow who had a useful invention which only needed money to develop it and make it pay.

Splitlog's first venture was to build a steamboat, which he did in company with his brother. They launched the boat upon the St. Clair River and started in the fishing trade. Uncle Sam soon became jealous of the boys, and confiscated the boat on a charge of smuggling.

In 1842 the Wyandottes, who were the last of the Indian tribes then in Ohio, by the treaty of the Upper Sandusky, ceded to the United States their lands in that State, and received in exchange land in what is now Wyandotte county, Kansas. In 1843 Splitlog came West with some of his tribe and found, after his arrival at West Port Landing (now Kansas City), that he only had fifty cents in his pocket. He induced an old Indian to go his security for the price of an axe. With this axe he cut cordwood for the steamboats at the rate of twenty-five cents per cord, and after paying for the axe, which cost $3, he soon saved enough to buy a pony, and shortly afterward we find him with a herd of horses. About 1850 Splitlog was married to the grand-daughter of the old man who went his security for the price of the axe, and shortly afterward he began to build a mill. At this time he had no money to pay for labor, so that he did the work himself. He selected the timber, cut and hauled the logs, and then had a "raising," that is, had his neighbors come and help him raise the building. He finished the mill himself, with everything but the burrs. Those would cost at that time $150, and Splitlog had no money; still he was determined not to give up the idea of running a mill." When in this dilemma a steamboat, which was unloading a pair of burrs at the "landing," accidentallly let them fall overboard, and they sank to the bottom of the Missouri River. Splitlog, learning of this, contracted with the owner to pay him $25 for the burrs and take them up himself, which he eventually did after much trouble and hard work, and having got the burrs out of the river it took but a short time to get ready to start the mill. The machinery was rigged for horse-power, and the day that Splitlog started he hitched in eight unbroken horses from his herd and earned eighty-five cents in cash, and in the evening he gave this money to his wife and told her to go to Northrup's (Splitlog's pressentiment) and get something good to eat, Clothes and buy them much money that he did not need.

Splitlog's mill was a success, and in 1855 we find him one of the leading men of his tribe. By the treaty of the Upper Sandusky the Wyandottes were not allowed to alienate their lands, but in the year 1855 a new treaty was made between the Wyandottes and the United States which severed the tribal relations of the Wyandottes.

After the adoption of this treaty Splitlog began to speculate in real estate, and, although he can neither read nor write, he has been one of the most successful speculators in the neighborhood of Kansas City, and is today worth over a million dollars. About fourteen years ago Splitlog moved to Indian Territory and located on Elk River, near the Missouri line, and about four miles from Tiff City, and recently he became interested in a silver mine in McDonald County, Missouri. With his characteristic energy he began operations at once. He hired a mining expert named B. F. Requa, from Chicago, to superintend the operations at the mines, and becoming convinced that to develop the mines and build up the town of Splitlog a railroad was necessary, he together with his partner in the mines, Moses W. Clay, commenced negotiating with the projectors of the New Orleans, Natchez and Fort Scott Railroad Company, and soon that company was formed for the purpose of building a railroad between the terminal points named in their title and running by way of Neosho and Splitlog City. This Company being too slow to meet the vigorous ideas of Splitlog and Clay, they severed their connection with the same, and Mathias Splitlog, Moses W. Clay, George Hubbert and others organized the Kansas City, Fort Smith and Southern Railroad Company, with a capital of $3 000,000, for the purpose of building a railroad from Kansas City to Fort Smith, passing through Splitlog City and Neosho. This road is now graded for about thirty miles between Splitlog City and Joplin, and it is only a question of a few months when the cars will run southward from Joplin to Fort Smith, and Mathias Splitlog, the millionaire Indian, who is probably the richest man of his race, will be known all over the country as the only Indian railroad man in the United States.

Mr. Splitlog has five children—four boys and one girl—and now lives at Splitlog City, McDonald County, Missouri. He is like most men of his race, very taciturn in his habits, seldom speaking in more than monosyllables, still he is far from being disagreeable, because he can make himself clearly understood in very few words, and is a good listener and quick to catch a point in the discussion of any question; and when he determines what course to pursue, he begins at once in the execution of his plans and never ceases until he has accomplished his ends.—St. Louis Republican.

Nursing in Scarlet-Fever.

From the Boston Journal.

A few hints on the management of Scarlet-fever, may be of interest to mothers.

Free ventilation is of the greatest importance, cooling drinks should be freely allowed, and the nourishment should be light and easy of digestion. Fruits in season are generally agreeable to the patient, and at other periods of the year, milk, broths, gruels, and farinaceous puddings are appropriate. Exposure to cold is to be avoided during the progress of the disease and in convalescence, but care in this respect should not lead to the error of which too many attendants are guilty, that of sealing up the windows, obstructing ventilation, and burdening the patient with an excess of clothing.

There is a custom still in vogue, which is as absurd and pernicious as it is ancient—that of giving saffron and gin, for the purpose, as it is claimed, of bringing out the eruption. This mixture is a potent source of evil; it almost always, not only induces digestive disturbances, but also invites nervous irritability and brain symptoms. To hasten the development of the eruption, if it is possible, and to maintain the functions of the skin, warm baths should be administered twice daily, at least, and oftener if the fever is of alarming intensity.

The itching which accompanies the eruption is a symptom which demands treatment, as it is a source of much annoyance, preventing sleep and increasing the constitutional disturbance. Simple, fresh lard is efficacious; a similar application, and one more agreeable, can be made of sweet oil and glycerine, equal parts, and a few drops of bergamot or other perfume.

The throat complications will demand treatment in very many cases. The application of salt pork has been the popular one in times past, and its advocates among certain classes are many even at the present day. Its efficacy is doubted, and that it adds to the patient's discomfort is assured. Simple water is far more agreeable, and even of greater benefit.

When the patient is of that age that gargles can be used, the saturated solution of the chlorate of potassa is advised. In very young children, if the operation can be performed without too violent resistance, it will be well to cleanse the throat occasionally with a simple, painless application. For this purpose, powdered sulphur may be used, water being added in sufficient quantity to make a paste. This may properly be applied with a camel's hair brush every hour or two while the patient is awake; or, if the child will permit its being done, the dry sulphur can be blown into the throat through a tube.

In all cases, unless the bowels move very freely, it will be well to administer a cathartic early in the attack. Restlessness and sleeplessness, if not relieved by warm baths and applications of cold to the head demand the use of opiates, and paregoric in appropriate doses is advised. The delirium which is so frequently present in young children at night, has no special significance, if it is absent during the day.

Except in very mild cases more or less medicinal treatment will be needed throughout the course of the disease. This must be varied to meet individual peculiarities and exigencies as they arise. It is, therefore, imperative in all cases that a physician be in attendance.

The length of time following an attack of scarlet-fever, which must pass before the patient is exempt from the danger of kidney complications, is estimated to be forty days. At least, during that period he should be guarded against exposure.

A Revolutionary Rhyme.

From the New York Observer.

Two weeks ago under the head of "Miscellany" a specimen of double-entendre verse was published in the Observer, taken for the Curious." The publication has brought out some interesting facts respecting the author of the verses and the incidents which attended their first appearance in public. These facts we have had from a great-granddaughter of the author, Mrs. Helen Dodge Campman, a resident of this city, who has also permitted us to see the original copy in the author's handwriting. The name of the latter was Samuel Dodge He was born at Cow Neck, L. I., April 9, 1730, and died at Poughkeepsie, October 4, 1807. He had eight sons, all of whom served in the Revolutionary War, the youngest as a drummer boy. The fifth son, Richard Dodge, married the only sister of Washington Irving. The youngest son became American Minister at Tunis, and died in that country. The original lines, which we reproduce below, are a part of a collection of unpublished verses, and have the title "Political Sentiments of Ye Author." They are accompanied with the following note: "A controversy having arisen between Great Britain and her American colonies, the latter, in the year 1774, chose a Congress, who on the 4th of July, 1776, by a formal Act declared the thirteen Colonies free and independent States, and a seven years' war commenced in which from the beginning the Author of these poems took an active part in favor of his country. In the year 1779, he being then a member for Dutchess county in the State Legislature, wrote and versified his political sentiments, in the manner expressed on the succeeding page. One of the members having procured a copy called one day to a number of the members then in the house (the speaker not as yet having taken the chair) to hear the political sentiments of one of their body. On his reading it, some groaned and others hissed; others threatened the calling the author to the bar of the house to answer for his writing and avowing such tory principles, as they called 'em. A stander by observing that the principles of the author could not be collected from the reading he gave it, but it would bear a second reading, a second reading was called for, when the reader (being instructed) read each verse, first the former half of the two lines and then the latter half of the same two lines, and so on; the instability of the hearers was soon perceivable, that by reading the same paper twice their execrations were changed to plandits and the poor author came off clear."

The lines are here given. First let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. Second, read the lines downward on the left of the comma in the middle of each line. Third, read the lines downward on the right of each comma. By the first reading it will be observed that the Revolutionary cause is condemned, and by the others it is encouraged and lauded.

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the dia
of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all
to arms.
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who Independence hear;
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whigish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress ever more;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

To the People of Talbot County, Md.

THE HOME COMFORT RANGE.

Made in St. Louis, Mo.

IS THE MOST COMPLETE

AND

BEST RANGE IN THE MARKET.

☞ Persons are requested not to buy before examining it.

For the present my headquarters are at the Bick Hotel, Easton; but I shall take the range through the country in my wagon and exhibit it to House-keepers

J. K. DICK, Agent.

To the People of Wicomico and Adjoining Counties.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Wicomico county, have each purchased of the Wrought Iron Range Co., one of their Home Comfort Cooking Ranges and cheerfully recommend them to the citizens of this and adjoining counties, as to their superiority in every respect. They require less time, less fuel, and bake more uniformly than any other cooking apparatus we have ever used. And we find their salesmen to be perfect gentlemen in every respect: A. L. Williams and wife, Josiah Johnson, Mamie Johnson, H. Ellingsworth and wife, W. A. Humphreys and wife, E. J. Adkins and wife, Clarissa Adkins, J. D. Gordy, Senaro E. Gordy, James A. Waller, Mrs. James A. Waller, I. W. Sirman and wife, John W. Davis and wife, John Reddish and wife, John S. Warren and wife, W. L. Laws and wife, J. J. Adkins and wife, Hilroy W. Bailey and wife, L. B. Brittingham and wife, James Gillies, Eleanor Gillies, Perry H. Waller and wife, Irving Kennerly and wife.

We also refer you to a few of the leading citizens of Worcester Co., Md.: H. A. Godfrey, R. J. Showell, H. D. Tingle, Dr. R. S. Purnell, E. J. Henry, Chas. Hastings, James Whaley, (ex-County Commissioner), W. M. Purnell, (County Commissioner,) J. J. Davis (ex-County Commissioner), Capt. L. I. Houston, (ex-Sheriff), Chas. Clayville, (ex-Sheriff), Robt. Baker, Juli3-2mo

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FLOUR AND FEED MILLS.

The undersigned respectfully announces to his friends, customers and the public generally that he has remodeled his mill to the

FULL ROLLER SYSTEM,

and is now prepared to give his customers good

Roller Process Flour

AS CAN BE MADE.

We will keep on hand a full suppy of

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED

FOR SALE,

and to exchange for good Wheat & Corn

Thanking the liberal public for their kind patronage in the past, we hope, by strict attention to business and fair dealing, to merit a continuance of the same.

Your obedient servant,

WM. T. ELBEN,

LONGWOODS, MD.

aug16-3m

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PORK OF BEST QUALITY.

Hotels and Families served at Lowest Figures

Call at the right-hand stall on entering the market.

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Try Henry's elegantly prepared Invisible Complexion Powder. We recommend its use to every Lady to prevent and remove Tan and Freckles. It imparts a perfectly natural appearance to the skin. It's beautifying effects are really wonderful. White and Flesh color. 25 cents per Box. For sale by HENRY & BRO., Opposite the Bank, Easton, Md.