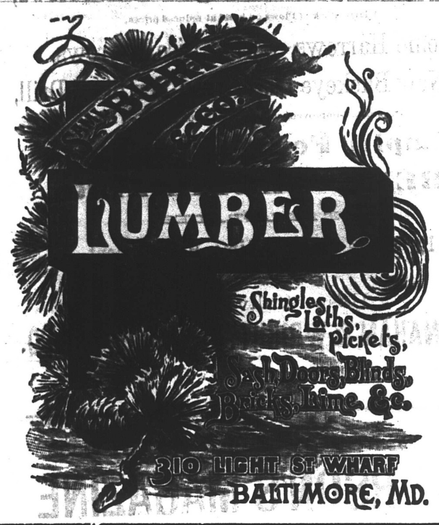
The Easton Star.

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, DECEMBER 6, 1887. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 13.

Lumber Business.



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Glass and Putty,
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Select Poetry.

COMRADES.

BY HENRY AMES BLOOD.

One steed I have of common clay,
And one no less than regal;
By day I jog on old Saddlebags,
By night I fly upon Eagle:
To store, to market, to field, to mill,
One plods with patient patter,
Nor hears along the far-off heights
The hoofs of his comrade clatter.

To field, to market, to mill he goes,
Nor sees his comrade gleaming
Where he flies along the purple hills,
Nor the flame from his bridle streaming;
Sees not his track, nor the sparks of fire
So terribly flashing from it,
As they flashed from the track of Alborak
When he bravely carried Mahomet.

One steed, in a few short years, will rest
Under the grasses yonder;
The other will come there centuries hence
To linger and dream and ponder;
And yet both steeds are mine to day,
The immortal and the mortal;
One bears alone the clods of earth,
One stamps at heaven's portal.

—THE CENTURY for December.

Select Story.

BY PROXY.

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

'Evelyn, you never will do such a thing!' and Mrs. Van Alstyne gazed at her niece with a shudder that set the diamond pendants in her ears all a quivering and ruffled the lace on her bosom.

"I do, most emphatically, Aunt Euphemia, intend to do just that very thing, and no other! Here I have lived to be twenty-two years old without being of the slightest use to anybody, that I ever could discover, and now when an opportunity occurs that I can do a little good, I mean to avail myself of it to the utmost."

"But think of the publicity—think of the remarks, the comments, the—Oh, dear me! I should die of mortification if it were my case!"

"Why, I am not aware of being about to perpetrate anything outrageous or disreputable," said Evelyn, with a gay laugh. "Why is it any worse for me than for Anna Mowbray?"

"Anna Mowbray is a poor girl, and obliged to earn her living, which you are not," was the lady's reply, delivered in a very severe tone, which she vainly hoped might make up for the lack of any authority to restrain her niece, which she felt so painfully conscious at that particular moment.

"And it is because she is a poor girl, with her way to fight in the world, that I mean to help her in this emergency, and not allow her to lose either the financial benefit to be derived from the entertainment, or run the risk of being supplanted perhaps by some equally aspiring but less scrupulous competitor. You need have no fear of my taking it as a profession, auntie," with another gay laugh at her aunt's expression of mingled horror and disdain. "I merely represent Anna by proxy this time to forestall and keep out any more dangerous rival; and as it is a place where I am not known, if that is any comfort to you——"

"Comfort, indeed!" broke in Mrs. Van Alstyne, with an augmented shiver. "It only makes it worse. If you were among your own friends—your own set—it might be accounted for on the score of an amiable eccentricity, or some other plausible pretext that would serve to bring you through creditably; but to go among a company of strangers, and receive money for singing, just like any poor girl; it's simply awful!"

"Well, I would like to feel like a poor girl just for once; the sensation must be interesting—it certainly would be novel," retorted Evelyn with another laugh. But the laugh ended in a sigh, and, rising somewhat abruptly from the low chair where she had been seated, she went to the window and stood looking out with a wistful expression in her handsome eyes.

"Yes, truly," she murmured in an undertone. "I would very willingly experience the reality of being poor if it might be the means of bringing to me the love for which my heart is yearning, but against which, to one of his proud, sensitive nature, my wealth presents an insuperable barrier. What difference does it make whose is the accident of fortune, so that there be enough for both? And yet I could not have told him this; it would have been unmaidenly; and now he has gone away, and I may never see him again—gone without knowing of the love I would so gladly, joyously give in exchange for his, the most precious gift to me that the world could hold—gone perhaps to meet some other woman, whom he may learn to love, but never, I believe, as I believe he did love me, and I shall be left alone! How gladly would I change places with Anna; not only for an evening, but permanently, if it might be the means of sending him back and bringing him to my side."

A mist came over her eyes for a moment; then dashing away the slight trace of emotion, she turned quickly from the window, and came back to her aunt.

"Now, Aunt Euphemia, you know just how the case stands," she said, evidently more from a desire to divert her thoughts from the direction in which they were running, than to make any further explanation. "Anna has been engaged to sing at this entertainment, but had the misfortune to sprain her ankle two days ago so badly that she cannot use it; and she is distracted by the thought of two equally painful considerations: first, the loss of the money, which she cannot afford to spare, and secondly, the fear that if it were left to Mrs Vaughn, herself, to procure a substitute it might be the means of Anna's being supplanted—not only in her patronage, but in that of others; for the lady is quite a leader, I understand, in her own set. So I, being on a visit of condolence to my old friend and schoolmate, cut the Gordian knot of her perplexities by the happy inspiration of presenting myself as her substitute, and thereby securing to her the benefit of the money as well; and then, as I said, there is no fear of any rivalry, inasmuch as I do not intend to take up the profession. And now, Aunt Euphemia"—with a return of her lightheartedness, "you cannot, as one who has any sympathy for struggling genius in untoward misfortune, say another word in protest. I shall go quietly there, sing a few pieces, pocket my salary and withdraw—and, if it is any comfort to you, I will add the further suggestion that, as there any number of Miss Hardons in the city, the mention of that name will not necessarily connect me with that misdemeanor. My dear aunt, I have the pleasure to bid you an revoir, for I must go and look over my costumes, and select a suitable one for the auspicious occasion—my first appearance as a professional!"

She made a demure obeisance and left the room, while Mrs. Alstyne settled back in her chair with a despairing sigh, and resumed the embroidery that had for the time fallen from her hands.

Two evenings later the parlors of Mrs. Vaughn's handsome residence were crowded to repletion, when one of the guests, Charlie Winan by name, felt a hand fall familiarly on his shoulder, and turned with a smile of mingled gladness and surprise upon his face.

"Ah, Ed, old fellow, it is good to see you again!' he exclaimed, holding out a cordial hand. 'We have had a good many changes of one kind and another in society since you were last here. But what do you think is the latest? Dr. Hardon has failed"

Edward Gordon caught his breath hard, and the look that leaped into his fine eyes was so oddly compounded of delight and compassion that it was hard to tell which sentiment predominated.

"Dr. Hardon as—Marion's father?" he asked, as soon as he could command his voice.

"Yes. And the young lady is depending upon her own exertions, and is actually engaged to sing here this evening. Just think of the voice that has delighted so many in her own set, being placed on the market at twenty-five dollars a night! There's a 'come-down' for you."

"I do not see where the 'come-down' is, exactly," said Gordon, still with that look of eager delight in his eyes. "She is certainly no less of a lady because she so bravely takes up the challenge laid down by adverse fortune, instead of weakly submitting, as so many women are prone to do. But how did you learn all this?"

"Mrs. Vaughn, our hostess, imparted to me the information that Miss Hardon was going to sing to-night as a substitute for some one else whom she had engaged, but who was disabled by an accident; and the rest I gathered from a conversation I happened to overhear between Ned Kingsley and Harry Carll. But hush! there she is, now!"

A brilliant instrumental piece opened the entertainment; then in a few well-chosen words, Mrs. Vaughn informed her guests that owing to a sudden accident, Miss Anna Mowbray was unable to appear, and she would have the pleasure of introducing as her substitute Miss Hardon, who would now favor them.

There was a rustle of soft draperies, then with a slight inclination of her handsome head, Evelyn stood before the assembled guests with a roll of music in her hand. She did not see the figure that involuntarily drew back further in the shadow of the window embrasure; she did not know of the deep, ardent gaze that was drinking in every outline of her form and face.

In another moment her voice, sweet, clear and expressive, was raised in the words of a well-known favorite "Unrest."

"I stretch out my hands with a heart-wrung cry,
I wander about in a strange unrest,
For the joys of life that pass me by,
For the peace to which I am never a guest.
Oh, faded years! oh, hopes agone!
Why have ye left me thus alone?

"Shall it be always that my feet must tread
The weary path of a joyless life?
Shall the time come on y when I am dead
That my heart shall cease from its restless strife?
Oh, faded years! redeem your past!
And let my heart find peace at last!"

The song ceased, and the man standing there in the window embrasure clinched his hands in a transport of mingled emotions.

Other selections followed, but he did not seem to hear them.

His mind and heart were full of the sweet, pathetic words that had told him so much.

When at last he came out of his reverie the singing had ceased, and a band of stringed instruments was announcing the first measures of a waltz, and Miss Hardon was nowhere to be seen.

Had he let her go, and missed the crowning opportunity of his life?

For a moment the thought stupified him; then starting from his place he sought Mrs. Vaughn.

From her he learned that Miss Hardon had asked permission to withdraw to the conservatory before leaving, to inspect some plants that had attracted her attention.

Bending over a rare flower in the conservatory, Evelyn heard an approaching footstep.

Before she raised her eyes she knew whose it was, and knew also, with a woman's subtle intuition, of the blessed promise it held for her.

Coming closer, Edward Gordon stretched out his hands, and seized hers in an ardent clasp.

"Miss Hardon—Evelyn," he burst forth, impetuously, "I know all! and forgive me if I am selfish, but I cannot deem it a misfortune which gives me the privilege of saying what must otherwise have forever remained unsaid—the privilege of telling you that I love you with a love that has become a part of my inmost life, and that I now dare to ask for your love in return. If the years have brought you sorrow, let the devotion of my life redeem them! Will you accept it, Evelyn?"

For one short, happy moment Evelyn sat with her eyes cast down, then raising them to meet his earnest gaze, she answered with simple frankness:

"Yes, Edward, I will!"

"Now let me take you home, darling!" said Edward, after a short happy silence "Where are you living?"

"At the old place," Evelyn answered quietly.

"Indeed!" echoed her lover with manifest surprise. "You have not left it yet, then?"

But Evelyn did not reply, and the journey was a silent one after all. But when the house was reached she held out a detaining hand.

"Come in for awhile, Edward, before you go."

They entered the parlor.

Edward's gaze wandered around the room, missing none of its elegant adornments, then came back to the face of his betrothed, who was regarding him with a smile.

"I do not understand this, Evelyn!" he said at last. "What does it mean!"

"Simply, Edward," said Evelyn, with a happy laugh, "that so far from losing one fortune, I have found another far more dearly prized."

"But I heard—I understood——" began her lover, with increasing embarrassment.

"So I supposed from your manner," interposed Evelyn, demurely, "and my appearance in that new role justified the supposition. The simple truth is that it was merely a case of proxy, on behalf of a friend, and gossip did the rest."

"And gossip has proved a benefactor to me this time," said Edward drawing her closer, when the story had been told, "unless—was the answer you gave me a short time since to be understood as constituting part of the proxy?"

With her beaming eyes uplifted to meet and return the look with which that question was accompanied. Evelyn slipped her hand once more into his.

"I think not!" she answered demurely. "I am willing to stand by that admission on my own responsibility."

"Then," said Edward, with fervent feeling, as he bent his face to hers, "there will be no more unrest, darling, for the years have redeemed their past!"

The Century for December.

The December Century opens with a frontispiece portrait of Lincoln from a photograph made about the time of his inauguration, which event is the subject of the present part of the Lincoln History. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay continue in this number the promised publication of new material. The famous closing paragraph is printed in facsimile, accompanied by a similar reproduction of Seward's suggestion for this same paragraph. Accompanying the paper are portraits of Seward, Frederick W Seward, and Ward H Lamon, together with a sketch of the inaugural scene.

Prof. Charles W Shields, of Princeton College, contributes an important and interesting paper, entitled "The United Churches of the United States," being a review of the Century letters on Christian Unity, which were written as comments on his former article of the same title. The letters reviewed are from many denominational sources. Prof. Shields in his summing up says: "Never were the signs as well as the needs of union more apparent, never was the feeling so deep and growing that the divisions in the Christian Church must somehow come to an end."

Mr. Kennan's second paper deals with the "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists" and answers the question, What is the specific nature of the wrongs which call forth, especially among the youth of Russia, such manifestations of fierce, passionate hatred for the Tsar, and which inspire such persistent and desperate attempts to take his life?

An illustrated paper on the Sea of Galilee, is contributed by Edward L Wilson.

Mrs. M G van Rensselaer writes this month, in her series on the English cathedrals, about Durham. Mr. Pennell's illustrations confirm the writer's praise.

The fiction of the number embraces the second part of "The Graysons," a novel of western life by Edward Eggleston; the second fourth of George W Cable's novelette of the Teche country, "Au Large;" and the first part of "The Dusautes," Frank R Stockton's sequel to "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." There is also a short story by J G Perkins, entitled "After the War."

Wide Awake 1888.

We have a primer entitled "A Modern Wonder" which sets forth with singular fulness and brevity what is going to be in Wide Awake for a year ahead.

The primer is not very long. The little pages are easy to read. But, it holds such wealth of learning and entertainment, you wonder how so much can be got into a dozen months; and yet you read on the title page that the half is not told.

It is a wonder! Wide Awake is a veritable library, changing from month to month and from year to year, and always growing better apparently.

But what we can't understand is how they can put so much money into it and pay so much for getting subscribers.

The Holiday number contains the Premium List of 32 pages. They give a boy or girl who gets subscribers almost as much in his choice of two or three hundred things as the money he sends amounts to! And the things are such as people want; a good many of them new to most of us. Even the Premium List is good reading.

Where the profit comes from out of $2.40 a year is what we can't make out; but that is none of our business.

Send for the primer to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Some Christmas Books.

There is no end to the Christmas bookmaking. The musical novelties for the holiday season are especially attractive this year. There is a "Child's Musical Gift Book" which contains pretty songs, very simple and easy, arranged so that they can be played on the piano or organ, as well as sung. And each song is illustrated by a pretty picture; it is a nice book for the little ones, and costs 20 cts. Then there are four beautiful Cantatas, written expressly for children to perform at Christmas time. They are, "Jingle Bells," "The Christmas Gift," "Caught Napping," "King Winter," and "The Message of Christmas," all bright and sparkling. The Cantatas are 30 cts. each, except "Christmas Gift," which is only 25 cts. They contain all the dialogues, songs and accompaniments for the performances. There is also a new Christmas service for Sunday Schools, called "The Old Sweet Story," and it consists of songs, hymns, responsive reading, recitations, etc. It costs only 8 cents per copy.

All of the above named Christmas books are published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., and will be sent by them to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price. Liberal discounts to classes and schools.

The Company Went on a Strike.

From the Chicago Herald

Two ex-conductors of the Missouri Pacific met in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific yesterday afternoon and began to discuss the reasons for their discharge.

'I was fired,' said one, 'because I was color blind.'

'I didn't know,' said the other, 'that conductors were obliged to undergo the same test in regard to colors as the engineers.'

'They don't, but my color blindness went so far that I couldn't tell the difference between the color of the company's money and my own.'

The Art Boom Strikes Michigan.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Wife—'Did you pay much for this etching? It isn't an artist's proof.'

Husband—'Oh, yes, it is.'

Wife—'Well, it looks very blurred and indistinct.'

Husband—'Oh, they're all the go now. That's one of those composite etchings you read of so much in the magazines nowadays.'

PICKINGS FROM "PUCK."

Scraps of Humor From the Pages of a Wide New York Weekly.

Sport is a great thing. In these fine autumn days it is pleasant for the Staten Islander to sit on his back stoop, hear the New York Nimrod's shotgun crack and listen to some weather-beaten, experienced catbird responsively crying out "Hats!" and adjusting his tin chest-protector while he explains to the sportsman that the partridge who used to live in that neighborhood moved away two years ago.

To detach coupons properly, use a revenue cutter.

It is surprising how much store those Baconians set by the cipher. All the ciphers in the world added together come to naught.

We hear a great deal of the Western Reserve, and yet—it doesn't strike you as a characteristic of the Chicago people.

The unkindest cut of all is to be found in the average eight-dollar suit of clothes.

There is so much base ball in the course when it is too cold to play in the air that the game should be taught in all law schools, so that Judges may have a sufficient knowledge of the game to give just and impartial rulings.

The Crow Indian will never go back on corn whisky.

Visitor. "Your new house is very pretty; but you will have trouble to do anything with the garden; it's so small."

Country Host. "Yes, it is small; but then I shall put in folding beds."

You couldn't put one musical critic's opinion of another musical critic on a postal card and send it through the mail without laying yourself open to prosecution.

In most of the booming towns in New Jersey nowadays they will put your house up for you while you wait, and if you paste two or three thicknesses of paper over it it is really quite a coherent structure.

When a bride drives away from the parental mansion in Chicago they throw rice after her. But only rice, nothing but rice.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

Peculiarities of Famous Men Not Generally Noticed by Historians.

From Puck.

It is said of Butler, the caustic writer of Hudibras, that he was generally found to be in his most biting humor somewhere in the vicinity of meal time.

Coleridge, the poet, once expressed a wish that he were worth a million dollars.

Cuvier, although one of the most prolific writers of his time, never used a steel pen nor a type-writer.

Keats wrote his name in water. It is the theory that he learned to despair of anything more permanent by a long course of marking his collars and cuffs. But we may certainly consider this theory to be of doubtful correctness. Poets do not have collars and cuffs. Or, rather, they do not have collars.

Macer the poet, always laughed when merriest.

Aspasia was a wonderful woman—a unique woman in the fact that she did not consider herself the final judge as to the merits of novels.

Julius Cæsar never lost a battle nor a collar button.

On the other hand, I have lost a collar button a month for the last fifteen years.

An unknown editor of the fifteenth century once rejected one of his own contributions.

Lamartine, although a mixture of normal school erudition, boarding house poetry and tape counter priggishness, nevertheless possessed a certain low cunning which for more than forty years enabled him to evade the guillotine.

Chatterton began to write when only fifteen; Thackeray waited until he was forty, while Hugh Conway deferred serious literary work until some time after he was dead.

The mystery surrounding a book called "The Bread Winners"—as to what particular gulf of oblivion it fell into—has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

What Not to Say.

'Stopping,' for staying. As, 'He is stopping with us,' for 'He is staying with us.'

'Right away,' for immediately. 'Come right away' should be 'come at once,' or immediately.

'Some,' for about or probably. 'It is some five miles to town,' should be, 'It is about five miles,' etc.

'Storms,' for rains or snows. Storm is an atmospherical disturbance, and has reference to air and wind.

'Nice,' for pretty, good, etc. 'That is nice, he is a nice boy, isn't she pretty?' etc. Something nice is delicate, exact, as a nice point in a discussion.

Try and come, do write, etc, for try to come, to do so, to write, etc. 'I shall try and come to see you soon,' should be, 'I shall try to come,' etc.

Just as soon, for just as lief. 'I would just as soon do it as not,' should be, 'I would just as lief do it,' etc. Soon means in a short time, not rather.

'Posted,' for informed. As, 'He is not posted on that matter; post him on the subject.' Post means to put up a sign or to drop a letter in the post office.

'Guess,' for suppose or think. 'I guess this is right,' should be, 'I think,' etc. Guess means 'to hit at random,' as, 'I can't guess how many cents you have.'

'Party,' for person. Party is a gathering of people, not an individual. 'Who is that party?' when one is meant, should be, 'Who is that person.'

Funny, for odd, strange. As, 'it seems very funny to me that he does not come,' should be, 'It seems very strange,' etc. Funny is something amusing, full of fun.

Depot, for station. 'I will go to the Allentown depot,' should be, 'I will go to the Allentown station.' A depot is a terminal point. Station, a place along the route

Willing to Give One a Chance.

From the Merchant Traveler.

Browne's employer was calling his attention to the sales of another traveling man and intimating that he ought to try and do as well.

'I tell you what it is,' said Browne, 'it's all in the territory a man has to travel. Now any fool can sell goods in that territory.'

'Well,' replied the merchant, thoughtfully, 'I think I will start you out on that route next month.'

The period of teething is the most dangerous to young children. They should then have extra attendance and occasional doses of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

The purity of the ingredients and the accuracy of the combination in Laxador, coupled with the important fact that it is free from any deleterious substance, is a strong argument for its adoption as the remedy for all diseases of the liver. Price 25 cents.

25 SALVATION OIL

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

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(Successors to Harry Meginniss.)

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30 and 32 Pratt Street (Under Maltby House),
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A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.

We call particular attention to our large line of Shirts--ready made in White, Percale and Flannel--all sizes, embracing every variety, style and price.

Shirts Made to Order
Our Specialty.

Fall Opening.

Mrs. Rosa V. Leonard,

on Dover St., next to Building Association Office,

Announces to the ladies of Easton and vicinity that she has opened a full line of

Fall Millinery,

Felt Hats and Bonnets,

FEATHERS AND WINGS,

in all the New Shades,

RIBBONS AND VELVETS,

CHILDREN'S PLUSH BONNETS,
LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS,
CREPE LISSE,
FANCY NECK TIES,

Ornamental Pins for the Hair,

WORSTED GOODS,

and a full line of

TRIMMINGS AND NOTIONS,

Such as are always kept in a well supplied Millinery Store. A call is solicited as I cannot be undersold.

Easton, Nov. 8, 1887.

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L. J. PEARCE, D. D. S.

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For flavoring Ice Cream Custards, Puddings, Blanc Mange, Jellies, &c. As we use the best Vanilla Beans in making this extract, families can be sure they are getting it pure and free from Tonca Beans and other impurities For sale by Henry & Brother, opposite the bank.

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