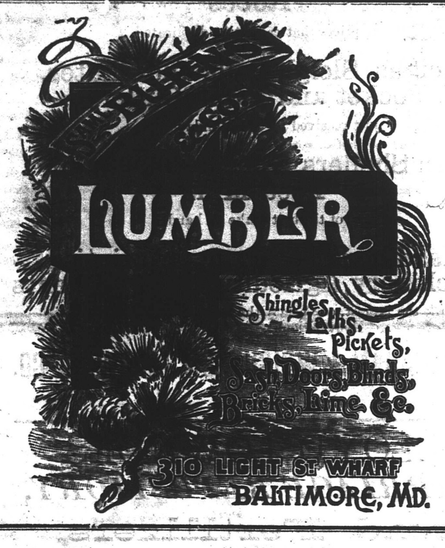
The Easton Star.

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 3, 1888. | VOL. XXIII.—NO. 17.

Lumber Business.



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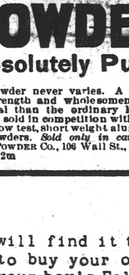

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Glass and Putty,
For sale by HENRY & BROTHER.

Select Poetry.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I hear the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head,
'There is no peace on earth,' I said;
'For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good wil to men!'

The Brook.

The subjoined beautiful poem, which we copy from the Woman's News, published at Indianapolis, Indiana, was written by a graduate of the Indiana Institute for the Blind:

Oh, sparkling brook, thy waters gleam,
And glisten in the sunlight,
Thy mossy banks enchanted seem
As fairy haunts at midnight.

With silver bells' sweet rippling chime
Thy music on the pebble
Would mingle as in magic rhyme,
As alto soft with treble.

Now leaping down the rocky steep,
And tumbling off the ledges,
Now dancing where the willow creeps,
Now gliding near the hedges.

Thus varied is thy murmured flow,
With many a crystal shower.
And welcome is thy spray I know,
To every leaf and flower.

So careless though may seem thy gleam
And even rude thy singing,
When sadness, sorrow, grief—all these,
So many hearts are wringing.

Fair nature is by thee most blest,
And heavy hearts find pleasure;
And often many souls find rest,
In thy sweet mirthful measure.

Then bubble on, bright laughing stream,
And glisten in the sunlight,
And murmuring in the moonlight's gleam,
E'en through the stilly midnight.

—*Olive Lock.*

Warsaw, Ind.

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Times.

Ruined by Protection.

RHODE ISLAND WOOLEN MILLS DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

Flourishing Industries Killed by Oppressive Tariff Laws—Labor Suffering Equally with Capital.

PEACE DALE, R. I., Dec. 25.—The place is well named. The village is in a dale through which the Saugatuck flows silently and swiftly. Everything about the place betokens a spirit of peace and of thrift. Immense buildings of grayish-colored stone line the banks of the little river. The gently-sloping hills on both sides of the stream are dotted with clean-looking, substantial dwelling houses of wood. The village wears an air at once ancient and modern. The groves of splendid trees are certainly not of recent growth. The huge stone buildings have the massiveness of a past age and the improvements of the present day. As a matter of fact the woolen manufacturing industry of Peace Dale dates back to 1800. In that year the enterprise of the Peace Dale Manufacturing Company was established, not on its present scale of course, for the mills have grown, bit by bit, to their present large proportions. Their output has a reputation as wide as the country, and Peace Dale shawls, when shawls were fashionable, were worn in all parts of the Union. Here, if anywhere, it would seem that the woolen manufacturing business should be in a prosperous condition. The mills have every needful advantage in the matter of location. The water power is all that is required; a railroad runs within a stone's throw. The people who work in the mills have cheap rent, cheap land, fresh air, and are paid the highest rate of wages. If they are satisfied with their condition and prospects the mill owners are not satisfied. The mills are owned by the Hazard family, one of the prominent families of Rhode Island. Like other woolen manufacturers, they are protected by tariff restrictions. Protection in this case does not seem to protect. According to the owners, who should certainly know, the mills would have been closed down several years ago if the question of profit were the only question considered by them. More for the sake of the labor employed—450 people—and in the hope of legislative relief they have been run for the last four years.

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Rowland G. Hazard, second, told The Times's correspondent to-day that if the Peace Dale Manufacturing Company were not engaged in other enterprises in which money was made, the company would have been compelled to close the woolen mills, as for several years they had been run at a loss. Mr. Hazard was asked to explain how this could be, in the face of a protective tariff. He said the depressed condition of the woolen manufacturing interests was due to the present tariff. The American manufacturer was unable to compete with the foreigner simply because the latter not only got his labor and much of his machinery at a much lower cost than either could be had in this country, but he also procured his raw material at a much lower figure than the American tariff would permit that material to be bought for here. American labor cost probably 50 per cent. more than foreign labor. When woolen manufacturing was in its infancy here the machinery was of foreign make. Now most of it was American, but the amount made was not enough to supply the demand, and at times it was necessary to buy the foreign article. The tariff compelled the American manufacturer to pay more for it than it could be bought for in other countries, and the tariff also made him pay too high a price for American machinery. But it was mainly the tariff on wool that caused the trouble. There were wools, not grown in the United States, that it was absolutely necessary the American manufacturer should have if he desired to compete against the manufacturer of Europe. There is a coarse grade of wool grown in South America that was required for mixing with American wools. A tariff of about 60 per cent. kept it out of the market. One hundred pounds of that wool 'in the grease' would net only from 12 to 20 pounds of clean wool, and the tariff compelled the American manufacturer to pay 10 cents a pound on from 80 to 88 pounds of dirt.

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There was a time when woolen manufacturers who thought as he did, Mr. Hazard said, were very scarce, but they were, very generally, beginning to understand that their interests demanded such changes in the tariff as the changed condition of the business demanded. The present tariff was constructed to provide against contingencies that no longer exist. He was not a free trader so far as America was concerned. He believed that a certain amount of Government protection should be given to infant industries, but infant industries did not include all the manufacturing interests of the country. New industries might be in need of protection against those long-established [illegible] This might be given to them until [illegible] but a [illegible] should not be placed on the country for their sake. Perfect free trade might answer when the millenium came, but of its coming there was no indication. The protectionists unjustly claim that the policy defined by President Cleveland meant free trade, but such claim was made only for political reasons. The free traders knew well enough that the policy in question did not cover their desires. President Cleveland believed, just as he did, that the revised tariff should permit a reasonable amount of so-called protection for such industries as really needed it.

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Were there many woolen manufacturers who thought as he did? They were all gradually becoming convinced that the present tariff meant something very like ruin. Heretofore they had been silent, but they were beginning to express their opinions and the latter showed that the ranks of the tariff reformers were rapidly increasing in number. Was it possible to run woolen mills more economically than the Peace Dale Manufacturing Company had succeeded in doing? Mr. Hazard thought not. He knew of none more economically managed. The members of the company had by some been derided as philanthropists. Why? Well, in the first place they hardly deserved to be so called, but it was on account of the introduction of a co-operative scheme by which the employes could receive a share of the profits over and above the regular wages. For years the great depression in the shawl trade had prevented the establishment of the partial co-operative system, but it was finally introduced by the company in 1878. In that year the company agreed to divide the surplus profits with its employes. It would have been useless to offer co-operation to the workingmen when there was a prospect of loss instead of profit. Labor could not afford to run any risk; it must have its daily wages guaranteed. The company proposed, when it saw a chance of profits, to make a division. It was explained to the working people that in any case wages must be paid; in case of profits the interest on capital and a percentage for wear and tear must be deducted. The importance of a reserve fund was shown by the fact that but for such a fund the mills would have been compelled to shut down for five years prior to 1878. The promise of a bonus was explained to make the employes more diligent and careful. The company also promised to lop off every expense that could be got rid of and to increase the profits in every possible way. The business of 1878 did not permit of a dividend; there were no profits to divide.

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The business of the company for 1879 was such that it was enabled to divide $5,842 40 among its employes. The company announced that it would make the same agreement with its hands for the year which ended January 31, 1881. It called attention to the fact that the more diligence there was shown by its employes the better they were likely to fare, and asked for a full measure of honest service as the prospective bonus was in addition to the regular wages of its hands. The business of 1880 was such that 5,999 65 was divided among the working people. In the following year the employes' share of the surplus profits dropped to 3,769 14. This high price of wool had cut off profits on the raw material. The business of 1882, while not highly satisfactory, netted the employes in dividends $3,760 35. In announcing this dividend the company stated that the outlook for the coming year was not very bright; that every effort toward a wise and persistent economy would be necessary to enable it to make a dividend a year hence. Business in 1883 was bad; in 1884 it was worse, and that it wasn't still worse in 1885 was only because that could not well be. For four years the mills paid no dividends to labor above the regular rate of wages, and capital was compelled to be satisfied with a loss. For four years the mills have been run at a loss, and this loss, in the opinion of the company, is due entirely to the inequalities of the tariff, which permit the foreign manufacturer to send his goods on here cheaper than they can be made here.

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The members of the Peace Dale Company do not talk for political effect. They have always been Republicans. They, it is true, refused to swallow Mr. Blaine, but this refusal should not be attributed to any hostility to the Republican Party; they were simply personally acquainted with Blaine and, knowing him—in a business way—refused to vote for him. They are business men, not politicians. They favor a revision of the tariff and the free admission of raw materials, not because President Cleveland favors such a policy, but because they consider such a course the only one that will give stability to the woolen manufacturing interests of the country.

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About 10 miles from Peace Dale, which, in its turn, is 32 miles from Providence and on the road to Narragansett Pier, is the Glenrock Mill. For years it has made woolen and cotton warp kerseys and a material known as negro cloth. The tariff on wool made life a struggle for the Glenrock mill, and finally the mill was compelled to give up the ghost. But the mill was there, and its owners were not in a position to let it remain unoccupied and entirely useless. They turned a variety of schemes over in their calculating way. There was no money in woolen manufacturing; that was only too certain. To day the Glenrock Woolen Mill is manufacturing ducks by the incubator process, and happily its projectors are making more money out of ducks than the tariff ever allowed them to make out of woolen manufacturing. They are joked a good deal about the radical change of business, but as the duck scheme has panned out handsomely they are able to stand all the banter cast their way.

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Years ago there were far more woolen mills in Rhode Island than there are to-day. Every little stream in the State had its mill. All the small mills have gone out of existence. The tariff on coarse wools killed them. Only the sites of most of these mills remain. The buildings have gone up in smoke, a happy result for the owners it is generally considered, as the mills were of no value except from a fire-insurance standpoint. The policies, it is understood, were paid, though in [illegible] cases cold-blooded insurance men hinted that it was an odd coincidence that so many mills should burn down almost immediately after it was plainly impossible for them to make money by refusing to burn.

T. B. F.

Pope Leo's Christmas.

Pope Leo is probably getting more Christmas presents than any other single individual ever received, says the Mail and Express. Here are a few of those that he already has on hand:

From the Sultan of Turkey, an unique pastoral ring set with precious stones, value 50,000 francs.

From Clotilde Bonaparte, sister of King Humbert, a cope of white satin, embroidered with flowers, value 10,000 francs.

From the ladies of Seville, Spain, a cope clasp of gold set with 580 precious stones, mostly diamonds and emeralds.

From the Emperor of Germany, a mitre worked in gold, incrusted with rubies, emeralds, sapphires and brilliants, valued 20,000 francs.

From the Empress of Germany, a set of mass vestments, value 30,000 francs.

From the clergy and laity of Paris, a tiara, in which are 600 diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, with a huge diamond capping the cross on top, value 180,000 francs.

From the Empress of Austria, a golden tiara, value 350,000 florins.

From the Emperor of Austria, a pectoral cross, value 100,000 florins.

From the Syrian Catholics, a cross and chain containing about fifteen pounds of solid gold, value 7,000 rupees.

From the Queen of Saxony, a holy water stoup, value 6,000 francs.

From the Duc de Nemours, a pectoral cross studded with diamonds, and from Valencia a stole covered with precious stones.

These, of course, are but a few of the many costly presents that have poured in from all over the world. They have been so numerous that it was necessary to set apart a whole building for their reception.

A programme for the celebration of the Pope's jubilee is now announced. On Dec. 31 he will receive an international deputation of bishops and priests. On Jan. 1st, he will celebrate his jubilee mass, in St. Peter's. On the same day he will receive the Cardinals, Roman nobles, and personages from abroad, including the American bishops. On the 2d he will hold the solemn 'Academy,' in the basilica of San Lorenzo. On the 3d, 4th and 5th he will receive the great Italian pilgrimages and deputations of Catholics of all lands. On the 6th the Vatican will be thrown open for an exhibition of jubilee offerings. Until the 14th he will give collective audiences to the deputations of visitors. On the 14th he will solemnize in the great hall above the portico of St. Peter's the canonizations and beatifications that have been decided upon. It will be a two weeks' impressive pageant.

SCHOOL HYGIENE IN WINTER.

Some Suggestions Which Should be Followed by all Teachers.

In summer the child is greatly favored by the free, natural ventilation of the school-room; the wide range of his sports; his sympathy with exuberant nature, and the long vacation, with its varied rambles, its frequent bathings, its exhilarating sense of freedom, and perhaps, with its change of air.

The absence of these favoring circumstances in winter suggests greater attention at that time to the physical condition of school children.

Their food should be suited to the season. Fat is to the body what coal is to the stove. It is simply fuel. No sailors are allowed in the expeditions to the North Pole who cannot digest an abundance of fat. The child can safely withstand our Northern cold only as he carries within him a copious source of heat. He not only should have, but should, if necessary, be trained to love fat meat, gravies and well-cooked rashers.

Where oatmeal is an important part of the daily diet, the large proportion of fat it contains meets the need in part, and so does the well-buttered bread, but it is well to add daily the fat of meat.

But while we introduce heat-producing food within the system, we must guard the heat from too rapid loss. The child may be exposed to extremely low temperatures. Good woolen flannel should be worn next the skin all the winter while the outside clothing should be, thick and warm. Woolen stockings, thick boots and good rubbers are indispensable, and the child should be taught the danger of going with cold or with damp feet.

It is important, also, to remember the physical difference in children. In some of them the recuperative power is strong, and asserts itself at once; in others a slight cold means death, or a protracted invalidism.

But the school-room itself needs constant looking after. If it is not properly ventilated, the vitiated air lowers the tone of the physical system, and renders it very susceptible to colds and other ailments. A tendency to colds will also be caused by too high a temperature, which weakens the resisting power of the skin. On the other hand, the weakly are sure to suffer from too low a temperature. This should be regulated by a thermometer, and should not be allowed to vary much from 70 Fahrenheit.

We must add, that while a child's food should be ample, it should be simple, avoiding what merely pampers the appetite. Many a so-called 'cold' is due to disturbance from undue eating.—Youth's Companion.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a purely vegetable compound, innocent in nature and wonderful in effect. For children it is invaluable, curing croup, whooping cough etc., in a few hours. Price 25 cents.

Mr. W. R. Graves, of Weatherstville, Md., writes: I suffer sometimes with acute rheumatism, and your Salvation Oil gives me instantaneous relief. I cordially recommend it as a sure cure.

From the New York Observer.

SEEKING THE CHRIST-CHILD.

'One golden morn to Adine's home there came
The angel bearer of a sweet behest—
'With loving care,
Adine, thy home prepare,
For Christ, the Lord, this day shall be thy guest.'

"With awe, Adine the heavenly message heard,
A holy hush fell on her heart and face;
And going to and fro,
She whispered low,
'Today His presence shall make glad this place.'

"Long hours she watched—and while she bent her ear,
And thro' the twilight strained her eager sight,
A shadow crossed the floor,
And at the door
A sad-eyed child begged shelter from the night.

"But Adine, waiting for her kingly guest,
With hope and fear at war within her heart,
No thought or care
The weary child could spare,
And with ungracious alms bade him depart.

"Then suddenly the childish form was changed;
And with a look that smote her like a sword—
All fair and bright,
In robes of silvery white—
He turned and said, 'Adine, behold thy Lord.'

"And while with trembling hands her face she hid,
The glory faded that thro' the place had shone;
The sheen of pinions fair
Swept thro' the silent air,
And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

"Still for the Master's coming Adine waits,
But help from those who need no more withholds,
For evermore,
In all who seek her door,
Adine the image of her Lord beholds."

This quaint little legend, so sweetly told in the verses I have quoted, is repeated in many languages, and the story lingers, though in different forms, in all nations who have heard the story of the Christchild.

The Russian peasants believe that an old woman, the Babouska, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the child. 'Come with us,' they said, 'we have seen His star in the East and go to worship Him.' 'I will come, but not now,' she answered. 'I have my house to see in order; when this is done I will follow and find Him.' But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for him still. For His sake she takes care of all little children. It is she who, in Russian and Italian homes, is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morning. The children are awaken by the call, 'See, the Babouska!' and spring up, hoping to catch a glimpse of her before she vanishes. But fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feed she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago.

Very likely as we read or listen to these simple fables, which though different are at heart the same old story of neglected happiness, because of the work and worry of our daily lives, or of ambition which cannot see our Lord in the simple vesture of a little child, we feel as if they were not for us, that the prose and hurry of our daily life make the world a very different place from what it was in the misty, wonderful 'long ago,' when Chrift was a living presence among men.

The Babouska, looking out, saw the light of a miraculous star streaming across the desert, and kings on their way to him bearing royal gifts. We fancy that if such mighty marvels had ever told us of Him we would not have waited to finish our day's work before setting out to find Him. Yet to all of us, as to the woman in the story, the cry has come at least once in our lives, 'The Christ is found! Come and worship him.' Through the influence of one of our own little children, perhaps—from our mother's tender words—in many ways has the message come. And if we are indeed eager to find him, to have him our guest, we need not search the world to reach his presence. He is with us now, at our side, within our sight, and the quickest way to touch his hand at this especial season is to feed the children, the hungry, cold: helpless babes that wait for us in every alley. Adine, waiting for a kingly guest, could not see the child Saviour. The Babouska seeks the Christ-child in every little one, only to be disappointed. But we shall not be disappointed. He has told us that we shall find him in the least of these his brethren. And thus his presence, unseen but felt in every scene, will hallow our Christmas-tide, and bring home to every heart the hope that—

"He who wast born and cradled in a manger,
And gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
O, best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our friend and Christmas guest."
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Keeping Nuts.

Here is a hint for all lovers of nuts, both seniors and juniors. Every young person, says the Agriculturist, knows that nuts after they have dried somewhat, are sweeter than when first gathered. But the drying process goes on until they, especially chestnuts, became too hard to be eatable. These and other nuts can be kept from becoming too dry by mixing them with sand. If mixed with an equal bulk of sand, in a box or barrel, and kept in a cool place, the nuts may be preserved in an eatable condition until spring.

New Year Proverbs of Olden Time.

If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for 't all the year.

A January spring
Is worth nae thing.

Under water, dearth;
Under snow, bread.

March in Janiveer,
January in March, I fear.

If January calends be summerly gay
'Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May.

The blackest month in all the year
Is the month of Janiveer.

Colds, coughs, bronchitis, and all throat and lung diseases are effectively treated with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. To neglect the use of proper remedies for these ailments, is to invite consumption, which is sure to follow in the wake of the mortality in all civilized countries.

Martyrs to Headache.

Some years ago I was [illegible] use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then I regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Alexander W. McVean, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time.

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykens, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 59 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Charles M. Gale. Austin W. Woolford.

Chas. M. Gale & Co.

(Successors to Thomas Hardwick)

MEN'S FURNISHERS

20 and 22 Pratt Street (Under Bailey House),

BALTIMORE, MD.

A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Sands, 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.

X-MASTIDINGS.

Every Thing New and Beautiful.

A GREAT VARIETY OF NOVELTIES.

AN UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT OF LOVELY GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

All Can be Suited, Young and Old.

Call at the Drug Store of

Hayward & Brother,

near the Easton Hotel, and see their grand display of

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