

# STEPHENS CITY STAR.

HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN.

By BEN. S. GILMORE.

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**Thither.**  
A golden haze melts down the purple skies,  
Where glows the lingering day the mountains o'er;  
On noiseless wings the idle butterflies  
Drift o'er the daisied meadow's vernal floor;  
The drowsy blossoms of the sycamore  
Breathe heavy odors on the dreamy air;  
Hail drowsed with honey, drains the weary bee  
Across the marshes to his hollow tree,  
While from the east the salty breezes bear  
The far-off echoes of the open sea.  
The rosy tide of summer's beauty dies;  
From frosty skies the gales of autumn roar;  
The reaper's song is done, and idle lies  
His shining scythe beside his lonely door,  
The sweet bird carols to the day no more—  
No more the little bluebird coos his prayer;  
But winter's footprints thicken on the lawn  
And hush in ice the brook's low melody,  
While louder rise, from rocky caverns here,  
The far-off echoes of the open sea.  
So change our lives! When childhood lit my eyes  
I dreamed that life eternal summer wore—  
I dreamed the earth would be a paradise  
My feet should through the shining years  
Explore;  
I saw the gay birds into heaven soar,  
And fancied I as dear as joy should share;  
And when the cold world told of death to me  
I could not understand what death might be;  
Its sorrows never brought to me a care—  
Those far-off echoes of the open sea!  
Just Lord, I learn the change thy seasons bear;  
There is a sweetness in the minor key;  
Blest are we while we live, blest when from  
thee  
We hear that solemn low that calls us here  
No echo answers from the open sea.  
Ernest W. Shurtleff.

## JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."  
My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the geni emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six foot three—and stood looking reproachfully down at me.  
"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he said.  
Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wits' end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop after it.  
He was a fine, manly looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; when instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English prayer book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago, and I added encouragingly:  
"Beside, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."  
"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover. "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen—as Jacob did for Rachel."  
"You forget," laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."  
The boy's eyes flashed indignantly, and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me infant fashion to the sofa, at the other end of the room.  
"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.  
This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.  
"Don't do that again," I said with dignity, when I recovered my breath.  
"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.  
"Not just at present," I replied.  
"The great, handsome fellow," I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and won't have him!"  
"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "You say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you are forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."  
O John, John! at least five millions of men have said the same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when he fairly breaks down and cries, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take his.  
And John looked radiant at this concession, for love is a very dog in the

manger. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.  
A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself, comparatively young in years, with a half invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural determination than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths, that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worlding who has been called hence in another state of being.  
Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer, and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (with-out the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient to his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.  
They stayed with us three years and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have their hearts set upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of a wife.  
A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.  
"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure you would fill the vacant niche."  
I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.  
Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon in her bonnet, and gave minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.  
"It is really magnificent," said she lengthening out each syllable. "Brother, has such perfect taste. And he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see we look upon you quite as one of the family."  
"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; but I certainly have no expectations of ever belonging to it."  
Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.  
"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."  
I rattled the cups and saucers angrily, and my thoughts flew off, not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family generally?  
The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling which, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the galleys, I would have prepared myself for the latter with a sort of alacrity.  
I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally got rid of him, with these things in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that would bring matters to a crisis.  
But the boy had been roused at last. He, too, had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for three or four weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better.  
I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible movement that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.  
Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six, without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he

would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Cranford.  
"Mr. Cranford," was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father. He looked very grave, and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.  
"John is well?" I gasped finally.  
"Quite well," was the reply, in such a kind tone that I felt sure there was something wrong.  
"What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.  
"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford, tell him that I had rather remain Edna Cranford as he made me promise, than become Edna Cranford."  
"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."  
I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming around—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to a sofa.  
"Shall it be Edna Cranford or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."  
"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.  
If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.  
To my great surprise John laughed heartily.  
"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I am not a villain after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"  
He produced an ivory-type in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpton, who looked about seventeen.  
"Rose," he continued, "Rose Darling; the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I have been visiting, you know, and she was such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see; says she's quite afraid of me and all that."  
John knew I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.  
So I kept my promise to John, after all; and as Miss Rose kept her's, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.  
**Ruinous Reading.**  
An example of the pernicious influence exercised upon the mind of the young by the perusal of the exciting literature prepared especially for them is found in an occurrence that took place a few days since in Murkham, Ont. For some time business houses and dwellings have been burglarized, and no clue could be obtained to the perpetrators. At last the suspicion of a banker's wife were directed to a young man employed in the office of her husband, and she detected him in the act of hiding stolen plunder. He confessed his crime and the mystery of the burglaries was revealed.  
It appears that a number of boys-sons of the most respectable people in the town, had formed an organization for the perpetration of crimes similar to those related in the flashy literature they were permitted to read. Members of the gang retired as usual with others of the family, and when all was quiet slipped out of the house and repaired to the rendezvous, which was a cave near a graveyard. The capture of one of the thieves led to the recovery of much of the stolen property, and the high standing of the parents prevented prosecution of the boys; who were allowed to escape without suffering the penalty they richly deserved.  
Comment is superfluous. The evil effect of the promiscuous reading of the flashy literature so prevalent among the young of both sexes at the present time has been many times discussed by the press. The only remedy lies in legislative suppression of the evil.  
—Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

## CHASED BY A LOG.

**Experiences of the Michigan River Drivers.**  
Few people have any adequate idea of the dangers and discomforts attending the life of a "river driver." Four months of the year, and these during the raw and chilly spring, when he is working from daylight to dark in the water, his clothes are often wet and frequently frozen for a week at a time. If he falls into the cold river in the morning, he must keep on with his work till night. Often the heat of his bed—for the riverman's etiquette teaches him that clothes are to be worn, not hung on a chair at night—is only sufficient to thaw out the garments without drying them. I talked with one of these river drivers. Every bit of information was given grudgingly, though earnestly and with candor. He said:  
"I have followed the river every spring for twenty years and there are mighty few streams in Michigan that I haven't gone to the bottom of."  
"Dangerous business? Well, that depends on what part of the job you are working at. If you are the cook, there ain't much danger, unless the boys find pebbles in the beans, or mice in the blackstrap. But if the crew are 'breaking a jam' and the old man sets you to 'hitching on' things are liable to be pretty lively. What is 'hitching on' and a 'rollway'? Ever see a high bank at a river? Well, you see how the logs during the winter to the highest bank of a stream they can reach, and roll them down it onto the ice below, piling them up by thousands and tens of thousands. In the spring these piles of logs have got to be loosed so that they will float down the river. That is what is called 'breaking a jam.' Now about 'hitching on.'"  
"Sometimes they 'break a jam' by prying out the logs with canthooks and sometimes they run a rope across the river. A yoke of oxen are 'hitched on' to it, and it is thrown around a log. The oxen are then started, and 'snake out' the log. Why is that dangerous? It often happens that one log is wedged in such a shape that it holds from fifty to a thousand others, and to save time this log must be hauled out first. Then if the logger isn't minding his concerns when the pile starts, the whole lot is onto him in a jiffy. Did I ever meet with any accidents? Yes; but the most serious accident I ever met with didn't turn out very badly. We were 'breaking a jam' at the highest railway on the Manistee river. There were millions of logs on the bank, and it was pretty ticklish work. I hadn't as many turns of rheumatism then as I have had since, and I called myself as limber a man as ever dodged a Norway. I was 'hitching on,' and after I had been at work a while the boss, who was giving orders from across the river, sung out 'Do you see that loose log up near the top?' I looked up. The rollway was about 160 feet long, and there was a big log ten or fifteen feet from the top that appeared to be loose.  
"I started up over the logs with my peevy in my hands. The log was about twenty feet long, and I shoved my peevy into it to sort of see how much work it was going to be to loosen it. I found out, I tell you. I no sooner touched her than she started like a flash of lightning down the rollway. There was no chance to run around the end of the log, and it was too high to jump over, so the only chance I had was to turn and give her a foot-ace. We were, as I said, near 150 feet from the drink. The river was about sixty feet wide, and was pretty deep. That was in my favor, if I could only reach it. I didn't stop to calculate chances or pick nice stepping places, but I just made jumps for all I was worth, and before I'd fairly light away I'd go again, and you bet that log was right after me. I could feel the wind from it, and it seemed every time I struck that it was on me. I don't believe my heart beat, or that I breathed, going down that rollway, and I thought of every 'year' I had ever been on and every mean thing I had ever done. I kept ahead all right until I got within about twenty feet of the river, and then she struck me. I was in the air, and when the blow came I went like a cannon ball out into the river and to the bottom. As I came up a dozen of the boys grabbed me and brought me ashore. They had been watching me from the other bank, and when they saw me shoot out into the stream they rushed into the water to bring out what they thought would be my corpse. But I wasn't hurt a particle, though it took some time to get my 'bellus' into running shape again. That log struck me on the hips and threw me fully fifty feet, and that was what saved my life; for if I had landed near the bank that log would have crushed me."  
"That was a close call!"  
"Tolerable, tolerable."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

**How the New Englanders of Sixty Years Ago Attended Church.**  
The meeting-house of New England was never lighted, except by the sun, until singing-schools made it necessary to introduce candles and rude chandeliers. Night meetings in the meeting-house were considered highly indecorous and questionable even by the most zealous. No firing was provided for. Stoves were utterly unknown and fire-places were not to be thought of. Even the rude and dangerous devices, which afterward were matured into the not uncomfortable foot-stoves were at first unknown. The New England meeting house was never warmed by artificial heat till from 1810 to 1820. Of a cold winter morning the breath of the worshippers not unfrequently would seem like smoke from a hundred furnaces as it came in contact with the frosty atmosphere. The walls which had been almost congealed into ice by the fierce north-westers of the preceding week, would strike a chill into the frame of many of the congregation. That they should come to such a place as this, on a snowy morning, plowing through unswarted walks, and plunging through fearful drifts—man, woman and child—and sit with half-frozen feet under long discourses on knotty doctrines, make us shiver as we think of it and say from the heart "herein is the patience of the saints." And yet the writer's memory can distinctly recall the observation and experience of scenes like these. The experience was not so cruel as it might seem. Manifold devices against the cold were provided. Some that are now deemed indispensable were not needed. The free-handed and open-hearted hospitality of the houses near the meeting house was freely proffered and as readily accepted. Enormous kitchen fires were expressly replenished for Sunday use, before which scores of worshippers from a distance warmed their persons and ate their luncheons, and at which they replenished their foot-stoves. The merchant, the minister, the squire, the doctor, the retired money-lender, the wealthy widow or Lady Bountiful who lived near the meeting house, all esteemed it their duty and their pleasure to manifest this reasonable hospitality. Slight and natural as it was, it helped to bind and hold together the little community by the ties of common sympathy. To provide against all contingencies, adjoining neighbors from a distance would sometimes erect a plain structure upon the meeting house green—a Sabbath-day house, so-called—of one or two apartments, with ample fire-places which relieved somewhat the draft upon the overburdened hospitality of those who dwelt under the droppings of the sanctuary. These structures have nearly all disappeared with the occasion which brought them into being. Now and then the remains of one are identified by some baser antiquary, as applied to some vulgar use—of stable or granary.—New Englander.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

**Mr. Earnest Giles, the explorer, contemplates organizing a grand final expedition to traverse the remaining unexplored portions of the Australian continent.**  
We read, says the *Scientific American*, every now and then of cases in which burglars are supposed to have rendered their victims unconscious by holding cloths wet with chloroform to keyholes before entering an apartment. Of course, the absurdity of such a fiction is apparent. Whether sleepers can pass from natural to chloroform sleep if it is held near the face is still a question.  
Drs. Sitherwood and Hanlan have expressed the belief that excessive mental work produces a rapid decay of the teeth. As an explanation of the alleged fact, another writer suggests that the overworked brain steals all for the phosphates and leaves none for the teeth, or else that too much study causes the general health to deteriorate. The *Lancet* doubts if excessive mental work can of itself induce serious disease, but thinks it more probable that ill effects result from the worry—which wears upon the system like friction upon the engine—attending such work.  
As to position in writing, a German professor maintains that, while the normal distance between the eyes and the desk ought to be twenty-five centimetres, (approximately, ten inches), it is but rarely that this distance is actually observed, in very many instances no more than seven centimetres (2.75 inches) being permitted. From this close application of the head to the desk, and the circumstance that in most cases the body in writing is twisted to the right, thereby causing an elevation of the right shoulder, a curvature of the spine (developed to from thirty to forty per cent. among girls) is not infrequently brought about. It was further remarked that of the children examined only ten per cent. were naturally short-sighted, and that, as among wild races defective vision is a matter of great rarity, the trouble in question was a product of modern civilization and the existing system of class teaching.

## The Man in the Moon.

O, the Man, in the Moon has a crick in his back!  
Whimm!  
Ain't you sorry for him?  
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;  
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run  
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;  
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise.  
Mr!  
Eyes!  
But isn't he wise?  
He just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise!  
And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear.  
Whew!  
Whing!  
What a singular thing!  
I know! but those facts are authentic, my dear—  
There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin—  
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;  
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;  
Whang!  
Ho!  
Why, certainly so!  
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!  
And the man in the moon has a rheumatic knee,  
Geel!  
Whizz!  
What a pity that is!  
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be;  
So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,  
And comes back with porridge crumbs all round his mouth,  
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,  
Whing!  
Whang!  
What a marvelous man!  
What a very remarkably marvelous man!  
—J. W. Riley.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The shades of night gather in dew time.  
The Middle Ages—Between thirty and fifty.  
Short crops are only considered good crops at the penitentiary.  
There seems to be no call for an exhibition of grief at a circus. Yet the audience is always in tiers.  
What is the difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor? One clings to his ma and the other to his spar.  
If you can get one towel out of one yard of cloth, how many towels can you get out of two yards? That depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line.  
"I am going to run for state treasurer," said a politician to an acquaintance. "That is unnecessary," the acquaintance replied; "wait until you're elected, and then do your running."  
The most terribly disappointed person we have seen during the present century was the young lady who took sixteen pieces of music to a friend's house, and who was not asked to sing during the whole evening.  
"Oh! I see, you are afraid of me," said Rev. Sydney Smith one day to a young lady who sat beside him at dinner. "You crumble your bread, and that is an undeniable proof of shyness."  
"I do it," she replied, "when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."  
Oscar Wilde is in favor of giving one's wife a name aesthetically suggestive of her husband's business. A good plan. A chemist's wife would be then Ann Eliza; a furniture dealer's, Sophia; a farmer's, Tilly; a fisherman's, Nettie; a tonsorial artist's, Barbare; a pawnbroker's, Jew-lia; a burglar's, Kit-ty; an attorney's, Law-ra; a bar-keeper's, Gin-evra; an editor's, Rit-a.

## A Monster.

In 1857 the three chief officers of the ship Castilian came upon a sea-serpent in the ocean in the vicinity of St. Helena, declaring that there heaved itself out of the sea, about twenty yards distant from the ship, a creature with a head shaped like a nun-buoy, and seven or eight feet in diameter at the largest part, with a kind of scroll or hood of loose skin encircling it near the top. It seemed to become 200 feet in length, and was of a dark color spotted with white. Combining all the facts and allegations that could be collected, the case made out by the advocates of the sea-serpent theory was that the creature usually appeared in unfrequented seas and calm weather; that it had a slender body of perhaps 100 feet in length, a broad, snake-like head with prominent eyes, a long and narrow neck and fins, and was commonly of a dark color. It swam swiftly at the surface, with the head and neck elevated, progressing apparently by a vertical undulating motion. There did not seem to be any fish to which the animal could be referred, but it was maintained—to put the matter in its plainest form—that there might be some modified type of the secondary emaliosauria (marine lizard), or some form intermediate between them and the elongated cetaceans.