THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

TERMS:

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One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

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The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1881. VOL. XVI.—NO 43

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January 14, 1879-1y

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mar8,81

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And everything a farmer needs on the farm.

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jan11,81

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Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

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GREY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a Glossy BLACK by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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Iron Bitters

For sale at J. G. Henry's Drug Store.

Select Poetry.

We Come and Go.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

"Yes, he is dead,"
Would then be said,
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
The summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few—alas!—
Remember those who turn to mould!
Whose faces fade
With autumn shade,
Beneath the sodded churchyard cold.

Yes, it is so!
We come and go!
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead,
A day or more,
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

Select Story.

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

—:o:—

'LOOK here, Sally!

Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen table, with the generous army of unbaked pies and cakes; the plump turkey stuffed and trussed for the morrow's baking, and the big chicken pie to which her fingers had given the finishing touches, as she repeated more decidedly:

"Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Twon't need to be very large,' she added, in reply to Sally's doubtful look. 'Only the minister and his wife—and you can bake it in that yaller dish.

'Now, I'm going up stairs ter look over them rags, an' you make an' bake it right off so's I can send it over by the deacon. He's got ter go out to the corner this afternoon, and can take it along as well as not.'

She bustled out of the door, but the next moment, seized with a sudden pang of compunction, she put her head in again to say warningly:

'Be sure you put in a good parcel of gravy; that'll keep it from being dry, if 'tis half giblets.

'Ye'm,' answered Sally, briskly; and catching up the rolling-pin and brought it down with emphasis upon a lump of dough, on the moulding board.

As the stairway door closed behind her mistress, Sally dropped the rolling pin and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment:

'Giblets! What in all creation, if any one can tell me does she mean by them?"

Involuntarily she took a step forward, checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

'I guess I ain't agoin' ter confess my ignorance to the deacon's wife and let her say, as she always does. 'Two terms to the 'cademy, Sally, and not know that!' No ma'am! not while there's a dictionary in the house!'

So softly creeping into the adjoining sitting room, Sally hastily opened a big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk and began her search for the mysterious word.

'G-i-b here 'tis!' and she read aloud to to herself, with an an air of triumph, the following definition.

'Those parts of a fowl that are removed before cooking—the heart, gizzard, liver, &c.

'That's it—heart, gizzard, liver, and so forth' she repeated joyfully, as she retraced her steps to the kitchen, and began with alacrity, to fill, according to directions, the minister's pie; keeping up, meanwhile, a running fire of comment for her own special benefit.

'Six gizzards! Well, that is rather 'steep,' as Dan Watson would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows, if she don't tain't none o' my business. Six hearts! Them's small, and will tuck into the corners handy. Six liveral Seems to me they don't fill up much,' and she glanced, with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken bones that formed her only resource.

'Now I wonder,' with a sudden inspiration, 'what that 'and so forth' means? Here's hearts, gizzards and livers, plenty of 'em, but no 'and so forth,' and the pie ain't more than two-thirds full yet. It must be,' and she cast a bewildered look at the half-filled pie, 'the chickens' legs! I never knew any one to put 'em in a pie, but that must be just what it means, they'll just fill up.'

No sooner thought than done. In went three pair of stout yellow legs upon which their unfortunate owners had strutted about so proudly only the day before; on went the well rolled dough, covering them from sight, and into the oven went the ministere's pie, just as the mistress of the house re-entered the kitchen, and with an approving look at the snowy pastry, remarked encouragingly:

"That pie looks really neat, Sally. I should not wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook.'

It was Thansgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the minister's back door. To be sure, it was rather early for callers, but Miss Pringle was as she often boasted, 'one of the kind that never stood on ceremony.' Indeed she didn't even consider it necessary to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough to open it softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newly warmed chicken pie which she nearly dropped from her hand, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close to her.

'Good mornin', Miss Graham. Good, mornin', Hain't been to breakfast yet I see. We had ours half an hour ago. I I know my mother used to say that if any body lost an hour in the mornin' they might chase it all day and not ketch up with it then.'

'That's a good looking pie—pretty rich pastry though, for a chicken pie! I don't never put much shortnin' in anything of that kind; it's rich enough inside ter make up. But you're young, an' have got a good many things to learn yet. I run inter see if you could spare me a cup of yeast; mine soured the last batch of bread I made, and I had ter throw it to the hogs.'

'Certainly,' and a roguish smile flitted over the fair face of the minister's wife at this specimen of her meddlesome neighbor's own economy. But she had learned a rare lesson of of judicious silence, and, and taking the cup that Miss Patience produced from beneath her shawl, she bade her visitor be seated while she left the room to get the desired article.

As her steps died away, Miss Patience noiselessly arose from her seat and approached the dresser upon which the pie stood, peering curiously into the aperture of the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity. 'I'll bet a ninepence she didn't know enough ter put crackers in. I wish't I could get one look, just to satisfy my own mind,' she added. And, determined to accomplish the object at all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted tne brown crust, and took a glimpse of the contents.

A look of unmitigated disgust passed over her face. Dropping into a convenient chair, she actually groaned aloud.

'Well, I never! an' we payin' that man five hundred dollars a year, besides a donation party at Christmas. Ough!'

Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham, as she returned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion haunted it, but when the minister in carving the pie that the deacon's wife had sent made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered demeanor was made plain, and the young pair had a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for the weekly sewing circle, and seldom had that interesting gathering proved so lovely and animated as on this occasion.

Miss Patience was in the field bright and early, and it was evident at a glance to those who knew best that she was wellnigh bursting with some important secret that she was only waiting a fitting opportunity to divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Dea. Farrell, who was a constitutional croaker, took occasion to say in reference to the hard times—

"The Deacon has been trying ter collect the church tax and he says he never found money so tight in all the years he's lived here. It's as hard now to get five dollars as it used to be to get ten.'

'An' no wonder', spoke up Miss Patience, with the stony severity of a sphinx, 'You can't expect folks ter feel like paying out their money when they see it fairly thrown away and wasted.'

Everybody looked curious, and some of the younger girls began to brindle defiantly. The minister's sweet, young wife was evidently a favorite with them at least.

'What do you mean by that?' asked Mrs. Farrel pointedly. 'Miss Graham is young and inexperienced to be sure; but, as the deacon was sayin' only yesterday, she does very well indeed, considerin'.

Patience tossed her head knowingly. 'I don't wan't to say nothin' to hurt her, but livin' next door as I do, I can't always help seein' and hearin' things that other folks can't be expected to know about, and when I see and know things like—'

There was an ominous pause, and the deacon's wife asked, excitedly,—

'Like what?'

'Chicken pies, with legs and feet of the chicken baked in!'

Had a thunderbolt then fallen among them, it could not have caused greater surprise to those tidy, thrifty New England housekeepers than this dreadful revelation of the incapacity of the pastor's young wife.

'Are you sure of it!' gasped one matron, breaking the ominous silence. 'I know it for a fact,' was solemnly returned.

'Chicken legs in a pie!'

'She's a born fool,' ejaculated the deacon's wife, indignantly, and I'm thankful for her poor husband's sake that I sent her over one of my pies yesterday. They had to throw her's away, of course, and it's lucky that he didn't have to go without his Thanksgiving breakfast on account of her ignorance and shiftlessness.'

'How did you know about the pie?' asked one of the girls.

Miss Patience bristled defiantly. 'That's nobody's business but my own,' she retorted tartly. 'I don't go round ter find out things that don't concern me. I'd have you know! but when they're thrown right into my face, as you might say, I don't shut my eyes any more'n other folks.'

Just here the door opened, and in walked the subject of their conversation, with her pretty face glowing with the haste she had made, and a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding their confusion that her sudden entrance had created.

Walking up to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially; and then holding out upon the tip of one slender finger a well-worn thimble, she said archly—

'Where do you think I found your thimble, Miss Patience?'

So pleased was Miss Patience to regain her lost treasure that she forgot for a moment all her assumed dignity, and exclaimed, joyfully:

'Well, I declare, I am glad to see that thimble once more! I told Mary Jane I felt sure I had it on my finger when I run into your house Thanksgiving morning arter that yeast. But when I got home it was nowhere to be found. Now where did you find it?'

Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room and everybody, of course, looked up as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent smile—

'In the chicken-pie that our good friend here'—and she nodded brightly to Mrs. Frrrel—'sent me. I left the pie on the dresser when I went down cellar after your yeast, and as soon as I came back I put it on the table, and when my husband cut it, there was your thimble in it. How could it have got there? It is certainly very mysterious, anyway.'

'Silence, dead, profound, yet, oh, how terribly significant to the deacon's wife and her spinster neighbor, fell upon the group.

This was apparently annoted by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to take better care of her thimble in future, began an animated conversation with the ladies nearest her that soon restored the company to their wonted ease and good humor.

But poor Miss Patience! She never heard the last of that lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day of her death, never trusted any hands but her own to make a Thanksgiving pie for her minister.

Spoopendyke and His Wife Go Bathing.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bounced out of his bathing house and thumped on the door of the one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyee, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and get out again, or we won't get through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double and shivering with cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me you want to move along."

As they reached the beach Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, filling his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What are you standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do you take yourself for—a big light-house? Did you come down here to take a bath, or are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you? What is the matter with you anyway?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they're so big."

"Oh! they are too big for you, ain't they?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Wait till I get a man to saw you off a little one. Better get measured for one to suit, hadn't you? It's the big waves you want I tell you. Look here!" and Mr. Spoopendyke marched boldly into the sea again. Another wave caught him, and landed him high and dripping on the beach.

"Why didn't you come when I called ye? What do ye want to make me walk all the way up here after you for?" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Are you waiting to be launched like a ship? Can't you walk as far as that? What are you hoisting up the legs of your pants for? They ain't skirts. Now look at me. See how I go in, and you follow me when I beckon to you. Watch me now."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged in and swashed around a few minutes in safety, but the treacherous water was biding its time. Another wave caught him and rolled him over, pumping itself into his stomach, drew him under, whirled him around and finally deposited him, howling on the sand.

"Got most ready to go in," he jerked out, as he climbed up himself and assumed the perpendicular. "Think I'm going to slam around here all day, like a water-spout, waiting for you? What did you come here for? Find any fun standing out there like a soda water sign? Why don't you get into the water if you are going to? Come on now."

"I'm afraid," sniveled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "If I go in I know I will be drowned."

"No, you won't get drowned, either.—Can't you hold on to me? What did you put on the shirt and trousers for if you meant to get drowned? What are you doing around here? Now when I go in again, you come along, or else you go home."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the surf, but as he came up he missed the rope.—For a second or two he sprawled around, and then began to yell. Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him for a moment, and then her fear for him overcame her fears for herself, and with a yell she dashed in and hauled him out by the hair.

"Dod gast the water," choked Mr. Spoopendyke; "I'm full of the measly stuff.—So you got in, didn't you? Let go my hair, will ye? Let go, I tell ye! What d'ye think you are anyway—a steam barber shop? Going to let hold of that hair some time?"

But, frightened out of all reason, Mrs. Spoopendyke clung still, and hauled Mr. Spoopendyke to his bathing house.

"Oh, if I hadn't saved you," she sobbed.

"Oh, yes, you saved me, didn't you?" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. All you want is four airtight compartments, and two sets of tholepins to be a patent life-raft.'

"Are you going to let go that hair?"

And as she released him they went to their separate apartments.

Dying Words of Great Men.

Middletown Transcript.

All great men have dying words. It wouldn't be worth their while to die if they couldn't hand down some last words for future generations to quote. Otherwise, they had better live, and save the funeral expenses. Dying words should not be left to the last moment. They should be prepared in time, like impromptu speeches for other occasions, so that they may appear a little more polished than they would if they were hewed out on short notice, while the undertaker was standing behind the door with a tape measure under his coat-tail, wondering whether it would be mahogany or rosewood. This being the case, and since the minds of great men are much occupied with other matters, we have written out a few dying words for some of our leading minds, who may be called on to die at some time when they have no dying words about them:

Bob Ingersoll—Don't forget my fan and linen duster.

U. S. Grant—Death is horridle—but it don't cost a cent.

R. B. Hayes—At last I am counted out. Give my suspenders to the poor.

Alexander H.—It must have been loaded.

W. Mahone—Where am I.

Sitting Bull—I surrender.

Judge Robertson—I am confirmed.

Roscoe Conkling—I am resigned.

t. platt—So'm I.

"I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit."

The material for good soldiers must be planted in drills.

Miscellaneous.

Christ's Sentence to Death.

AN ALLEGED COPY OF THE MOST MEMORABLE JUDICIAL SENTENCE EVER PRONOUNCED.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world, namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the Journal Le Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the twenty-fourth day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Praetors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove.

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the law.
4. He calls himself the son of God.
5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.
6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion Quirillis Cornelius to bring him to the place of execution; forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorababel.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1230, in the city of Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commission of arts in the French army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the Sacrist of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in an ebony box. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Casert. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army.—The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Dennon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the gospel.

The Maniac's Love.

BY GINX.

He had never seen her or her photograph—had never heard of her; never knew her name—yet for twenty-eight years had he loved her in secret. He was stone blind, and had lost both legs in the battle of Cold Harbor; but, undaunted, he wandered o'er the earth seeking for the idol of his heart. Ten years more passed and still he sought her; but she knew it not. At last he met her. She was standing in front of her father's house, which was close by the river, watching the little fishes making fish-balls. She gazed wistfully at him with corns on her feet. His eagle eye fell upon her, but she caught it before it reached the earth. He longed to press her to his bosom, but he could not stir—he was rooted to the ground, and the old man came out of the house and dug him up. But his heart ceased to beat—he was dead. Then she—she whom he adored—approached softly, and, taking his hand, led him to the water's edge, and as he gazed upon the beautiful dome of the Capitol seized him around the waist and flung him far out upon the bosom of the river. His heart sank—his head swam back to the shore. He said never a word, but reproached her for her perfidious conduct, exclaiming: "Woman, for twice one hundred years have I yearned for thee!"

"Yearn on! yearn on!" she shrieked. "I'll not stop thee." His voice had sunk to a whisper, and he sobbed convulsively. Fire flashed from her eyes and ignited the powder on her face; it went off with a loud explosion and never came back. She was a corpse, but she did not mind it.—She stooped and fondly caressed his feet—so large and strong—and shed three bitter tears. He pulled an onion from his pocket and ate it; his voice became strong; he breathed into her ear his tale of love. She recoiled as if bitten by a mosquito, and fixing upon him a look of scorn, breathed her first. Seizing her by the throat, he severed her jugular vein, and in two minutes she breathed her last. He planted her, but she never grew any larger. Then he died, and that year butter went up to $1 a pound. Such is not life!

[Quincy, (Ill.) Daily Herald.]
Speaking "by the Card."

C. H. Wood, Esq., of the C. & T. Ry., Port Huron, Mich., favors our correspondent with the following: After suffering for nearly a year with rheumatism, receiving treatment from most of the best physicians of Michigan and the West, I happened to try a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Upon the first application I used fully half a bottle, and its effect was almost instantaneous. I immediately dropped all other treatment, and confined myself to its use alone. After the use of three bottles, instead of being driven to my business, or moving about on crutches, I walked from one to three miles daily about business, and have been free from this horrible disease for over a year, not having the slightest twinge of it. Hence, I say that all medicines known to me are useless when compared with the Old German Remedy. Use this statement when and where it suits.

Teacher—"A quadruped is an animal with four legs. Now who will give me the name of a quadruped?" And thirteen shrill voices piped out, "A table."

A watering-place poet writes: "Old ocean slept." We dislike to do it, but we are compelled to ask: What did the sea-lion?

It does not always follow that a man is a sculptor because he chisels his tailor out of a suit of clothes.

If a short man married at all, how then can he marry a short girl without committing bigamy?

A match safe—One put up where the small boy can't get at it.

The first Black Friday occurred in Robinson Crusoe's time.