THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Education, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1882. VOL. XVII—NO 45

Lumber Business.

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A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE of the present generation.

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For Fruits and Vegetables.

SMITH & WICKS,

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Seasonable.

Poetry.

WHY THEY GO TO CHURCH.

The following lines were written by the Rev. J. S. Boucher, A. M., of the Carnarvon Trinity College, and gained the set prize offered by the Chester Open Diocesan Church Association:

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some to stare and laugh and talk;
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend.
Some for general observation,
Some for private speculation;
Some to seek or find a lover,
Some a courtship to discover;
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions criticise.
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some their neighbors to assess.
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to price the trimming on it.
Some to learn the latest news;
That friends at home they may amuse.
Some to gossip, false and true,
Safe hid within the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the squire,
Some his daughters to admire.
Some to record to form,
Some a laugh and some a yawn.
Some to claim the parish doles,
Some for bread and some for souls.
Some because its thought genteel,
Some to vaunt their pious zeal.
Some to show how sweet they sing,
Some how loud their voices ring.
Some the preacher go to hear
His style and voice to praise and jeer.
Some forgiveness to implore,
Some their sins to varnish o'er;
Some to sit and doze and nod,
But few to kneel and worship God.

Select Story.

MAKING HERSELF USEFUL.

RACHEL RAMSAY looked very pretty indeed as she came down the narrow, mossy steps of the little brown farmhouse that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny pink rosebuds, and a fresh lace frill about her neck, tied with a pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh!" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting-work, over which she was half asleep; "going to church, hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl, laughing and coloring. "I'm going to the Tower to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their minds on all occasions; "what do the city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me."

"It reminds me," said grandma shrewdly, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't nowise suit."

Rachel said no more but escaped out into the shady lane, where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants my receipt for my head for Caline,' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Harold Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits at the house."

And Rachel smiled to herself as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the top of the passage way a door opened into the kitchen, and there to her infinite amazement she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an æsthetic dress of pale green, and roses in her hair, contemplating a pair of decapitated fowls which lay on the table.

"Miss Alice!" she exclaimed.

"Is it you, Rachel?" cried the city young lady, pouncing on her as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "Oh, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! These horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee this morning, and we have company for dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the feathers off these creatures. But now that you are here everything will be right!"

And she took off the big bib-apron and stepped back with a sigh of relief.

Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there not to enact the role of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a baked fish, a delicate piece of halibut, and with the fowls roasted and a piece of pie or pudding or something, which I don't know yet, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tripped Miss Alice, stilish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra's self!

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to visit there that day, and she was to be cook, waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib-apron, tucked the curls back under her cap, and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting-pan, now and then raising the dash away the round, bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

Then young ladies evidently intended to make her useful. She might have known that they did beforehand. She could hear the gay music of Miss Calhoun's guitar; the sweet, subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep, monotonous murmur of gentlemen's voices; and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing-room when first Alice came up-stairs she would perhaps have better comprehended the crisis of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket-handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair haired, ocean-complexioned damsel, with pale blue eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Indeed, mamsey," nodded Alice. "She came up here in her best bib and tucker to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once.

"The bold, pushing thing," said Bell, with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal too pretty to bring into the drawing-room for Haroldson and Armine Dallas to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't see any reason why I should have avoided it, if it hurt them to think that luck kitchen and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make a note, now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing room, with mossy, dew-fathered roses and blue ribbon-bound guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsay was broiling in the kitchen over peach-tarts and Neapolitan creams.

She had not forgotten her disappointment; but, artist-like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with engrossing interest, and she stirred the cream with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And to her infinite amazement Harold Haroldson stood before her in his hunting costume, with a dishing rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsay!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid of all work, if you please," she said, with a courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "I used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Cupsuptic up in Maine."

"But you're not engaged," said Rachel, half pleased, half frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what a dressing a la mayonnaise I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two school children.

And at last when Rachel had run out into the garden to gather some water cresses to deck the newly-roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairs:

"Rachel! Rachel! You are late for the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson."

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"What?" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity, "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining-room. He and Rachel together ate their picnicing sort of repast and washed the dishes—although the latter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned en masse to the kitchen and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her!" said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart," sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault!" petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter and dragging her out of her sphere in that odd way."

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen," scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you've made of it!"

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

* * * * * * *

"Well, Rachel," said Granny Ramsay, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"Oh, charming!" said Rachel. "I enjoyed myself more than ever I did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company and I helped get dinner."

"Humph!" grunted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But p'raps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is," said Rachel, demurely.

"Who was it came home with you," asked Granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never!" said granny. "Where's all your pride, Rachel Ramsay?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night!" said Rachel. "Listen, grandma, for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him over so many times before this summer at picnics and archery parties and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsay, huskily for her.

And Rachel answered: "Yes!"

Home Questions.

TO THE SICK AND DISHEARTENED.

Is it worth while to endure the penal torture every night from wakefulness, inability to sleep, nervous prostration, &c., when you can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by so agreeable remedy as

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Does it pay to be compelled, by debility and languor, to abandon active business when brain, nerve and muscle can be braced up and the whole system can be restored to a healthy condition by a course of

SAMARITAN NERVINE

You nervous dyspeptics, why approach the dinner table daily with a positive disgust for all that is savory and delicious, when a vigorous appetite for even the plainest food is created by the use of

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is it wise to live in this bright world as though it were a dungeon, constantly miserable and discontented, when the worst case of epilepsy, nervousness or hypochondria is cured in ninety days by such a pleasant and wholesome an exhilerant as

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Can it be possible that any person of a nervous temperament will run the risk of apoplexy or paralysis when he can tone and regulate the nervous centres with

SAMARITAN NERVINE

It is not a species of moral insanity for any merchant, mechanic, farmer or traveler to be without the best known antidote against disease.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Considering the harrassing and depressing nature of the functional derangements to which women is subject, is it not astonishing that any invalid of the feebler sex should hesitate to seek the certain relief afforded in such cases by the general operation of

SAMARITAN NERVINE

These are questions of deeper interest than any of the political dogmas of the day, and those whom they concern are invited to give them something more than a passing thought.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is for sale by all druggists.

Happy With Either.

A friend writes while strolling through a country cemetery the other day, he came upon a curious trio of graves—those of a man and his two wives. On the gravestone to the right, was carved a hand pointing toward the centre, with the inscription: "He was mine." The stone to the left had also a hand directed towards the middle mound, with the words: "He was mine, also." In the centre lay the mortal remains of the "lord" himself, and upon the headstone were carved two hands, reached in either direction as if to clasp the other two: above them were the significant words: "They were both mine."

We notice that a great many proprietory medicine men are advertising in such a manner as to lead the public, and particular the retail druggists, to believe that the sale of their goods is so great unless their orders are sent in early they will be unable to fill them. We, however notice one exception to this rule, in the case of the Sines Manufacturing Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are honest enough to state that no matter how fast the orders come in for Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, they shall all be filled. Their sales on this preparation last year were 600,483 bottles; their facilities for making, at present, are 1,000,000 bottles per annum; but let no druggist or customer be alarmed, that there will ever be a corner in Sines' Tar, for should the trade demand 2,000,000 bottles they can be had, and from our experience with it as a cough and cold remedy, we have no doubt that its sales will soon reach the last named figures.—*San Francisco News and Despatch.*

Robert Bonner has put $382,000 into horse flesh since 1859. In that year he paid $9,000 for the famous team, "Lantern and Light." In 1864 "Pocahontas," who had a record of 2.26¾, was sold to him for $40,000, "Dexter," cost him $35,000, "Edward Everett" $20,000, "Startle" the same sum, "Rarus" represents $36,000, and his latest purchase is that of "Keene Jim" for $4,000.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affection of the throat and chest. By druggists.

Mlle. Lucy de Rothchild, daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothchild, was married recently to M. Leon Lambert, head of the Brussels house of Rothchild, in the synagogue of the Rue de la Victoire in Paris. She is eighteen years old, graceful, thoroughly educated and accomplished, and brings her husband a dowry of 600,000,000 francs, or $120,000,000.

Marriages have increased 40 per cent. since young men have learned of the soothing, healing virtues of Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, upon babies. Young man if you keep a bottle on hand for an emergency, you are safe in bringing things to a climax.

A San Francisco physician, believing that he had discovered a cure for hydrophobia, and desiring to test it, has had himself bitten by a rabid dog. Great interest is felt in the fate of the dog.

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A little boy remarked, "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

When your wife's health is bad, when your children are sick, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

Onondaga an odor similar to a spot that has been struck by lightning.

A newspaper called Grin, and Bear it has been started in Lyons, N. Y.

The Weather.

The following conversation took place in a street car recently:

"Pretty warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the South Hill was coming down the Division street viaduct.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more gruffly than ever.

"Why," the man with the thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't began it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather different from any other?"

The man with the thin clothes looked nervously at the dumb mule and said, "It was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was, he hadn't heard how the—

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind, "no; it's warmer some places, and some place it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?" relentlessly pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with the thin clothes said piteously, "the sun, the effects of the sun's rays."

"Makes it colder in some place than it's warmer in other?" roared the man in the corner indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man with thin clothes hastened to explain. "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner.

The man in the thin clothes wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said slowly he guessed "it was the ice."

"What ice?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Why," the victim said, with every symptom of approaching dissolution apparent in his tremulous voice, "the ice that was—frozen—frozen—by the frost."

"Did you ever see any ice that wasn't frozen?" howled the man in the corner, in a fine burst of derision.

The man in the thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said, "No; that is, he believed he didn't."

"Then," thundered the man in the corner, "what are you taking about?"

The man in tin clothes then made an effort to brace up, and spicily replied that he was trying to talk about the weather.

"And what do you know about it?" triumphantly roared the man in the corner. "What do you know about the weather?"

The man in the thin clothes lost his grip again and feebly said that "he didn't know very much about it, that was a fact." And then he tried to be cheerful and work in a little joke about nobody being able to know much about the weather, but the man in the corner sat down on him with a tremendous outburst.

"No, sir! I should say you didn't. You come on this car and forced yourself on the attention of a stranger, and begin to talk to me about the weather just as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter yourself selected for your topic of conversation; you don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes near the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sunstruck in the shade, you can't tell how a cyclone is formed nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm centre of a storm if your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don't know the average rain-fall in the United States for the past and current years; you don't understand the formation of fog; and you can't explain why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you don't know why a wind dries the ground more than the hot sun; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather, and you are just like one thousand and one other people who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the caves of Breska, sir, they know less about anything else in the world!"

And the man in the corner glared up and down at the timid passengers in the South Hill car, but no man durst answer him. And as for the man in the thin clothes, he didn't know for the life of him wheather he had a sunstroke or an ague chill. He only knew that it seemed about twenty-seven miles to the Jefferson street crossing.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

To Match His Voice.

A young gentleman of Austin, of the lackadaisical Oscar Wild type of idiot hung to a sunflower, went into an Austin avenue restaurant one day last week to get some breakfast, and, by the way, he has the appetite of a Missouri journalist on an excursion and is gifted with the digestive organs of a boa constrictor. "How do you want your eggs biled?" asked the waiter. "I want them soft." "How soft?" "Very soft. I want them to match my voice."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mediterranean and heliotrope have been raised from seeds found in a Roman tomb, where they must have lain for 1,800 years, having been put in a bag, under the head of the corpse, for a pillow.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

Horses' age are determined by their teeth. Chickens' age the same way, only you have to furnish the teeth yourself.

Remarkable for overcoming disease caused by impure water, destroying dyspepsia, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Cotton is still the great crop of ten states of the South, but the largest is now cultivated, not in value of products. In 1860, its favorite may have been 10,000,000 acres; in 1870, not more than 7,000,000; in 1877, it had reached about 10,000,000; in 1879, nearly 11,000,000, and in the last two years the gain has been about 1,000,000 acres.

SUFFER

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

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Puzzledom will perplex and delight the ingenious boys and girls, as it has in the past.

"The Jones Box" will continue to dispense useful information, and to answer the queries and publish the Notices of Exchanges of our young friends.

In short, GOLDEN DAYS will stop at no expense to deserve, in a higher degree than ever before, the title that the discriminating public have bestowed upon it—that of the "Prince of Juveniles."

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