THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

The Easton Star

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Tales and Domestic News.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious stomach, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE

Yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

SICK HEADACHE

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick

HEADACHE

Is the result, and we invite those who have never used our pills to give them a fair trial when they are needed. Our pills are small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE

of the present generation. It is for the Cure of this disease that Mr. Brandreth, Rush, Hostetter, Simmons, Dyspepsia Cordial, Mandrake, Dandelion, Tutt's Pills have gained a world-wide reputation. No Remedy has ever been discovered that acts so gently on the digestive organs, giving them vigor to assimilate food. As a natural result, the health, strength is improved, the muscles become firm and the body plump.

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A Retired Planter on Bayou Sara, La., says: My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of bilious diseases and chills. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of Tutt's Pills. The result was marvelous: my health soon became hearty and robust, and I have had no further trouble.

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Nausea, Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Kidney Complaints, Nervous Debility, and in fact all the ills that result from a disordered liver and stomach, are speedily cured by Tutt's Pills. Price, 25 Cents. Office, 39 Murray St., N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS CHANGED TO GLOSSY BLACK. This elegant dye imparts natural color to the hair, acts instantaneously, and is perfectly harmless. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.

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Cures Coughs & Colds

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Marble of all kinds, Cellars, Bridles, Halters, Trees, Singletrees, Hope, Backbands, everything the farmer needs to put him in trim for the coming harvest. Call and see me. It will pay you.

— T. O. HODGE.

Poetry.

IN BEHALF OF JOHN.

And is it the "Flat Westerner"
And must the poor Chinaman go?
To the end of the earth,
To the land of his birth,
Where the pig-tails and pollywollies grow?

Shall we never more hear the silk dress
Of his iron caressing the skirt?
And see the surprise
The glad look of his eyes
When he finds the old "stub" in the dirt?

Is the light pit-a-pat of his sandals
No more to be heard in the land?
And the old shell talk,
Of his labial slang,
As he cusseth the "Melicans man?"

Oh, no, let the powers above us,
Look over their work and repeal
That one little act,
Which, in positive fact,
Will run us all down at the heel.

If he goes, we will be in the future
A limp and degenerate race,
To the grave we will march,
In our shirts without starch,
And collar all fallen from grace.

For, John, alone, knows the rare process,
By which our old clothes are made new;
And he sweetens our life
In this world of sad strife,
And all for a dollar or two.

No, John, we can't do without you;
Dear Johnny, we never must part;
For the way you do clothes,
Is the triumph of clothes,
The triumph of science and art.

WALTER J. DAVIS.

A PAINTER'S STORY.

A long crooked street, with the undeviating age upon it; a street with old gabled roofs, where the swallows had built nests for years, going and coming as they probably would to the end of time. It was a dark and cheerless street for childhood to grow happy over, and I think the gloom overshadowed my childhood with a pall that dwarfed its powers, for a season at least.

I always wondered why my parents bound me down to the narrow limits of its precincts, and the still narrower minds of its inhabitants, and even while a child, I resolved to cut the fetters that bound me, and launch away into the wholesale atmosphere of the outside world.

Painting vases and wax-dolls was the bottom round of the ladder whose summit I resolved to gain. Day by day my thought was gloomy, and my heart was heavy. Nature's rarity, and a rose-blossom would have been cut with joy, but there was a stifling atmosphere around me, and I felt a feeling of hopeless discouragement. I had made several sketches in color, and Uncle Rugby, who kept a little paint shop, had sold them for me. Uncle Rugby was the only friend I had. I told him all my dreams, my aspirations, and my resolve to leave this place as soon as possible.

"Might, my boy, might," he said. "There is nobody but the poor old man left, and he will not tarry long. He has a few pennies laid by, and they are your's, Uncle Rugby is not the one to put a stick in your way."

And so it came to pass that I left my dingy shop in the crooked street with a few pounds in my pocket, and started out into the world that I had dreamed of at night in my narrow attic, and studied by day over my wax dolls.

Uncle Rugby said to me: "My boy, find a good master in the art you wish to study seriously, and you will make your mark."

My father and mother were poor, and did not live in Severncross; and therefore they knew nothing of my whereabouts, only that I had left, by dull painting, and the master to whom I was apprenticed.

A glorious September evening. Tall hills dipped in purple gloom, and behind their massive hues, gold red and amber sunset.

I had worked hard; my success was all that I could expect; my pictures were admired, and some of them graced the walls of art galleries.

I was a young fellow now, and had a drawing-class in a northern city where I was residing for a time for the benefit of my health; for hard labor had weakened my constitution.

A quaint old city it was, with a castle and cathedral which the sun lights up in a beautiful blending of colors and shade. A strange, dreamy old place, with beautiful sunsets and old legends hanging about it. How I wondered! I was talking about—who?—Clarisse Venier. She was a member of my class. I fancy I can see her now, the sparkling depths of her violet eyes, her brown hair twined back from her forehead, as upon the golden September twilight.

She had come to me after my class had retired, with a piece of coloring—the shadow of clouds upon water. The light and shade were exquisitely perfect in her little sketch, and I told her so.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Beverly," she said, looking up with a great seriousness. "I was afraid you would laugh at it."

"No, indeed," I answered.

"Do you think I shall ever excel? I would give the world to paint. Will you help me?"

I remembered the boy who painted dolls in the crooked street at Sevencross; and this ray of sunlight that had fallen across his life, rippling down into the depths of his heart, and warming it into a great love.

"Yes, Miss Venier," I answered. "You shall excel, if my assistance be of any avail."

"How kind you are to me, Mr. Beverly," she said, looking up with her violet eyes upon me, and drawing so near to me that I felt her breath upon my cheek.

I would have held her in my arms then, but I waited.

"You can repay me," I said.

"How?"

"I will tell you some other time," I answered.

Her brow flushed with the faintest tint, as she withdrew her trembling hand. I helped her through many happy, happy hours in her studio overlooking the beautiful river, how often bending near to her till her soft hair touched my face, that I could look deep into her tender eyes kindled into enthusiasm over her work. She came nearer to me, and dearer to my heart than life. I taught her to paint until "she excelled her master. She taught me to love truth, purity and goodness.

She was the daughter of Lady Mary Venier, who was passing the summer in this city, which I shall not name.

Guilfoil, an artist with a family of Sooty, aspire to the hand of the lady's daughter! I, the half-starved boy of ten years before! But I would never divulge my birth. What did it matter, if I was happy?

One evening we were wandering beside the river, culling some lilies from Nature's transfer to canvas. We at length seated ourselves in a grove at the water's edge, casting pebbles into the stream and watching their effect. Clarisse sat silent for some moments, in a dreamy mood, with her eyes fixed upon the little ripples raising away in the sunlight.

It was deep in October, and out upon the waters the fallen leaves drifted along, passing us by like rifts of crimson and gold petals.

I sat and watched her, and loved her as I shall never love again.

At last she turned to me, saying, "I have been thinking of you, Mr. Beverly—thinking of how I can repay you for your kindness and patience with me, a giddy girl. You have assisted me so much; you cannot know the depth of my gratitude. Last evening mamma said we must return to town in a few days, and our pleasant connections, and happy lessons must cease; for, Mr. Beverly, I have been so happy, learning of you to paint. You said a month ago that you would tell me sometime how I could repay you. Tell me now."

Her eyes were tearful as she finished speaking. It was a shock to me. I had not thought of this return; and yet I might have known it. I was speechless for a moment. At last I turned to her, drawing her close to me and whispering to her:

"Love me, darling; love me as I love you, and I shall be repaid a thousand times."

She trembled in my arms like a frightened child; and a scared, weary expression came into her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Beverly, do—I had not thought of this."

"You must have known it. I have shown it to you in every action."

"I love you"—and I felt her slender arms twine about my neck, and her cheek resting against mine—"I love you better than life, and I cannot marry you, so I shall die!"

"Clarisse, if you love me, no power on earth shall part us."

"I am promised to another, sir. I have been engaged from childhood; my hands were joined at my father's bedside when he lay dying. I must marry him."

It must be so. I felt it. Darker than the crooked street at Severncross grew my life. Shadows, black shadows, vailed the picture in my brain. My heart was dead. One long kiss, that broke our hearts and sealed their sepulchers, and we started backward, with the sunshine all gone.

I saw her but once more; and then she gave me that picture by the fire-place. The face beside it is hers. I should never paint it if I saw her last. She should never [illegible] studio, overlooking the quaint old city, where we [illegible] together; but to me it would make it gleomy and lonely.

I am an old, gray-haired man now; but it seems as yesterday that we stood there. As I sit here, the sunshine of that northern city comes back into my heart.

She came to my side, hesitating for a moment until I held my hand toward her, when she came and sat down.

"God bless you!" I exclaimed.

"Frankie, it was the dreaming she had called me by that name—"Frankie, this must be our last hour together in this world. I wish to tell you how much I love you. In this place I have experienced the happiness of a lifetime—all she can ever give will ever know. On the morrow his affianced husband will be here. I must meet mamma to-day. I never loved him, for I love I love before me. But I respected [illegible] parents, and after death, beyond this sunset sky, our love will be reunited."

In the west the dying flames of sunset trembled above the clouds, shining across the [illegible] and the last sunset we ever watched together faded silently into night.

And she clung to me till parting, which came at last, and I saw her face no more.

[illegible] Undine. I will show it to you.

The river flowing silently in a golden flood at sunset. At the margin of the river, beneath the [illegible] I [illegible] into the water. [illegible] the parting gleam of sunset upon her silken hair. I have been offered a fortune for that picture. I would not sell it for all England.

I am an old man now—on the verge of the grave. Fifty years ago she was called away. I remember the days of my childhood, the crooked streets, and at last the pit of sunshine in that city, and the quaint old cathedral.

I have painted my last picture. An old man, a gray cathedral town among the trees, with sunset in the west and a bright river.

It will not be long and we shall meet beside a brighter river than that—Clarisse and the old man that has told this story.

"Dragging Pains."

Dr. R. V Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., Dear Sir—My wife had suffered with "female weakness" for three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines, it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effects in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc.

J. J. HUYCH, Deposit, N. Y.

Those who don't believe this story can pass it by; we tell it as it was told to us.

A doctor in Scotland made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he [illegible] experiment upon some of the salve to the stump. A new tail [illegible] grew in its place, and he [illegible] some to the tail which he had cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

Composed of the best known tonics, iron and cinchona, with well known aromatics, is Brown's Iron Bitters. It cures indigestion, and all kindred troubles.

A French gentleman, who supposed his [illegible] English language, was [illegible] one day when a friend looked at him half [illegible]

"How do you do?"

"Do you?"

"I mean how do you find yourself?"

"Well, I never lose myself."

"But, how do you feel?"

"Smooth—you just feel me."

The Home of Jefferson.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.

NEW YORKER.

From New York Sun.

Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, has recently become the property of Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, adopted son of the late Uriah P. Levy, the owner of more than $1,000,000 worth of real estate in this city, where he is now a practicing lawyer. In response to questions by a reporter of the Sun, Mr. Levy said: "Monticello comprises [illegible] County, Virginia. It is on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and the Midland Virginia and Great Southern Railroad, three miles from Gordonsville, 100 miles from Washington and 60 miles from Richmond. At the foot of the mountain runs the Rivana River, which Jefferson used to call the "muddy stream." It [illegible] Charlottesville, and 500 feet above the sea. It is on a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and is surrounded by other spurs. In clear weather the view is magnificent, and White Mountain, eighty miles distant, is plainly visible. Monticello was commenced by Jefferson in 1764, by building on the spot of a mountain. The house, which is of brick and stone in the Doric and Ionic style of architecture, was finished in 1771. The shape of the house and its attachments is that of three sides of a square. The central mass is building 125 feet by 120. The wings extend 160 feet, and there are galleries running to the colored people's quarters and carriage house, about 200 feet long. These galleries are somewhat on the plan of the terraceous passages built by Jerome Bonaparte at Bordentown, N. J., only more expensive.

"Mr. Jefferson spent more than $400,000 in constructing and beautifying this place, and its care and cost were a very great burden to him. The house contains thirty-five rooms. In front it has the appearance of a low building, but the rear is three stories high. There is a grand entrance hall, a saloon fitted with Louis XIV glass, a ball room, a dining room, a tea room, and a breakfast room. Two of the rooms are known as the Madison and Monroe rooms on account of their frequent occupancy by them on their long visits to Mr. Jefferson. On each side of the mantelpieces in the grand dining room are little dumb waiters, on which food and drink were sent up from the kitchen and cellars. The ball room is large rotunda, and there are galleries for pictures. At the front of the house are columns, six feet in circumference and twenty-five feet high, supporting the east and west portico. The ceilings in the saloons are twenty seven feet high.

"The graveyard where Jefferson's body lies is about 1,200 feet from the house, on a slope of the mountain. The spot was selected by Jefferson himself when he and Dabney Carr were schoolmates together. They determined that both should be buried there. When Dabney Carr died Jefferson was in France, but on his return he found that Carr's remains had been buried at Shadwell. Mr. Jefferson had them removed to Monticello. That was the origin of the family burying ground. Jefferson at his death left written directions for the size and shape of his monument. In the same graveyard lie the bodies of his wife, Mrs. Eppes, Mrs. Martha Jane Randolph, his grandson, and those of many of the families of the Dukes, Randolphs, and other relatives.

"Mr. Jefferson's monument at present is a block six feet square and [illegible] feet high [illegible] New Hampshire granite. Time and the vandal zeal of relic hunters have marred the monument somewhat, but is soon to be replaced by another. Congress recently appropriated $10,000 to secure a new monument, which is now being constructed under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Casey. A former appropriation of $5,000 was not carried out because it was [illegible] that the entire monument should be of one piece. The last appropriation was not coupled with any such condition.

"Monticello was purchased soon after Mr. Jefferson's death, in 1828, by the late Flag Officer of the United States Navy, Commodore Uriah P. Levy. The story goes that President Jackson sent for Commodore Levy and said, "Monticello is for sale and I want you to buy it," and the Commodore [illegible] buy superior officer," and went and bought it. There has not been any want of care and reverence for the memory of Jefferson in the holding of the place, except that, during the rebellion, some vandals carried off a large part of the movable property. But both Commodore Levy and the present owner, his nephew, have sought to preserve the place and contents as nearly as possible [illegible] Commodore had a great reverence for Mr. Jefferson, and, in 1843, presented the United States a statue of Jefferson, by the celebrated French sculptor David. This statue cost $40,000, and remained thirty years in the grounds around the executive Mansion. During Grant's administration it was removed by the act of Congress, to the rotunda of the old House of Representatives, in Statue Hall, where it now remains. A cast of this bust was presented to the city of New York. It now stands [illegible] was a copy also at Monticello.

"During the war the rebels advertised Monticello for sale, on Sept. 27, 1864. At the same time they advertised Mount Vernon for sale. This was also the property of Commodore Levy, and was confiscated by the Confederate government on the ground that the Commodore was an alien enemy. There was then about fifty slaves that Jefferson owned. The real estate property was bought by Mr. Fickliu for $85,000 Confederate money. The personal property was scattered far and wide among a hundred purchasers, who took the opportunity to get mementoes of Jefferson. The rebels cut a good deal of timber from the Buck Island property, but expected Monticello enough not to mar it much. The old, famous old tower clock that Jefferson built with 120 pound cannon balls for weights, the Louis XVI mirrors, in the saloon were left, and the famous clock, at which Jefferson rode to Philadelphia to sign the Declaration of independence. They left also some [illegible] a good many fixtures.

"When Mr. Jefferson M. Levy inherited the property from his father he [illegible] recovering the valuable furniture of Jefferson. He advertised extensively that he would pay fair prices for the to-

Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and don't take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

Orthodox Answers and an Orthodox "Smile."

It is not the Governor of Heath Cabins to the Governor of South Carolina this time, but the Senator from North Carolina to the Governor of Pennsylvania. Both were in Yorktown celebrating the centennial of capitulation. One was Vance, the other Hoyt. Both had been in the war, but on opposite sides. Said Vance to Hoyt, as they stood in a convenient place of refreshment:

"What church do you belong to?"

"Presbyterian."

"I don't believe it," said Vance.

"Sound me," said Hoyt.

"What is the chief end of man?" asked Vance.

"To glorify God," replied Hoyt.

"Right."

It was Hoyt's turn then, and he asked Vance:

"How many questions are there in the catechism?"

"One hundred and thirty-eight."

"Right," said Hoyt.

"What is sin?" asked Vance.

Hoyt answered so satisfactorily that Vance said:

"Right again. Now, let's take a drink."

And they did, in orthodox fashion.—*Chicago Times.*

We have tested the invaluable qualities of Robert's Horse and Cattle Powders upon our own stock, and in justice to our fellow citizens, deem it our duty to recommend the same to all owners of stock, not only in cases where stock is sick, but that it very beneficial to new milch cows, as well as to the general appearance of the horses and other stock; it does what is claimed and guaranteed to effect a cure, if given in time.

A jack-knife policy. A Tumer's will was presented for probate. (It was in old days) to an Archdeacon during his visitation. He found a name scratched out. The widow stepped forward and explained: "I tells you how he be, sir. When we comes to look into the will we see 500 left to John Wheeler. "What's he got to do with master's money?" says I. So I gets a knife and us scratches him out, and th t's just how he be, sir."

"This world is getting low," but it takes very lively work for some of us to keep hold of our tickets of admission; a great many of us are put out at the exist—"Pneumonia" and "Consumption;" but the number of these has been greatly reduced since so many coughs and colds have been "nipped in the bud" by the timely use of Sines' Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound. For sale by all druggists, 25 and 50 cents.

Do you know that expensively-dressed lady there?" said a young man to his friend at a ball the other night, pointing as he spoke to an exceedingly fashionable married belle. "Yes; what about her?" was the reply. "That is the woman that our friend Colonel—tried so hard to win for his wife—but he lost her; and now there is only one other person who is as miserable as the Colonel is." "And who is that other person?" "The lady's husband," was the reply.

Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound.

Chewing Gum.

Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foot of the table. Mamma had been silently regarding Willie. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out—"Mamma, do the cows chew to speak?"

A cure for the blues, blotches, pimples, and sallow complexion, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will produce appetite and induce healthy digestion. Entirely not intoxicating.

One day, shortly after the notion of good, a country servant had occasion to be in town at the observatory. Intending to admire it she had read the notices of the moon her way. He replied, "Well, I was [illegible] Why not offer me your hand for a change?"

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

ROPLAND'S CHILLED PLOWS.

CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL.

E. B. WHITMAN
Manufacturer of
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Corner of Calvert and Fairmount streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
PREPARED CHEMICALS
PURE FERTILIZERS

$512 TO $1000 PER MONTH
PREPARED CHEMICALS

NORMA

IF YOU GET A Cough or Cold, ARE WEAKLY GET

Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry AND HOAR HOUND