THE EASTON STAR
E. K. ROBSON, Editor.

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# The Easton Star.

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jan11,81

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Iron Bitters

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## Select Poetry.

### The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother;
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight.
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than king am I,
Or than army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said 'Behold how great ye be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky;
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I lived and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid!
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

### The Toothache.

To have it out or not—that is the question,
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to tug—
No more; and by a tug to say we end
The toothache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull—to tug—
To tug! perchance to break—ay, there's the rub;
For in that wrench what agonies may come,
When we have half-dislodged the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long a life;
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The old wife's nostrum, dentist's contumely,
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep delay,
When he himself might his quietus make
For one poor shilling? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sink beneath a load of pain,
But that the dread of something lodged within,
The linen twisted forceps, from whose pangs
No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will
And makes it rather bear the ills it has
Than fly to others that it knows not of?
The dentists do make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door
With this regard, his footsteps turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

## Select Story.

### FOILING THE WIDOW.

BY ELLIS ARNOLD.

"IT was a family council of deep significance and dire import.

Delia, sitting upon the arm of the sofa, swing one neatly slippered foot to and fro, had a pucker upon her pretty blonde face, only matched by the frown on Susie's forehead, as she, with her face between her hands, her elbows on her knees, sat uppon a hassock, gloomily staring at the empty grate.

Teddy, who was never known, in the memory of the Armstrong clan, to have looked serious for five minutes at a time, had a face like a mute at a funeral.

Only Frederick looked less than gloomy, and his face was a mixture of perplexity and surprise.

To be sure Fred was not an Armstrong, but only Delia's betrothed, and he had been away for nearly a year, starting his fortune in the city two hundred miles from the spot where Armstrong's Ferry nestled between two great hills in Pennsylvania.

"But," he said presently, "I thought you were all independent of any caprice of your uncle's."

Susie jumped right off the hassock in her indignation.

"Fred Lyman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said, "as if we were thinking of Uncle Jessie's money."

Most magnificent emphasis of scorn up on the last words.

"But," began Fred, again, the perplexity increasing 'n his expression, "what is it, then? Hasn't the old man a right to marry if he likes?"

"Humph," said Teddy, "if she likes, I suppose it is."

Delia understood this.

"Uncle," she said, "is the dearest, most innocent old darling in the world, as guileless and loving as a child, and generous as—as—well, I really do not think of anybody as generous. And we all love him better than anybody else in the world."

"Present company always excepted," muttered Fred.

"Nobody at all excepted," said Delia, emphatically.

Fred assumed a resigned expression, and the familiar grin returned to Ted's classic features.

"She," continued Delia, "came to Armstrong's Ferry for the summer, a hateful, designing, vain piece, all affectation and simpering, and she made up her mind to marry Uncle Jessie's money. Much she cares for him!".

"As if we would care," broke in Susie, "if he was going to have a nice, loving, sweet wife to pet and love him! But she will spend his money, and flirt, and make him miserable. He is miserable enough now!"

"Thin as a match," said Ted.

"But if he don't want her what made him propose to her?" asked the practical Fred.

"Just as if a woman like that couldn't make any man propose, cried Ted.

"Has she a local habitation and a name?" asked Fred of the last speaker.

"Her name is Mrs. Arabella Winston, and she is living at the hotel," said Ted, "when she is not living here. We manage to get rid of her sometimes."

"And you think Jessie's money attracts her?"

"Sure of it."

"If a rich suitor came?"

"She would probably give Uncle the cold shoulder."

"Delia," said Fred, solemnly, "if you'll promise not be jealous, I'll cut Uncle Jesse out."

"Fred, you're an angel!" cried Susie, "I see it all! Signor Valletti!"

"For, during a winter the Armstrongs had spent in Philadelphia, Fred had figured in private theatricals as a foreign nobleman, and won laurels."

"Just so," he said now. 'I have all the jewelry and finery, the whiskers and dandy boots, etc. Now, can we all keep it up?"

'But you'll have to go to the hotel," said Delia.

'Of course; only for a few days. I'll do my new wooing briskly.'

'Hush! said Ted, 'there she comes.'

'Pave the way for me," said Fred, and vanished through a side door.

"Pave the way!' said Delia, dismayed.

But Susie, a born actress if ever one lived, nodded comprehensively.

'I'll do that!" she said, just as Mrs. Winston, all smiles and fluttering ribbons, sailed into the room.

She greeted the girls most gushingly, sighed a most plaintive sigh when informed that Jesse had gone over to the farm, and chatted familiarly.

'I've been planning this room,' she said presently. "Of course, Mr. Armstrong will have the house newly furnished, and I can really make this room quite decent, though the whole house is horribly old-fashioned."

Delia had an angry retort ready, but Susie was too quick for her.

"It will make little difference to us," she said: 'Ted will soon go to the city, and Delia expects to be married in October, and I—I' eyes bent down and fingers nervously playing with her apron.

'Bless me!' cried the widow, 'have you got a beau?'

Susie winced a little, but said:

'Please don't speak of it. It is not settled at all; but we met him at Aunt Maria's when we were in the city, and—and—of course he has not come to this quiet place for nothing.'

'Of course he hasn't said Ted, bluntly. 'Anybody can see he's in love with one of you girls. And he is so immensely wealthy!'

'Don't be mercenary, Ted,' said Susie, severely.

'Of course not, but when a man owns half an island of sugar plantations in the West Indies, and a magnificent estate in Spain, and a silver mine in Mexico, besides no end of money in bank—'

'But, Ted, we only know that from—'

'Aunt Marie,' replied, 'is not a person to be taken in by an imposter. Signor Valetti was introduced to her by reliable people.'

Here a ring at the door-bell announced an arrival, and presently entered a dandy of the first water, with diamond studs, slender cane, ink black whiskers, and stylish costume.

'Signor Valletti—Mrs. Winston,' said Susie, after the foreigner had greeted the Armstrongs in broken English and complimentary phrase.

Signor Valletti bowed, and very soon an agreeable little flutter arose in the breast of the widow Winston, as she marked the handsome foreigner's deference to herself and Susie's lowering brow.

It began to grow interesting.

In vain Susie exerted herself with smiling grace to keep the signor's attention fixed upon herself.

Arrabella's more mature charms, her pearl powder and frisettes, were evidently more attractive than the fresh, sweet face of Miss Susan Armstrong.

Mrs. Winston had come to tea, but when the signor rose to take leave, Arrabella remembered a forgotten letter to be answered, and accepted his escort to the hotel.

The trio she left kept their gravity till she was out of hearing; then, in a chorus of laughter, Ted cried:

"Sue, you are delicious! You acted a jealous school girl to perfection. Poor old Fred!'

'He seems to enjoy it,' said Delia, rather ungratefully.

'Oh,' said Ted, 'be sure you don't tell Uncle. He couldn't wear a mask to save his dear old life, and would be sure to betray himself. You must keep Signor Valletti out of his way.'

He came in very soon, the gentle, childlike old man, and the three greeted him cordially, the girls fluttering about him to make him comfortable as usual.

One quick, nervous glance he gave around the room, and then, with a sigh of relief, said:

'Mrs. Winston has not come?'

'She came and went away,' said Delia. 'Are you disappointed?'

"Well, of course, my dear—I—I am, but I think we can be comfortable for one evening without her.'

'Uncle,' said Susie rashly, 'are you very fond of her?'

'Of—of course, my dear,' he replied, hesitatingly.

'As fond of her as you are of us?'

'Oh, no, my dear!' he said, decidedly. 'How could I be as fond of any body as I am of my dear brother Harry's children—my twin brother?'

'But—if she went away, uncle, would you be very sorry?'

'Of course I would, dear; but,' looking nervously around him, as if fearing the widow might pounce upon him from a hidden corner; 'but we were very comfortable and happy before she came.'

'Exactly said Ted, to Delia's air; 'and we will be very comfortable and happy after she goes.'

The tea bell broke up the conversation, and Mrs. Winston was left out of the family chat for the evening.

The next day Delia and Susie attired themselves for a walk, and strolled along a beautiful shady lane, that was much frequented in fine weather by the visitors to the hotel.

Suddenly turning a bend in the lane they came upon two persons sitting at the foot of a tree, the one a foreign-looking gentleman, the other lady of some forty years of age.

The latter no sooner caught sight of the girl than she rose to her feet, and moved a few paces away.

The gentleman remained seated, however, and in his upturned face she recognized the pretended Signor Valletti.

"Good morning, Signor,' said Delia. 'May we hope to see you again soon at our house?'

'Unless other engagements will prevent us the pleasure of your company,' added Susie.

The gentleman, with something like a smile, promised to call soon, and the girls, bowing to the annoyed looking widow, passed on along the lane, careful not to show their amused faces to Mrs. Winston again.

Just two weeks later, gentle Jesse, sitting in his favorite arm-chair in the sitting room, Delia on a low stool at the knee, knitting, Susie arranging a basket of ferns near by. Ted mending a fishing line, to complete the group, thus expressed himself:

'My dears, have you noticed any—any change in Arrabella?'

Ted whistled softly one bar of "The Girl I Left Behind Me,' Delia knitted in silence, but Susie answered:

'She is a horrid flirt. The way she carries on with that foreign dandy is scandalous!'

'Gently, dear, gently,' said Jesse. 'She is young ——'

'Forty, if she is a day!' muttered Ted!

'And he is handsome and accomplished,' continued Uncle Jesse, 'and very attentive to her.'

'They ride out together every afternoon, and she has only been here twice in two weeks,' said Susie. 'I am sure she almost lived here before he came.'

'Yes, dear, and perhaps, as he is so attentive, she may change her mind about me. Do you think she will?'

'I hope so, for I hate her!' said Susie. 'I disliked her when I thought she was to be our aunt. I hate her now she has shown her treacherous mercenary spirit so plainly.'

'My dear,' said Jesse, do not be uncharitable.'

'She is coming,' said Ted, presently, 'but without her shadow, the signor.'

She fluttered in presently, and after some confused apologies, asked plainly for a private interview with Jesse.

It was not a long one, for he called them all in again soon, and gravely, but with an expression of unmistakable relief, informed them of the rupture of his recent engagement.

'I did not know my own heart,' simpered the widow. 'I mistook respect and esteem for love!'

'O!' said Ted, 'you have learned the difference?'

'Yes, I have,' was the blushing answer. 'My heart has found its master.'

'Oh!' said Susie, hysterically, 'you don't mean Signor Valetti!'

'Signor Valetti started for New York this morning to prepare his house for his bride,' said the widow.

Susie sobbed audibly.

'And I leave by the evening train,' continued Mrs. Winston, blandly, 'but the heart will not be controlled. Kindred spirits will find happiness together.'

There was an effusive farewell and she was gone.

'Oh, uncle!' said Susie, dancing around his chair, 'welcome back to liberty!'

And Jesse smiled as he had not smiled all the summer.

'I can't think how I ever came to ask her to marry me!' he said plaintively.

'But I can,' said a hearty voice in the doorway.

And Fred was greeted and dragged into the room.

'You!' said Jessie, 'why you have never been here. You were always out when she came.'

Here Fred met Susie's warning frown, and said:

'But Valetti told me, sir, that of all the gushing, affected women who ever dragged a man into a proposal, Mrs. Winston was the worst.'

'Valetti! Oh, yes, the man she is going to marry. 'Poor fellow,' said Jesse.

There was a chorus of laughing voices at the good old man's simplicity, and Delia whispered under its cover:

'You won't go to New York, Fred?'

'Not until we go together,' he replied. 'My traps will be here this evening.'

Mrs. Winston appeared no more at Armstrong's Ferry.

There was a splendid wedding in October, where Susie was bridesmaid and Ted best man; but Jessie remained a bachelor, with his niece and nephew to pet him.

Signor Valetti was often made the subject of a family jest amongst the young folks, but Uncle Jesse never was told of the ruse that deprived him of his sweetheart.

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A prominent Galveston merchant, visited Austin not long since, and Gilhooly asked him to step across the street and take a drink.

"No, you must excuse me. I never drink away from home."

"Why is that?"

"I'll tell you," responded the Galveston merchant, "but it is strictly confidential. We do an immense business in the interior, and I am terribly afraid to drink in a bar-room, for fear I might get loaded of some of my own whiskey.—*Texas Siftings.*

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[LaFayette (Ind.) Sunday Times.]

Our City Druggists report an immense sale of St. Jacobs Oil, saying the demand is based upon the popularity of its success. Wherever it has been used, it has proved its value a thousand fold, and receives the best encomiums from those who have tried it.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WEEPING WILLOW.

How a Product of the Garden of Eden Emigrated to this Country.

*From Harper's Young People.*

You have seen and admired the weeping willow from the delicate foliage upon which the centre feature of their large hats they are taken by the rivers of Babylon and weep while they remember Zion. It is a native of the Garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it immigrated to this country.

More than 100 years ago a merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a beautiful city in Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's dear friend and sympathized with him in his misfortune.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the river Thames, and he was adorning it with trees, shrubbery and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs Pope discovered in it a small twig of a tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the east, he planted the twig in the ground near the edge of the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from the weeping-willow tree, probably from the banks of one of the rivers of Babylon, which flourishes best along the margin of water courses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree, spreading wide its branches and dropping graceful sprays, and winning the veneration of the poet's friends as well as strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping willows in England.

There was a rebellion in the English American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected to end it in a very few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing tackle with them to while their time to enjoy sport after the brief war. Others came to settle on confiscated farms of the "rebels."

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oil silk, a twig from Pope's weeping-willow at Twickenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston which kept the British imprisoned in the city a long time against their will. On his staff was his stepson, John Parke Custis, who frequently went to the British head-quarters under the protection of a flag, with dispatches to General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, was glad to fly by sea, for life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before the flight the British substitute, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became the parent of all the weeping-willows in the United States.

### High Ways and By Ways.

We all travel further than from the cradle to the grave. Some take the high-way, some take the by-way, and it is a question where is round the happiest. Where is most happiness?

If we count those in the high-ways who seek political preferment or large wealth, both their sacrifices and their happiness may be questioned.

An humble simple citizen, who has all his life travelled upon a bee-line by-way of life, may by letting forth one single thought become more useful to the world than a score of other political aspirants or millionaires.

The value of men is in what they are, and not in what they have.

Brute force, (and capital is but brute force,) is valueless without the brain power back of the cunning hand, to utilize it.

The possession of wealth is not an incentive to mental exertion, and it is seldom an aid to moral industry.

If you wish to find the highest types of human development seek in the by-ways of life; keep out of the gilded saloons of the fashionable—the rich, the heartless. Seek it in the humble walks of life—even among the poor and lowly—rather than in "Castle Indolence."

### 1881 Prophecy.

There will be a number of persons now married in haste, who can repent at leisure.

Innumerable good resolutions will be broken.

Many girls will be willing to be kissed behind and then say they did not like it. Boys don't believe them.

Some wives will run away from their husbands and many husbands will be compelled to run away from their wives, or make a hasty tour to the promised land.

There will be one decrease in the world, that is of insurance agents, lightning rods and the number of saloons.

There will be many explosions (domestic and otherwise.)

Many young men will become prematurely old and blind by looking at the cup and wine.

Many hearts will be broken, many false teeth will be extracted, many false friends will be exposed.

Farmers will struggle at the harvest.

There will be an unusual number of drummers on the road this season.

The public schools will undergo a change. Many school marms will take infant classes to teach, for nature wills it so.

### Tom Marshall and the Judge.

Tom was engaged in the trial of a case somewhere in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him as so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling. Ever since Pontius Pilate presided on the bench of our Saviour."

"Mr. Clerk," responded the Judge, "fine Mr. Marshall ten dollars for contempt of court."

"Very good," said Tom, "I'll take hard on Pontius Pilate; but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to call a man a fool is to be guilty of Pontius Pilate in presence of court."

"Mr. Clerk, make the fine twenty dollars for a continuous contempt," said the judge solemnly.

"Well, judge, Tom added, as he paid all my money last night at poker, take me the transcript."

"Mr. Clerk, let the fine remain as it was," said the judge, "I don't want to be the means of taking the last cent from a man who is about to lose the money that he has earned by the sweat of his brow, and return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.