The Easton Star.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

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can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

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is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

POETRY.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

BY MRS. FRASER-TYTLER.

In some lone walk thro' sunburnt fields,
By sandy path and dusty road,
Hast thu not cast thine eyes abroad,
Seen afar off a watered scene,
A grove of deep and tender green,
And found a river flowed between?

There is a stream whose waves divide
Life from the shady shores beyond;
And we on this sad side are found
Toiling on sandy flats, I ween,
Sighs our one moisture, tears our sheen,
While the still river flows between.

And yet, when our beloved rise
To gird them for the ford, and pass
From wilderness to springing grass,
We weep that they no more are seen,
And that the river flows between.

Ah! could we follow where they go,
And pierce the holy shade they find,
One grief were ours—to stay behind!
One hope—to join the blest unseen,
To plant our steps where theirs have been
And find no river flows between!

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD BULLION'S BRIDE.

Let me see—where was it that I first met her? Oh, yes, it was under the superb arches High Bridge, boating by moonlight. A globe of reddish pearl ascended out of the east—the shadows of the great bridge resting softly on the mirror-like surface of the Hudson river; the sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat came sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hallo, you!" cried out a clear, incisive young voice. "Where are you going to? Why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden," cried out I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Old Mottimore," he responded, joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming on Harlem River. Here! Come into my boat; hitch on your old craft behind, and let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy as the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend Charley Dresden.

She was pretty, slight, round and rosy, with china-blue eyes, a dimple in either cheek, and golden-brown hair worn in long loose curls. There was something flower-like and delicate in her prettiness—something unconsciously imploring in her way of lifting her eyes up to your face.

We rowed home together—or, at least, as far on our way home as the Harlem River would take us. Sophy sang little boat ballads. Charley roared out tenor barcarolles. I even essayed a German student song which I had learned in Heidelberg no one knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

A week afterward Dresden and I met face to face on Wall street.

"Hallo, Mottimore!" said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl—a jewel—a princess among women," I answered, with perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me, then!" cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her. Only last night. Look here," opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. "What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically on one side, "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "It might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business in Europe for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October, and the money I shall make will be acceptable toward fitting up and furnishing our new home. Because, you know, I'm not rich."

I spent an evening with her afterward at the genteel boarding house where she and her mother, a nice bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the cosiest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead, ingeniously disguised as a high-backed sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It is so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of common-place chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

"Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding house.

I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion wrote from Saratoga, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season. He asked me to be his groomsman. Bullion was going to be married.

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion, "but even at sixty a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

I went straight to the genteel boarding house. It was possible that I might be misled by a similarity of name, although even that was unlikely.

"Is Miss Adriance at home?" I asked of the slatternly servant girl who answered the bell.

"No, sir. Miss Sophy's spending a few weeks with a friend at Saratoga," she answered promptly.

That was enough. I went home and inclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directed it to poor Charlie Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curtly declining to "stand up" with old Bullion.

It was but a few weeks subsequently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my laundress, my lady visitors were few. But the instant she instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore," she cried piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to your parlor, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched. And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such time as I should have finished its perusal.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore," asked Sophy, plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, and of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charley Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me.

"Are you not soon to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked sternly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Sophy. "That's mamma."

"Eh?" gasped I.

"Its mamma," answered Sophy. "She's to be married next week. Didn't you know it?"

I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I, "I'll tell you all about it."

So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she, "no real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next day after he sent off this cruel sheet of reproaches."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me.

I stood up with old Ben Bullion and Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley came home I cut the big wedding cake at his marriage feast.

Her Lost Faith.

The mother of David Hume was a susceptible woman. Affectionate by nature, she lived in the affections of her family. More than this she was a religious woman, and it was her aim to rightly educate the consciences of her orphan children.

David Hume was a brilliant lad. His success in his intellectual pursuits and studies led his mother to hope that he would become an eminent man. With this vision like a bow of promise before her, her life had many happy hours.

But one day a shadow crossed the light of this beautiful dream. Her son avowed himself a skeptic. His mother viewed the change of his opinions with alarm, both on account of his own future happiness and his influence over others.

He loved his mother. Her love and admiration for him gave him great influence over her. He determined to overthrow her religious belief, and succeeded. His subtle, specious reasoning destroyed her faith in God, and left her without religious hope.

Hume became a leader among men, and crowned himself with fame. He associated with courtly people, philosophers, wits, and men of genius. He was quoted, and multiplied his influence among men.

He went abroad, roaming over the sunny provinces of France and historic fields of Italy. Returning to London on his way home to Scotland, he was met by a postman who gave him a letter. The communication was from his mother. It began substantially as follows:

"MY DEAR SON:—My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline and I can not long survive. My philosophy gives me no comfort. I am left without the consolations of religion, and my mind is sinking into despair. I pray you hasten home to console me."

Hume hurried back to Scotland, and when he arrived at his home he found his mother dead.

We do not know what his feelings were. We only know that had he arrived before her death he would have had no consolation to offer. He himself died jesting, and we have no moral to draw from any regrets which one might might reasonably imagine he would feel in such a case.

But the incident suggests a situation to better hearts than had David Hume. There are no consolations in unbelief for the hour of sorrow, disaster or death.

He who destroys the religious hopes of others may one day be asked to give in their place a substitute that will meet the needs of the soul. What is there to give? In these times when opinions are changing, God's laws do not change, and the needs of the soul remain ever the same. Be careful of your influence, lest you one day be called to face a scene such as this might have been.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life; are you to be President or Vice President of this concern?" "I want to be neither President nor Vice-President," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?" "Comptroller of the Currency."

A poet says: "The beauty of her hair bewildered me." It probably fell down when he was kissing her.

Mr. Waltere, of Long Island, hanged himself "to fool his wife." He would have his little choke.

A girl may be a good violin player and yet not be able to catch a beau.

AMONG THE PEARL DIVERS.

Fishing for Pearls in the Gulf of California.

Fanny B. Ward describes in a letter to the New York Sun how pearls are sought by divers in the Gulf of California: The profit of the fisheries, she says, is by no means limited to the pearl fisheries. The shells are also coveted, the poorest selling upon the spot for from eight to twelve cents per pound, while in Europe, where the lining of the shells is worked into buttons and knife handles, they bring from twenty to thirty cents per pound. Many of the larger shells are shipped to San Francisco, where, as mother-of-pearl, they find ready sale at from $1.50 to $5 per pound. For centuries the gulf coast has been noted for its conchological beauties, but the shells of the pearl fisheries are most highly prized, some of them being fully fifteen inches wide, and marvelously beautiful when polished. One may find them for sale in the San Francisco shops for fabulous prices, with birds, flowers, or landscapes elaborately carved upon them.

The meat of the pearl oysters, though unsalable in the American market, is also made a source of profit, being readily bought by Chinamen, who dry the leathery little bivalves, or seal them up in cans and ship them to their brethren in China or San Francisco. Those scions of the flowery kingdom, who reside in great numbers around the gulf, are never employed as divers, but are engaged in the unsavory occupation of digging and shipping guano from wave washed caves and rock bound coasts, where sea birds have been depositing it for centuries.

It is a well-known fact that pearls are sometimes produced by means that are partially artificial, especially in the Javanese fisheries. The gem of purest ray serene, so prized by admirers of precious stones in all ages of the world, is but the result of some lesion suffered by the oyster, its solidified tear of suffering. Hence an injury is often purposely inflicted by introducing between the shells a small stone or shot, or bit of gravel, and then the oysters are again put to bed. This process is said to be successful in producing great quantities of pearls, those thus formed are inferior in lustre and less desirable for marketable purposes. No such attempts have been made in the Mexican fisheries, for those supplied by nature are sufficiently numerous.

The pearl oysters prefer well-sheltered bays or harbors where fresh water empties, and in such localities north of Cape San Lucas the brightest gems have been found. For more than 300 years these fisheries have been in the possession of private families by grants dating back to the days of the conquest, like that of the Navarro family. And thus it happens that the pride of the Spanish regalia is an enormous Mexican pearl which is brilliant yet, though stolen from the seas before the Napoleonic invasion.

In many places along the gulf quantities of pearl shells have been washed ashore by hurricanes; strange to say, however, no oyster bearing the fruit so eagerly sought has ever suffered itself to be stranded, but all cling tenaciously to rocks and corals at the bottom of the sea, till torn off by the divers. The best fishing season is from May to November, during the annual time of rains. It is estimated that at least one-quarter of the entire population of Lower California are interested in pearl fishing. The beds lie at a depth of from ten to forty feet, the probable average being about twenty feet. The native divers, who brave all manner of sea monsters for a few cents per diem, show wonderful skill and aptness in their work. Generally with no other apparatus than a heavy stone attached to the waist, they plunge, naked, to the bottom, select bivalves, and gather them into a bag, often remaining under water as long as 120 seconds. The divers are, of course, employed with a view to their ability and experience, and must exercise considerable judgment in selecting the oysters; yet, despite all pretensions to the contrary no human being can tell whether a shell contains pearls or not until it has been brought up and examined. It is only known that the younger growth must be left undisturbed, and that the largest and oldest oysters seldom contain pearls, though they are frequently brought up for the value of the shells. The native divers depend largely upon certain charms, signs and incantations. On rising to the surface the fisher empties his bag into one of the waiting surf-boats, which craft, under careful guard deliver their loads to the well-armed schooner, the latter vessel running into shore at evening to discharge the accumulated cargo. A very strict police system is necessary to prevent serious thefts, yet, despite the utmost vigilance, they are of daily occurrence.

The fishing is continued for about six hours per diem. On land the cargo is turned over to keepers, and the mass, which out-scents far-famed Cologne, is surrounded by guards armed to the teeth. The shells are immediately opened and carefully searched for pearls, after which the small gray treasures are examined by experts, their value estimated, and a settlement made at once with the divers. Usually their wages amount to twenty-five per cent of the total find, and are paid by an allotment of pearls taken during the day. This makes an uncertain income, but it is best for both master and man, as it encourages the divers to diligence. Though the fishing season continues less than half a year, the profits of the divers are sufficient to maintain them well during the months of enforced idleness, and afford a wide margin for the gambling and other vices to which they are universally addicted. It frequently happens, before the return of the fishing season, that a diver, having reduced himself to abject poverty by Mexican tanglefoot and its accessories, goes about offering gems for a few dollars, a square meal, or a bottle of mescal; and even then, if the European buyers have departed, their pearls may be worth no more than so many pebbles, for to the poor folk of the vicinity the choicest treasures of the deep are of no value as possessions.

The Gulf bottom is a soft, sandy soil, especially suited to this branch of the oyster family. The clear, shining waters are largely infested with a source of terror to novices, but which are almost entirely disregarded by expert divers. The complete indifference of these men to this appalling danger is hardly less remarkable than their skill in destroying the monster. Frequently, when a black man-eater appears in sight, the diver boldly leaps overboard and engages in the contest, merely for the sport of it. Armed with a long sharp knife, he goads the shark to fury by thrusts and scratches, but carefully avoids his terrible mouth by dextrous twists and turns till the huge fish finally flops over on his back to bring his deadly jaws into better action, when the diver darting under the monster, despatches him with one sure blow.

Of the hundreds who daily go down into the deep, scarcely one is ever injured; but it is not uncommon for careless schooner boys to be snapped overboard and swallowed in a twinkling, or left to sink down among the oyster beds, minus legs or arms. Whether the diver's skill has become a matter of tradition among the shark family I cannot say, but certain it is that every one of them avoids him, as a natural enemy, and never ventures into close quarters unless urged by excessive hunger. The smallest sharklet seems able to distinguish a tyro with the eye of a connoiseur, and to be eternally on the lookout for land lubbers.

The Right Sort of a Tenant.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman to a Chicago Herald reporter; "but one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and I did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"'What do you want it for?' says I.

"'To live in,' he replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.'

"The first month he brought $2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with $3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes $2 and sometimes $3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"'He's dead, sir,' was the reply.

"'Is that so?' said I. 'How long since?'

"'More'n a year,' he answered.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"'Where is she?' said I.

"'We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died and we've never seen her since.'

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a-half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"'My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."

He Got It.

"Boss," he whispered, as he leaned over the counter, "de ole woman wants some tea mighty bad, an' I hasn't got any money."

"Can't help that, sir," was the reply. "I'm giving away more than I can afford to without taking on any new applications."

"Zactly, boss—I presume so. Boss, please give me your full name."

"John Y. Blank."

"An' dat of yer pardner?"

"His name is William J. Jones. What do you want of our names?"

"Wall, I didn't get de tea, but you used me like a gem'len; an' bein' as we has got twins in our famify, I'ze gwine to name 'em arter you an' your pardner!"

"O you said tea, eh? Why, yes, I'll be happy to put up half a pound. Green or Japan? Twins, eh? Hope the mother is doing well. Say, if you want those boys to make smart men, give 'em smart names. If I were you I'd call 'em Washington and Jefferson."

A Mild Kicker.

"I understand the old man doesn't want you to come to see his daughter," said one young fellow to another.

"That's the state of the case, but I went all the same."

"No?"

"Yes. Was there last night."

"Did he kick?"

"Some."

"Much?"

"Well, no, not a great deal," was the hesitating reply, "that is not as much as he might have done. He only kicked me from the parlor to the front door, and I went the balance of the way by myself."

Bringing Matters to a Crisis.

A rich young man was courting a poor young girl, but he was slow in bringing matters to a crisis.

So one day she complained of the hardships of being poor.

"Poor!" he exclaimed gallantly. "Young lady, with your wealth of mind and grace of person, poor? Why, such charms as you possess are worth a mint of money."

"Well, I wish I had the mint and somebody else had the charms," she said, and the crisis came.

The "constantly tired-out" feeling so often experienced is the result of impoverished blood, and consequent enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla feeds and enriches the blood, increases the appetite, and promotes digestion of the food, and the assimilation of its strengthening qualities. The system being thus invigorated, the feeling rapidly changes to a grateful sense of strength and energy.

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