The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1886. | VOL. XXI.—NO. 18.

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after the luxurious in Men's and Boys' Clothing can here be as well served as the searcher after the merely serviceable, while in our enormous assortment of Novel Shapes and Styles both are certain to be pleased. The reputation of our house for Elegance of Style and Perfection of fit, together with lowness of prices is a guarantee at all times of perfect satisfaction. The great Surprise of the Season is undoubtedly the unexpectedly low prices for goods universally acknowledged the best in the market. We can fit the Boy 2½ years old, as well as the man of Weight (300 pounds).

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POETRY

"ONE AT A TIME."

GOLDEN DAYS.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand, where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored;
Another, and more on them;
And as time rolls on, your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of lofty and wisdom. One time will tell,
One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is wisdom's proven rule.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Story of Perseus and the Gorgons.

BY REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

A long, long time ago, there reigned in the little island of Seriphos a king named Polydectes. One day, as he was feasting in his palace, and his nobles were with him, word was brought that a lady and a little child had been shipwrecked on the seashore, that they seemed in need of everything, and had been therefore brought by the fisherman who had first seen them to the king's dwelling.

"And so, my lord," said the messenger who bore the news, "they are waiting at the gate, in hopes that you will have pity on them."

"Bid them come in," said good King Polydectes; "they shall fare no worse than we do ourselves. Or stay, they are strangers; I will go to them myself and comfort them; it is sad thing to be a stranger in an unknown country."

So Polydectes went down to the gate, and there stood a lady very beautiful to look upon, but full of grief. In her arms she held a baby, that seemed but a few weeks old, and as it lay quietly on its mother's bosom, its peace was strange to compare with her trouble. She would have said somewhat to the king, but her voice failed her, and she could only kneel before him and hold out her baby, as if to ask protection for it.

"This is very sad," said the kind-hearted king; but whoever you are, and whatever you need, you shall find protection with me. I know that the immortal gods are good to those that have compassion on strangers, and for their sakes, as well as for your own, you shall be safe under my roof. Another time you shall tell me your name and your history, but now you shall eat and drink, and rest yourself." For it was then the custom not to inquire the name of a visitor till he had spent some time with his host.

The next day Polydectes sent a gentleman of his court to inquire of the lady whether he might come and see her. And she made answer that he might. So the king, with his great officers, went to that part of the palace in which she was lodged. They spoke together at first of common matters, and at last the stranger told him her history. She was called Danae, and her little son Perseus; and she had been put into a boat by her cruel father, who wished to slay his little grandson, and hoped that the fury of the sea would swallow them up. Where she was to go next, and what she was to do, she could not tell; she, a king's daughter, was poorer than the poorest beggar, and could never hope to return to her own people and to the place of her birth.

"Be of good cheer, lady," said Polydectes, when he had heard her story; I will be a father to your son, and a brother to yourself. Seriphos is rich in corn and oil, barley, in vineyards and olive-yards, in herds and in flocks. You shall dwell in the best of the land, and while I rule you shall know no want."

And the king kept his word. Perseus grew apace, and brave and active, he could hurl the quoit and throw the lance better than any of his fellows, and, above all, he was beloved by the gods, whose dwelling is not with men. When he had grown to be a man, King Polydectes, on his birthday, made a great feast, to all his servants; and it was expected that all should bring some present, as a token of love to this good king. But what could poor Perseus do? He had nothing of his own, all that he possessed had been given to him, and he had no power of making any return. Day after day he would sit by himself, and devise some means of showing his love to the king, but for a long time he could think of nothing.

Now at that time there dwelt beyond the Western Ocean three monsters that were the enemies of Polydectes. They were called the Gorgons; they had the faces of beautiful women, but the rest of their bodies was like to dragons. They were very dangerous to approach, for they had the power of turning everything into stone on which they fixed their eyes. Yet as they were immortal, and therefore it was hopeless to think of attacking them; but the third, whose name was Medusa, was mortal. Therefore Perseus said to himself, "I will cut off the head of Medusa Gorgon, and that will be a present which the king will be glad to receive at my hands."

When he had thus resolved within himself, he went to Polydectes, and spoke to him thus:

"My lord," he said, "I owe you more than I can ever pay. You saved me from death when I was a child; you had compassion on me when I was a stranger; you have brought me up to man's estate; you have never suffered me to be in want of anything, and all that I have came from you first. I can give you nothing, because I have nothing of my own; but I am determined, if you will give me leave, to go and fight with your enemy, because she is yours."

Then answered Polydectes: "To fight with Medusa is indeed a thing that would please me much, but it is far above your strength, or the strength of any other man; and instead of slaying her, you will yourself be rent in pieces by her."

"I know," answered Perseus, "that Medusa is stronger than I am, but the immortal gods are my friends, and if I have their assistance I can fear nothing."

"If the gods fight for you," replied Polydectes, "you will indeed conquer, and you will not only have my thanks and my good will, but will win to yourself immortal renown and honor. And so I commit you to their care."

Perseus went back to his house, and prayed to the gods to assist him. And they were not long in hearing his prayers. First came Athene, the goddess of wisdom, and she gave him a shield, which was as clear as a mirror, and beautifully reflected everything to which it was held. Hermes, the messenger of the gods, gave him two wings for his shoulders and two for his heels. Dis lent him his helmet, which made those that wore it invisible; and Hephæstus, the god of art, gave him a short dagger, called harpe, the hilt of which was set with diamonds. When he had received all these presents, Perseus felt himself to be another man, and trusting good by Id Deity, he bravely set forth on his expedition.

And he had no occasion for a ship when he left the island. He trusted to his wings, and raised himself high in the air, among the beautiful pink wreaths of cloud that you may see in a summer's sky, and far above the sounds of men and the dash of the salt waters. Westward and westward he flew, and the Mediterranean was spread below him like a blue lake, and many a little bark here and there, specked it with a spot of snow. At length he came to the place which was afterward called the Pillars of Hercules, and by us the Strait of Gibraltar; and then he knew he was near the place for which he was seeking. And so, before long he saw the blue mountains of an island rising full on the horizon, and then he knew that it behooved him to be careful, for he was coming close to the scene of his conflict.

Athene, filling him with wisdom, taught him to what part of the island to go, and he presently alighted on the sea-shore. The cliffs ran down to the beach, forming many coves and creeks, among which the waters dashed and gurgled with a pleasant sound.

And there in the mouth of a huge cave, lay the three Gorgons fast asleep.

Perseus trod softly on the shingle, and drew near to the entrance of the cave, that he might examine those dreadful monsters more closely. Their bodies ended in the tail of a serpent, and were covered with great scales of iron, as large as the tiles of a cottage, that made a fearful clattering when they moved or turned; their hands and arms were of solid brass, and Medusa had living snakes instead of hair. Perseus trembled, as well he might for what if they should wake while he was killing Medusa? They would set their eyes upon him, and he would become stone. He crept softly around a corner of one of the rocks, and put on the helmet of Dis, so that even if they woke they would not be able to see him. But still, if he fixed his eyes on theirs, he would be petrified, and he must look steadily at them, in orCer to be able to aim a true blow. Then he discovered why Athene had given him a buckler of glass. An old tree hung down over the cavern; it had once, perhaps, shaded it with a fair arbor of leaves; but now it was dead, dry and sapless. On one of the branches of this tree Perseus hung his buckler, so that in it he might see the monsters plainly reflected, without looking at the Gorgons themselves. Then he drew his sword, and commended himself to the gods, and looked steadily at the buckler.

The snakes on Medusa's head twined and twisted themselves together, as if they were afraid of the strangers; they hissed with their long forked tongues, and seemed to shoot fire out of their eyes. But Perseus wreathed his hand in three of them, as you would do to a flowering grass by the stream side, that you wanted to break off. Medusa awoke, and uttered a furious yell, and tried to entwine her scaly body around him! If she had done that, nothing could have saved him, but he was too quick for her. For as her long tail came rattling over the stones to enfold him, he pulling at the snakes, made her stretch her neck to its full length. Then he smote it manfully with his sword, and it came off in his hand.

But though Medusa was dead, the danger to Perseus was not over. The other Gorgons had awoke at her dying yell, and terrible was their fury and their violence. They roared, they screamed, they struck the ground with their tails; they sought in all directions for the slayer of their sister monster. Their outcries were echoed by the cliffs above, and died away among the winding valleys of the island. Perseus, meanwhile, invisible in the helmet of Dis, smiled at their rage. And when their fury had exhausted itself, he took Medusa's head in his hands, and winged his way back toward Seriphos.

This is, when rightly explained, a very true story, and, what is stranger, it is or ought to be true of every one of those who read it. We have all of us a Medusa, against whom we are bound to go forth, and whom we must kill, if we would not have her kill us. The world, the flesh, and the devil, are the three Gorgons with whom we have to fight. Of these, the world and the devil are beyond our power to destroy; we must be content to resist them. But though we shall never be able while we live, entirely to overcome our own evil wills, we may begin to do so, we may little by little destroy them daily. And this is what is meant, when it is said that two of the Gorgons were immortal, but that Medusa was mortal.

And we cannot go forth to battle in our own strength. We must take the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith, which will be as a mirror to us, showing us sin in its true light, whereas, if we look at it as it seems, we shall be, as Lot's wife was, turned into stone, and have no power to flee from it. We also must have wings given us, wherewith we may rise far above this world, "and set our affections on things above."

If we have all this armor, and manfully go forth to fight with our Medusa, we shall assuredly overcome it; and though the other two Gorgons may seek to hurt us, they will not be able.

Experience has proven that the best remedy for colic, diarrhœa, teething and other troubles of infancy is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

The hog is a useful animal without a doubt, but if he has the cholera he is not worth a cent. To avoid cholera give them Swine Day's Horse Powder.

Record of merit—the popular praise accorded to Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills by reason of their wonderful worth as a household remedy. Price 25 cts.

"Care will kill a cat," says some one. Then when you go out cat-hunting, be sure and take care.

A CHARMED BOWL.

When the fever peculiar to Brazil seizes upon a newcomer, said the friend who told me this story, it deals hardly with him. So it was with me. I was just conscious that I was not likely to live, yet not strong enough to think of the many preparations I should have made if my hours were numbered. I had sunk into a heavy, feverish half sleep, through which I heard some one say: "He will go off like that," and was beginning to dream without being entirely without consciousness of my surroundings, when the door of our long, low, whitewashed room opened and a lady entered. She was a woman with dark eyes and golden hair and a cream-white skin. Her dress was white, with a bit of blue about it somewhere. She carried a bowl in her hand. The bowl was of thin, transparent china, rarely seen, painted with leaves and buds of bright colors, and here and there a gorgeous sort of butterfly. It was full of water, the purest and clearest that I ever saw.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked as simply as a mother might ask the question of her child.

"Yes, madam," I answered, "and the doctor will not let me drink."

"But I will," she said.

She put the bowl to my lips; ere she withdrew it was empty.

"Good night and pleasant dreams," she said, and smiled and left me.

I slept then, sweetly, dreamlessly, for I know not how many hours. When I awoke the fever was gone and I rapidly recovered strength. One morning I said: "She cured me with her pretty bowl of water."

"There's been no woman here for months," one of them said. "That was a dream—one of your fever dreams; quinine did the business for you.

It was hard to convince me, but at last they proved to me that at least they had seen no woman; that no one gave me anything to drink to their knowledge; and I began to believe in ministering angels. It was as certain to me that I had seen this fair, dark-eyed lady, with her blue-veined hands holding that curious china bowl, as it was certain that I had been ill.

However, many other matters engrossed my thoughts. I ceased at last to tell the story, since the regular answer was that in a fever one fancied everything and ten years from that time I was in Virginia, in Prince Edward county, not far from the Court House. I had been driving with a friend, and we were riding past a fine old mansion with a beautiful array of flowers in its garden, when a woman walked slowly down the path and paused to pick a rose. Her figure was tall, her hair golden, her eyes black. Her motions were graceful. With a little exclamation of astonishment I recognized the lady of my dream, if dream it were. She looked a little older—nay, a good ten years older but otherwise unaltered.

"I must speak to her. She will remember."

"She would think you a madman," he said. "Come on. You may get yourself shot for staring at another man's wife. They do those things promptly at the South. I will find out who she is if you like."

I assented eagerly. We rode on.

"Talk to me as much as you like," he said, "but never expose yourself to strangers. It is possible that this lady was in Brazil in 18—, and brought you something to drink when you were left alone. In that case a doubt that troubles you will be satisfied. You can with all propriety call on her."

But though he spoke in this way, I knew he did not imagine it could be so. That evening we smoked our cigars in Col. L——'s company and my friends diplomatically introduced the subject.

That beautiful house with the large garden," he said, "is quite a feature of the place. Who owns it?"

"A lonely woman, widow of Mr. V——," said the Colonel. "She was a belle in her girlhood. She might still be one if she chose."

"Perhaps we saw her in the garden," said my friend, beginning a minute description.

"Exactly. It was no one else," said the Colonel.

My friend paused a moment and then said:

"She reminded B——of some one he met in Brazil. In fact he almost believed her the same person."

"No, no," said the old Colonel. "Mrs. V——has never left Virginia. We have known the family since she was only two years old. It is only the first day that I've spoke of that and she lamented that she had not traveled more."

I felt a pang of disappointment but found courage to say: "I should greatly like to be introduced to her."

The old Colonel instantly offered to introduce me. "But remember," said my friend, as we parted, never tell her of your fancy. It would spoil your chance with her, and I see it is a case of love at first sight."

He was right, and I was very fortunate—very happy. I won the beautiful woman's heart.

Her fortune I did not want, but it was large. I had sufficient means, and could not be suspected of mercenary motives. We were married after a long and ardent wooing on my part.

She loved me, but a second marriage seemed wrong to her, and it was not until she realized that she had irretrievably given me her heart that she would give her hand.

Neither of us had ever visited Europe. We decided to cross the ocean during our honey-moon. Before we went she showed me her beautiful home and all her possessions. Among them was a store of old china.

Suddenly she turned to the shelves of her cabinet and took down a china bowl—transparent, covered with flowers and butterflies of quaint, unconventional form.

As she held it toward me, I saw again the long, low hung white-washed Brazilian room the crowd of men playing cards at an improvised table—the figure of the woman advancing toward me. It was her attitude that my wife had assumed. I uttered a cry.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked.

"It's true, then!" I cried. "You are the woman who saved my life when I lay perishing of fever in Brazil?"

She began to tremble. Setting the bowl aside, she threw herself into my arms.

"Long ago," she panted—"ten years ago—I thought I held that bowl in my hand and asked you that. It was night. I do not know whether I dream, or whether I was mad. In the dead of night I thought a voice called to me: 'Save the man whom destiny has set apart for you!' Then I arose and asked: 'How?'

"There is on our plantation a spring, the water of which is magical in its power to cure fevers. I dreamt or thought that some unseen thing led me to the spring. I carried this bowl in my hand. Then I stood in a strange room—long, low, white, and you—you—lay on a pallet hot with fever, and I said: 'Are you thirsty?' and gave you to drink.

"The next morning I would have thought it was all a dream but that the bowl, still wet, stood at my bedside. Now I have told you this, do you think me mad or superstitious? I have longed so often to tell you, but I dared not."

But I also had my tale to tell—the one I have told you.

We ask each other often: "What was it? What did it mean? How is it to be explained?" But no answer comes to us.

Whatever it may have been, it brought us together, and I bless it from my soul, for we are happy as few lovers are, my wife and I. And whatever it was it came from heaven. Nothing unholy had any hand in it.

Important.—All persons afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, pains in the back or limbs, sprains, bruises, etc., should know that Salvation Oil is what they need. Price 25 cents.

"Delays have dangerous ends," the immortal William doth declare. Have you a cold or cough, a hoarseness, or sore chest? Beware! Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; don't delay, and all the cough and soreness will soon pass away. Get it at once! You may be worse another day. Price 25 cents.

THE SQUATTER.

"What is you name?" asked the United States Attorney of an old "squatter," who had been summoned before the court as a witness.

"Which name, 'Squire?"

"Your right name, of course."

"I ain't got none."

"What, you don't mean to say that you haven't got a name."

"Oh no, sir."

"This summons says that your name is Ananias Peters." Is that so?"

"Reckon it is."

"Thought you didn't have a right name?"

"I ain't."

"Look here, sir. Don't trifle with this court. Your prevarication will not be tolerated here. Why did you say that Ananias Peters was not your right name?"

"Case it ain't right to name a boy Ananias, therefore it ain't a right name. The Bible, I believe, sorter called Ananias a liar."

"Which," interposed the judge, "makes it peculiarly applicable to your case."

"Look a-here, judge, I don't want to prog with you, 'case you've got the upper hand of me, but I don't wan't you to hit me with the Bible. A man's in a bad enough fix when yer fling de law at him, but when yer fling de law and de gospel both, he ain't got no show."

"Where do you live?" asked the attorney.

"At home."

"But where's your home?"

"In de neighborhood 'o that I live."

The judge turned away to conceal a smile, and the attorney, giving the "squatter" a look of extreme severity, said:

"Do you know where you are, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I'm here."

"You won't be here much longer, unless you answer my questions."

"I'm answering your questions, 'squire. Go on with your rat killing."

"Where were you when Mr. Jasen, the defendent, cut timber from government land?

"When did he do the cutting?"

"That's what I wan't to find out. I think it was sometime in October."

"Wal, some times in October I was in one place and sometimes in another."

"Did you ever see him cutting government timber?"

"I believe I did."

"When?"

"During the war when I was in the army."

"None of your foolishness now. Did'n you come along the road one day in Oct. and talk to the defendent while he was chopping down a tree?"

"No, sir."

"Remember that you are under oath. So you didn't see him while he was chopping down a tree?"

"Didn't say that, 'squire, for I did see him chopping the tree."

"Did you stop and talk to him?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Thought you said you didn't stop and talk to him?"

"Didn't say it."

"You did."

"Didn't say it."

"What did you say?"

"Said I didn't talk to him while he was choppin', fur when I came up and spoke, he quit choppin'. Ef thar's anything else you wanter know, fire away."

EVERY MOMENT OF OUR LIVES our bodies are being built up anew with fresh matter. If the blood is not renewed the system is poisoned by the worn-out matter clogging the vital organs, instead of leavin the body. For weak or impure blood, producing dyspepsia, biliousness, fevers, and skin, liver and kidney troubles, use Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters.

Caught His Part.

"Johnnie, where have you been?"

"Fishin'."

"Did you catch anything?"

"Not yet, but I'm gonter though. Dad promised me I'd 'catch it' if I muddied my trousers, and you can see how I've done my part of the programme."

An Alabama negro was heard to soliloquize philosophically: "De sun am so hot, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, dat dis her darkey feels called upon to preach."

An exchange in noting a recent rain-storm says: "At intervals the rain came down in sheets." The remainder of the bed clothes are expected to arrive in the next shower.

Teach your children to say, "How do you do?" or "good morning" to everybody with whom they are acquainted.

"Don't give it a weigh," said the coal dealer to his clerk, as he drove out of his yard with a light ton.

A sign down town reads: "Ice Kream Saliune," which is positively the worst cold spell of the season.

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Manual of all Diseases, by Dr. HUMPHREYS, M. D. NEATLY BOUND IN CLOTH and GOLD BEVELED EDGES—RED STAMP.

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HOMEOPATHIC

No.	Name of Disease	Price
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Dyspepsia	25
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12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Eruptions	25
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18	Ophthalmy, Inflammation, Gnid in the Head	50
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20	General Debility, Physical Weakness	50
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22	Sickness, Nausea, Vomiting	50
23	Kidney, Gravel, Urinary, Weak Back	50
24	Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions	1.00

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1886 The Courier-Journal. 1886

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