The Easton Star.

T. E. SOBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Tales and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1886 | VOL. XXI.—NO. 53.

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UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

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Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

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Select Poetry.

A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

(FROM THE CENTURY.)

For days the peaks wore hoods of clouds,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the Summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud,—
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,
As though September, having blown
A blast of tempest, now had thrown
A gauntlet to the fagored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flew,
And careless of the course of Time,
The bloomy days began anew.
Then, as a happy dream comes true,
Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbelieved—
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,
And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved,
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear Violet! Did the Autumn bring
Thee vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring
Did come again, in search of thee?

Select Story.

A BONE OF CONTENTION.

The first baby is not generally supposed to be a bone of contention. On the contrary, it is, as a rule, considered a bond of union between its parents. Strange, however, to say, this was not the case with Captain Grant, of the —th Hussars and his wife. Indeed it nearly caused an estrangement, and it certainly had to answer for the only quarrel they ever had.

There is no doubt that when the infant first made its appearance, Jack Grant was as fond and proud a father as could be found in the United Kingdom. He tried to see numerous likenesses to various relatives which his wife saw in their son; he persuaded himself he felt highly flattered when she declared she saw in the somewhat plain infant a strong look of himself; and finally wound himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, he actually made an awkward attempt to hold the child, and even impressed a fatherly kiss on its small, mottled, red face.

This was a happy state of affairs so long as it lasted, but unfortunately a change was soon to be observed. Captain Grant began to wish his wife could find some other subject on which to exercise her conversational powers than "the baby;" he also commenced to wonder if it was necessary to talk to the child in the senseless and extremely odd style which she and the nurse invariably used when they addressed it.

At last he was obliged to confess to himself that, unnatural as it seemed, he occasionally found his boy, in spite of his numerous perfections, a decided bore.

"You see," he confided to his chum, Jim Reeves, "a fellow gets so deuced sick of hearing nothing but agoo-and-agoo-and-a-butible-bubble-bubble, which is the way my wife and the nurse always speak to the poor little brat. I can't get the idiotic rubbish out of my head; and upon my word when some of the fellows the other day at the mess were talking of the new regulations that have just come out, and asked me what I thought of them, I was as near as possible making a consummate ass of myself before them all, by answering, 'Agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble-bubble.' I assure you that I was in an ace of doing so. If I could have a little sensible conversation with my wife when the child had been put to bed, it would not be so bad, but sleeping or waking 'the baby' occupies all the attention. I am supposed to hear of the 'heavenly, sweet smile' that came over the brat's face when he saw his bottle being brought to him, or that he has managed to crawl three more inches on the ground, or something else that appears to me equally uninteresting. It's really awful rough on a fellow."

"Rather trying," remarked his friend sympathetically.

"Trying!" repeated Jack. "That is not the word for it. I declare it makes me so irritable I sometimes feel inclined to swear at them all around, the baby included."

"Come," answered Jim, reprovingly, "I call that unfair. What! swear at a helpless infant, whose only method of retort and strongest language for some time to come will be 'a-goo' and 'a-bubble.' That is fighting upon unequal terms with a vengeance."

"Oh, if you are going to chaff me I'll shut up," replied Jack, testily. "I only wish you were bothered by the same sort of thing, and then I don't think you would find it so amusing," saying which, he turned on his heel and walked away in a huff.

It was in this unsatisfactory frame of mind regarding his first-born, that Jack proceeded to wend his way home one cold winter's afternoon. He had had a hard day's work, and was looking forward with a feeling of relief to a chat with his wife and a cigar before dinner. True, his mind was somewhat disturbed by the thought that it was possible the tete-a-tete he anticipated might be broken into by the presence of a third party. But he resolutely shook off this gloomy foreboding, and walked on briskly toward his destination.

On arriving there and hearing his wife's voice somewhere overhead, he called out to her he was home and was going to the smoking-room, where he would be glad of her company till it was time to dress for dinner.

"Very well, dear," she answered, brightly; "we'll come in a minute."

"We!" said Jack to himself, "who else is she bringing? Surely it can't be the child. She can never mean to turn this room, as well as every other in the house, into a nursery. Hang it all, that would be unbearable!"

If, however, he had any doubts on the subject, they were soon to be dispelled, for he had scarcely lit a cigar before his wife made her appearance with the baby in her arms.

"Well," thought Jack resignedly, "I suppose there is nothing for it but to grin and bear it."

"Oh, Jack, my dearest," exclaimed his wife, gushingly. "I have such a piece of news for you. You will never guess what it is. It is something almost too delightful for words."

"I also have something to tell you," broke in Jack, as his wife paused to take breath, for he felt instinctively that the important news to which his wife referred had something to do with his offspring, and he knew that once that all-absorbing subject was started, all other topics of conversation would be inevitably banished for the time being. "I also have something to tell you. I met Chalmers today; he is staying here for a few days with his cousin, so I asked him to come and dine with us some time next week, and I think we might invite one or two people to meet him. Now, on what day do you think we had better ask him, and who else shall we have?"

"I will think about it in a minute," answered his little wife, eagerly, "but I must tell you my news first. Fancy! Baby is getting a tooth, and he is only just four months old!"

"That's capital," said Jack, in a voice intended to express unlimited delight. "There is no doubt that the little fellow is very well on for his age. I should think now he will be trotting about all over the place before we know where we are."

"I don't think I should feel I was doing my duty by him if I allowed him to do such a thing, even if he could," replied his wife severely. "I don't know if you are particularly anxious to see your child grow up bandy-legged. I can't say I am."

"Ah, yes, I forgot he is rather weak in the legs at present," remarked Jack, in a crestfallen voice. "But, May," he continued, more cheerfully, feeling he had done his duty bravely, and nothing more could be expected from him for the present, "what about having Chalmers?"

"Let me see," said May, thoughtfully. Then, appealing to the baby, "what does 'oo think, my pretty? Agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble—"

"Come," said Jack, a little impatiently, "try to manage something, as Chalmers is only here for a few days, and I want you to write to him tonight."

"Must we t'ink, my sweet?" continued May, apparently oblivious of everything but the existence of her son, and only half-hearing her husband's last remark. "Must we t'ink, my beauty? Well, then, agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bub—"

"For heaven's sake, try for one moment to attend to what I am saying!" said Jack, sharply. "I won't trouble you long, and then you will be at liberty to return to your very intellectual conversation with the child."

This time May quite took in what her husband said; but, being annoyed at the way he had spoken, she determinedly took no notice of his request, and staring absently into the fire, went on talking to her baby:

"Yes, my owny own, does your pretty papa want——"

"Confound it!" exclaimed poor tired Jack angrily, "do you want to drive me mad with your nonsense? I have never yet been considered pretty, nor have I any wish to be called so at this time of my life. Can't you find a more suitable adjective to apply to me than that?"

"Indeed I can," returned May, losing her temper in her turn; "cross, ill-tempered, rude, unnatural, cruel, are all words which may be applied to you in your present state of mind."

"Well, I am sure I am not surprised," retorted Jack, "the only wonder is, I don't go off my head with hearing the flow of absurd nonsense that seems to me to go on, morning, noon and night."

"If you call talking to one's own child, absurd nonsense, I don't," said Maggie, with a great assumption of maternal dignity.

"I must say it never struck me that you intended to talk; I thought it was merely babbling, but of course that may be my ignorance. Perhaps you will be kind enough to enlighten me as to the meaning of that much used word—agoo."

"I shall do no such thing, for I can see you are sneering both at me and my child. I must say for a man who sets up to be a gentleman, it is an extremely curious way of behaving. I confess I should never have thought you capable of speaking to me in the way you have."

"For goodness sake, don't preach; I am much too tired to listen."

"Very well, then, if my conversation bores you, I most certainly won't remain here any longer," saying which, May walked out of the room, looking very injured, and kissing her son as she went, murmuring tenderly, "at any rate your mother loves you, my darling."

In spite, however, of the satisfaction of having enjoyed the last word, as she carried baby to the nursery, May felt a very queer feeling in her throat, and seemed to have developed a cold in the head in a remarkably short space of time.

Having left baby in nurse's charge, and, much to that worthy woman's astonishment, having parted from him without any of those little endearments she was wont to use to him before doing so, she proceeded straight to her room.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed nurse, using that phrase which says so little, but is intended to convey so much—"I never did! To think she should leave her first born without so much as a parting blessing! Never mind, my sweety; if your mother forsakes you, your old nurse never will. No, thank 'Evan! I tries to do my dooty by you, my hangel, and nought shall tempt my soul to go astray!"

And then, having delivered herself of these lofty and truly elevating sentiments, appropos of nothing in particular, she proceeded to undress and bathe the infant, feeling in that virtuous frame of mind we all enjoy when we have been saying anything very righteous and moral, whatever our acts may be.

In the meanwhile the unfortunate object of the nurse's displeasure was sitting in her room weeping bitterly, all her dignity and temper washed away by her tears.

It must be acknowledged that it was some little before May arrived at this state of penitence. At first she could think of nothing but the contempt with which she considered Jack had treated her son: it was this, she told herself, that wounded her even more than the way he had spoken to her.

He had not kissed it when he came in, had expressed no desire to look at its mouth and judge for himself as to whether the tooth would be long in coming (which was what any one with even a moderate share of fatherly feeling would have done), and, in fact, he had behaved disgracefully.

"Yes, disgracefully," she repeated to herself, as she sat by her window looking out into the winter's gloom, with flushed cheeks and eyes full of angry tears, which she was too proud to let fall, "disgracefully; and so I shall tell him when I see him."

By-and-by, however, her anger began to vanish, and her reflections with regard to Jack were of a milder description. Had she not been a little hasty with him? After all, might he not, perhaps, have reason to complain? Of course it was difficult to understand any one being bored by baby, with his funny little ways and odd little chuckle; but still, what had her dear old mother said, when she had told her of her plan of bringing him up from his earliest infancy to be a great companion to his father, so that he should learn as soon as possible to enter into all his parents plans? "Take care, my dear," had been her mother's words, "that you don't give Jack too much of a good thing."

Well, she had laughed at the time, but was there not some truth in the advice? Perhaps poor Jack had come home tired, quite worn-out, and in no humor for baby's company, so no wonder he had been a little impatient. There was no doubt he was really very good-tempered; he could not have been feeling so bright as usual, or he would not have been annoyed. It was all her fault for teasing him with her nonsense, and she ought to be ashamed of herself. Yes, his health was rapidly being ruined, and is was entirely her own doing; upon which, having arrived at this melancholy conclusion, she could no longer restrain her grief, but burst into a flood of tears."

It was at this stage of the proceedings, and while she was sobbing most vehemently, she felt her husband's strong arms round her, as he said, gently:

"Don't cry, little woman. I'm awfully sorry for all I said."

Then, as she looked up at him with a loving though rather watery smile, he continued regretfully:

"I can't think what made me behave to you as I did. I know I was an awful brute, but I was not feeling very fit; not that is any excuse for the way I spoke to you. But please forgive me, darling."

May's answer to this somewhat incoherent speech was to throw her arms round Jack's neck and give him a good hug, as she said, impulsively:

"Why, Jack, I wan't you to forgive me. I am so sorry I lost my temper."

"My dear, you have no reason to apologize," he replied. "I am sure I wonder you did not give it to me as hot as I deserved, and it is only because you are the dearest little girl that ever lived that you did not do so. But let us forget the unpleasant business and kiss and be friends," saying which, he suited the action to the word, and the reconciliation was complete.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to pay a visit to the cause of all the trouble, and this was not forgotten, as after a minute or two May, and Jack proceeded to the nursery, and as baby happened to be enjoying his bottle, he chanced to be in a very good temper.

Accordingly, when he saw his parents, he condescended to look up for a moment from his meal, and give them a most amiable smile—a little rapid, perhaps, but still very well-meaning, so that nothing was wanting to complete the family felicity.

After this little episode everything went considerably smoother. May realized that a man of thirty, and an infant of four months are not very congenial companions, seeing they can scarcely be said to have many ideas in common, and that the former decidedly objects to be deserted for the latter; whilst Jack on his part began to comprehend what an unfailing source of interest and amusement a baby is to womankind in general, and its mother in particular, and so learned to make allowances for the raptures with which his wife viewed their child. Having arrived, therefore, at a better understanding on the subject, it never again caused any trouble, and if you were now to ask his parents about him, they would tell you that since that time baby has never been anything to them but a bond of union.

A Cowboy in a Sleeping Car.

"Where do I camp?" he inquired. And he was shown the lower birth, next to mine.

"That's my pigeon-hole, is it? All right, old son, just watch my motion while I file myself away."

At this juncture he was desired to turn over his revolver to the porter, which he declined to do in a very spirited manner.

"'Old dad' (his revolver,) and me always sleep together, and we don't want no divorce," he explained.

The conductor remonstrated, but he was advised not to try to "Braid this mule's tail."

"This here's a sleepin' car, ain't it?" he at length inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, then, why don't you let people sleep when they've paid, and gone into your game? If you're aiming to keep people awake, and want company, just dance into the next car; there's lots of folks there that don't want to sleep, nohow, and they'll be glad to see you."

The conductor withdrew, and my neighbor pulled off his boots and stretched himself, with many comments in an undertone, on the poverty of the surroundings.

In about ten minutes this erratic person had his head out in the aisle.

"Say, you boy!" to the porter.

"Well, sah."

"Come a runnin'."

The porter drew near and was handed a pillow as big as a pincushion.

"Take that goosha'r thing away," commanded the cowboy.

"Don't you want a pillow, sah?" asked the porter.

"That ain't no pillow, and I don't want it, nohow; I'm afraid it'll get get in my ear."

After this, silence, and for a short time I slept. I roused up, however, at an exclamation on the part of my neighbor.

"Hold on thar, my son; just drap them boots."

"I was only jest gwine to black 'em for you, sah."

"Drap 'em!"

They "drapped."

"Jest gwine to pull them spurs, I reckon. Now don't monkey around the camp, taking things no more. If you want anything, speak for it. If you can't speak make signs, and if you can't make signs, shake a bush. You h'ar me?"

"Yes, sah."

After this, silence. The wheels and rails again sang together, and the car again kept approving time, and presently I slept without interruption.—Exchange.

The proprietor of the Great Western Poultry Yard, Mr. James E Goodkey, St. Louis, Mo., is enthusiastic in his praise of Red Star Cough Cure, which cured him after all other remedies failed. He says it neither constipates the bowels, nor causes sick headache.

(FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN AND TOBACCO.)

PIMLICO.

Sept. 13th to the 17th, inclusive.

THE MARYLAND STATE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Association is actively making preparations to give the grandest display of fast horses, pure bred stock and agricultural machinery ever exhibited in this or any other State. Mr. Frank Brown, the president of the Association, who is largely interested in all that tends to the Agricultural welfare of the State, is giving to this matter his earnest and personal attention, and, together with an active and energetic executive committee, is completing arrangements which will bring thousands of strangers to the city to attend the Fair Exhibition at Pimlico, Sept. 13th to 17th, inclusive. All railroads and steamboats will issue tickets at reduced rates.

Never before in the history of the Association has there been such a demand for space in which to exhibit all kinds of machinery. In fact, we are informed that the space usually allotted for such purposes had to be greatly enlarged to accommodate the urgent demands made upon the Association from all parts of the State and Country.

The racing, beyond doubt, will be the finest that can be found upon any turf this autumn. The most noted stables of the country have given notice of their desire to be in attendance. Lovers of this sport can enjoy the pleasure to their heart's content, as every grade of fine horseflesh in speed, style and pedigree will be on exhibition The very best of Maryland thoroughbreds, which are fast gaining a reputation throughout the country, will be upon the grounds, and independent of the fastest trotters, pacers and runners there will be a fine display of the noble animals in the grand exhibition of all the stables at one time upon the race track.

In addition to this, the noted thoroughbred cattle of this State will be largely represented, and the magnificent stock farms of western and eastern Maryland will vie with each other to gain the liberal premiums offered by the Association. Within the last two decades Maryland has made great strides in this direction, and to day the fine "owned and Maryland bred stock" is not surpassed by any State in the Union. The cows, sheep, hogs and henneries of Maryland are the proud boast of our farmers, and in competition with all others we can hold our own with the best.

The management has yet another treat in store to attract and amuse thousands of the youth and beauty of the State who will be in attendance.

On Monday night September 13th a grand ball is on the programme and no doubt it will be one of the finest affairs of the kind to which the public was ever invited. The large hall is to be profusely decorated with the most magnificent products of the florist's skill, tastefully arranged In fact, it is the intention to transform the hall into a bower of loveliness. This whole scene will be illuminated by hundreds of jets flashing from electric wires.

Now, the people of this State, and of the City of Baltimore should bear in mind that the enterprising, and liberal spirited gentlemen who have control of this great undertaking, have assumed heavy risks without the expectation of any reward pecuniarily or otherwise. It is truly a "labor of love"—that the entire state may be greatly benefitted, and it behooves one and all of us to show our appreciation of their efforts, by doing all in our power to further its success. Let the merchants, professional men and mechanics of Baltimore show to the counties that they are deeply interested by cordially extending their support in every way possible and it will be the means of bringing yearly to our city thousands of people from all sections of the country.

A Too Particular House.

A man from Indiana who went to Chicago to buy a stock of groceries to start business, had but little ready cash, and was asked what security he could give.

"Well, I did own a saw-mill," he replied

"But you don't now?"

"No, it was sold on a mortgage. I did have a farm."

"Is that gone, too?"

"Yes, went on a mortgage."

"Got a home?"

"That's gone with the rest"

"Any wild lands?"

"I had 190 acres, bnt it's gone."

"Then you really have no security."

"Look a-here, mister," said the Hoosier, as he straightened up, "after a man has been used to doing a mortgaging business twenty-five years he can't change all in a minute. If a chattel mortgage on this stock ain't security enough for you I'll look around and find some house not quite so particular."

A Disgusted Aboriginal.

The other day a rather fresh tourist got off the cars at a way station on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Seated on a stone with a dirty blanket wrapped around him was an aboriginal. He had on moccasins and wore a scalp-lock, and was just such a wild Indian as the imaginative tourist desired to meet. The latter dance] before him, waved an impalpable tomahawk in the air, gave a whoop and yelled:

"Big Injun! Great chief! Woh!"

The buck grunted.

"Killum heap? Heap scalp?" shouted the tourist. Again the buck grunted and looked surprised.

"Where's wigwam? Live pale face?"

"What in the deuce are you talking about?" said the buck. "Are you drunk?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A certain literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and, if any one should inquire for him, to give him an "equivocal answer." Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his callers. "Did any one call?" "Yis, sir, wan gentleman." "What did he say?" "He axed was yer honor in." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Sure, I gave him a quivikle answer jist." "How was that?" "I axed him was his grandmother a monkey?"—Christian Register.

A Colorado bath consists of hanging a damp towel to a tree and climbing the towel.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

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TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

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Under and by virtue of a power contained in a decree passed in the Circuit Court for Talbot County, in Equity, in the case of Ann M. Jackson, et al., vs. Anna F. Jackson, et al., the undersigned, Trustee therein named, will offer at public sale, on Tilghman's Island, in front of May, Rowlinson & Jackson's store, on

SATURDAY, Sept. 11th, A. D. 1886,

between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M. of that day, all that

Farm or Plantation,

situate on Tilghman's Island, Talbot county, adjoining Knapp's Narrows, on both sides of the public road, whereof the late Wm. P. Jackson died seized and possessed, being a part of the same lands that was conveyed unto the said Wm. P. Jackson, by James M. Seth and wife, containing the quantity of

55 Acres of Land,

more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a

Dwelling House,

Stables, Corn House, Granary, &c.

Terms of Sale:

The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are as follows: One-third Cash to be paid on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal installments, in one and two years from the day of sale, or all Cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bond or bonds of the purchaser or purchasers, with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

Title papers at the expense of the purchaser.

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Trustee.

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