The Easton Star.

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

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EASTON

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

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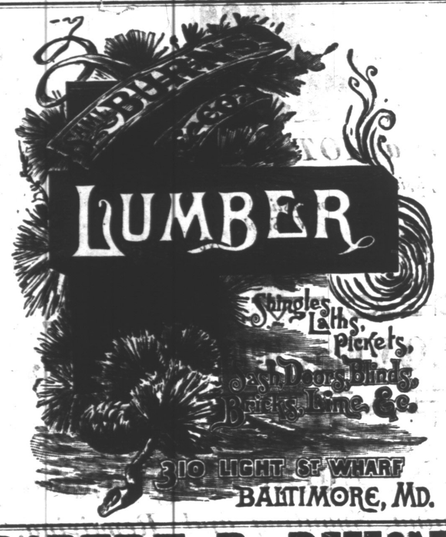

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Select Poetry.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day.
And now beside a dripping stream
Proud in their pride they lay.
Tiring of games and idle jests
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who moved apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered: "Nay, I cannot please
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories filled.

Ended this song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, good night, my friends,
God grant us sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain "Sing one more,"
The soldier bent his head,
Then smiling as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call;
All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall.

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought
As on and on he sang;
Man after man fell into line
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall;
The everlasting hills called back
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard,
But oh! the depths of every soul,
By those old hymns, was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
Rises in murmurs low
The prayer the mother taught the boy
At home long years ago.

Select Story.

THE BRINK OF DESPAIR.

'I can't help people admiring me, can I, you unreasonable fellow?'

Geraldine Cleve gave her head a pretty little defiant motion as she spoke.

And Jonas Cleve could not but own to himself that it would have been rather a difficult task to control the current of popular admiration, as he stood looking at his beautiful young wife.

She was twenty-one, but she looked scarcely sixteen upon the stage, in her floating tulle dress, with slender bands of gold round her tiny ankles, and rose garlands dangling from her hair. For Mrs. Cleve was neither more nor less than dancer at the Olympic theatre.

The elegant leader of society may elevate her aristocratic nose at the slender shawled figure entering the stage door, as her glittering carriage rolls by, but we question if the truer and more tender heart be not oftener found beneath the shabby stage fineries than under the velvet and ermine.

Geraldine had earned her own and her parents' living by the light evolutions of her fairy foot, ever since she was ten years old; as good, and true, and noble hearted a young creature as ever bounded before the footlights.

And now that she was married to the young lawyer's clerk down town, she still remained on the stage, contrary to his most earnest entreaties and expostulations.

'Just a year or two longer, Jonas, dear,' she said, 'until we save money enough to buy us a little cottage somewhere in the suburbs and furnish it as we want.'

And Jonas Cleve yielded to her pretty coaxing solicitations, although it was against his own better judgment

But it was not pleasing to go night after night, only to see other men staring at his wife, and listen, unwillingly enough, to their comments, and Jonas Cleve had been gradually growing dissatisfied with this arrangement.

'I cannot stand it any longer, Gerry!' was his exclamation, one evening, as he walked home with her from the theatre, her bright spangled robes all covered beneath a sober black alpaca skirt and a water proof cloak. 'What made you take the bouquet that that puppy Middleworth tossed on the stage?'

'Why shouldn't I?' demanded Geraldine demurely. 'I am sure the flowers were very pretty.'

'He has thrown you a bouquet every evening for a week.'

'Well, what then?' laughed Geraldine. 'I like flowers, and can't afford to buy them myself.'

'But, Geraldine——'

And then it was that the little danseuse stopped in the light of a gas lamp which [illegible] and made the beginning of our sketch.

'I can't help people admiring me, can I, you unreasonable fellow!'

But the husband's face, in the yellow lamp light, looked unnaturally stern and fixed.

'Geraldine,' he said gravely, 'my wife must not receive the miscellaneous homage of every brainless fop like young Middleworth!'

'That is nonsense, Jonas!'

'Is it.' His brows contracted until they seemed to form a black line across his forehead. 'I choose to think otherwise. You must accept no more flowers from that young man. I like to see the bouquets rain down around you, as a tribute to your skill and merits, but when it comes to a regular offering, night after night, from some one person, and be a profligate scamp, whose admiration is an honor to no woman——'

'Jonas!'

'I am only speaking the truth, Geraldine.'

'And what will you do to me if I am bold enough to dare the awful peril of your anger?' laughed Geraldine. 'Shall you shut me up in a walled tower, like the princesses of old, or land me on a desert island, inhabited only by seagulls and screaming eagles?'

'Do not speak so, Geraldine; this is no jesting matter.'

She pouted at his stern tone, and almost for the first time in their married life, a slight, but very perceptible cloud darkened over the domestic horizon. Jonas Cleve thought that Geraldine was flippant, and Geraldine thought her husband unreasonable and cross.

How lovely the young danseuse looked the next night, when she glided upon the stage in a dress of green and silver, with silver wings seeming to float over her head! How light her movements were, and instinct with the poetry of motion! Even Jonas, accustomed as he was to the beautiful sight, felt his heart throb with rapid beats.

A burst of applause rose up from the audience, with one accord, as she courtsied low at the end of her brilliant pas seul, and among the shower of flowers which fell all around her on the stage, a wreath of white rosebuds tied with snowy ribbon was the prettiest of all.

A pretty little actress, who stood leaning against the wing waiting for her part to begin, ran forward and placed it, like a crown, on Geraldine's sunny hair, and at the moment a second burst of applause rose from the crowded house.

Ten minutes later, when Jonas came behind the scene to escort his wife home—for Geraldine only doffed the one pas tonight—he glanced carelessly at the floral trophies that were heaped in a basket, ready to be carried to the little second floor lodging where Mrs. Cleve brightened her rooms with the favorite blossoms.

'Who threw that wreath?' he asked, with a sudden impulse of curiosity, as he saw it lying on the top.

Geraldine did not answer; she was busy tying on her veil. Jonas picked it up an examined the card fastened to it.

'Duncan Middleworth.'

As quick as lightning the young husband tore the wreath in twain, threw it on the floor, and set his heel on it.

'Jonas!' Geraldine cried, half angry, half frightened.

'I told you I would have no more of such nonsense,' he said in a voice almost suffocated with rage. 'If you ever accept so much as a bud that comes from his hand again—'

'Well, what then?' she said defiantly.

But his whole voice and manner had changed.

'Are you ready to go home?' he asked quietly, 'because it is growing late.'

But Geraldine could not forget the white heat of anger that had blazed in his brief glance.

'It's too absurd,' she thought, 'I will not give way to his unreasoning jealousy.'

Mr. Duncan Middleworth sat in a proscenium box the next evening, and tossed an exquisite basket of japonicas at Geraldine Cleve's feet when the moment of ovation came.

She stopped herself to pick it up, with an arch gratified smile, and a slight motion of her head towards the box; and as she turned away she met her husband's stern reproachful eye.

Her first impulse was to drop the basket again, her second to brave it out.

'What have I done?' she asked herself half indignantly; and as she went off the stage she carried the flower basket in her hand.

Jonas Cleve, however, did not make his wife she was ready to depart, but [illegible] an old one-eyed carpenter, who served about the theatre, stood waiting.

'Where's Mr. Cleve, Griffith?'

'He said I was to see you home, ma'am.'

'But where is he?'

'Please, ma'am, I don't know.'

Geraldine asked no more questions, but she bit her scarlet lip until the blood came.

'He is angry about the flower-basket,' she thought. 'Well, let him sulk!'

But Jonas was not at home when she reached their modest lodgings, and Geraldine was surprised at the sudden sinking of her own heart.

'He will be home soon,' she comforted herself by saying.

As she took the basket of japonicas out of its tissue paper wrappings, something glittered in the gas light. It was a diamond ring fastened to the handle.

'This will never do,' said Geraldine, half glad but her husband was not there to see the shining gaud. 'I must send it back tomorrow. Jonas was right after all. I will receive no more flowers from Duncan Middleworth.'

And then she sat down, all in her silvery and blue robes, to wait patiently for her husband's return.

But he did not come. The clock struck twelve—one—two—and still no familiar footsteps sounded on the stairs.

And then an awful doubt crept into her mind. She had set his will and wishes at defiance! Had he left her forever?

It was only during an instant that she entertained the possibility, but that one second made her heart as cold as ice.

And when the next day's sun dawned, lull and cheerless, and she still sat alone, poring over the smouldering fire, she thought she had given half a life time to be able to undo that one hour's work.

'Why did I touch the basket,' she asked herself passionately, 'when he wished me not? Oh, surely I have deserved this another sub, for pandering to my own base vanity. If he would only come back again, but——'

She dared not say to herself, 'If he should never come back!'

The day crept by, and she still sat huddled up in a lump, pallid and sick at heart, with no energy for anything. She had sent back the diamond ring promptly, as an insult which she would not for a moment brook. But alas! it was too late now.

For Geraldine was gladly becoming assured that her own folly had forfeited her a husband's love, and she cared for naught else in life.

The dusk was again gathered sadly around her, when the door suddenly opened and a tall figure entered.

'Gerry! Why what's the matter?'

'Jonas!'

She sprang into his arms with an hysterical shriek. The sudden revulsion of feeling was too great a shock.

'I have torn it all to pieces, Jonas. I never want to see it again,' she cried.

'Torn what to pieces? I don't understand you, child.'

'The horrid, odious basket of japonicas?'

'Oh, I remember now, my darling,' with a tender pressure of the hand. 'How shall I thank you for your regard for my wishes?'

'But, Jonas, why did you leave me without a word?' she asked breathlessly.

'Didn't Griffith give you the letter?'

'Your letter? No!'

'Then he was half drunk, as usual, I suppose. I was telegraphed from Albany, by my employer, to bring him up some valuable papers from the office, and had to take the midnight train without an instant's delay. I had no time to see you, but I sent you a line by Griffith, with directions to see you home.'

'He escorted me home, but he never spoke about a letter,' said Geraldine, bursting into tears.

'The old villian! But I hope you were not uneasy, dearest.'

'Oh, Jonas, I was miserable. I—I feared you had ceased to love me!' sobbed the young wife.

'As if that were possible, darling.'

But Geraldine had received a lesson nevertheless—a lesson which she always remembered.

Spades and Others.

BY MRS. MARY C. SUNGERFORD, EDITOR OF 'GOOD CHEER.'

Eight happy years of ignorant bliss we passed under the firm but benevolent sway of two sable servitors, who consumed our substance recklessly, but obligingly fed us on the fat of the land most superbly cooked and faultlessly served. Our little dinners and suppers began to have a reputation, and we had not to ask twice to secure a friend to meet another friend, quite unceremoniously, at any time.

Our outlay would have kept an army with banners in fine fighting condition, but with no precedent to gauge by how could our innocent young married souls know we were victims of waste and robbery?

But the truth fell upon us when death and matrimony separately and consecutively, but almost simultaneously, clutched our dark vassals and left us tossing helplessly on the uncertain shores of advertising columns and intelligence offices.

Then followed a few harrowing weeks of hard work for the mistress, disappointing dinners for the master, and such a state of confusion and destruction as results from the erratic services of washwomen and charwomen, to use an English name, for the severe affliction in the shape of daily assistance that one hires in times of domestic crises. During this term of dire discomfort there was, notwithstanding the absence of all good management, such a comparative absence of rapine that our expenses dropped with a sudden shock that awakened a conviction of the singularly destructive scale upon which our housekeeping had been conducted.

But knowledge, with housekeepers, is not always power, and we lived to look back with regret to the happy years when we were robbed, not knowing what we lost. For under the sway of a long procession of Erin's exiles, who took us in charge, we suffered and we knew it, but we were helpless. The two Kates who took possession of us first had needy cousins who carried off our substance openly in frank, capacious baskets. We discharged these Kates with acrimony. Later, after an experience with various Janes, Mary Annes and Norahs, we took them back abjectly, at a premium, for their depredations were forbearingly confined to the bread that perisheth, as represented by butter, sugar, eggs, meat, and wines, while those others spared neither table linen nor spoons. One needy widowed Hannah even relieved us of a small but valuable Daughestan rug.

But the tyranny of the restored Katharines was unendurable. Bloated by the belief that we found them indispensable, they made their iron yoke so oppressive that after a year of slavery even that poor worm, their mistress, turned at last, and, with a stout policeman's aid, broke up a wild orgie in the kitchen one night, when the roysterings of a gang of Katharines, who never, [illegible] our highly respectable neighborhood. The loyal hostesses resented the insult to their kin, and again we were left to our own devices, which were an even balancing between trying pan and fire, with small comfort in either.

Then rescue came in the form of Swedish help. We are not robbed, we are not insulted. We can give an order without fear of sullen frowns or impertinent rejoinder, but, alas! even the Rose du Nord has its thorns. The cheerful, neat-handed girls who respectfully courtesy and 'ja, ja,' in smiling consent to every utterance of the mistress, have so little mastery of the language, foreign in every way to their ears and understanding, that the order so blandly received might be fulminated in a deaf and dumb asylum with as much prospect of seeing it executed.

With no talent or fancy for teaching, yet with a patience born of a strong hope of deliverance from heavy domestic trials, the mistress spent her precious evenings in the kitchen armed with pencil and phrase book, and so enlightened her polite cook and housemaid that at a month's end it became possible to communicate intelligence with the help of many signs, assisted by terrific shouts from one of the family, who has a firm conviction that vast volume of sound facilitates the transmission of ideas to alien ears.

Then, after years of distant fluttering, did the sweet dove of tranquillity brood over our tortured heads, and a delicious patriarchal life began, wherein the eye of the handmaiden waileth on the eye of her mistress, etc. The scriptural quotation is perhaps incorrect, but that is of no consequence, for our beneficent estate was brought to a sudden pause by the simultaneous departure of our valued domestics. We speak advisedly and now we speak can Angliesve can give more wage.'

And so it has been ever since. We hire furtive dolts—they are that in effect whatever capacity their utter ignorance of English conceals, and when, after truly unspeakable trials we instil into them something of our tongue and our ways, they leave us for 'more wage,' although during their novitiate we give them wages far beyond their deserts, raising them fairly as soon as their usefulness begins.

There are many families in all towns to whom money is no object, and to them, as soon as the newly imported Swedes can speak reasonably well, their friends apply on their behalf, demanding wages that are inconveniently high for ordinary people to pay.

There is certainly an opening for Swede, Dane and Norsk servants here, where we have been martyrs to inadequate domestic service. And barring the drawback of unfamiliarity with the language, which is a serious one, the Northerners make good servants, but some one, minister, pastor, consul or whoever can advise them as one having authority, should explain to these emigrants that their fickleness and unstability will exhaust employer's patience and drive them back to the class who, with all their faults had some dim appreciation of a good home, and some pride in retaining a place.—New York Observer.

Boils, abscesses, tumors, and even cancers, are the result of a natural effort of the system to expel the poisons which the liver and kidneys have failed to remove. Ayer's Sarsaparilla stimulates all the organs to a proper performance of their functions.

A man (?) in a New Jersey town, named Beall Day, has made a wager to eat 300 oysters without stopping. We suspect he will Be-all Day doing it.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

In the Kitchen:

OYSTER TOAST.

Open twelve oysters; put them in a clean sauce-pan with their own liquor, a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a wine-glass of milk, two cloves, and a small piece of mace; boil for three minutes. Mix one ounce of butter with half an ounce of flour, put it in small pieces in the pan, stir well, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, and the same quantity of moist sugar; when nearly boiling pour the mixture over the toast and serve.

TO FRY FISH.

The secret of frying small fish crisp and brown, without either egg or bread crumbs, is to dry it well, flour both sides (do not be niggardly with the Indian meal), and plunge it into plenty of boiling fat. Be sure the fat is boiling, and plenty of it, as upon that depends the crispness and brownness of the fish.

LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS

are made by draining the oysters and seasoning with salt and pepper, and then cutting fat bacon into very thin slices and wrapping a big oyster in each slice, fastening it with a wooden skewer—a toothpick is best. The frying pan must be well heated before the little pigs are put in, and they must cook long enough for the bacon to rise. They are to be served immediately upon toast cut into small pieces.

MINCED BEEF.

Three pounds of raw beef chopped fine, five soda crackers rolled fine, two eggs well beaten, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of pepper, three slices of pork chopped, one-half cup of milk and salt to taste. Mix all thoroughly, make into a loaf. Bake two hours. This should be sliced cold for tea or lunch.

GOOD OYSTER SOUP.

The oysters should be stewed and then strained out of the liquor, which is to be set on the back of the range; the oysters must be chopped fine, and with rolled cracker put through a colander into the liquor again, when a sprig or two of mace is added, a few grains of allspice, plenty of salt and pepper and a pint of cream, all the better if some one has had the time and patience to whip it. When brought again to boil a delicious bisque of oysters is ready for the table.

FRUIT PUDDING.

Six large apples pared and chopped, six large spoonfuls of grated bread crumbs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, six of currants, six eggs, a wineglassful of wine, or dissolved jelly, a teaspoonful of extract of nutmeg, quarter of a pound of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Put in a pudding mould or small tin bucket, and boil three hours.

OATMEAL GEMS.

Soak one cup of oatmeal over night with one cup of water. In the morning sift together one dry cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add a little salt, mix the oatmeal and flour together, wet [illegible] drop into gem pans and bake immediately.

FEATHER CAKE.

One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one-third of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

SUGAR COOKIES.

Two eggs, a little more than one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda (scant) in four tablespoonfuls of water.

LITTLE SPICE CAKES.

Take one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, half a pint of molasses, powdered ginger, allspice, ground cinnamon of each half an ounce, half a grated nutmeg, and three teaspoonfuls of Horsford's baking powder and sufficient flour to form it into a dough; melt the butter and stir it into the molasses and sugar; mix the baking powder with the flour, and work all together into a rather stiffish dough, which roll out into a thin sheet and cut out small round cakes. Bake on buttered tins in a moderate oven.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL.

Put the thick skins of oranges or lemons in salt water for a few days; then take them out and boil in fresh water till so soft that the head of a pin can easily be put in. Drain and put them aside. Boil one pound of lump sugar in a breakfastcupful of water for five minutes (or more in quantity in proportion), and pour it over the peel. Let all stand for a week; then put the syrup in a saucepan, let it come to a boil and put in the peel; let all boil gently until the peel looks clear; then lift it out, spread on a dish to cool, and powder with sifted sugar; leave until dry, and put away in glass tumblers that have tin tops.

Louisville, Kentucky.

small dog, had walked all the way from Mississippi to obtain treatment in our hospital. When told he might enter the hospital but must abandon his dog to take care of himself, the poor man took the dog in his arms and with tears running down his face said he was the best friend he had in the world, and he would rather die with his dog in the street than go to the hospital and abandon him. The commissioner gave him a permit to enter the hospital and to take his dog with him.—Louisville, Kentucky, Courier Journal.

Not on the Bench.

He was a worthy shoemaker, who, by diligence and thrift, had acquired a good property, and who had retired from his useful employment and was enjoying a mature age of leisure. From his dignified and judicial demeanor he had gained among his friends the title of 'judge.'

Once an eminent stranger was visiting the town, and the citizens were making an effort to show off the place and give a reception to the visitor.

The 'judge' was on the committee of entertainment. The stranger, hearing him called 'judge,' thought to do a graceful thing by asking, 'Judge, are you on the bench now?'

The 'judge' turned on him a good natured face, and replied: 'Why, bless you, I ha'n't waxed a thread in twenty years.'

Constantly Changing.

Little people often have a severe struggle in mastering the primary facts of life. There was once a tiny lad—and the story is so old that he must now be a man—who, on being asked his age, replied, wearily, 'Oh, they keep changing it so fast, I can't tell! Once they said 'twas three, and then 'twas four, and then in a little while they called it five, and now I don't know anything about it.'

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human disease have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Charles M. Gale. Castle W. Woolford.

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Something [illegible] to be pure, and [illegible] it is good. Put up [illegible] for sale by

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In time, course, good substantial, and cheap Shoes, for men, women, boys or children, he defies competition.

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In domestic dry goods and notions everything will be found as cheap as the cheapest.

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