# 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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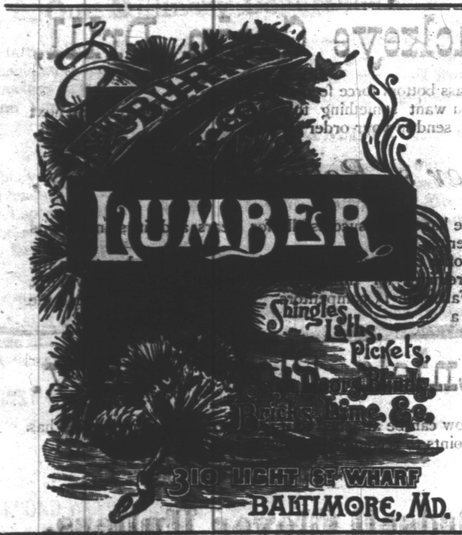
Lumber Business.

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A superb salt water situation in Talbot county. No farm in the county situated in a more desirable neighborhood as to health and salt water luxuries. For particulars enquire of the Editor of the STAR. mar9,86tf


## Select Poetry.

A PUZZLE.

Old Nathan was out in the garden.
One beautiful flower-sweet day,
When Dorothy, golden-haired maiden,
Came pensively wandering that way.
'And isn't this very fine weather?
I never saw finer,' said he.
But she made reply, 'Why, I think it
As cheerless a morn as could be.'
'As cheerless!' repeated old Nathan,
Half in doubt if he heard aright.
Then he muttered, 'She's daft,' for he knew not
She had quarreled with Robert last night.

The day was departing; its sunshine
Had vanished; the wind whistled shrill;
The birds hurried home to their nestlings,
And the air grew quite heavy and chill.
The gardener hastened to shelter
His tender young plants, when again
Dolly passed him—this time with light footsteps
And she called in the merriest strain,
'Oh, isn't the weather just lovely?'
While her face fairly shone through the mist.
'She's daft,' said old Nathan. He knew not
The lovers had met and kissed.

## Select Story.

### THE PRICE OF A KISS.

A group of students stood in the shade of a gigantic oak tree, in the park of an eastern town, many years ago. Just across the road the old college reared its friendly brown wall and looked as though it might hold a monopoly in the work of dispensing knowledge to all mankind.

The students were the sons of wealthy parents except one, handsome, dark-eyed Dick Wynn, whose great courage had become proverbial at college.

Dick was working his way unaided to secure an education that would fit him to fill some useful station in life and he was as highly respected as were his wealthy companions.

The close of the spring term was close at hand, and the young men who had labored together so long over knotty problems had a great deal to say to each other about where and how each would spend his vacation. One proposed to go to Long Island, another had Newport in mind, where a fashionable sister reigned queen of the season. But the majority favored a trip to the back-woods of that State to spend several weeks in the delightful recreation of hunting and fishing, while they tried the coveted experience of living in tents and 'camping out.'

Dick had kept silent while the others laid their plans for spending the vacation so pleasantly, but when they claimed 'a speech from Dick Wynn,' he said:

'Well, boys, you know that I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. So, while you are fishing and hunting and reading in some shady nook in the forest, I shall be manipulating the golden sheaves in some farmer's harvest-field. And later, when you come fresh and happy to take your places in college, I shall take mine in a country school-house, to earn the "needful" to return next spring, not before.'

'What a pity that we live in such practical days,' said young Bertie Lang. 'In old times, Dick, you could have gained money in much easier ways. Don't you remember the story of the poor student who won a bet by kissing a noble lady in public, thus securing an education and eventually a wife?' You're quite charming enough to be the hero of an affair like that—eh, Harry?' he concluded with sly mischief; for it was well-known that Harry Corder, the son of a millionaire, was, notwithstanding his wealth, jealous of Dick's many attractions.

'Oh!' hastily interposed Dick, before the other—who was watching an old gentleman and a beautiful girl not far distant—had time to speak. 'Corder hasn't eyes nor ears for any one but Judge Mason's daughter. Pretty badly struck, are you not, old fellow?'

'I admit that I think Miss Mason an attractive lady, and I enjoy an evening in her company very much,' slowly responded Corder, giving Dick a peculiar glance.

'Her lips are like the cherry,
Her cheeks are like the peach,
Which hangeth on an upper bough,
Beyond our ardent reach.'

sang Bertie, who was facetiously called the poet of the college.

'Well done, Bert!' You will rival Tennyson yet, if you keep on!' laughed Dick. 'You are right in your simile, by Jove! for her cheeks are like the peach, and meaning no disrespect, sweet enough to kiss.'

'Boys, listen to me,' cried Corder. 'An idea has popped into my head, put there by Bertie's story. I'll give Dick a thousand dollars—I shall never miss it—if he marches up to Miss Nina Mason, and here, before us all, kisses that lady. What say you to the proposal?'

A chorus of animated voices broke forth into 'Capital!' 'Splendid, by Jove!' 'Cleverly applied!'

'He has not the courage!'

Dick had listened to Corder's beautiful offer in silence, knowing that the arrogant young man had not the least idea of being taken at his word; but now he said:

'You're mistaken, boys; I've plenty of courage, but, as Bertie says, we are living in practical times.'

What would Miss Mason think of such an act? What would Judge Mason say to a stranger's audacity in daring to publicly salute his daughter?

But the students, now ripe for the scheme, urged him to 'go in and win,' refusing to listen to his objections. Suddenly he faced his laughing tempters, and with his dark cheeks crimsoning, his fine eyes sparkling and said:

'I am tempted to yield to this offer, boys, for only God and my hard working mother and sister know the good such an amount of money would do me.'

'Kiss Miss Mason now, bef re us, and your mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to go back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the East to get a job of harvesting,' urged Harry Corder with a half sneer.

One moment Dick stood before his fellow students, his manly figure erect.

'I will do it, boys!' he cried.

Then he turned on his heel and joined Miss Mason, who was now walking slowly up and down, while the Judge rested on a rested on a rustic seat near the path. He addressed her in French. He gave her a brief sketch of his life, and wound up by telling her of the student's offer, and how it tempted him, not so much for his own sake as that of those so near and dear to him.

Nina Mason's sympathies were aroused. She made a resolve. No false modesty, under the peculiar circumstances, should deter her from helping the worthy young student, whole soul she seemed to be the making of his mother and sister happy.

So, with a smile on her lips, a half amused twinkle dancing in her eyes, and a very becoming blush, she stationed herself directly in view of the students, and slightly inclined one plump, peachy cheek, received Dick's kiss with a beautiful grace. Then, with a low bow, Dick left her side and joined the students, who had been looking on with much interest and surprise.

'I say, Dick,' cried Harry, when congratulations were over, 'it wasn't in the bargain that you were to tell the lady all about it, you know.'

'How do you know I told her?' asked Dick.

'I'm sure you could not have kissed her else, for Miss Mason is a spirited girl.'

'Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about Bertie's story,' said Dick, with a laugh, 'and adhered to it strictly; and that's where I had the advantage of you, my son.'

Meanwhile, Miss Mason had turned to her father, telling him she was ready to go home. On their way, she told him all about the scene which had been enacted before his eyes a short while ago. The old fellow laughed heartily over the episode.

'It's a capital joke on Corder,' he said, 'He should be made to pay the sum agreed upon him.'

Two days after the occurrence which took place in the park, Dick Wynn received a note from Judge Mason.

'Does the old gentleman intend to call me out and shoot me for my impudence in kissing his daughter?' Dick asked himself as he tore the envelope open.

The note ran as follows:

'Mr. Richard Wynn.—Dear Sir: You will please call at my house Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.

Charles Mason.'

Dick was prompt to the time set for his coming. A servant ushered him into the parlor, where the Judge sat to receive him.

'Good evening, Mr. Wynn, be seated,' and the old gentleman pointed to a seat opposite his own, where he could command a good view of the young man's features.

'Well, sir, I'll explain the object of my requesting your company this evening. I wish to make the acquaintance of the young man who was daring enough to kiss my daughter in the park before a crowd of college chaps the other day,' said the Judge.

Then he engaged Dick in a lively conversation. They discoursed on various subjects and ere the interview closed, he had learned Dick's position and his prospects for the future.

When the old Judge said good evening he took Dick's hand and pressed it cordially, saying:

'I honor you, sir, for your noble efforts to obtain an education, that you may better help your mother and sister. Would that more of our young men were striving in the same way! Call again, Mr. Wynn.'

After Dick was gone, the Judge quietly said to his wife:

'I have taken a fancy to that young Wynn. He is composed of the right kind of metal. I shall make him an offer, if he has any inclination to study law.'

Dick called again on Judge Mason. This time the Judge sent for his wife and daughter to join them. Dick was formally presented to Miss Nina, who was too well bred to seem conscious of that former meeting in the park.

Dick called frequently during the few remaining weeks of college season and became well liked and respected in the Mason household. He was especially esteemed by Miss Nina, although she deemed it wise to offer him no encouragement just yet.

Corder paid over to Dick 'the price of a kiss.'

Bertie didn't join his wealthier friends in their summer's trip to hunt and fish; instead, he accepted an invitation from Dick and accompanied him to his Southern home, where their vacation was spent most enjoyably.

He never regretted the delightful weeks spent amidst the pleasant mountains surrounding the home of the Wynns. But to him the starry dark eyes of Belle were more attractive than any feature to be seen in the scenery.

Dick Wynn graduated with the highest honors of the class. Bertie stood next.

To become a lawyer had long been the ruling thought of Dick's life, and when Judge Mason offered to take him into his office to study, his delight knew no bounds. It was beyond the highest 'air castle.'

Dick educated his beautiful sister, Belle; and the winter she passed with Nina Mason, she was a belle, indeed; and carried many hearts back to the 'sunny South' with her. Dick became a prominent attorney, and married the Judge's lovely Nina. Bertie Lang, with his manly grace, consoled himself with a star of lesser magnitude in gold, but full as beautiful. He married Belle.

### Religion Imperishable.

Religion is reproached with not being progressive; it makes amends by being imperishable. The enduring element in our humanity is not in the doctrines which we consciously elaborate, but the faiths, which unconsciously dispose of us, and never slumber to wake again. What treatise on sin, what philosophy of retribution is as fresh as the fifty first Psalm? What scientific theory has lasted like the Lord's Prayer? It is an evidence of movement that in a library no books sooner become obsolete than books of science. It is no less a mark of stability that poetry and religious literature survive, and even ultimate philosophies seldom die but to rise again. These, and with them the kindred services of devotion, are the expression of aspiration and faith which forever cry out for interpreters and guides.—And in proportion as you carry your appeal to those deepest seats of our nature you not only reach the firmest ground, but touch accordant notes in every heart, so that the response turns out a harmony.

### What the Old Man Was Going For.

Daughter—'Why, pa, you are not thinking of going out at this late hour?'

Father (resolutely)—'Yes, I am.'

Daughter—'You ain't going after a doctor?'

Father—'No; I'm going after a gun.'

Young Man (rising hurriedly)—'Well, I think I will have to say good night.'

Father (glaring at him)—'Good morning'—Siftings.


'I have taken, within the past year, seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and find it admirably adapted to the needs of an impoverished system. I am convinced that this preparation, as a blood purifier, is unequaled.' C. C. Dame, Pastor Congregational church, Andover, Me.


### SELLING A FINE HORSE

The Little Deceptions Practiced by Sharps, but Easily Discovered.

A dozen different artifices are resorted to by horsemen and horse sharpers to conceal the age of an animal after he has passed his tenth year. No buyer need be deceived, however, who will follow the rules herewith laid down. You want to buy a horse—an animal not over 9 years of age. The report gets out some way and you receive a postal card inviting you to call at a certain place. The would-be seller takes you for a greenhorn and is already for you. Your line of proceeding is as straight as a board. Ask to have the horse brought out into the alley, where you have the full light of day. Begin by looking at his feet, and after you have inspected them shake your head in a dubious way, as if you wouldn't give $10 for the beast.

Next hold the horse's head close to your face and jab your index finger at his eyes. If you jab hard you'll hit the eyeball. Then pull the right ear down and blow into it. You may blow him off his feet, but it is not probable. Then punch him in the ribs, press on his spine, look very dubious and inquire:

'How old do you call him?'

'Eight last spring,' the man will reply.

Then you will for the first time open the horse's mouth, take a lightning survey and turn away with the remark:

'He'll never see 25 again.'

'What?'

'It was very foolish in you to put up such a job on me.'

'Job! Why, sir, you are really mistaken.'

'Yes, I know; but I didn't want him just the same. He's got all the marks of a horse which has passed his twenty-fifth year. I want an old nag for grinding tanbark, but I can't take a horse over sixteen years old.'

'Say, mister, I see you know your gait, and it's no use to try to work you. He's fifteen or a month, and you can have him for $125.'

You can make any excuse you wish to get away, but you have accomplished the great point in a horse transaction.

If you are selling an old horse the case will be different. When the would-be buyer makes his call keep him waiting for at least five minutes. Then, when he has stated his errand, you must dubiously observe:

'I did say I would sell him, as I want to get a big cart horse, but the wife and children take on so that it goes against the grain. We raised him, you know, and he's like one of the family.'

'If you raised him you must know his exact age.'

'Oh, certainly. Got his birthday down in and old diary. Billy is 9 years and one month old.'

The man looks at Billy's teeth closely and replies:

'Ten years old! Why the beast is above 20 or I'm a liar.'

Now you want to lead the horse back into the stall, and innocently remark to the visitor:

'You will excuse me, sir, but I'm very busy this morning.'

'But about the horse?'

'Oh, he wouldn't please you sir. You'd always feel that you were cheated.'

'Isn't he twenty?'

'Didn't I say I had his birthday in writing? Didn't I feed him with my own hands?'

'He has the teeth of an old horse.'

'Very well, sir. No harm is done, of course?'

'I—I rather like his looks.'

'So does everybody. He's a horse to be proud of.'

'Just what I want, if I was only sure about his age.'

'Excuse me, sir, but I must go in and soothe the children. They are crying for fear I'll sell Billie.'

'Well, I'll take him at $150. If you say he's only ten, that settles it, for I know you to be a man who wouldn't lie nor deceive in a trade of any sort.'—Detroit Free Press.

### Winter on Lake Constance.

The Lake of Constance, which lies between Switzerland and Germany, is seldom frozen. The last time it was frozen was in December, 1879.

People came from far and near to see it and to skate on it. The lake was black with skaters who were gliding over its surface.

Men, women and children alike shared the fun.

On Candlemas Day (the second day of February) there was a grand festival on the ice. The peasants came from far and near. There were thousands of them there. In the evening there was a grand illumination, and after that there were fireworks, and then a dance on the ice.

In summer the water of Lake Constance is of a dark green color. The River Rhine enters it at the western end, and flows out at the eastern end. The lake is about forty-four miles long and nine miles wide.

The view of the frozen lake from the mountains is said to have been very fine. As you looked down on its smooth glittering surface, the skaters moving over it appeared like mere specks, while the houses in the village were like doll-houses.

### Choice New Music.

The 'Sweethearts Waltzes,' (from the opera 'Gypsy Baron') by Strauss, arranged as a piano duet, are charming and sure to please. The set comprises 15 pages, and sell at $1. Then we have another of those delightful waltzes by Waldteufel, called 'Honeymoon,' very pleasing, (50 cts.); 'Perciotta,' a pretty serenade for piano, by Behr, (50 cts); 'The Merry Laugh,'—one of Marshall's good songs for a voice of ordinary compass, with an easy piano accompaniment, (30 cts); and a new and pleasing sentimental song by Tosti, entitled 'Shall we Forget?' (40 cts.) Any of these pieces of music mailed to any address, on receipt of the price, by O Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

### He Forgot One Course.

'It seems to me, Maria, that we've had nothing but veal, veal, veal for breakfast all this week,' remarked Mr. Bently.

'You forget another thing we've had, Robert,' replied the old lady quietly; 'we've had growl, growl, growl for breakfast every day, too.'

And then Johnny Bentley was sent away from the table for laughing at nothing.


Mr. T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City, says that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him of a dry and scaly humor, from which he had suffered intolerably. He adds: "I have not now a blemish on my body, and my cure is wholly due to Ayer's Sarsaparilla."


### Wise Words.

Love laughs at fate.

Give a loaf and beg a shive.

Look not mournfully into the past.

The frugal father has the spendthrift son.

We long most for the things we have missed.

Good management beats luck in the long run.

We are apt to blame luck for our own mistakes.

A wink is not as good as a nod to an auctioneer.

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.

Do not ask another to do what you would be glad to do under similar circumstances.

Never needlessly wound the vanity of another or dilate unnecessarily upon disagreeable subjects.

Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourselves.

The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

The faculty of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important one.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood, or the heart in old age.

In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.

Alas! this time is never the time for self-denial; it is always the next time. Abstinence is so much more pleasant to contemplate upon the other side of indulgence.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of; spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing if death should surprise you in the act.

### Things Worth Knowing.

Ammonia and water is recommended as a wash for marble, instead of soap suds.

Papered walls are cleaned by being wiped down with a flannel cloth tied over a broom or brush.

A wineglass of strong borax water in a pint of raw starch will make collars and cuffs stiff and glossy.

Try keeping all fruit in a covered chest or trunk down cellar, if you have no enclosed cupboard there.

Wrap glass jars of fruit in newspapers and put them away in a dark cool place. It prevents the fruit from bleaching.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap suds.

The flames from kerosene cannot be extinguished with water, but flour thrown profusely upon them will smother them, or a large woolen rag or cloth will help stifle them.

Clean oil cloth with a wet towel pinned over a stiff broom, and rub with long, sweeping strokes. Matting should be washed with strong salt water and a clean cloth, and do it if possible at midday to insure quick drying, which prevents discoloration.

To brighten a Brussels, or any carpet that is faded, sponge in a mixture of one part ox gall to two parts water. This is excellent. A lady recently bought a much faded carpet (Brussels) at a second hand store, and restored it to almost its original beauty in this way.

A famous man-eating tiger has just been captured alive in India. A pit was dug for a trap and baited with a bullock. After two days the beast came around, and promptly jumped into it. To capture him a second pit was dug near the first and of the same depth. From this a tunnel was run to the first pit, a thin wall of earth being left between the end of the tunnel and the pit. A strong bamboo cage was pushed into this tunnel from the second pit. A goat was placed in the cage, and the wall of earth was broken down. The tiger sprang upon the goat, the entrance to the cage was quickly closed, and the beast was fast, and stayed so until he was safe in Calcutta.

### Consolation for Red-Haired Girls.

A young lady of St. Louis is doing her best to remove the unjust odium resting upon red hair. She is the daughter of a prominent lawyer, and has inherited from her father a beautiful supply of red hair. She intends to profit by Nature's liberality, and will shortly entertain her friends in a novel manner. All the ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance whose heads can show the desired tinge will be invited to assemble at her house. Pages with auburn hair will attend. Table linen and service will be of the popular color. Carriages drawn by white horses will be at the service of the guests.

### A Problem Solved.

Old Man—'If I give my daughter to you, young man, where will you take her?'

Young Man—'Well, er—I thought perhaps we might stay here with you until I can get things straightened out a bit.'

Old Man—'H-m, yes, I had quite overlooked that easy solution of the difficulty, but my house is very small.'

Young Man—'Yes, I thought of that, too, but the idea occurred to me that possibly the house could be enlarged.'—Philip H. Welch.


Chilliness, dizziness, pains in the side and back, sleepiness, listlessness—in a word, a general torpor of the system—all these clearly indicate liver disease. Use Laxador in time and be cured. Sold everywhere. Price only 25 cents a package.

Preserve your baby's health by promptly administering Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for the diseases of early childhood. Price 25 cents a bottle.


A biblical omer was six pints.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world.

A Connecticut firm is making ink out of green apples.

A camel will work seven or eight days without drinking.


The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baird, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung disease, Stomach and Bowel Complaints are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

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The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

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