The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

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Call and Get Moth Paper the best in the market at STARR & BRO'S Drug Store.

GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

POETIC LEAVES OF 1889

MARY AND THE CHILD JESUS.

O blessed Maid! whose gentle heart
First felt the mortal throbs
Of that new life whose mighty part
Thine own with anguish sobs,

Thine was the first supremest bliss
To mortal ever given;
Thy lips first pressed love's clinging kiss
On His whose word rules heaven.

Sweet Mary! Though they call thee blest,
The waiting nations prove
A rapture faintly thine expressed
By thy adoring love. —L. S. F.

COQUETTE.

Never heed, Coquette, my darling,
All the vows he whispers thee,
Hearts like his know not true loving,
One 'mongst many shall thou be!

He is proud, he seeks no bride, love,
Lower than his haughty race,
Yet he spends his time in gazing
On the beauties of your face!

Heed him not, Coquette, I tell you,
He but passes time away;
Can a courtier wed a peasant?
He himself would tell thee nay.

Others love you, dainty maiden,
Not for beauty's sake alone,
But for winning ways, my darling,
Tender winks rise all your own.

Others long, Coquette, to tell you,
Looking in your azure eyes,
Of a love as pure as heaven,
Love in life that never dies;

Ye could give you silks and laces,
Jewels—gold—he told thee so?
But what title would he give thee,
Little one, thou couldst not go!

Sad, I sigh with heart-ache troubled
With a love that is my life;
I can give no gold, nor jewels,
I can only sell thee wife.

Side but a story of [illegible]
Writ in the book of his inmost heart?
Sorrow and suffering, joy and gladness,
Same little chapters we all must have,
Hidden away from our dearest friends,
Loves that have died for unspoken words,
Dreams that never come to fulfillment while
Some little chapter that's folded down.
Something remember'd 'neath Sorrow's cross,
Who that has lived in this hollow world
Passes along free from care and strife?
Who that has hopings, and doubts and fears,
Knows not the bitterness side of life?
Joy cannot address to the faintest heart,
Taking the place of her sister—Pain,
Skies are unclouded, and sun shines cold,
Summer and childhood are ever again!
Still there's a chapter, however small,
Quite unforgotten—for good and all,
So runs the world, and we live to learn,
Choosing in time the brave and the true,
Letting fresh fancies, and dreams, and love
Nestle deep down in our hearts away,
All that we've loved in the bygone days
Loose itself in the breath's hold,
And, as we think of the past no more,
All that we handle is fairy gold.

[illegible]

THOU ART SO FAIR.

Thou art so fair! thou art so fair!
Then wilt, within some golden hour,
Thou wand'rest nigh the golden bower,
The beauteous denizens of air
All deem thou art a wondrous flow'r,
And flutter over thee!
Yet cold the heart thy hidden lies,
And lowdon glance that thy bright eyes,
Hurling scorn full on me.

Thou art so fair! thou art so fair!
That when the angels by thee wander
They all their spotless breath suspend,
And pale their hues, so rich and rare,
In envy that thou dost transcend
Whate'er their beauties be!
Yet few the wonders that thou hast spoken,
If I should weave a book, and seek
A kind reply from thee!

Thou art so fair! thou art so fair!
That moon and stars, when thou art nigh,
Seem lustreless, and in the sky
Are dull and cold as mists of despair,
Not knowing if my sight to fly,
When thy bright form they see!
Oh! now this loveliest divine,
Phantasmic, this radiance to thine,
Be ever lost to me?

—EDWARD OXENFORD.

DEAD DAYS.

There's a scent of some wondrous perfume
Thinly floating torne on the breeze,
And a murmur of birds' silent writers
Comes hasty down from the trees!
And a face is best lovingly near me,
A face far beyond words of praise,
While a voice whose each note breaths forth music
Is whisp'ring me of dead days!
Of days are I met with my darling,
Ere I knew she my lady would be!
For I count all the moments before thou
As so many dead days to me!

And the smiles of my fond, foolish dreaming,
But whispers her soft, rich kiss,
Are the years that are coming
Ere many may over be this.
And the tears may come with the sunshine,
And gray clouds o'ershadow the blue,
My heart may be sore stung and paraged,
But I count all the days are I met her
As so many dead days to me.
Blest dreams with her love beside me—
My days may bright living seem, be!

—Gent, London.

A House Built of Paper.

There is a paper house in Germany, as strong as wood, brick, iron or other material used about the building. On the outside it looks like little stone, painted stone, and the resemblance is considerable although the gaudy color is not the color of any building material in use. The construction, but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty, being entirely of paper. The store is occupied by a German named Smith (spelled in German fashion, of course, and not in the French way), who is using the paper of which it is constructed. The partitions are all made of thick, strong boards, impervious to water, and the roof is as good. The house cannot catch on fire easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard. The building is used as a store by Mr. Smith, who says he finds it warm in cold weather and comfortable when the weather is warm.—Atlanta, Ga., Journal.

NEW YEAR SERMONS

HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND.

Try not to be to your husband all that you appeared to be to the lover. Above all else, keep yourself worthy of his highest respect. I think for the truth of it, but there are wives who not only permit impure speech from their husbands, but they themselves defile their mouths with unclean words. Between such a husband and wife there can be no true love. Love, like a flower must have pure air.

Do not be sneaking. If you feel a lack of attention from him do not complain of it any more than you would have done before marriage, for it will just as surely drive him from you now as it would then. A man does not like to be required to do anything—neither does a woman. Let appreciation for attention and care which is given been plainly expressed and be lovingly rewarded that it will become a pleasure and not an irksome duty. Do not be a martyr. Whatever is required of you, if it be right and reasonable, do it cheerfully and willingly. If anything unreasonable is required, then meet your Godgiven rights pleasantly but firmly.

Again, oh, witty heart, be wise and reasonable, remembering the golden rule. Make yourself indispensable to him. Be a complete "half" instead of merely a fungus growth.

HOW, MOTHERS, YOUR TURN.

The mother is really more responsible for his son than the father, for the boy turns to her, is more apt to love and confide in her, and to be influenced by her than he is to more fear or be guided by his father. She is the controlling spirit of his life. And how fashionable mothers take pains to gain the hearts and confidence of their boys!

One mother I know gives her best time to society, to superintending her fine home, entertaining her friends, and, keeping up with fashions and fashionable charities and clubs. She is more ignorant of their true natures than of the characters in a popular novel, the disposition of the artists and literary lions she sees and patronizes. She has taught no pains to read her boys's heart, to draw his silly confidence, and learn what temptations assail him, what he thinks of, what he reads in secret, what he means to be and to do.

Her son is a student at a Jesuit college. She gives them all the money he requires for his clothes, she sends them to school and to dancing-school, but she gives them very little of her personal care. She does not gain their love or their confidence.

THEY TELL US.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness gets the hours.

In separations, the one who departs is the soonest consoled.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Gentleness makes children endurable, women lovable, and men admirable.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.

Sleep gives some intermission to the cares and pains and griefs that afflict us; it is the parenthesis of our sorrows.

Life often seems but a long shipwreck, of which the debris are friendship, glory, and love; the shores of our existence are strewn with them.

The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change a defeat into victory, and to save an empire.

TO BE HEALTHY AND WEALTHY

Don't worry.

"Look pleasant and pursue it."

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

Never despair. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Spend less than you earn, "and daily pray you may."

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't over-eat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air night and day. "Do ye not know what was in the air?"

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

DON'T BE TOO SMART.

Saying "smart" or spiteful things at the expense of other people's feelings does not pay; and those who fall into the habit of so doing, soon find their circle of friends growing narrower.

It is always better to have friends than enemies; and if you cannot make people happier, do not take upon yourself—either to gratify a petty spite or to gain a reputation for being frank or "bright"—the self-appointed mission of holding up their faults or foibles to ridicule.

Each of us has faults or peculiarities, and in correcting our own we shall probably find ample occupation.

It is not always possible to join the Mutual Admiration Society, and be a good member but at least one can always hold one's tongue.

A Natural Mistake.

"I am glad to have seen a specimen of Volapuk," said the assistant editor, handing back a manuscript which the editor-in-chief had given him to read and edit, "but I really cannot see that it can be regulated with the language."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, manuscript like you gave me to edit, sir—it is Volapuk, isn't it?"

"Volapuk be hanged! Why, how, what a chicken story which has just been sent in by a young literary lady!"—Boston Courier.

Thought Reading.

Miss Clara—It delights me greatly to cause you pain, Mr. Woodchuck, but I love another.

Mr. Woodchuck—Ah, me! Miss Clara—Yes, I love another. Mr. Woodchuck—Ah, me! Miss Clara—Yes, I love another. Mr. Woodchuck—Ah, me! Miss Clara—Yes, I love another. Mr. Woodchuck (aside) She is a noble girl. Miss Clara—Yes, I love another, Mr. Woodchuck, I love another, I love another, I love another