THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid within the *Year*. Clubs of five, *Ten Dollars in advance*.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months. Subscribers out of the county will be charged 25 cents per year for the expense of collecting.

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The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 19.

Lumber Business.

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DOORS, BLINDS &c.

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50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXES.

We have always on hand a full supply of *MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK* Timber, with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.

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My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.

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Miscellaneous.

DARBYS

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A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Smallpox, Measles, and Malaria.

All Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been checked if after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Parlors scrubbed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.

Impure Air made harmless and purified.

For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.

Contagion destroyed.

For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chapped Hands, etc.

Rheumatism cured.

Soft White Complexions secured by its use.

Ship Fever prevented.

To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.

Catarrh relieved and cured.

Erysipelas cured.

Burns relieved instantly.

Scars prevented.

Dysentery cured.

Wounds healed rapidly.

Scurvy cured.

An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.

I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—WM. F. SARDINSON, Syracuse, N.Y.

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A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I procured the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.

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Tetter dried up.
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In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse, as it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

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INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the secretions, matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose relaxes the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family.

In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS!

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Useful Receipts FREE on application.

Sires Lumbago Compound — Rheumatism

Sires Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoar Hound for Coughs & Colds

Fits the Skin with a fine soft finish — 25 cents at all Drug Stores

STEAMBOAT HAULING SMALL PACKAGES ATTENDED TO

Notice is giving that the subscriber attends the steamboats regularly, night and morning, and does all kinds of hauling. All packages left at Jump & Willoughby's will be taken to the Steamboat every evening.
aug22-tf. WM. T. DAVIS.

CIGARS.

Look at some of the brands I have in stock. Henry Clay, H. B's, High Life, None Better, Thurber & Co.'s No. 5, Perpetual Motion, Choice, Social, Partagas, Currency, Heller's Hobbies, Excelente, Challenger, Solon Shingle, Eutaw, Half Shell, Challenge, and others, at J. C. Henry's drug store.

WARNER C. GREENWOOD,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
RESIDENCE AT THE EASTON DEPOT.
Contracts for all kinds of Carpenter's work, and guarantees to give satisfaction in price and quality of work. Contracts solicited.
jan2,3yr

Veterinary Cosmoline.—Indispensable for horses. A fresh supply of spices and green ginger just received by
HAYWARD & BRO.

POETRY.

HALF-WAY DOINS'.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers:—In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex':
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap
De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you spose dat dey could eber had succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frens, dar was a garden once, where Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbor for to thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' roun'—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, an' went an' hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come an' drove 'em off de place.

Now spose dat man an' ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin' and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
An' de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll neber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For even if de crap is good, de rain will spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore an' dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you hab gib dis arternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' of a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Polypod's New Year's Gift.

"Dear me, dear me," quoth Mr. Cyrus Polypod, as he leaned back in his bachelor chair, in front of the bright wood-fire. "Here's another year gone around. I'm thirty-five, all alone in the world; nobody to give a New Year's gift to, or receive one from."

He stopped with a sigh. There had been one dream in his life; but when Leah Maverick married, the dream went. He never had another.

"Even Mrs. Flint has gone out," he resumed, half peevishly. Mrs Flint was his housekeeper. "There's not a soul to talk to. Hark! what was that? A knock at the door, at nine o'clock at night. What can it mean? There's nobody at home, so I must go myself. Confound it."

As he spoke, Mr. Polypod arose, crossly, and wrapping his dressing-gown around him, took the lamp in his hand, and went to the door.

He opened it and looked out but saw no one. The night was a dark one, however, and to make sure, he took a step forward to peer out.

"Hello!" he cried, as his foot came in contact with something on the floor of the porch. "What's this? A New Year's present?" and he picked up a large bundle. "Bless my heart," he cried, almost dropping it again, "it's a baby!"

And so it was; a live, laughing, rollicking, year-old baby, that kicked up his heels, grabbed at his whiskers, and laughed in his face.

"Bless me," quoth Cyrus, staggering into the sitting-room with his unwelcome burden. "What on earth will Mrs. Flint say when she comes home?" And a cold sweat broke out on his forehead at the bare idea.

"She—she mustn't see it," he declared, to himself. "But what must I do with it?"

"I might carry it to somebody else's door and leave it," he thought, meditatively; "but then, somebody might catch me at, and that would look worse yet, and I can't lock it up in the pantry or the cellar, it would be sure to squall. But I must do something with it, for Mrs. Flint will certainly be here before ten o'clock." And the poor man racked his brain and wrinkled his forehead, in a desperate endeavor to solve the difficulty.

"I know what I'll do," he said, at last, with the calmness of despair. "I'll take it up to my room; Mrs. Flint won't find it there, and to-morrow, at the peep of day, I'll put it in the big market-basket and carry it—somewhere, to the hospital, or the poor-house; or, I'll take the first train to St. Louis; nobody knows me there, and leave it at the police station. Probably it's been kidnapped, anyway. But I'll take it to my room anyhow. Stop, though; it may get hungry; babies are always wanting mush and milk or something. But I can't carry everything at once, so I'll take the baby up and lock it in my room, and come down again for refreshments."

Mr. Polypod evidently labored under a vague suspicion that the little castaway might get out if the door was not locked, and might follow him downstairs.

With the light in one hand, and the baby held gingerly in the other, he proceeded cautiously upstairs, and deposited the little innocent in bed.

Somehow it looked so sweet and rosy, with its dimpled cheeks and blue eyes—blue was Mr. Polypod's favorite color for eyes—that our bachelor could not resist the temptation of kissing the tiny mouth, though he colored guiltily at it.

Carefully locking the door, he crept stealthily downstairs, feeling more like a burglar than the master of his own house. Finding the coast clear, he proceeded to the pantry, whence he presently emerged with a plate of cold mush and a good-sized pitcher of milk.

He was congratulating himself on the successful issue of his foraging expedition, when the dining-room door flew open, and he stood, covered with confusion, like a detected culprit; for there was Mrs. Flint.

"Sakes alive, how you startled me, Mr. Polypod! I thought it was a burglar," she cried.

The shrill voice rasped every nerve of Mr. Polypod's body. But he kept on his way in sheer desperation.

"Ahem! I was a little hungry, and—and—"

"Hungry? But why on airth didn't you get some doughnuts or pie, instead of that cold mush? Let me git some fur ye now."

"No—no—I ain't hungry—not for pie. It's the colic—I mean dyspepsia," and the unfortunate man fled upstairs as rapidly as possible, leaving his landlady starting after him, wondering if he really had taken to drink at last. "For I never heerd him complain of dyspepsy before," she commented, shaking her head.

Mr. Polypod reached his room in a state bordering on distraction.

"I wonder if she suspects anything," he muttered. "She looked so queer. Suppose she should come up to bring me the doughnuts after all." And the poor man's hair almost stood on end with terror. But gradually his fears subsided, as no high heels were heard clicking up the stairs; and so he once more gave his attention to the baby. It had dropped asleep now, with one chubby fist crammed into its rosy mouth; and somehow, in spite of the trouble it had caused him, Mr. Polypod was half wishing that the little stranger belonged to him.

In the meantime, Mrs. Flint had seated herself before the fire to give her feet a good warming. "I wanted to speak to Mr. Polypod partikler, to-night," she soliloquized; "but he acted so oncommon quare, I clean forgot it. I s'pose it'll do jest as well to morrow. But I wanted it off my mind, fur I kind o'hate to tell him I'm a-goin' to marry Deacon Bellpepper in six weeks. He'll hev trouble a-git tin' a housekeeper. I've sorter thought Mr. Polypod had a kind o' hankerin' after me himself, and I wouldn't be surprised if he should pop the question any time, like the Deacon did to night, a comin' home from meetin'. So I had better tell him at once. I might a-took him if he'd a-asked me first; though since Deacon Bellpepper's been lookin' this way, it's different; fur he's a professor and a stiddy church-goes, and Mr. Polypod ain't—marcy on us! if thar ain't a rap on the door. Who can be a comin' at this time o' night?"

And in turn Mrs. Flint took up the lamp, hurried through the hall, and opened the door.

No baby this time! But a gentlemanly looking young man, with blonde moustache and imperial, and a slender woman, robed in deep black, clasping his arm. She was a pretty woman, with a ripe, mature beauty, more attractive than that of extreme youth. Her complexion was still bright and unfaded, and the chestnut gold of her hair shaded a brow as fair and low as Clytie's.

Mrs. Flint was surprised, but hospitable. "Good evenin'—walk in. Who might you be a lookin' for?" she inquired, gazing from one to the other. "Granger—Squire Granger? Bless your heart, why Squire Granger's folks moved away over in Turkey Bottom, nigh onto three monts ago. It's six miles from here."

"Moved?"

The young man seemed thunder struck. "Good heavens, what a fix," he muttered, very much annoyed.

But the lady looked bewildered.

"What does she mean, Lennox, and where is my baby?" she cried, anxiously.

"Be still," whispered the young man. "It's all a mistake, of course. Baby's all right. Would you be kind enough to bring the child, ma'am," he asked, turning to the housekeeper with a persuasive smile.

But Mrs. Flint stared back at him in round-eyed astonishment.

"What on airth do you mean?" she demanded. "There ain't no child here—not a one."

"Lennox, oh Lennox, what have you done with my baby—where is he?" cried the mother, frantically. "You told me you left him with father Granger. Where is he, Lennox?"

"I'll soon find out—only be calm," pleaded Lennox. "But the truth is, I told you a little fib about seeing father. I was in such a hurry to get back to you, that I didn't want to stop and explain the situation, and so—baby was asleep, and I just laid him on the porch and knocked on the door. Then I hid behind a cedar tree, and when a tall gentleman opened the door and took him in. I thought it was father, of course."

"Oh, Lennox," sobbed the woman.

"As you had written them you were coming, I thought of course they would know it was one of my foolish jokes," added Lennox, penitently.

"But my baby—my baby," cried the mother hysterically.

"Now look-a here, ma'am, don't you take on so, urged Mrs. Flint, sympathizingly. Come right out into the sittin'-room and warm yourself, and I'll find out what's become o' that baby." And leading the way, she stirred up the fire and slipped quietly upstairs.

In the meantime, baby had waked up, and displayed an alarming tendency to cry.

Mr. Polypod was trotting it perseveringly on his knee, and dangling his gold watch and chain before its blinking eyes; when suddenly he was startled by a sharp knock at the door.

Thunder, he gasped, starting up as if he had been shot through the back.

"Mr. Polypod," cried a shrill voice; and Cyrus felt that his doom had come, and that the sword was about to fall.

"What—who is it?" he rasped, faintly.

"Why, it's me, of course! I want to speak to you," was the sharp reply.

"But I—I'm in bed," fibbed the doomed man desperately.

"S'pose you are! can't you get up and dress?"

"I—I'm sick—I don't feel well." That's the truth, anyhow, he muttered to himself. For I never felt worse in my life.

"Sick? Nonsense," declared the housekeeper, energetically rattling away at the door knob. "You ain't no sicker'n I be. If you'd a' lost your baby, now, you might talk."

"Baby!" stammered the guilty man. "But I—I haven't got any baby."

"Well, who said you had? Of course, an old bachelor like you wouldn't hev one," snapped the widow, losing all patience. "There's a—"

Before she could utter another word, a cry—the loud, long, unmistakable cry of a child—smote her ears, coming directly from Mr. Polypod's room.

"Sakes alive, he has got it sure enough," cried the housekeeper.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Polypod appeared with a very red face, holding the baby in his arms.

"I—I found it on the door-steps," he exclaimed, sheepishly. "And if you'll only take it, and do something with it, I'll—I'll—"

"Found it on the doorstep? Who'll believe that? Humph, give it to me," cried the widow, striving to hide her amusement.

With the words, she took the baby, and tripped down stairs with it. Cyrus was now desperate. How on earth did she find out about it, he said to himself. And what is she going to do with it, I wonder? And he followed her.

The happy mother was hugging her restored treasure to her breast, the chestnut gold of her hair looking scarcely less lovely than baby's.

Mr. Polypod gazed, transfixed with astonishment.

Was he dreaming? Or was that—could it be—she? He pinched himself, to see if he was awake. Then, as the golden head was lifted, and he caught a glimpse of the fair face, he started forward.

"Leah!" he said. "Leah!"

The blue eyes were raised to his with a startled look, then dropped shyly under the golden lashes.

"Yes, Leah!" she answered, her cheeks growing pink as a mountain daisy. "Leah Granger; but a widow now; and this," turning to Lennox, "is my brother-in law, Mr. Granger."

Mr. Polypod insisted upon keeping his guests over night; and in the morning, drove them himself over to Turkey Bottom.

"Sakes alive!" cried Grandma Granger. "And so you didn't git our letter, a tellin' you we was going to move over here? And to think of Lennox playing off such a prank as that! He'd ought to hev hed his ears boxed good."

"Well, you see," explained Lennox, "Leah was determined to come last night, as she thought you would be expecting her. It was nine o'clock when we got to the station, and there was no conveyance to be had; so we had to foot it, or stay on the platform all night; for, as you know, there isn't a single habitation there. Well, we reached the creek, but Leah could not walk the plank, and I could not well carry her and the baby both. So I took him on, intending to leave him with you, while I went back for her. Then it struck me that the creek might rise, and carry away the plank before I got back, and so—"

But the rest of the explanation has already been given.

Mr. Polypod stayed to eat some dinner at the farm house, and before he left Turkey Bottom he had another housekeeper engaged to take Mrs. Flint's place; for his old sweetheart had promised to become his wife.

"I'll have somebody to talk to now," he said. "That baby was a New Year's gift, after all, even if it did give me a lot of trouble."

And Mr. Polypod never found occasion to change his opinion, even when other golden heads had clustered about him.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

A pretty good incident occurred in the United States Senate during the last hours of Saturday night last. A dispatch from Washington to the *Sun* says:

During the last hours of Saturday night last, while the debate on the civil-service reform bill was in progress, and Senators were weary and worn out, Senator Beck said too good a thing to be lost. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was in the chair, and at the time the venerable Captain Bassett, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, and who for a score of years was captain-general of the Senate pages, was leaning over to recive some instructions from him as presiding officer. Senator Beck was hungry and thirsty and wanted Senator Voorhees to go down to the restaurant with him for refreshments. The Indiana Senator was a little tardy in responding, when Mr. Beck said, "Oh, come on, Voorhees: never mind this civil-service reform talk, it is all humbug: what do we want with it? we have good enough civil service reform now. Look at Gorman sitting in that chair, presiding over the Senate, and he used to be a page running around this floor. And look at old Bassett, bowing and scraping to him, when he used to lead him by the ear. Ain't that civil-service reform enough? come on, now." Mr. Beck's argument was convincing. Mr. Voornees yielded without a word.

Here is a fact to study over for the advocates of prohibition. The amount of beer consumed in Germany last year reached the enormous figure of 830,000,000 gallons, an average of twenty gallons for each inhabitant. The manufacture and sale of malt and spirituous liquors are entirely unrestricted in Germany, and yet the Germans are the soberest of people, and such a spectacle as a drunken person on the streets is rarely seen.

Bristly furs are much in fashion, particularly on the bear back.

EMINENT DR. J. J. CALDWELL, BALTIMORE, MD., states: "I have used GOLDEN'S LIQUID BEEF TONIC largely in Debility, Febrile and Nervous Diseases, and I have found it one of the most reliable of nutrient tonics in use or to be found in pharmacy" (*Take no other.*) Of Druggists.

For the Star.

"Bob's" Comic Calendar for 1883.

January.—This month is ushered in with several big drunks and an early breakfast. Persons going out to do shopping should wear shoes. Frostbitten toes can be hoed. We would remind you that it is not safe to go swimming this month. Good resolutions, big cussings, sauer-kraut and hot toddies are in order. Farmers should be careful of how they purchase almanacs during January, as they generally fail to come up to the scratch. The next is

February.—This is a daisy month for small-pox. To thoroughly be successful with this vegetable it is first necessary that you sneer at vaccine points, swear you are not afraid of it, and you will get it. For top-dressing use Jimbarwick croton oil and carbolic acid, and when the fruit is thoroughly ripe go out on the street and let your neighbors see what you have been raising. Don't eat hard-boiled decayed eggs this month. Quinine is rated low during February.

March.—A good watermelon tree might be planted about this time; prune the branches well and thin the blossoms. Castor oil taken externally will cure the cerebro spinal meningitis on the full of the moon. About this time striped stockings are hung in front of the dry goods stores for display and also in other places.

April.—The moon changes early and fools are abundant. Why this month should be called April is what puzzles us; it might easily have been called Fickle; April showers by any other name would be just as wet. Sow your peaches about an inch apart and when the vines come turn them under. Make love to all you meet, from a sad-eyed cat with a singed tail to an antiquated damsel with false teeth. The spring poet is born this month; it is best to feed him on arsenic and vitriol until a change comes.

May.—There is lots in this month. Maidens of 30 summers and nobody knows how many winters, put on lawn dresses and go Maying. Whales are poor fishing this month. Crabs fattening, and politicians begin to look heavenly and smile religiously. A good thrashing machine on the basement of a boy's pantaloons will make the wild oats fly. Take May all the way through it is good for 30 days.

June.—This word comes from the Anglo-Ethiopian word: "Minto Julepsie." Look out for the weather. You will find in June nothing succeeds like success. The cigarette-smoking young man puts on his lavender pants and tries to "mash" the opposite sex. Serenaders plentiful, ditto. colicky babies. "Won't-you walk-into-the-garden-Maud" youth wears a Langtry collar, bottonaire and but few brains. June is a solid month, though.

July.—County conventions bubble over. Candidates plentiful as fly-specks on a baker's cake. The-country-is-going-to-ruin young man essays his first stump speech and falls away in the estimation of those who thought he had a little sense. Beer is taken straight from the glass, and last year's lamb gets a boom. It is best to buy Jamaica ginger from the druggists during this month, and mustard-plasters are very effective for a cherry pie ache. Fourth of July gets on its back and humps itself, while the toy pistol keep the undertakers looking happy. Don't fail to gather your ice crop, provided it has been manured well.

August.—This is a grave month, hence the name. Paper collars N. G. Politics red hot, and "you're a liar" is a fashionable way of speaking. Sow your spring chickens early. Chickens without springs, poor sale. Moonlight walks and "taffy" can be indulged in with impunity. For fear of trouble avoid an overcoat and hot fires during August. This month has the bulge on September, because it has 31 days to old Sep's 30.

September.—The county clerk hires extra help to get out the oyster licenses, while the milkman can water his milk with safety. Fall goods—latest styles are displayed and the young man who makes $3 a week gets tick for an ulster and wears it to hide his summer suit. Young men ambitious to enter the ministry are told to hurry up. They study Bob Ingersoll and Beecher and conclude to go with a circus. The Republicans look dolefully at the state of affairs and swear it wasn't their fault. Democrats busy taking sense and the independent voters mournfully bury their pet. Chills and fevers seed can be sown broadcast and before frost will be ready for the harvest. Old September is the 9th month.

October.—This is a sad, sad month. During October loving couples conclude to double up and become one. They indulge in paradox. Farmers especially should see to it that the neighbor's son should retire from his parlor before 12 o'clock. Buckwheat cakes and sausage look lovingly at the male boarder, while the too utterly sardonic landlady mutters complainingly over extra fires in sitting room and parlor. Chestnuts harmonize with hominy and physicians indulge in something "straight."

November.—Don't take too much stock in this month. Partridge laws are forgotten and the Talbot county game protection club discuss the advisability of putting up "lockers;" decided in the negative. The fellow that didn't get elected seeks the mourner's bench and becomes a goody-goody boy. Farmers should plow in deep hot mulled flips, while "Tom and Jerry's" are thoroughly ripe. Churches make their raids on the sinners and oyster fairs get in a "stew." The Republican party seriously think of hanging Mahone—to the greenbackers, and the Democrats capture every State in the Union and our foreign neighbor New Jersey.

December.—About this time look out for fun. Barleycorn planted on the 4th of last July is up and fully matured. Used with camphor it is good for to get rid of the headache; taken without camphor will bring the headache back. Mince-meat, mysteriously made, marches modestly into the housewife's pantry. Spade your fruit cakes and turn them under and bleach them in hills, first pulling up all the rusty stalks. The usual kriss kringle lingo is indulged in by parents who "never told a lie," and egg-nogg looks sick toward nightfall on the 25th. This is the month to be happy in, but by all means make your family happy also by subscribing to THE EASTON STAR and paying for same.

N. B.—I forgot to add that Christmas is supposed to strike December when it is about three-quarters full. Snow cream, furs, extra blankets, bad colds and filigree presents are the products of the last month of 1883.

Medical.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only sure* and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

27 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., Feb. 12, 1880.

GENTS:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."
ADONIRAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

SPECIAL

To the Readers of "THE STAR."

The undersigned, who has been identified with the Hardware and Implement business since its first institution on this Peninsula, begs to announce to the community the fact that he has leased and removed into the large store room lately occupied by Avery & Co. in the same business, and second door south of the room he has just vacated.

In announcing change of location I take occasion to state that my stock is in the very best condition and is very full and complete. The Farmer, Housekeeper, Blacksmith, Wheelwright, Carpenter, Builder, Carriage Maker, in fact all trades and occupations can be promptly supplied and on the most liberal conditions.

I solicit a continuance of public patronage and will spare no pains to make the same mutually agreeable and profitable.

Very Respectfully,

THOS. C. NICOLS.

You Can Get Lamps of all designs and styles, from the little Night Lamp to the handsome Chandelier, and at prices that will please you, at R. J. Trippe's.

WANTED.

Calves, Lambs, Wool, Hides, Furs, Bones, Iron, Rags, in fact everything in which Hucksters deal, and for which the highest cash price will be paid. Headquarters at Cox's Grocery, corner of Washington street and Point road.
apr4-6mo HANNAHAN & CO.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

I have just returned from the City with a full line of

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

FOR

MEN, YOUTHS,

BOYS & CHILDREN!

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Large Size Pants

Always on hand.

I have just added to my stock a full line of

HATS,

TRUNKS,

VALISES & SATCHELS

Which will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

MOSES HERZ,

WASHINGTON STREET.

To Smokers.—Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars. All the popular brands of Cigarettes, at Hayward & Brother's.