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 Ten, *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 $2 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be marked TF and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 20.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

Stoves!
Stoves!
Stoves!
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
AT
GEO. W. BECK'S.

Sept.5-tf.

TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak
LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,
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.

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

We have also *BUILDING HARDWARE* and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.

January 14, 1882-1yr

LUMBER!
--AND--
Building Materials,
Shingles, Laths,
Lime, Hair. &c.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.
and Mill Work generally.
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

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

Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

Principal office in Easton and Yard at Easton Point connected by Telephone.

Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.

Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.

ROBERT B. DIXON,
Dover Street, EASTON.

Miscellaneous.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I send from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid 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 brings on convalescence. 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 raises 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.
Price 25c. and $1 Bottle.

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

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoar Hound for Coughs & Colds
25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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.
jan2.6yr

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

POETRY.

WINTER.

From out his robe the snow he shook,
His path with storms to trace,
To bind in ice the chiming brook
Whose bank the birds long since forsook,
Bold Winter came apace.

His frown is in the cold, gray cloud,
In storms his voice outbreaks,
His hand is on the woodland proud,
When, in the tempest fierce and loud,
The creaking forest shakes.

Hark! in the moaning winds he sings
A requiem, sad and low;
To Nature's perished form he brings,
And over it in silence flings,
A winding-sheet of snow.

He breathes upon the yielding lakes;
The gentle winds no more
With their soft breath the ripples break,
Nor can the wildest tempest shake
The glittering crystal floor.

In sheltered homes, by genial fires,
Let love as warmly glow
For Him whose wisdom still inspires,
Whose bounty fills the heart's desires,
And shields us from the snow.

And though the Winter's hand be strong
On dale and hill and plain,
Although in storms he sweeps along
And hushes every streamlet's song,
He cannot always reign.

The sun with gentle beams shall chase
His icy bonds away;
So Error, boasting pomp and place,
Shall fly before the kindling face
Of Truth's resplendent day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MODERN SERMON.

It is such a good hit that it will bear re-reading very well:

Brethren, the words of my text are:
Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

These beautiful words, my dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson.

I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life. Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow.

Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! She went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, solely and merely went to the cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark the words are "the cupboard."

Not "one of the cupboards," or the "right-hand cupboard," or the "left-hand cupboard," or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the stair, but just the cupboard. The one little humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was "to get her poor dog a bone." Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too.

We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog.

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

"When she got there?" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is.

You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there.

There are no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or falterings to the left.

With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

And how was noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny-buns, nor ginger-bread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches.

"The cupboard was bare!"

There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of wordly simplicity, "The widow, no doubt, went out, and bought a dog-biscuit."

Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard perceived—or I might even say—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard.

She did not attempt, like the stiff necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog had none!" And then, at this point, our information ceases.

But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there.

Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door—depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else?

Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it, for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies.

For the Star.

Rev. James H. Lightbourne,
New York:—

SIR:—Your second communication in THE STAR of to-day calls for a brief notice. It is not material to this discussion whether you write over your true name, or I over a "*nom de plume*," as it is the argument our readers will consider important, rather than the writers. Some people like to see their names in print; I confess that I do not; but I have no fault to find with those who do. Let every man act in this respect according to his taste.

It was not necessary for you to quote Judge Story to prove the right of the people, when a constitutional majority desire it, to change the Federal or a State constitution. The changing of our State Constitutions is almost an every day occurrence, and the Federal constitution has been tinkered with in this respect, even in our day. But the facility that exists for amending the Federal Constitution is a potent reason why it should not be done in a frenzy, as was the case at its last change, when the suffrage was conferred upon millions of ignorant, stupid and depraved negroes, and now they are driven to the polls and voted as so many sheep, without the remotest idea of the principles they are voting for or against.

Those who changed the constitution and made our elections a burlesque on popular government, I have no doubt would gladly undo their unwise work if they could, but they dare not, for the fanaticism which impelled them to the mischievous policy has not yet entirely dried up. The history and consequences of that amendment should teach the people to be more cautious about constitutional changes, and of the dangers that may result from yielding to a licentious fanaticism in a matter of such vital importance to the welfare of the country. I do not think as you seem to, that the evils incident to selling "alcoholic drinks" in "Chapel District" are of that magnitude to justify a change in our State Constitution, much less in the Constitution of the United States.

In your first communication you laid down, *ex cathedra*, the platform of the Temperance party. It was new to me; I had not seen or heard of it before; and I asked you when and where they had made it. You now tacitly take it back, and say they have made no such platform; but you *argue* that because such a platform exists in your own brain, therefore it must exist in the mind of every other local optionist. Argument only goes for what it is worth. You are mistaken. A man may consistently advocate the regulation of the question by the ballot in his own community, and at the same time oppose meddling with the question where it exclusively concerns the welfare of some other community. How can the people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland [illegible] and comfort of the miners of Dakota? and while they might consider alcoholic drinks in their severe climate indispensable to their health and happiness, how do they know but what we here, in our mild climate, can very well do without them? Habits of life, climate, and national characteristics have much to do with the matter, and every community is the best judge of its own wants.

I notice your backing water in another respect. In your first communication you stated your intention to "apply to Congress to propose a constitutional amendment *outlawing* the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages throughout the States and territories" as soon as you have carried "*a majority of the States*" for prohibition. In your second you say the application will not be made to Congress for the amendment until after you "*have secured every State in the Union.*" The difference is wide, and now, if you adhere to your second and more matured platform, I do not apprehend it probable that Congress will hear from you on the subject during the present generation.

You express yourself very strongly concerning the evils connected with the liquor traffic. The subject is a hackneyed one. You could hardly exaggerate those evils; but is the remedy you propose the right one? When you assail what men believe to be their rights, you create an antagonism which is sure to prove detrimental to the cause you aim to serve. When you drop "moral suasion" and trample upon the law of love, and attempt to make men better, not by convincing their judgment through a conversion of their hearts, but by obnoxious penal laws offending their prejudices, you marshal society into two hostile camps, and inflame the passions of men in a way that is utterly destructive of morality and religion. Hence our best thinkers, men as temperate as you or I, and whose lives have been devoted to promoting the welfare of their fellow men, have doubted the expediency of all sumptuary laws, and are utterly opposed to the program you advocate. By their unwise fanaticism, the temperance leaders virtually throw the influence of this very important and influential class of men against the cause of temperance, a matter much to be deplored.

Now let us take a brief survey of society, in order to test the wisdom of attempting to entirely exterminate the liquor traffic by "constitutional amendment." Man is a social as well as a religious being. He must make his ventures and have his recreations as much so as his sermons. He must and will have spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors to exhilarate him. You may pass anti gambling laws still men will gamble. You may pass prohibitory liquor laws, still they will manage to get their liquor and drink. You may preach against the drama, and make public sentiment so sharp that your church members will be ashamed to be seen at a theatre, yet they will satisfy their craving for excitement and diversion by gloating in secret over the latest novel, and the more exciting it is the better they will like it.

Let me illustrate: Sixty or eighty years ago lottery enterprises were considered honorable. Schools and colleges and other public institutions were founded by lottery grants. Some of the most honorable merchants and the best christians in our cities, and the best citizens of the State felt honored by having their names published as patrons of State Lotteries. Honest people bought and sold lottery tickets, and good christians sought to win the prizes. Suddenly "a change came over the spirit of their dream." A puritanic frenzy seized the public against lotteries. They were denounced and "outlawed." Those who had patronized them renounced all connection with them. Laws were passed winding up the old grants, and Constitutional Amendments adopted against granting new ones. This was done professedly to destroy gambling. Did it destroy it? Let Wall street and our Corn-Exchanges answer the question. Gambling on the most gigantic scale, by men of the highest respectability, is now not only indulged in as an exhilaration but followed as a regular business. Stocks, bonds, exchange, grain, cotton, tobacco, pork, bacon, sugar, coffee, in short the price of almost every luxury and all necessaries of life is now regulated and controlled and manipulated by gambling. And who are the gamblers? They are our millionaires, bankers, merchants, princes, speculators, commission merchants, teachers and preachers, and everybody else they can fleece.

I do not write this to defend lottery gambling, but to prove that, by attempting to suppress one evil by penal statutes, you may open the door to a much greater one. Were the evils of the lottery system of the past anything to be compared with the magnitude of the evils of the present day, growing out of operations in "futures?" Were a tithe of as many people ruined by the old as are ruined by the new system? How much life blood of poor men, yea, and poor women too, have been sucked in building up the colossal fortunes of Jay Gould, William H. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage and the other leviathans who make the water fly on the commercial exchanges in our great cities? The "rum suckers" of Chapel, whom you denounce, are innocents compared with those great "land sharks," that you do not denounce, because they throng your churches and occupy your most expensive pews.

You may make laws to suppress gambling, and yet men will gamble; if not in one way, they will in another, because it is human nature to speculate, and men love the excitement of gambling.

Now let us apply the same principle to the liquor business. Man is a social being, and his social instincts find their gratification in the social glass. Those who drink will tell you it is not so much the love of alcohol as their love of the social pleasures of drinking that gratifies them. You may utterly prohibit the manufacture, sale, and use of spiritous liquors, and close every barroom in the land, yet your prohibitory laws will not change man's social nature. What then? Do you expect to make practical christians out of those who conscientiously believe you have wronged them by denying them what their appetites and their social nature craves? You cannot. Then what will men do? The club will simply take the place of the bar; brothels will multiply a hundred-fold; and *every brothel will be a club-room.* Men will then [illegible] of women will sap the foundations of public and private virtue. I look forward to such a state of society with absolute horror, and no language can describe, and no figures compute, the depth of the degradation of such a condition of things. It is upon such pabulum that revolutionists feed, and all must see the danger to society, should all the degraded and corrupt elements combine with the socialists and the liquor interests in retaliating upon those who through good motives, but mistaken judgment, had inflicted upon them real or imaginary wrongs. Moral and political evils much greater than any that now exist will as surely follow the consummation of your prohibitory program as gambling in "futures" followed the overthrow of the lottery system.

Depend upon it, Sir, the evils that afflict society are not to be cured in the way you propose. Men are like bees; you may entice them almost anywhere with sugar; but undertake to *drive* them, then look out for *stinging*. And let me assure you, your "economic science" is radically defective, if it does not take into account all the eventualities that might possibly flow from rash or inconsiderate legislation in matters that clash with interests and prejudices of large masses of men, especially in the great cities of the country.

The masses at the North and West that elected Abraham Lincoln President, in 1860, never dreamed that the South would resist his rule unto blood. Had they supposed such a thing possible, and had foreseen a moiety of the vast expenditure of blood and treasure the Civil War cost the nation, they would have buried him so deep under the majority they would have given for Douglas and the Union that he would never have been heard of after the election. The consequences of obnoxious laws which are calculated to inflame the bad passion of men, should be foreseen and maturely considered before any attempt is made to pass them. And they are so considered by all except blear-eyed fanaticism, *The One Idea God*, that recoils at nothing, weighs nothing, and cares not for consequences

I do not deem it necessary to answer your communication *seriatim*; I content myself by simply assaulting the foundations of your argument, which I consider fundamentally wrong, and your policy inconsiderate and exceedingly dangerous. You cannot accomplish what you desire in the way you propose without inflicting upon society greater evils than those you wish to suppress, to say nothing about the individual rights you intend to trample under your heels. There is too much good sense and good morality in the country for you to prevail, and your efforts will end in ignomy, as those of others have before you. People in different districts are willing to accept local option as an experiment. If it works well they will sustain it; if the contrary, they can repeal it. But there are a set of fanatics who are not willing to "let well enough alone." They must "go the whole hog or nothing." They are prone to run into extremes, and it is those that drive off the moderate men from supporting moral reform movements, and thus they defeat what they profess to desire. While believing they are doing great good for temperance, such men are in reality retarding the progress of the work if not advancing the cause of the opposite side.

OLD LANDMARK.

Mrs. H. B. Stuart, Baltimore, says: "My daughter has used Brown's Iron Bitters and it has done her a great deal of good."

Don't judge the man by the clothes he wears; for God made one, and the tailor the other.

Pantomime in a Court Room.

The attorney, at the date of the story, was serving the Commonwealth of Ohio and the county of Vinton in the capacity of Prosecuting Attorney at the little town of McArthur. He then bore rather a youthful, and possibly, somewhat verdant appearance for a man holding so responsible a position. The most conspicuous personage known to the Vinton bar at that time was a grave and pompous barrister from a neighboring town—a man who had reached the middle age of life, and with it an extensive practice, profitable alike in fame and pecuniary gain; a man whose eloquence bent juries to his will and whose logic pinned them fast; whose invective and pointed sarcasm blanched the cheek of the witness or the prisoner, as might be necessary to g in the case, and was alike dreaded and hated by his fellow-practitioners. The attorney referred to is living yet, one of the most prominent jurists in Southern Ohio. His ability is not diminished, nor has his knowledge that he possesses ability.

One day the young prosecutor had a not case to try, and to his consternation he learned that the gentleman referred to had been retained by the defense. The prosecutor handled his case with great care, but from the first did not hope to convict the prisoner He was stirred up somewhat, however, by the sneering allusions made to him during the examination by the imported counsel, and so when he came to make his opening speech he indulged in a little bombast himself. He expected to be torn up somewhat by the imported counsel, but was utterly unprepared for the simoon that swept through the court room when the imported counsel got fairly under way. He paced up and down in front of the Judge; he sawed the air in front of the jurors; he shook his finger in the face of the young prosecutor and shivered in imaginary horror at the thought of so youthful a youth undertaking to measure swords with him. The voice was loud and bitter in its denunciation; the gesticulations were violent and demonstrative; the manner threatening and awe-inspiring, and with face of scorn he sat down with folded arms and awaited the verdict which he did not suppose they dared to refuse to render.

The young prosecutor was mad. He felt that he would like to thrash the imported counsel out of his boots. He rose to his feet, uncertain for the moment what to do. A happy thought struck him, and throwing his head back, he cast his left arm behind him and thrust his right hand in the breast of his vest, while under overarching eyebrows he scowled out at the jury. The jury "dropped on it" in an instant. So did the Judge, as did the spectators. There was the familiar pose of the imported counsel, perfect in its imitation. Then the young prosecutor began, and without opening his lips, proceeded to copy the gesticulations and [illegible] he had [illegible] vorted and stamped and rolled his eyes. He strode up and down in front of the Judge and jury, following in his gesticulations precisely those of which they had just seen the copy. He shook his finger menacingly under the nose of the eminent gentleman, and then, assuming the statesmanlike pose, he looked down upon him disdainfully. Then he would stop and twirl on his finger a martingale ring that he had drawn from his pocket, and which was intended to represent the large seal ring on the small finger of the left hand of the opposing counsel.

It was too much. The eminent attorney appealed to the Court for protection, while the Judge laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the jury and spectators chuckled audibly. The Judge replied that the young man had done nothing, had said nothing to him, and he did not feel called upon to interfere with the argument. That settled it. The imported counsel broke for the door, and the jury, after fifteen minutes absence, brought in a verdict of guilty.—*Columbus, O., Times.*

An Æsthetic Wife.

"Say, I'll tell you something, if you won't blow it," was the way that one man saluted another on Twelfth street the other day.

"All right—go ahead."

"You won't give it away until I say so?"

"Not a word."

"Well, my wife has got to be an æsthetic."

"No!"

"Sure's you're born. I have suspected that she was working that way for some time past, but it's only within a day or two that I became positive."

"Well, that's wonderful. Say, how does she act?"

"Languid — very languid. She lops around, drawls her words, writes sad poetry and the sight of an old pie tin or banged-up chromo entrances her. Congratulate me on my luck."

"I do—I do. That is—"

"What?"

"Don't build your hopes too fast. Be sure you are right then go ahead. I labored for a whole year under the delusion that my wife was developing as an æsthetic, and when I came to talk with her father he said she was always more than half-idiot by nature. Go slow—go slow. The difference between an æsthetic and a fool is so mighty small that you can't afford to make a mistake and be placed in a box."

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, &c., can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

"May the Lord preserve your eyesight," said a beggar woman to a man with a small nose, who had just given her a gratuity. "Why?" he asked. "Because," said she, "you've no nose to hold your spectacles."

Mrs. Eliza Villard, Baltimore, Md., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has done me much good in malarial fever."

An old bachelor said that it was the woman that should be re-dressed, not her wrongs. That's the naked truth.

EMINENT DR. J. J. CALDWELL, BALTIMORE, MD., states: "I have used COLDEN'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.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

77 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

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 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.

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.

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. Tribbe's.

WANTED.

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

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