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 not to be inserted 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, FEBRUARY 20, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 24.

" Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.

LUMBER

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS &c.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF

BALTIMORE.

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.

GO TO THE NEW

FURNITURE STORE

OF

R. H. T. COUNCELL,

In the STEWART BUILDING, Adjoining Masonic Temple,

Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions, Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.

UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging

Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

J. F. Bateman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, C. F. Eastman, J. R. Jarrell, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, } W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders. Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Councell, Antonio DePasquale.

I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

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 sent 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 braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. Yet it is within the power of many to avoid this fatal disease by using this remedy. 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.

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 weigh 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.

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hops Hound for Coughs & Colds

Sines Sylvator Compound

Sines Embrocation for Rheumatism

25 cents at all Drug Stores

THE DAY,

The Baltimore Democratic Paper.

WM. T. CROASDALE, Editor.

One of the Best Evening Papers in America—Published Every Evening Except Sunday.

$3 PER YEAR OR 25 CENTS PER MONTH.

THE WEEKLY EDITION OF THE DAY,

Issued Every Friday Morning,

Is a handsome eight-page paper, filled with News and Choice Reading Matter and containing nearly a whole page of vigorous editorial comments on current events. One of the largest and best weekly papers in the United States. Only one dollar a year. SAMPLE COPY MAILED FREE.

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.

Jan2,29y1

Veterinary Counsel.—Indispensable for horses. A fresh supply of spices and green ginger just received by

HAYWARD & BRO.

POETRY.

BEYOND THE STARS.

'Tis easy to trace the soul to the hour
That deprives the form of its breath;
But who shall follow the spirit's flight,
When it seeks the portal of death?
Who rend the vail that hides from our view
The future, beyond the bright stars?
Who follow the spirit's upward flight,
When it breaks through our earthly bars?

What—ah! what is that future state?
And where, oh! where is the goal
Which Christians say is the resting place,
And home of the deathless soul?
Is it beyond the dark blue sky—
Beyond where the stars now shine?
Where the angels sing their song of praise,
To the spirit of God divine?

Can life be the end of all our hopes?
Is the struggle with death all o'er?
Or is there a life beyond the tomb,
Where the soul lives evermore?
Does the soul exist when life has flown,
Or sink, like the corse, into night?
Let us rather believe the brilliant mind
Still continues its upward flight.

Let us think that the soul can never die—
That its mission will never end;
That there is a land beyond the sky,
Where friend will still meet friend;
That, freed from the turmoil and ills of life—
From its troubles, wounds and scars,
The soul will worship the God of Light,
In His mansions "beyond the stars!"

SELECT STORY.

RUNNING THE TOLL.

"Just hint at 'running the toll,' and grandma will tell you a story," said Lily Weatherbee, demure as a little Quaker, and sweet as a wild rose, looking up from her Kensington stitch.

Grandma heard her, and answered with a smile that made her piercing black eyes sparkle like diamonds.

"I don't think you will ever run the toll, Peace and Plenty," she said. That was the name she had given Lily when she was a baby.

"No, indeed; one in the family of that sort is quite enough," laughed the girl; but there is Hattie waiting to be amused, and you must tell her about it."

"Well, how shall I begin, Chatterbox?"

"Why, tell her about the old house with the gray moss clinging to the rafters, and the haunted window and the great barn, first."

"The haunting was easily enough accounted for," said grandma, rolling up the stockings she had been mending and taking off her spectacles; "that was the tapping of the old horse chestnut when the wind blew, but it was a long time before I found out the meaning of the mixed mysterious knocks—always three—and when I did what fun I had at the expense of Miss Silena Cross, our dressmaker, who had taken infinite pains to prove that I was favored with spiritual visits! Poor Miss Silena! I never saw a creature more disappointed. As for the barn it had originally been built for a meeting-house, but never having been finished on account of lack of funds my grandfather took it for debt, and turned it to a very good account. The old barn was a great institution and was regularly farmed out during winters for revival meetings, dances, husking frolics, and sundry other things. One night we let a tramp sleep there, and the consequence was that by noon next day there was nothing left of the barn but smoke and ashes. Poor father! It had been a source of income, and nothing could take its place. Everybody mourned the destruction of 'Uncle Hiram's barn,' but nobody offered to rebuild it. We were poor; not that we suffered for the necessaries of life. The farm kept our table, but my father worked too hard for an old man, and his 'boys were all girls.' The fact of our poverty never troubled me, however; I was too happy. Only give me plenty of fun, plenty of sunshine and nothing seemed hard to me. My genius for improvising all sorts of amusements made me a general favorite in society. Nobody looked down upon me because I wore calico and worked from morning till night. In fact, 'Jack' was always in requisition; it was 'Jack' who took the lead at our merry gatherings, who filled the gap with some audacious gossip when nobody knew what to say, who was afraid of nothing—who was, I am sorry to add, careless of consequences, so that she had a good time. But I was happy; nobody can ever take that consolation from me. I never sighed for what was unattainable. Fair weather or foul, washing or baking, at home or country side parties, I was always at peace with the world, though my best muslin gown had done duty for several years."

"Oh, grandma! what would you have thought then of a pink satin reception dress and everything to match, like the one I am having made?" exclaimed Lily.

"Shouldn't a' been a bit happier, my dear; couldn't a' been," was the calm response. "Besides, young girls never wore satin in those days, bless you! Plain white mull was considered dressy enough, with flowers, which to my taste, was prettier than jewels any day. And now I am coming to how I ran the toll. Ned Hamilton was considered one of the best young men in town. He would a' been handsome, but his nose was too thin and his eyes were too close together, though they were fine eyes. At all events he was a great favorite, and the girl who secured him for a partner considered herself fortunate. Nobody treated him just exactly as I did, for I would tell him to his face that he was conceited, though secretly I did feel flattered by his attentions. I suppose the great Rosedale farm had something to do with it, and the two grays and the handsome carry-all. Perhaps I was ambitious and didn't exactly know it; for, to tell the truth, when I did think of him at all seriously it was the big farm that loomed up, not my liking for him. To be Mrs. Hamilton—the name was a good one—to step from our homely one-story house into a grand old mansion, where the furniture had stood for a hundred years—that was something for a poor man's child to achieve. I was very proud and happy when he showed me any unusual attention. It did stir what vanity I had to see his team at our cottage door, to pass our acquaintances seated beside him, to be singled out at parties—me, in my plain dress, with perhaps only a rose at my throat and another in my hair."

"Now confess you were handsome, grandma," said Lily.

"That's not for me to say, my dear, though I believe they did call me rather pretty. One day Ned Hamilton invited me to go with him to Silver Spray, a beautiful waterfall, six miles away. I was particularly pleased with the invitation just at this time, for matters at home were complicated, and the atmosphere was not agreeable. Father had been paying money on a mortgage, and that always made him cross—not cross exactly, but very, very miserable. The sight of his sorrowful face and the sound of his depressed voice caused us all to feel more or less wretched.

"That night there was to be a party at the house of Judge Mills. They only gave one a year, on the occasion of Meeny Mills' birthday. Poor Meeny! A homelier girl never lived, but the judge was rich, and she wore all the latest fashions, so perhaps she never realized how very plain she was. I had been hasty over my only white dress, taking a tuck out here and adding a bit of lace there, wishing, for a wonder, that I could have something new to wear. At sight of Ned and the team, however, all my troubles vanished into air, and I ran down stairs laughing.

"'I do wish you'd be a little sober-minded,' said my father in his fretful way. 'It seems kinder heartless to be laughing when there isn't a cent in the house, and nobody knows when there will be.'

"'Why, father, there's always potatoes and meal,' was my merry rejoinder.

"'Yes, and there's always cares and troubles,' he answered lugubriously. 'I don't seem to git ahead like other folks, and I've pretty much about given up trying. If you girls was only boys, now!'

"'Think what you'd have to lay out in boots alone,' I said, still laughing, at which he frowned and turned impatiently away, while I ran out to be helped into the handsome carriage.

What a glorious day it was! The vines lining each side of the road all seemed dripping with sunshine. The shaded valley, the dancing brooks, and the highway bordered with maples and elms—and then my escort beguiled the hour with odd and merry fancies, talked about his farm, his hopes, his aspirations, and if I had not wilfully turned the subject once or twice," said the pretty old lady, with a prim little gesture, "I think he might have proposed. But I wasn't ready for that yet. In the quiet of the home-going,' I said to myself, 'I will listen to him perhaps.'

"At last we reached the waterfall, which with its accompanying heights and charming scenery, repaid us for the long ride. It was hard to tear ourselves away, and when we did turn the heads of the spirited horses in the direction of home it was very late.

"'We shall never be in time for the [illegible] to dusk—Must you pay at the toll gate? The old man is half blind, and it will take him an hour to hunt up change. Run the toll, just for the fun of it—you can pay him afterward.'

"'That won't do,' said Ned. 'I'll have to get a bill changed, though. Just take the reins a second. By the way——' I never heard the end of the sentence. At that moment the spirit of mischief seized me. I snatched the whip and touched the near horse. Then I only heard the thunder of hoof and heard the whirr of wheels, saw Ned's eyes flash fire in the semi-darkness and his face grow pale. Before he could take the reins from my inexperienced hands we had 'run the toll' in good earnest, and the horses were flying over the bridge as only frightened horses can. It was as much as Ned could do to guide them, and twice we were in deadly peril.

"On they sped, young Hamilton standing without a hat, his teeth set, his lips white, his frame rigid, while the veins of his forehead stood out like whipcord. I just sat back and held my breath, too frightened to cry out, and catching at whatever was nearest to steady myself as they raced down the long, hilly street to the village, at the foot of which they slackened their speed and were soon under control.

"'That was a mad freak of yours,' was all the young man said as he helped me out at the door; and I knew by the expression of his countenance that I should never be asked to ride behind his greys again.

"I went to the party seemingly as gay and light-hearted as ever. If any feeling of regret lurked under my careless speech and manner Ned should never know it. In the midst of the fun, when I was holding my little court and the laugh and the jest were going round, who should appear upon the scene but my father, in his homely, patched clothes, quite regardless of the figure he cut in the midst of that brilliant company. He walked straight up to me, his hair in disorder, his face as pale as death.

"'Jack,' said he, 'did you run the toll to-day?'

"'The horses ran,' I said, with a touch of levity, though I trembled from head to foot. 'What did they know about toll?'

"'Well, the bridgekeeper has been to the house, Jack. He told me the young man was getting the money when you caught up the whip and set the horses to running. Now, there's a fine for that, and I've got to give him $5; he won't let me off—I ain't got five cents to my name.' Tears stood in his poor, weak eyes, and regardless of the surroundings he took out his handkerchief and wiped them away. Imagine, if you can, how I felt.

"'Allow me to pay, sir,' said Ned, coming forward; and that capped the climax. I could have screamed with mortification. I just ran out of that room, without waiting for wraps or anything else, and flew home so ashamed that I hardly knew what I was doing. As you may suppose, I cried pretty near all night, and it was a long time before I recovered my spirits.

"I have no doubt it lost me Ned Hamilton, too," said the old lady with a queer toss of the head; "but that didn't matter much. He left me and took Mary Bean, old Deacon Bean's daughter—the pink of propriety, and who would no more have dared to say her soul was her own than she would have dared to ride with wild horses. It was a little mortifying at first; but after his marriage folks said that he was miserly beyond belief, and I am positive Molly Hamilton only has one new bonnet a year, poor soul!—though by this time she must have gone where they don't need new bonnets.

"However, I was cured from that time of my thoughtless pranks. I went to work and soon paid back the $5, and, more than that, I paid off the mortgage on our little home in time."

"And then you married grandpa?" said Lily.

"Yes, dear, he was worth a thousand Ned Hamiltons—but, poor father, how often I have heard him say that I was just as good as a boy."

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

For the Star.

A Trip to the West Indies.

INTERESTING LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF MR. W. L. HUBBARD,

SUNDAY, Dec. 17.—Feel quite comfortable, as much so as we could expect under the circumstances. Breakfast at 8 o'clock with good relish, after which we had cherries, grapes and two elegant watermelons, the latter were very fine and did not seem out of season. This island is some 30 to 40 miles long and 5 miles wide; no land cultivated. Some tropical fruits grow here. The most of the land is covered with rock. The timber is small, such as lignumvitæ, olive, black ebony, ye low and crab wood and banyan trees, and sarsaparilla, cactus and Turks-heads grow by thousands. At 11 A. M., we set sail for Cape Comet, where we landed at 6.30 P. M., and after a walk of about two miles we reached a house where we are to remain over night. Our bedding and provisions had all been taken to the house by our pilots, and were soon comfortably arranged. After supper, smoked a Dominican segar and chatted with our pilots about our trip, and the expected one tomorrow.

MONDAY, Dec. 18.—Rested well and feel cheerful; took breakfast at 8 o'clock, while Edward Forbes saddled our ponies, "Adam" and "Ti," for the day's journey. Our marine pilots are to remain here while Forbes is to be our guide over the island. We mounted our ponies for the trip. For several miles we traveled around the ocean shore, then up through the land—over mountains and across valleys; at some places our horses could not travel up and down the steep places without assistance. Forbes went on foot and carried along a knife with which he cut and cleared out the path we were following. After going about 8 miles we left our horses and footed it up the mountain to the great mammoth cave, as we came near the cave we were saluted by Mr. Thomas Stiles, Jr., and a boy who were notified to meet us with lamps to visit this wonderful cavern. After we entered the mouth and had gone as far as we could in the dark opening under the mountains, we lighted five lamps which enabled us to journey on; we then came to the shore of a beautiful lake running under the mountains. At this point we took a boat with paddles and oars and went across the lake a distance of about [illegible] we were [illegible] and went from chamber to chamber, now and then stopping at different points and going by foot a long distance back to our boat, and from thence to another point until we had thoroughly explored the extensive cave. In it we found projections resembling huge statues and pyramids of vast height and sizes, which we are led to believe are the work of the Indians who, no doubt, once inhabited these places. Returning to our horses we made our way to another cave, which was visited with like interest. While on this mountain we were met by an old colored man, named Frank Penn, with a jug of water, which was quite a treat as we were very thirsty. From this place we were directed to the house of Mr. Thomas Stiles, Sr., who received us with all the kindness a stranger could wish. His place is on the shore and quite pleasantly situated. Lemonade and cakes were furnished us which were indeed refreshing. After viewing the surroundings with great interest, we ate heartily of oranges, cocoa-nuts and watermelons. Frank Penn informed us he was 80 years old and the son of Frank Penn, Sr., who died about 70 years ago and was a slave of William Penn, of America; he spoke very highly of William Penn, though he could not remember him, but said he was a blessed old master to his father. It is not probable that he referred to our noted William Penn but it may have been some of his descendants. The old man had his tinder-horn, flint and steel which he showed us, and he also struck fire which was done quickly. At 2 P. M., we mounted our ponies and reached the point of starting at 6 P. M., and where we had left our marine pilots, who had caught some very nice fish and lobsters which they had ready for our supper. After supper a social chat with our pilots of the day's trip was had, and we then retired.

TUESDAY, Dec. 19.—Before giving an account of the day's trip I will say this is a vast island, containing some 70,000 acres, and is private property; no land is cultivated here, the principal business being stock raising, and from this place a number of the adjoining islands are furnished with beef. There are but three dwelling houses, the tenants of which attend to the stock. Some tropical fruits grow here but not to any great extent. Expecting to make an early start this morning we were called at 5:30 and found the sea very rough, a high wind—blowing a perfect gale. Our pilots said it would be very rough but thought our little craft would make the trip safely by reefing the sail, but advised us to take a route over the land some 9 miles on horseback, and they would bring the boat for us, and we would avoid all danger going around Cape Comet. This was soon agreed upon, and our pilots started in the boat while we mounted the ponies, and, directed by Edward Forbes, we reached the place at 10 A. M., and found our little ship waiting for us. She had made the trip safely but took in considerable water which necessitated bailing out frequently. We of course found we had acted wisely. We were soon on our little boat and under sail—plenty of wind and a delightful ride on the ocean. At P. M., we landed on another island, where we were met by the natives who seemed to be expecting us to visit them. They presented us with some fine conchs, shells and sponges. After looking over some of the most interesting places of this island, we boarded our boat to make another island, where we expected to stay over night. At 6 P. M., we boarded the brigantine "John Brightman" from Trinidad, and now loading with salt for Providence, R. I. The Captain, C. H. Handy, met us at the rail and welcomed us on board, and said he would take care of myself and brother over night. Our pilots then went on shore. We were soon called to supper for which we were in good condition, as fruit was the only thing we had tasted since early in the morning. Capt. Handy is from Steuben, Maine. I found he was acquainted in several towns that I had visited in the New England States in former years; he was at one time engaged in whale fishing, and gave a very interesting account of that dangerous sport. We passed the evening very pleasantly and retired at 10 P. M., in comfortable beds, feeling, that while in some respects, the day's trip was exceedingly rough yet it ended with such comfortable quarters that it made it a pleasant one to look back upon.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20.—Passed a very pleasant night on the brig; took breakfast at 7 o'clock, and started for the shore, Captain Handy going with us. As we had arranged to go up to Grand Turk on the brig, our pilots started with the small boat back home, with the understanding that they would meet us at sea, when opposite Grand Turk, and take us ashore. This island has about 900 inhabitants, and the salt business is the only thing to furnish labor for the people. In passing over these islands, as we have for the last two weeks, it is really wonderful to us to see how nature has formed such places for the manufacture of salt. They are really indispensable. The salt ponds of this island are filled by an opening under the mountain at least 2½ miles long—a small hole, about 5 feet in diameter—supplies hundreds of acres of salt ponds. We returned to the brig at 3 P. M., and set sail; had head wind and plenty of it, which made it very rough and unpleasant; feeling very badly—no appetite. Captain has done all in his power to make us comfortable, but there is no comfort in seasickness.

THURSDAY, Dec. 21.—Still on board the brig; very strong head-wind and heavy sea. At 9 o'clock, A. M., we were opposite Grand Turk, and our little ship and pilots are near at hand to take us ashore. This seems to be the most difficult and dangerous part of the whole trip. The brig was stopped by coming head to the wind; our boat then came alongside dashing upon the angry waves. The entire crew gave us all the assistance possible in holding our boat while we got on board, which indeed looked impossible for us, we leaped safely, however, and after bidding the captain and crew good-bye, started for shore, which we reached in about 2 hours, feeling very much worn down from the trip. We went to our hotel and took dinner at 3 P. M., which we relished, as it was the first we had tasted for 26 hours, owing to sea sickness. Feeling better, we called on our friend, J. N. R., who fitted us out for the trip, and found him greatly alarmed about our safety, and had employed men to start out in search of us. We had a jolly good time in telling him about the trip and somewhat dangerous yet we feel that we will never regret having taken the voyage. In the evening we attended an entertainment of the Wesleyan school. The singing and recitations were excellent, and reflected great credit upon those having it in charge and the participants.

FRIDAY, Dec. 22.—The day has been spent quietly, and as nothing has transpired worthy of note I will give some of the customs of the different places on this route: Cape Haytien is the first port made after leaving Grand Turk, and is some 200 miles further south. This island is about 400 miles long, with a population of at least 1,500,000 souls. Although under two governments—the Haytien and Dominician—the two factions seem to get along harmoniously together. Still within themselves they are all the time in a dormant state of rebellion. Killing men seems to be an ordinary occurrence, and is a common thing for settling differences in political opinions. The interior the people are to some extent barbarious; among them are some cannibals, and white children are often stolen and sold for meat in their markets. The city of Hayti presents a very old and delapidated appearance, broken walls, and the ruins from the earthquake of 1842 are still visible. Houses are mostly single story, streets narrow and very filthy. Population, 8,000, who mostly speak the French language. Tropical fruits grow in great abundance; also coffee; logwood is another large production. Puerto Plata, the next port, is 25 miles south of Haytien, and is under the Dominician government. The people speak the Spanish language mostly. Population of the town about 5,000. This place in some respects presents a different appearance from Haytien, having a better class of houses, and the streets are also tolerably clean. Tropical fruits, coffee, sugar culture and mahogany are the chief productions. Samana, the next port, is 225 miles south of Puerto Plata. It has about 2,500 inhabitants. The habits, customs and productions are on the order of the last town, and is noted for its large and superior quality of pine-apples.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

The *London Times* prints the following palpably imaginary story of "a certain Irish M. P.," who had been describing his travels in the far West, and the "virgin forests" there. "What is a virgin forest?" asked an auditor. "What is a virgin forest is it ye want to know? A virgin forest, sir, is one where the hand of man has niver set foot, bedad!"

Geo. W. Peregoy, Ellicott City, Md., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured my wife of nervousness and general debility."

Tanner's feat is not original. The old gentleman Noah lived forty days on water.

People who go late to church stand a chance of being left at the judgment day.

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.

God judges our actions by our motives; men judge our motives by our actions.

Some men are called muffs because they are used to keep a firt's hand in.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is esteemed to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicinal, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. PARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD LARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1882.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and dullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all.

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

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.

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. Tippe's.

GERMAN AND MUSIC.

PROF. ROSENSWEIG, late of Hanheim, Germany, will give lessons in the German language as spoken. Terms, $15.00 for each Class-Course. Single pupils at home, $20.00. Also in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano, Pipe and Cabinet Organ, and Violin. Terms, 50 cents each lesson. Apply at Mrs. Roberts' Boarding House. nov14-3m

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