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. Copies of the Star delivered in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrears 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—10 lines—one insertion, $1; subsequent insertion made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

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

Special Notices, double rates. Obituaries, 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 27, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 25.

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, 1883-1yr

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,
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GO TO THE NEW

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

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.

DARBYS PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article and Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

All Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.

Impure Air made harmless and purified.

For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.

Consumption destroyed.

For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.

Rheumatism cured.

Soft White Complexions secured by its use.

Ship Fever prevented.

To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it cannot 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, Sting, etc.

"I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick room.—WM. F. SANFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

Scarlet Fever Cured.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and

SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED

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

Diphtheria Prevented.

The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.
A. STOLLENWERCK, Greensboro, Ala.

Tetter dried up.
Cancers prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.

In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

Darbys Fluid is Recommended by
Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia;
Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.;
Jos. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C.
Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University;
Rev. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.

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 morbid 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 the system when reduced by disease, quickens the circulation of the blood, and invigorates the nervous system. It is a valuable remedy 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 promptly in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose relaxes the fibres, quiets 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 Bottle.

TUTT'S PILLS

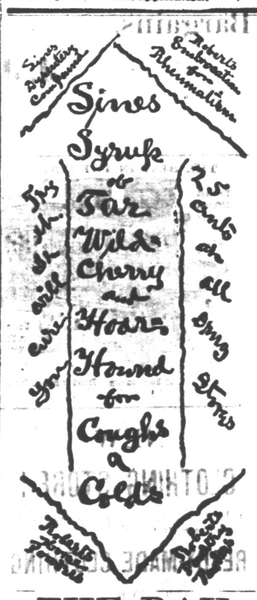
ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Dissipation of the Blood, Biliousness, 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.



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The Baltimore Democratic Paper.

WM. T. CROSSDALE, Editor.

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Issued Every Friday Morning,

In a mammoth 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 guaranteed to give satisfaction in price and quality of work. Contracts solicited.
jan13-3m

Veterinary Compositions.—In Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, A True Specific. Cures Lameness and gives sound and good stock. Sold by Druggists. HAYWARD & BRO.

POETRY.

Still Life—England and Italy.

A gray-blue jug of village ware,
Filled with the spoil of English lanes;
No flowers but crimson leaves are there
With berries bright from autumn rains;
And, reft from bed of marshy green,
One buttercup; the last, is seen.

A Venice glass; a milky gem
Of prisoned light and changing rays,
With curving cup and slender stem,
For blossoms fit of summer days;
From its chalice, flowers emerged,
Rich southern fragrance floats around:

Here spicy-sweet carnations glow,
Or like Italian sunshine flame,
And orange-buds, with scented snow,
Bestrew the space ten-roses claim;
While Parma violets, pale and sweet,
Enwreathe the rest with border meet.

. . . . . .

Few days have fled. In this dull clime
The produce bright of bluer skies
An exile, lasts but little time;
And gathered quickly droops and dies.
But long these island leaves will hold
Through winter's gloom their red and gold.

SELECT STORY.

LITTLE SUT.

BY M. QUAD.

Up in Tompkins county, N. Y., lives a well-to-do farmer named Pitkins, with his wife and two daughters. Having no sons he is dependent on hired help, the supply of which is regulated according to the season, a number of farm hands being necessary during planting and harvesting of crops, while one being usually the only assistant needed in the winter. Realizing the need of a boy on the place to do the chores for which it did not justify to hire a man, Pitkins talked the matter over with his wife, and they decided to select a waif from the poor house and raise him up as one of the family, which of course meant food and clothing until he was of age and three months schooling in the winter.

With Farmer Pitkins to decide was to act; so the next day he and Mrs. Pitkins drove over in the buggy to the County Poor House and made application for an orphan. The Superintendent, always willing to dispose of his charges to farmers, ordered out the boys in a line for a review, and Pitkins and his wife eyed the boys closely and talked with them. He, with an eye to service, selected a large, strong boy; but she, with a motherly instinct, more akin to sympathy, picked out little Sut, the subject of the sketch.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Pitkins, "he's too small!"

"But he'll grow, John, and then I like his looks better."

"Looks! Tut, tut What have looks got to do with it?"

"A great deal. If we are to adopt him and raise him up as a son, and even if he is only to be a farm hand, we do not want a boy to grow up dishonest and vicious. I don't like the big boy's face."

So Farmer Pitkins grumbled a little over her choice, as he lifted Sut into the buggy between them and drove home. The boy was, indeed, small for service on a farm, but he seemed grateful for the home, and was willing to do all the busy tasks his hands were put to do, and would put his little hand on his tired back without a murmur, after a long time sawing wood. Mrs. Pitkins seemed drawn toward him by his very diminutive size and strength, while Pitkins seemed almost to dislike him, and was always grumbling about the boy's being too small, although the farmer's wife would very sensibly remark that she believed the willingness of a small boy would accomplish more than the unwillingness of one twice his size. As little Sut wasn't large enough to wait on the girls, they rather sided with their father, and made the poor boy's life rather unpleasant by teasing him.

Thus matters went on for a season or so; while one farm hand after another came and went; and, although colts and calves and pigs and chickens all grew and fattened on the place, little Sut seemed at a standstill and failed to come up to Mrs. Pitkins' assertion that he would grow.

"It's no use, Mary, waiting for this boy to grow. I must take him back to the Poor House and get a larger boy. You can go with me and select the boy, but he must be larger."

Mrs. Pitkins, with a feeling of tenderness toward the little homeless waif she had selected, hadn't the heart to go and pick out a boy to supplant him in the home that now seemed as dear to him as if he had been born in it, so Mr Pitkins drove over alone, while the farm hand took the wagon and drove to the mill for lumber, leaving Mrs. Pitkins, the two girls and little Sut on the farm alone, except a little dog which Sut had been allowed to adopt from the roadside, the cattle on a farm scarcely being counted as company by lone women who can not look to them for the protection which even a boy or small dog can attempt.

Tramps, miserable, dangerous outcasts, seemed to be the constant menace of unprotected farmers, especially the women who are so often left alone. Little Sut was in the barn, with his dog, sorting potatoes, when his attention was called by hearing one of the girls scream, and looking out, to his surprise and horror, he saw a man rush out at the kitchen door in pursuit of one of the girls. With a boyish impulse Sut ran out with a small basket of potatoes in his hand, followed by the dog, which he urged to a fierce attack on the man. The little dog went gallantly into the fight and set his teeth so vigorously into the legs of the tramp that the girl was enabled to escape from him and run to a neighbor's for assistance. Little Sut realized that there was work for him to do. The screams which came from the house plainly indicated that the one man was not the only enemy on the place, and with a shout little Sut rushed in to find another tramp on the point of overcoming Mrs. Pitkins and the other daughter in a fierce struggle, in which he had almost torn their clothing off.

The noise that little Sut made and the vigorous fusilade of potatoes that he hurled at the tramp so disconcerted him that it allowed the two women a chance to escape and look themselves in a room upstairs.

Poor little Sut and his dog were left trampe. The fight was uneven and short, the dog was driven from the field, and little Sut alone stood at bay. Suddenly one of the tramps, who had been keeping an eye open for danger, saw approaching the house the other daughter had fled, and giving the alarm, the two despoilers quickly made their escape to the thick woods close by.

They had done their work cruelly and well. Little Sut lay in the corner motionless, where he fell, and the neighbors laid him on the bed, while Mrs. Pitkins and her daughters bent over him and frantically called his name. There was a gurgling sound in his throat, and a little stream of blood trickled down the side of his mouth and stained the white, ruffled slip of the pillow. Just then Sut opened his eyes as Mr. Pitkins returned from selecting another boy to fill his place. A little cut on Sut's breast showed where the knife had penetrated his lungs, and the gurgling sound was the blood forcing its life ties inside.

"Did I drive 'em off?"

That was all little Sut ever said, but, with a smile on his face, and the blood stre ming from his mouth, he died in the arms of farmer Pitkins, who had gone to swap him off because he was too small to do anything.

A little grave down at the village churchyard, kept green by three grateful women and fragrant with perfumes of flowers is all now left on earth of little Sut, but somewhere we know he has gone where they do not think him too small.

An Enthusiastic Call.

Several days ago, the prohibitionists of Little Rock, recognizing the necessity of securing the services of an able orator, to "keep the pot boiling," as they termed it, engaged Col. Bulkin, an able lawyer, who lives in a neighboring town. The Colonel has long been known as one of the most eloquent speakers in the State, which together with his high moral character and life-long sobriety, render his speeches deeply impressive.

It was arranged to hold a spirited meeting on the night of the Colonel's arrival, and the opera house was tastily decorated. A large number of ladies and gentlemen met the Colonel at the depot and escorted him to the committee rooms. Shortly before the time for the address arrived, the president of the anti liquor association said:

"Colonel, I must go out and make a few more preparations. You can remain here until the committee calls for you." The Colonel assented, of course, and taking up a prohibition paper he began reading a story entitled, "One Foot in the Grave, or a Bed of Whisky on a Rugged Moustache." Presently a man with a purple face, entered and asked:

"Where's the committee?"

"Gone out to make arrangements. Have a seat."

"No, I haven't got time. I called to tell the gentlemen that I have kept my promise. Several days ago I vowed that if ever I bought another bottle of whisky I would come here and surrender it. Here's a quart that I bought just now, but conquering myself with a final effort, I have brought it here," and he placed a large bottle on the table. "Just to think," continued the reformed man, "that I spent my last cent for this vile stuff Wish you'd tell the committee that I've kept my promise."

"All right," replied the Colonel. "I shall take pleasure tonight in referring to your victory. I do not deserve any credit for not drinking as I have no appetite for the horrible stuff, having never tasted it."

The man withdrew and the Colonel sat regarding the bottle. "I am to fight you," he mused. "You, the terror of women and the downfall of men. I will drive you from the country. I will reclaim the lost. I will bring reconciliation and balm where quarrel and misery have been rife." He took up the paper and began to read the story. Somehow he couldn't keep his eyes off the bottle. "The horrible stuff," and he shivered. "Looks innocent too. Just like rain water. How the weak and foolish are deceived by appearances Believe I'll throw it away. I can explain to the committee I don't want the stuff to remain in the same room with me." He took up the bottle and shook it; the the cork popped out. "Ah, you viper, I am enlisted against you. Your master handles you now. Look me in the eye, John Barleycorn," and he squinted at the bottle. "I could take you be ween my very teeth and defy you." He placed his lips over the neck of the bottle. An unaccountable movement of the arm, a nervous action which we all experience at times, when asleep and when awake, the Colonel tipped up the bottle and received a mouthful of the enemy. He swallowed it with a gasp, and putting the bottle down crossed the room and stared at it in amazement. Pretty soon he walked slowly to the desk, took up the bottle and tilted it again. He walked around and then took a louder "snort." Pretty soon he took a lingering "pull," and finally he sat on the floor with his back to the wall, with the bottle between his knees. His "snorts" and "pulls" became more frequent. As the committee, arrayed in ribbons and rosettes, ascended the stairway, they were surprised to hear dancing accompanied by a drunken song. Opening the door, a disgraceful sight met their view. The Colonel, with his coat off and his pantaloons tucked up, was dancing around the bottle.

"Come in," he cried, "glad t'see yer Got ole enemy down fine. Have suthin."

The gentlemen of the committee were disgusted. They locked the room, went to the opera house and dismissed the audience. When they returned they found the Colonel trying to stand on his head. As ardent man should never play with an enemy.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Carters Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. To be had of all Druggists. See advertisement.

Anger sometimes leads one to express an honest opinion of himself. When a man said, "That fellow ought to be kicked by a mule, and I'd like to do it," he allowed himself, in the excitement of extemporaneous speech, to tell a sad truth.

Miss Ida Shivers, Ellicott City, says: "From personal experience I can recommend Brown's Iron Bitters to all in need of a true tonic."

Why are some tombstones like stump speakers? They lie so.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

For the Star.

A Trip to the West Indies.

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

FRIDAY, Dec. 22.—The next port and the end of the route is Santo Domingo city, 200 miles south of Samana. This is located at the mouth of a small river. The city has about 12 000 inhabitants, and is enclosed by a stone wall some 20 feet high and 10 feet thick. The enclosure contains at least 50 acres. This is decidly the largest shipping port of the islands. The productions are the same as the other places, but in greater abundance. The people are civil and treat a stranger with respect if found with a pass; within themselves they are bloodthirsty and ready for an outbreak at any moment. Their sword and pistols are a part of their dress and in many cases the only thing they have on is a belt around the waist for sabre and pistol. Children from 1 to 10 years old go without clothes, or at least a great many of them do. In every respect the city has an ancient and dilapidated appearance. The walls of Columbus are still standing. The streets are narrow, and but little system is exercised in laying out the towns. If there is no rebellion, bull and chicken fighting are some of the most popular amusements.

GRAND TURK, W. I., Saturday, Dec 23.—Arose at 5 A. M., and took a good swim in old ocean. The day has been exceedingly pleasant.

SUNDAY, Dec. 24.—Was called at 6 o'clock by Bro. T., who caught me in "Christmas Eve gift," and being prepared for the occasion with a package, which contained some appreciative gifts from his family, conveyed to me in Philadelphia on the 4th inst., which I presented to him. This brought about pleasant thoughts of friends at home. From present indications we may expect rather quiet holidays. Took tea with Captain T. J. Montgomery on board the brig "Caret," which sails from New York to Spanish Honduras. The Captain being very jovial made our visit exceedingly pleasant.

MONDAY, Dec. 25.—Christmas Day.—Took a good swim in the briny surf early in the morning. It has been raining nearly all day. No excitement. Took dinner with our friend J. N. R.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26.—This is a beautiful day and very warm. Thermometer, 88°. Spent the evening at J. N. R's home.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27.—Went through my usual ablutions in the ocean at 6 A. M. Nothing of interest transpiring. Spent the evening with Mr. Hinson.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28.—Arose and took a bath; this is one of the enjoyable things of this place—I don't see how the people could live in this warm climate if it were not for this comfort, which is just delightful. Time moves slowly. Expect the steamer to morrow.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29.—At 8 A. M., the ship was signalled and anchored opposite the island. Bidding adieu to our new-made friends, we left the shore for the ship where we met Mr. Tuttle and the officers, who gave us a hearty welcome. At 1 P. M., we were under way and taken our course North. Pleasant weather and all feeling happy. Discussing the trip was the topic of the day.

ON THE OCEAN, Saturday, Dec. 30.—This is a beautiful day, and we are having a delightful sail. Making good time. Have got entirely over all feelings of seasickness. Position of ship: Longitude, 71°, 54' W; latitude, 24°, 55' N; course, North, 10° W. Distance made since yesterday noon, 207 miles. Weather very warm, and we are obliged to keep under the awning.

SUNDAY, Dec. 31.—Up at 5:30 and find the sea very rough though not much wind. From appearances I should judge we are getting the last of a northern storm. Position of ship at noon: Longitude, 73°, 31' W; latitude, 30°, 43' N; course, North, 14° W. Distance made since yesterday noon, 187 miles. The waves continue to run high and the ship rolls fearfully; it is almost impossible to walk the deck. We are making slow time.

MONDAY, Jan. 1, 1883.—This is a beautiful day; sea very smooth but considerable roll. Everybody feeling good and wishing each other a "Happy New Year." Head wind; making slow time. Position of ship at noon: Longitude, 73°, 31' W; latitude, 30°, 43' N; course, North, 14° W. Distance made since yesterday noon, 172 miles. The weather is still very pleasant; we find under the awning is the most comfortable place.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2.—We are now in the Gulf Stream, and have high winds and a rough sea; weather somewhat cooler. Position of ship at noon: Longitude, 75°, 7' W; latitude, 33°, 42' N; course, North, 24° W. Distance made since noon yesterday, 197 miles. The afternoon passed without interest.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3.—The sea is quite smooth this morning; everybody feeling well, and while we all sought the shade yesterday for comfort, to-day our overcoats are required to make us comfortable, and the awnings over the deck of the ship have been removed so that we may get the heat of the sun. Position of ship at noon: Longitude, 74°, 34' W; latitude, 37°, 6' N; course, North, 6° W. Distance made since yesterday noon, 198 miles. We have been sailing 10 days and are making good time.

OFF THE COAST OF JERSEY, Thursday, Jan. 4.—Out on deck at 6 A. M., and find we made good time through the night. The Jersey shore is in full view, and is the first land discovered since December 29th. The sail this morning is a delightful one. Viewing the popular watering places of the Jersey coast is indeed very interesting. As we entered the East River the ship was stopped and the health officers came on board; the passengers and crew all being in good health, we were detained but a short time and the ship steamed on. Later we were signalled by a U. S. cutter, and two officers boarded the boat to inspect the passengers' baggage. We landed in Brooklyn at 1:30 P. M., and took the 4 o'clock train at Jersey City for Philadelphia, where we remained over night.

EASTON, Friday, Jan. 5.—We left Philadelphia on the 8 o'clock train and arrived at Clayton at 11 A. M., and where myself and brother T. R., met December 4th to start on our trip. We here separated—he taking the train for his home in Chestertown, while I started for Easton, where I arrived at 1:30 P. M., and joined my family and many friends around my own fireside. The trip of 31 days has been one of great interest but in many respects it was a rough one, yet as it was made without accident it makes it all the more pleasant and will never be regretted as a pleasure trip. While we feel sure in a business view it has been a success in getting control of a vast guano deposit that by chemical test has proven to be a superior article. This goods will be known as the O. B. Guano (Ocean Bird) and will be on the market in time for the spring crops. We ask Farmers generally to call at our office and examine the goods.

Graveyard Superstitions.

It is seldom that one hears nowadays of the observance of the quaint funeral customs which formerly existed in many an English country village, the old world notions which gave rise to them having died out, owing perhaps to the introduction of railways and school boards. Thus in the north of England it was customary, only a few years ago, to carry "the dead with the sun" to the grave—a practice corresponding with the Highland usage of making "the deasil," or walking three times round a person according to the course of the sun. On one occasion in the village of Stranton, near West Hartlepool, the vicar was standing at the churchyard gate, awaiting the arrival of the funeral procession, when, much to his surprise, the entire group, who had come within a few yards of him, suddenly turned back and marched around the churchyard wall, thus traversing its west, north and east boundaries. On inquiring the reason of this extraordinary procedure, one of the mourners quickly replied, "Why, ye wad no hae them carry the dead again the sun; the dead maun ay go wi' the sun." This is not unlike a Welsh custom mentioned by Pennant, who tells that when a corpse was conveyed to the churchyard from any part of the town great care was always taken that it should be carried the whole distance on the right-hand side of the road. From time immemorial there has been a strong feeling of repugnance among the inhabitants of rural parishes to burial "without the sanctuary." This does not mean in unconsecrated ground, but on the north side of the church, or in a remote corner of the churchyard. The origin of this prejudice is said to have been the notion that the northern part was that which was appropriated to the interment of unbaptized infants, excommunicated persons, or such as had laid violent hands upon themselves. Hence it was popularly known as the "wrong side of the church." In many parishes, therefore, this spot remained unoccupied, while the remaining portion of the church-yard was crowded. White, in his "History of Selborne," alluding to this superstition, says, that as most people wished to be buried on the south side of the church-yard, it became such a mass of mortality that no person could be interred "without disturbing or displacing the bones of his ancestors." Great attention has generally been paid, also, to the position of the grave, the popular one being from east to west, while that from north to south has been considered not only dishonorable but unlucky.

A curious surviving custom at Welsh funerals is termed the "parson's penny." After reading the burial service in the church, the clergyman stands behind a table while a psalm is being sung. In the meantime each of the mourners places a piece of money on the table for his acceptance. This ceremony is regarded as a token of respect to the deceased, although it was no doubt originally intended to compensate the clergyman for masses for the soul of the departed. In some Welsh parishes also a similar custom, called "spade-money," is kept up. After the corpse has been committed to its resting place, the grave-digger presents his spade as a receptacle for donations, these offerings, which often amount to a goodly sum, being regarded as his perquisites. In Yorkshire, at the funerals of the rich in former days, it was customary to hand "burnt wine" to the company in a silver flagon, out of which every one drank. This beverage seems to have been a heated preparation of port wine with sugar and spice, and should any remain, it was sent round in the flagon to the houses of friends for distribution. This, of course, was a species of funeral feast, called in the north of England an "arval"—a lingering survival of the offerings that originally were made to the ghost of deceased.

Among the superstitious that still cling to the church yard may be mentioned one that has existed from the most remote period, and which has invested it with an atmosphere of dread, it having been generally supposed that they are haunted by spectres and apparitions. Indeed, it has been truly pointed out by Mr. Tylor that, through all the changes of religious thought, from first to last, in the course of human history, the hovering ghosts of the dead make the midnight burial ground a place where men's flesh creeps with terror.

Two views of the matter: An Irishman tried to shoot a little chipping bird with an old Queen Anne musket. He fired. The bird, with a chirrup or two, flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and Pat was swiftly and noiselessly laid on his spine in the background. Picking himself up and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed, "Be jabers, ye wouldn't a chirrupted if ye'd been at this end of the gun!"

At twenty you know everything; at thirty you have your doubts; at forty there are some things you don't know; at fifty you are sure only of your ignorance; and after that you read Mr. Beecher's sermon on everlasting punishment and hope he is right.

"I say, Jim, if five and a-half rods make a perch, how many will make a pickerel?" "You just tell me, first, if two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a meerschaum?"

David Altrith, Baltimore, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters commands a good sale and gives good satisfaction to all who use it."

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

How to preserve fruit. Keep a bull dog in the orchard.

The toper's song: Give us a pull at your jimmy, John!

Nausea, relieved and Sick Headache cured by taking Simmons Liver Regulator.

Medical.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

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. S. Tripp's.

GERMAN AND MUSIC.

PROF. ROSENSWEIG, late of Heidelberg, 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. apr14-3m

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