

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1883.

NUMBER 37.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

One price—and that as low as any Establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER
 RETURNS his acknowledgments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and in view of the present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz: Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg. He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS.
 embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Mottos, Wax Sealing Wax, Portmanteaus, Soap, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the **BEST LOWEST RATES.**

Call and examine for yourselves at the established BOOK & DRUG store in Chamberburg street, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.
 Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1883.

MORE NEW GOODS.

The richest and best assortment of **FALL & WINTER GOODS** FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, EVER OPENED IN GETTYSBURG.

SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH
 MAKE pleasure in calling the attention of their friends and the public to their extensive stock of Fashionable Goods for gentlemen's wear, just received from the city, which for variety of style, beauty and finish, and superior quality, challenges comparison with any other stock in the place. Our assortment of *Cloths, plain and fancy Tweeds and Cassimeres, Vestings, Suits, &c., Overcoatings, &c.* **CANT BEAT!** Give us a call and examine for yourselves. We have purchased our stock carefully and with a desire to please the tastes of all, from the most practical to the most fashionable. **TAILORING**, in all its branches, attended to as heretofore, with the assistance of good workmen. **THE FASHIONS for FALL and WINTER** have been received. Gettysburg, Dec. 16, 1882.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

ABRAHAM ARNOLD has just returned from the Cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, with the *Largest, Cheapest, & Best selected Stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods,* ever before offered to the citizens of Adams county—such as Blue, Black, and Brown French and German Cloths, Black & Fancy Cassimeres, Suits, Tweeds, Ky. Jeans, Suits and other Goods, Alpaca, Merinos, Cashmeres, Dr. Bages, M. De Laine, Prints, and a great variety of Goods for Ladies' wear, too numerous to mention. Also, a large and beautiful assortment of long and square Shawls, and Sack Flannels. Call and see for your selves, as he is determined to under sell any Store in the Town of County. Oct. 7, 1883—ly

TAILORING.

E. & R. MARTIN.
 At the Old Stand, N. W. Corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg.

TENDER their thanks to their customers for past favors, and respectfully inform the public that they continue to

Cut and make all Garments, in the best manner and on reasonable terms. The cutting will be done as heretofore, by **ROBERT MARTIN.** Fashions are regularly received, and every effort made to secure a good fit and substantial sewing. The subscribers hope, by their long experience in the business, and renewed efforts to please, to merit and receive a continuance of the public patronage.

All our work is made by regularly employed journeymen; upon this, our customers may rely.

The Fall and Winter Fashions have just been received from the city.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.

E. & R. MARPIN.
 Oct. 14—ll

"VIRGINIA MILLS"

For Rent.
 THE above valuable MILLS, located near Fairfield, Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., will be for Rent from the 1st of April, 1884. A miller with a small family, who can come well recommended, will be preferred. For information and view apply to

MARY MYERS.
 "Virginia Mills," Sept. 23, 1883—2t

LOOKING GLASSES, of all kinds and prices, for sale at

The Child's Playhouse.

Who has not been a child and made a playhouse 'neath the trees?
 And who so old but growth young
 When passing one of these?

I saw one in a cool green nook
 Anwar against the wall,
 Built cunningly with many rooms,
 And stored with playthings small.
 Prompt little hands had built some walls,
 And swept the mossy floor;
 And sticks, across the openings laid,
 Were gravely called "the door."

On showy shelves, which of wood fell,
 Were treasures rare, I won;
 The broken china glittered there,
 In blue, and red, and green.
 The slender light of childhood's morn,
 And fragrance from its far sweet shores
 Swept, breeze-like, over my soul:
 Once more I trod the green-mossed bank,
 Where there a school house stood,
 From tiny acorn cups we drank,
 And called it "taking tea."

We played our "meeting" o'er again,
 And I was preacher there,
 And with mock gravity we wore
 Our serious Quaker air.
 But she who sat on matron airs
 And played the "mother" then,
 The fairest one of all our school,
 Now waltzes not with men.
 She, too, whose dark eyes proudly beamed,
 The queenliest of that band,
 Mid summer toils, has gone away
 Into the spirit land.

Those mosses still their little cheeks
 With dew-drops crown, and on them
 But I, the weakest, stay.
 Oh, earth would be one funeral vale,
 And a thing of pain,
 If beauty did not live for aye,
 And love and God remain!

PRAYER.

Pray without ceasing.—St. Paul.
 BY WILL WOODVILLE.
 When the ruddy morn is breaking,
 And the birds their notes forsaking,
 Songs of gladness are awaking,
 Filling all the morning air;
 In the general praise partaking,
 Lift thy voice to God in prayer.

When the moonday sun is glowing,
 And the clouds their rain are showing,
 Striking streams in their downings,
 And his rays are everywhere;
 With soul unkindled, cease unknowing,
 Send on high thy fervent prayer.

When the lingering day is dying,
 And the birds are homeward flying,
 And the evening calm is sighing,
 O'er a world of sin and care;
 With heart unweary'd, cease not trying,
 Wait to hear thy lowly prayer.

When the night her tears is weeping,
 And the stars their watch are keeping,
 And the moon the earth is steeping,
 In a light of silver moonlight;
 Humbly kneeling, ever sleeping,
 Pour out the heart in earnest prayer.

Thus, as down time's stream thou'rt drifting,
 And the scenes of life are shifting,
 Let thy eye be constant finding,
 In the goal bright gleaming there;
 While from sin's heart thou'rt drifting,
 Never cease thy strain of prayer!

It is I.

So spake Jesus, for a moment,
 At the scene, and left it in their thought,
 The vessel was full—the night dark—
 The storm wild—the waves heavy—
 Many a stout heart had gone to the bottom,
 In the less ungodly peril. And then, when these
 were at their height—when all natural
 forces seemed combined against them—
 came the supernatural. The form of a
 man was dimly seen through the spray
 and gloom, walking towards them on the
 billows! What wonder if the disciples
 were afraid? "What wonder if they said
 one to another, 'Four hours is come.'
 But mark the sequel. Their extremity
 was the Savior's opportunity. Above
 the roar of the tempest his serene voice
 said, "Be of good cheer—It is I! The
 winds heard it, and were hushed! The
 waves heard it, and were still! Immedi-
 ately the ship was at the land whither
 they went!"

Well—and what now? This
 Jesus reigns over nature. His will
 directs the course and issues of providence.
 Events and their seasons are all open to
 his knowledge, and controlled by his power.
 His disciples need fear neither the
 night nor the storm—neither the adverse
 winds nor the swelling sea.

And what more? This
 The Church was in that little boat, and
 imperilled by that midnight tumult. To
 the Church, thus tossed and in danger, he
 said, "Be of good cheer—It is I!" That
 night-scene on the Lake of Galilee was
 for an example. It was meant to teach
 the church courage in the darkness and
 the storm. She cannot sink or strand-
 le, and dependancy sits at the confence of
 the church is safe. Why? Jesus is nigh-
 her. Jesus is in her.

To feel old age coming on, will so little
 mortify a wise man, that he can think of
 it with pleasure; as the decay of nature
 shows him that the happy change for
 which he has been all his life preparing
 himself, is drawing near. And surely it
 must be desirable to find himself drawing
 near to the end and the reward of his labors.
 The case of an old man, who has no
 comfortable prospects for the future, and
 finds the fatal hour approaching, which is
 to deprive him of all his happiness, is too
 deplorable for words to represent.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is washed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the confence of the soul, a trifling kindness does good pair away, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant. **MARY MYERS.**

The woes of human life are revealed in the little things of life. **MARY MYERS.**

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SPRIGS OF FEIGN.

Little Bessie, or Miss Prim's Model School.

Schools out! What stretching of limbs; what uttering of tongues and hoars; what tossing up of pinafores and primers; what vision of marbles and hoops, and dolls, and apples, and candies, and gingerbread! How welcome the fresh air; how bright the sunshine; how tempting the grassy playground! Ah, there's a drop of rain—there's another, and another; there's a thunder clap! "Just as school is out, how provoking!" echo a score of voices; and the pouting little prisoners huddle together in the school house porch, and console themselves by swapping jack-knives and humming tops, and telling marvellous stories of gnomes and giants; while Miss Prim, the dyspeptic teacher, shakes her head and the female, and declares that the former will "fly into a fit of rage" upon which some of the boys staid out of doors and amuse themselves by sounding the puddles with their shoes, while others slyly whistle the desks or draw caricatures, on their slates, of Miss Prim's long nose.

Drip, drip—spatter, spatter! How the rain comes down, as if it couldn't help it; no prospect of "holding up."

Here come messengers from anxious mothers, with India rubbers, extra tips, and there's a chase at the door, for Squire Leno's little rosy daughter; and a stout Irish girl, with a blanket shawl, to carry home laune Minnie May, who is as fragile as a fly and just as sweet. And there's a servant man for Master Simpkins, the fat dancer, with the embroidered jacket, whose father owns "the big hotel and wishes his son to have a seat all by himself."

And now they are all gone—all save little Bessie Bell, the new scholar, a little four-year-old, who is doing penance over in that corner for "a misdemeanor." Bessie's mother is a widow. She has known such bright, sunny days, in the shelter of a happy home, with a dear arm to lean upon! Now, her sweet face is sad and careworn, and when she speaks her voice has a heart-quickening; it is, but some how, when she talks to you, you do not notice that her dress is faded, or her bonnet shabby and rusty. You instinctively touch your hat to her, and treat her very courteously, as if she were a fine lady.

As I said before, this is little Bessie's first day at school; for she is light and warm and sunshine to her broken-hearted mother. But little Bessie must have bread to eat. A shop-woman offered her mother a small pittance to come and help her a part of every day, but she is not to bring her child; so Bessie must go to school, to eat of barren's way; and her mother tides Miss Prim, as she seats her on the hard bench, that "she is very timid and tender-hearted; and then she kisses Bessie's little quivering lip, and leaves with a heavy heart.

Bessie does not look up for a few minutes; it is all very odd and strange, and if she was not so frightened she would cry aloud. By-and-by she gains a little courage, and peeps out from beneath her drooping eyelashes. Her little pinafore neighbor, giving her a sweet smile, makes her little sad heart so happy, that she throws her dimpled arms about her neck, and says aloud "I love you!"

Poor, affectionate little Bessie! She didn't know that that was a "misdemeanor," nor had she ever seen that bug-bear, a "School Committee." Miss Prim laid; and Miss Prim never wasted her lungs talking; so she leisurely untied her brock silk apron from her virgin waist, and proceeded to make an African out of little Bessie by pinning it tightly over her face and head, in a twinkling, which herself and the "Committee" considered the *non plus ultra* of discipline. Bessie struggled, and said "she never would kiss anybody again—never—never," but Miss Prim was inexorable; and as her victim continued to utter smothered cries, Miss Prim told her "that she would keep her under the other children had gone home."

One class after another recited; Bessie's sobs became less loud and frequent, and Miss Prim lattered herself, now that they had ceased altogether, that she was quite subdued, and congratulated herself complacently upon her extraordinary talent for "breaking in new beginners."

And now, school being done, the children go home, her bonnet and India rubbers being put on, and all her spinner "fixings" settled to her mind, visions of hot tea and buttered toast began to float temptingly through her brain and suggest the propriety of Bessie's release.

"Bessie!"—no answer—"Bessie!"—no reply. Miss Prim laid the female across the little fat shoulders. Bessie didn't wince. Miss Prim unpinning the black apron, to confront the face that was bold enough to defy her and "the Committee"—little Bessie was dead!

Well—there was a pauper funeral, and a report about that child had been "frightened to death at school;" but Bessie's mother was a poor woman; consequently, the righteous committee didn't feel called upon to interfere with such idle reports.

Musical times.

The Age of Progress.

Look into your window; what do you see? Nothing new, surely—nothing but what the angels have looked smilingly down upon since the morning stars first sang together. Nothing but a loving woman hushing upon her faithful breast a weeping babe, whose little life hangs by a slender thread. **Mary Myrs**

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Webster's Sunrise Requiem Bell.

The temple bell, in sharp and sudden ring,
 Broke on the stillness of the Sabbath morn.
 And then, in solemn, measured notes, it tolled
 The mortal years of an immortal soul.

In many of the country towns of New England, the good old custom of announcing a death by the church bell, is still preserved. At sunrise and sunset, the bell announces who have died since the rising and setting sun. The bell is first rung rapidly, as if to call attention, and then there is a pause, followed by some strokes to denote the sex of the departed; and then, a regular tolling of the "morn." In this manner, the whole village and town are made acquainted with death's ravages, and from a familiar acquaintance with the people, and a knowledge of who are sick, the particular person dead is indicated.

These beautiful hours of the day, in which so much delight is taken in viewing the setting and rising sun, in its effulgence on the earth and sky, are often saddened by these touching exhibitions of human frailty. It has never been published, we think, such a custom was observed in the death of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, Massachusetts, on October 24, 1852. A friend informs us, who was on a visit to Marshfield at the time, that rising early, just as the family were about to go to breakfast, he heard the bell-toll, and suspecting who it was, he, with the sexton of the house, sprang to the door, and, standing together on the door-step, heard and counted the years struck off of the departed seaman. Never before, we may well believe, did that bell of woe name so record; never did sexton announce the departure of so great a man! And yet, it was but an ordinary notice, one paid alike to the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly.

Like the earlier times, the touching incident brought Daniel Webster, within the realm of our common humanity, and we have heard that Marshfield bell toll things. It would have been a grand event of our life, and one whose grandeur and interest were unsurpassed.

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In another letter, he says, "a personal friend, who had before his death, is the following: 'I was early this morning, to enjoy the beautiful light of a bright sun, and the far greater light revealed truth.'"

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FANNY FERN ON TOBACCO.

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Have I, Tabitha Tompkins, a right to my share of fresh air uncontaminated? or have I not?

Do I go out for a walk? Every man I meet is a locomotive chimney. Smoke—smoke—smoke—great long tails of it following in their wake, while I cudge and twist, and choke, trying to escape the coils of the stifling anecdote, till I'm black in the face. I, Tabitha Tompkins, whose grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence! I feel very-sixty; I have borne it about as long as I can, without damage to looks and eyes.

If I try to escape it, by getting into an omnibus, there it's again! It doesn't originate inside, some gentlemen on the box or top, wait it into the windows. If I take refuge in a terry boat, I find gentlemen urged not to smoke, (as usual) a dead letter, no more regarded than the law against gaming or the Sunday liquor traffic. Do I go to concert at Castle Garden, and step out on the balcony between the performers for a breath of fresh air—myriads of lighted Havannas send me dizzy and staggering back into the concert-room. Does a gentleman call to see me on an evening—the instant he strikes this infernal pipe, and gives "a nod," I have to run for my righting.

Do I advertise for lodgings, and there, much inspection of houses, and what and tear of patients and gutter brooms, with a foul sensation? Do I emigrate with my big trunk, and little trunk, and a whole nest of hand-boxes? Do I get my rocking chair, and work-table, and writing desk, and pretty little lamp, all safely transported and proudly displayed in my family? Do I, a lawyer, if every man who falsely pretends to be a lawyer, had his deeds, the jails of the country would hardly hold them.

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Too Late.

"Yes, Walter has everything that heart could wish," said Mr. Hall to his wife; "It has never known a want unsatisfied that I could relieve since the day he was born. My ample fortune has placed him beyond toil and care. His wife is high bred and lovely. His house is the resort of intellect, fashion and wealth. Walter himself is well educated and gentlemanly. I know of nothing that can be added."

"No, no! not that, don't tell me that," said a silver-haired old man, as the physician softly descended the stairs. "My son had so much to live for. Most he die? Can nothing be done? Don't leave me. Doctor, save my son!"

The poor sufferer lay, writhing and tossing, upon his couch of down; the chamber of death was profusely hung with festivity of silk and velvet. The light softly through colored curtains upon gold and silver cups and goblets, and upon the gleaming face of the owner. Life was ebbing fast; there was a lifetime to review; no time to think—no strength to pray! A young and lovely wife sat sobbing by the bedside, and the mother leaned heavily on her for support, while the sick man, in the intervals of his pain, tortured by remorseful reflections of eight and twenty yearless years, gazed dreamingly at "the eleventh hour" for mercy.

The grey-haired father stood trembling and broken-hearted, as he listened to these torturing exclamations, and with a strong parental yearning to soothe his troubled spirit, advanced to the bed, and laying his hand upon the clammy forehead, said—"Trust in God, my son!"

With a last dying effort, this cherished Absalom turned his fading eyes of sad repose upon him, while from his pale lips came these uttering words—"Father, you never told me that before."

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If I try to escape it, by getting into an omnibus, there it's again! It doesn't originate inside, some gentlemen on the box or top, wait it into the windows. If I take refuge in a terry boat, I find gentlemen urged not to smoke, (as usual) a dead letter, no more regarded than the law against gaming or the Sunday liquor traffic. Do I go to concert at Castle Garden, and step out on the balcony between the performers for a breath of fresh air—myriads of lighted Havannas send me dizzy and staggering back into the concert-room. Does a gentleman call to see me on an evening—the instant he strikes this infernal pipe, and gives "a nod," I have to run for my righting.

FANNY FERN ON TOBACCO.

WE anticipate that our lady readers will want to congratulate themselves on the sharp hit which the formidable Fanny makes at the vices of the "vile weed," in the *Musical World and Times*, of October 8.

The Patent Office Reports.

The following report from the Patent Office, published in the *Washington Post*, is of interest to all who are engaged in the business of the country. It is the result of a long and careful examination of the various inventions which have been presented during the year, and is a valuable source of information to all who are engaged in the business of the country.

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