Maryland Journal

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By Wm. H. RUBY,
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1 Inch	$ 3 50	$ 5.50	$ 6.50	$ 8.00	$ 10.00
2 "	5.50	6.50	7.50	9.00	12.00
3 "	6.00	7.50	9.50	10.00	15.00
4 "	7.00	8.50	11.00	12.50	20.00
5 "	8.00	10.00	12.50	15.50	25.00
6 "	9.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	30.00
12 "	17.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	60.00
24 "	32.00	40.00	60.00	75.00	120.00

Maryland Journal.

VOL. XXVI. TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890. NO. 1331.

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL HEADS,

Together with every description of PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING, EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS,

Printed neatly, and upon good paper, always on hand and for sale at this Office.

—OFFICE— IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING.

Dealer in Liquors, &c.

WILLIAM D. RANDALL,
SUCCESSOR TO
B. R. YOE & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,
FINE LIQUORS, CHOICE WINES, AND STORES
FOR NAVAL VESSELS
AT THE OLD STAND.
No. 88 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

TO THE PUBLIC:

The undersigned takes this method to notify the Public and *especially* the Patrons of the late firm of B. R. YOE & CO., that he has taken the OLD STAND occupied for so many years by that firm where he proposes to continue the GROCERY BUSINESS.

He believes that his long experience in the employment of the late Mr. YOE, has given him a *thorough knowledge* of the business and made him acquainted with the *tastes* and *wants* of his old customets, he therefore respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and earnestly asks the General Public for a share of their custom.

He will keep a full stock of the best STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS, FINE LIQUORS CHOICE WINES, CIGARS AND STORES FOR NAVAL VESSELS and will provide the BEST FACILITIES for supplying Goods at MOST REASONABLE PRICES and with the greatest dispatch.

Very respectfully,
WM. D. RANDALL.

Oct. 28.—tf

OLD
SHERWOOD
Rye and Malt
MEDICINAL WHISKEY.

This whiskey is **old stock** of standard strength and purity particularly adapted to all cases of indisposition requiring a stimulating Tonic.

It has been submitted to the test of the most exacting requirements of Physicians, and connoisseurs as well, receiving their commendation.

Take no other, but insist on having this only, if you desire the **very best.**

Sold only in pint (Blake) bottles with wrappers, sealed top and bottom, bearing cautionary notices with our signature,

WIGHT & LEUTZ,
Cockeysville, Md.

—FOR SALE BY—

W. T. COWMAN & Co., RANKIN & KANE, HOPPER & CATOR, WM. M. MAYNADIER, J. M. WHITEFORD, PERCY M. REESE, JNO. F. O'HARA, ENGLAR, KETTE & Co., A. C. SMITH, J. D. ALMONY & SON, ELLRIDGE SUTTON, SAMUEL MILLER, JNO. H. HEID, LEEF & Co., ADAM DIETRICH, LESTER CLARK, JNO. W. HITSHUE, F. L. LAWRENCE & SONS, LEWIS H. URBAN, J. SCOTT PRICE, C. A. KROEBER.

March 24, '88.—tf

Money to Loan.

$5,000 TO LOAN.
IN SUMS TO SUIT, FROM $100 UP.
Apply to
YELLOTT & MITCHELL,
Attorneys at Law, Towson, Md.
Aug. 17.—tf

TO LOAN.
ONE SUM OF $1,000 AND ONE OF $640 TO LOAN ON FIRST MORTGAGE. Security offered to be first-class. Apply to
THOS. J. HUNTER,
Towson.
Nov. 3.—tf

$300, $600, $1,000, $1,800, $3,000, $5,000, or almost any amount to suit borrower, on long or short time, on first-class mortgages.
JAMES J. LINDSAY,
Attorney at Law, Towson, Md.
Sept. 29.—tf

MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE.
Apply to
WM. GRASON
Attorney at Law, Smedley Row, Towsontown.
Dec. 12.—tf

MONEY TO LOAN.
IN SUMS TO SUIT, FROM $500 to $5,000.
Apply to HENRY L. BOWEN,
Real Estate Agent, Towson, Md.
Nov. 18.—tf

$600, $1,000, $1,000 AND $2,000.
AT 6 PER CENT FROM 2 TO 5 YEARS.
Apply to M. W. OFFUTT.
Attorney at Law, Smedley Row, Towsontown, Md.
April 15.—ly

$80,000 TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE OR GROUND RENT ON SUMS TO SUIT ON BALTIMORE COUNTY PROPERTY.
R. W. TEMPLEMAN & CO.
37 Lexington Street,
Baltimore, Md.
Feb. 10.—tf

Nurserymen, Florists, &c.

ROSEBANK NURSERIES,
GOVANSTOWN,
BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD.

We invite the attention of Planters and Amateur Cultivators to our complete stock of the following
PEARS, STANDARD AND DWARF;
APPLES, Do., Do.; CHERRIES, Do., Do
PEACHES,
PLUMS, AND GRAPE VINES,
together with other SMALL FRUITS of popular kinds.
ORNAMENTAL, DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS,
with ROSES in great variety. Also a largestock of VERBENAS, GERANIUMS,
and other Bedding Plants. OSAGE and JAPAN QUINCE, suitable for hedging.
TERMS MODERATE.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
CATALOGUES forwarded on application.
W. D. BRACKENRIDGE,
Rosebank Nurseries,
Oct. 16.—ly Govanstown, Baltimore Co., Md

CHARLES HAMILTON,
FLORIST
WAVERLY, YORK ROAD, BALTO. COUNTY.
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Hot, Green House and Hardy Plants
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Bouquets, Pyramids, Wreaths, Crosses, Crown' &c., made to order at short notice.
Cemetery Lots and Gardens laid out and furnished with Evergreens, Flowers, &c., &c.
All orders promply filled. A call respectfully solicited. [April 16.—3m.

TAX COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

LEVY OF 1890.

The Treasurer and Collector of Taxes will be prepared to RECEIVE THE TAXES for the levy of 1890 after MAY 10th, 1890, daily, AT HIS OFFICE IN TOWSON, and also all back taxes due and unpaid on the levies of former years.

—Office Hours—
April 1st to November 1st from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
November 1st to April 1st from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

ON SATURDAY'S ONLY, THE LEVY OF 1890 ONLY,

At the MANUFACTURERS' NATIONAL BANK, N. E. corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, Baltimore, Md.
FROM 10 O'CLOCK A. M. to 2½ O'CLOCK P. M.
GEORGE W. YELLOTT,
Treasurer and Collector.
J. HARMAN SCHONE, THOMAS R. LAWRENCE, } Clerks.
May 3.—tf

SCATTER YOUR RISKS.

Take advantage of an opportunity to have your property insured in a solid and substantial company, such as the
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
For rates apply to the office of the
"MARYLAND JOURNAL,"
Nov. 9.—tf Towson.

DR. E. P. KEECH,
DENTIST,
127 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE.
Feb 14—tf

BLANK MORTGAGEE'S BONDS,
FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE MARYLAND JOURNAL.

Baltimore County Directory.

BALTIMORE COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.

Judges.—Chief Judge, Hon. David Fowler; Associate Judges, Hon. Jas. D. Watters, Hon. N. Charles Burke.
State's Attorney.—Frank I. Duncan.
Auditor.—Richard Grason.
Commissioner to Take Testimony and Examiner in Equity... } John Grason. A. A. Piper.
Crier.—George W. Seipp.
Interpreter and Bailiff.—Lewis Vogle.
Bailiffs.—Henry Kalline, Tobias C. Linzey.

Terms of Court.

Law and Criminal. First Monday in March. Third Monday in May. Second Monday in September. First Monday in December.

Equity.. First Monday in January. First Monday in March. First Monday in May. First Monday in July. First Monday in September. First Monday in November.

Clerk's Office.

Clerk of the Court.—John W. Shanklin.
Assistants.—Court Clerk, Lewis M. Bacon; Equity, Chas. E. Fendall; General Assistant, Jas. E. Green; Index Clerk, Martin O'Hara; Record Clerks, Jos. B. Herbert, John Hitshue, Jas. L. Burgoyne, Dixon M. Tipton, George F. Wheeler, Jr.; Messenger, Wm. Denny.

Sheriff's Office.

Sheriff.—Charles J. Beckley.
Clerk.—George C. Tracey.
Deputy.—William M. Risteau.

Commissioners' Office.

County Commissioners.—Thos. Todd, John Smith, Robert Magruder.
Chief Clerk and Auditor.—Michael F. Connor.
Assistant Bookkeeper.—Walter B. Warner.

Treasurer's Office.

Treasurer and Collector.—George W. Yellott.
Clerks } J. Harman Schone. Thomas R. Laurence.

Orphans' Court.

Judges.—Mark Mellor, Chief Judge; B. Howard Gorsuch, Andrew Dorsey.
Register of Wills.—Benjamin W. Ady.
Deputy Register.—John F. Conrey.
Copy Clerk—James Kelley.
Bailiff to Orphans' Court.—Geo. W. Stansfield.

Surveyor's Office.

County Surveyor.—Charles B. McClean.

Registers of Voters.

Dist.		Dist.	
1st	Henry S. McDonald.	8th	Zephaniah Poteet.
2d	Henry B. Frifogle.	9th	John C. Pape.
3d	Geo. H. Elder.	10th	Christopher C. Hall.
4th	Wm. A. Slade.	11th	A. J. Shearman.
5th	D. Frank Resh.	12th	Thomas B. Todd.
6th	J. Nelson Daily.	13th	Dr. Thos. B. Hall.
7th	Charles L. Almony.		

Public Schools.

Commissioners.—Samuel M. Rankin, 11th District, President; Charles J. R. Thorpe, 3d; Jacob Shamberger, 6th; John P. Clark, 9th; Oregon R. Benson, 13th.
Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner.—Charles B. Rogers.
Assistant Examiner.—Mrs. Nora Bruff.

Police Force.

12th District—Marshal—George Hofstetter. *Patrolmen*—Chas. B. Lewis, Wm. H. Carter, Michael Kennedy, Henry Miller, Joseph V. Smith, John McKay, Wm. H. Wade.

Keepers of Police Stations.

Canton.—Alexander Brown.
Mt. Winans—George Narer.
Catonsville—Terence Doyle.

Lamplighters and Watchmen.

Towson—Sylvester Bowen.
Mt. Washington—Frank Smith.

Special Officers.

Towson—James Hutchins.
Texas—John Banahan.
Arlington—John Hall.
Mt. Washington—Dennis F. Starr, Frank Smith.
13th District—James Cavey.

Removers of Garbage.

Towson—Jacob D. Smith.
Canton.—Edward Dunnigan.

County Jail.

Physician—Dr. Jackson Piper.
Watchman—Peter Emge.

Alms House.

Superintendent—Abijah H. Cole.
Engineer—Thomas Kenney.
Physician.—Dr. Bennett F. Bussey.
Chaplains.—Revs. P. H. Lenaghan and A. T. Pindell.

Sanitary Physicians.

Towson.—Dr. H. S. Jarrett.
Catonsville.—Dr. N. R. Gerry.

Miscellaneous.

Superintendent of Bridges.—William H. Shipley.
Inspector of Weights and Measures.—Nathaniel Watts.
Watchman at Court House—John P. Murphy.
Bailiff to Commissioners.—Conrad Doenges.
Superintendent of Court House.—Geo. L. Stocksdale.
Counsel to Board.—John Grason, Col. D. G. McIntosh.

Station House Magistrates.

Canton.—James P. Dorsey.
Catonsville—Albert Smith.
Mt. Winans—George S. Keiffer.

Assessors for New and Missed Property.

1st District.—John S. Wilson.
2d District.—Caleb S. Hobbs.
3d District.—William T. Cox.
4th District.—Joseph Tase.
5th District.—Jacob B. Wilhelm.
6th District.—Wm. Oeligrath.
7th District.—J. W. Armacost.
8th District.—George B. Chilcoat of Jno.
9th District.—Chas. A. Steuart.
10th District.—Leonard Brown.
11th District.—Frank B. Boarman.
12th District.—John M. Herrman.
13th District.—George A. Meeter.

Fire Department.

Superintendent of Fire Department and Lamp Lighters—George W. Morgan.
Superintendent of Telegraph Line-Chas. J. McAleese.
No. 7, Highlandtown—Henry Trishman, Captain; James E. Mann, C. M. Jackson, Henry Filler, fireman.
No. 8, Canton—Frederick Trow, Captain; John Feehely, Wm. J. Lambdin, fireman.

Road Supervisors.

1st District.—G. W. Lurman, Peter Link, Michael Wallace.
2d.—Frank Parlett, William F. Piel, Albert Gosnel.
3d.—Wm. H. Chenoweth, Samuel Roach, John Fitler.
4th.—John W. Shipley, Jesse Upperco, Jacob D. Geist.
5th.—George Hale, Edward Martin, John H. Bosley.
6th.—Lysander McCullough, Christian Deckmyer, Frank Shuchart.
7th.—Henry S. Wright, Wm. E. Miller, Lewis Rosier.
8th.—William H. Todd, Wm. Gent, Jr., B. M. Brooks.
9th.—Wm. S. Cowley, Patrick Gallagher, Rich'd B. Hyland.
10th.—Wm. F. Perdue, John Schmidt, Benjamin Johnson.
11th.—Francis Cardwell, Michael Dunn, James Shanklin.
12th.—George Adams, Edward Krastel, William T. Stevens.
13th.—Halbert Hoffman, Wm. T. Randle, M. O'Brien.

Justices of the Peace.

1st District—David Feelemyer, Jas. Holden, Jno. J. Pilert, Albert Smith, Albert F. Brunier, John Schaible, Wm. T. Sears.
2d District—Jas. W. Offutt, Robt. A. Harker, Jas. B. Heiser, Robt. B. Chapman.
3d District—Wm. Pole, Sr., Sam'l B. Mettam, Henry T. Daley, James Hamilton, Richard E. Tidings, B. Frank Knight, Chas P. Newman.
4th District—David L. Slade, J. Smith Orrick, Samuel P. Storm, Alanson F. Shipley.
5th District—Noah S. Cofiell, John T. Thompson, Wm. H. Ebler, John M. Bond.
6th District—John Kearney, Sr., E. Lewis Palmer, Samuel Ehrhart, Wm. S. McCullough.
7th District—John F. Heisse, Thomas E. Pearce, Wm. Rutledge.
8th District—Joshua Cain, Abram W. Ensor, Orrick W. Gent, Joshua G. Bosley.
9th District—Gideon Herbert, Albert W. Perrie, Jos. B. Mitchell, Herman B. L. Everding, Chas. H. M. Hoover, Richard P. Pindell.
10th District—Thomas Kaufman, R. Thos. Smith.
11th District—Frederick Haile, Patrick Bradley, John T. Ambrose, John W. Burton, Sam'l Bachtel, Henry Walter, Frederick Schutz.
12th District—N. C. Brockmyer, Wm. T. Jenkins, Jas. P. Dorsey, John Hevern, William H. Rever, Thomas G. Carter, George A. Cook.
13th District—George S. Kieffer, Z. Taylor Gregg.
Notaries Public—Jas. E. Green, James Kelley.

Constables.

1st District.—Wm. E. Nagle, Henry Mellor, Geo. S. Kalb.
2d.—Caleb S. Hobbs, Richard T. Mullineaux.
3d.—William H. Reed.
4th.—George W. Stocksdale, Joshua N. Whittle.
5th.—William H. Benson.
6th.—Charles Ensor.
7th.—Edward Hawkins and Joseph Hoshall.
8th.—John W. Green, John H. Jones.
9th.—Robert E. Cole, James Hutchins.
10th.—John Williams.
11th.—Wm. H. Knight.
12th.—Harry Councilman, John H. Wienhold. Alexander Hughes, Frank Wolf.
13th.—John C. Leiritz.

J. MAURICE WATKINS,
DEALER IN
PROVISIONS,
Meats, Groceries, &c.,
TOWSON, MD.
May 5.—tf

Boots, Shoes, &c.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
HORNER'S (E. Stout's Patent)
SNAG-PROOF DUCK GUM BOOT. Also, HORNER'S YELLOW LABEL GENUINE OIL GRAIN BOOTS AND SHOES.
THEY WILL STAND THE TEST. TRY THEM.

We are selling the best WASHING MACHINE MADE. Warranted to please. Price only $8.00.

GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST CITY PRICES AND SATISFACTION GIVEN.

David Markley,
Lauraville,
HARFORD ROAD, BALTO. CO., MD.,
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.,
FLOUR AND FEED, COAL AND WOOD,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, &c.,
GARDEN AND FARM SEEDS,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE
BEST PLOW —IN— AMERICA!
H. S. MILLER & CO.'S, LISTER'S AND HUBBARD & CO.'S
STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS,
GROUND BONE, ORCHILLA GUANO,
SOUTH CAROLINA BONE,
PLASTER, KAINIT, LIME, CEMENT, &c.
Sept. 28.—tf

W. L. DOUGLAS' **$3.00 Shoe,**
W. L. DOUGLAS' **$2.50 Shoe,**
W. L. DOUGLAS' **$2.25 Shoe,**
W. L. DOUGLAS' **$2.00 Boys' Shoe,**
—SOLD BY—
JAMES PHIPPS, Towson,
—DEALER IN—
ALL KINDS OF BOOTS AND SHOES.
CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
June 15.—tf

Hotels and Restaurants.

HOTEL RENNERT,
EUROPEAN PLAN,
SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STS.,
BALTIMORE.
LADIES' AND GENT'S RESTAURANT.
OPEN DAILY.
ROBT. RENNERT, Prop.

Rennert's
RESTAURANT,
CALVERT AND GERMAN STS.,
BALTIMORE.
OPEN DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
July 21.—tf

AT THE "OLD PLACE"
URBAN'S RESTAURANT,
ON THE
YORK ROAD, NEAR THE CAR STATION, TOWSONTOWN.

Having disposed of the Smedley House my friends will now find me at my OLD PLACE, as above.—As heretofore, I will always keep on hand the finest brands of LIQUORS, BRANDIES, &c.; also BROWN STOUT, BASS'S ALE, PORTER, and the choice brands of CHAMPAGNE, CLARET, &c. The BEST BEER on draught and in bottles, for family use.—A large stock of CIGARS of best brands always on hand.
Summer residents can always be supplied at city prices.
Ample stabling and shedding and polite hostler always in attendance.
LEWIS H. URBAN, Proprietor.
June 7, '84.—ly

TEN MILE HOUSE,
ON THE YORK TURNPIKE.
CHARLES O. COCKEY, Proprietor.

The undersigned, having purchased the well known TEN-MILE HOTEL PROPERTY, York Turnpike, the same will in the future be conducted by him.
He has stocked his Bar with the choicest Liquors, Wines and Cigars, and an attentive hostler will be in constant attendance for the care of stock.
The house has been thoroughly renovated, and the public can rest assured that the proprietor will use his utmost endeavors to make his guests comfortable and satisfied.
A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.
CHARLES O. COCKEY,
Jan. 27, '76.—tf Proprietor.

GOVANSTOWN HOTEL.
LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor.

Having leased the above Hotel I most respectfully solicit the public patronage. The house being in complete order, offers an agreeable resort for Ladies and Gentlemen, where they can obtain Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, with all the delicacies which the markets afford. The Bar will always be supplied with the best articles to be obtained, and every attention will be given to the comfort and pleasure o visitors. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor.
Jan. 25, '79.—ly

Auctioneering.

GEORGE W. STOCKSDALE,
CONSTABLE, COLLECTOR AND AUCTIONEER,
REISTERSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD.
ALSO,
AGENT FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE.
Prompt attent on given to all business entrusted to him.
Oct. 28, 1886.—tf

SAMUEL G. WILSON,
AUCTIONEER, TOWSON, Md.
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO ALL SALES ENTRUSTED TO HIM.
Feb. 9.—ly

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
AUCTIONEER,
TOWSONTOWN, BALTO. COUNTY, MD.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care.
Oct. 21.—tf

N. C. LOGSDON,
AUCTIONEER,
REISTERSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD.
March 3, '88.—tf

SAMUEL B. METTAM,
AUCTIONEER,
PIKESVILLE, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD.
Orders left at the office of "Maryland Journal" will receive prompt attention.
May 16.—tf

Physicians' Cards.

DR. JAS. H. JARRETT. | DR. H. S. JARRETT
TOWSONTOWN.
Dr. J. H. JARRETT & SON.
—Office Hours—
From 7 to 10 A. M. | From 6 to 10 P. M.
March 15.—tf

DR. R. C. MASSENBURG.
Office—COR. PENNA. AND DELEWARE AVES., TOWSONTOWN.
Where he can be found at all hours, except when professionally engaged.
April 5.—tf

DR J. PIPER,
—OFFICE—
AT HIS RESIDENCE, TOWSONTOWN
—OFFICE HOURS—
From 7 to 9 A. M.; from 1 to 3 P. M., and 6 P. M.
June 3.—tf

DR H. LOUIS NAYLOR.
—OFFICE—
RESIDENCE OF THE LATE HON. SAM'L BRADY NEAR BROOKLANDVILLE.
OFFICE HOURS
7 to 8 A. M., 2 to 3 P. M. and after 7 P. M.
BRANCH OFFICE PIKESVILLE
OFFICE HOURS
From 9 to 10 A. M. and 4 to 5 P. M.
Messages left at either office will meet with prompt attention. June 6.—tf

FORD & LAUGHLIN,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
NO. 28 NORTH HOWARD STREET,
BALTIMORE.
May 30.—ly

Original Poetry.

[Written for the MARYLAND JOURNAL.]

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

MRS. M. R. EWING.

There is beauty in the forest trees
As like warriors bold they stand,
And for ages past have defied each blast—
A brave and noble band.

There is beauty in the mountain stream
As down o'er the rocks it glides,
Murmuring along its own sweet song.
Far away to the ocean tides.

There is beauty in the pattering rain
As it gently falls to the ground
In pleasant showers refreshing the flowers,
And waters the earth around.

There is beauty in the blooming rose
As it sheds its fragrance around,
And in the violet sweet as it blooms so meek
And humble near the ground.

There is beauty in the summer breeze
As it gently wafts through the bowers
In pleasant gales from far-off vales
The sweet perfume of flowers.

There is beauty in the glistening stars
As they shine so brightly down
From the dome of light, like diamonds bright,
That deck the monarch's crown.

There is beauty in all the various gifts
Our bountiful God has given
To cheer our path while here on earth,
And guide us up to heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN CREVASSE.

"I hate you!"

"But, Miss Alice, permit me—"

"Stop! I cannot listen to your protestations of love. From the first time that I knew you I have distrusted you, and you have deceived, cheated and robbed my old father!"

"Girl, this is infamous! I will not submit to being thus defamed even by you!"

And as Felix Cox uttered these words he sprang from the wicker chair in which he had been seated on the porch of Sedgewood plantation, and with flashing eyes faced the girl who had so boldly defied him.

She, winsome Alice Burnett, cool, calm and self-collected, returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"I am not afraid of you," she said, "even if father has become your slave. I know not what potent spell you have exercised over him, poor man! but this I do know—that since you came to Sedgewood he has been a changed man. The servants tell me that you gamble at nights, and that you, skilful man of the world that you are, have won large sums of money from him. My hand was not the stake for which you played, at any rate. Sedgewood, I understand, is mortgaged, and we are practically beggars. Father is in debt to you, and these debts are gambling debts. Be it as it may, I hate you. We'll get out from here beggars, rather than that I should sacrifice my womanhood and become your wife."

For a moment Felix Cox stood regarding her as she faced him in her innocence and righteous wrath, and then a contemptuous smile curled his lips.

"You talk very foolishly," he said, "and you do not realize what you say.—Know you that I have the power to turn you and your father out into the world beggars?"

"I defy you!" she cried; and her lissome form straightened.

He took a step toward her, and by a sudden movement seized her hand.

"Do you know," he cried, "that I love you with a love that passes all understanding? I would die for you—I would commit murder for your sake! One thing I have resolved—you shall be my wife! Failing in this, you shall die, and I will die with you! No man shall possess the treasure that I have set my heart upon!"

There was a baleful glitter in his eyes, and his breath came hot and fast.

Alice Burnett shrank from him, and in the effort to twist away her wrist from his frenzied grasp, her hands were scratched by his sharp nails, and blood flowed from the wounds.

"See," she cried, holding up the bleeding hands, "you have hurt me!"

And turning toward the canopied doorway, she uttered the single cry "Help!"

Old Abel Burnett, her father, was passing through the broad hall at the time, and on his ears fell the frantic cry.

He was sixty years of age, but sturdy and stout of heart. Alice was the apple of his eye, and her cry for help hastened him to her rescue.

He threw aside the heavy damask curtains that framed the door, and stood facing the couple, with a rapidly rising fire of indignation in his heart.

"What's the matter now?" he asked. Alice turned toward him, and her voice rang out clear and distinctly:

"I have been insulted, threatened by this man!" and she pointed her finger scornfully toward Felix Cox.

"Insulted—threatened?" gasped the old man, and two white lines of anger crossed his ruddy face from ear to chin. "How dare you, sir?" and he turned toward Cox, with his heavy cane uplifted threateningly.

"How dare I?" sneered Cox, and his lip curled contemptuously. "You know well how I dare. You are in my power. I own every foot of land on Sedgewood plantation. This house is mine and everything that it contains. Defy me and I will drive you out in the world a beggar. I love this girl, and would make her my wife. If she consents, Sedgewood shall be released from the burden of debt which hangs over it, and you will be a free man.

For a moment after this audacious sentence had been spoken, sturdy old Abel Burnett stood facing Felix Cox, and his breath came in quick gasps. He seemed struggling for utterance; his lips moved but gave forth no sound.

Finally he spoke, and his words came thick and husky.

"Look here!" he cried, and he raised his stout cane in his trembling hand, "you have gone too far. I know that I am in your debt. You have cheated me at cards, and through my foolish fondness for the game, I have beggared myself and this dear girl. But she shall not be the price of my redemption. You are a villainous scoundrel, sir. Until the Sheriff takes possession of Sedgewood, I am master here. Go, before I throw you out!"

And the old man, rising to his full height, pointed down the graveled driveway leading to the river road.

Felix Cox bowed with infinite irony.

"I obey your command, Colonel Burnett," he said, "because, as you say, you are still master here. To-morrow you will be a beggar on the highroad yonder, and then we will see whether my terms shall be acceded to or not. I give you the alternative—beggary on the one side, opulence on the other; Alice as my wife, Alice as a beggar on the highway. Choose between the two, and let me know before to-morrow at ten o'clock, or the Sheriff will take possession of Sedgewood plantation."

He bowed again with a sweeping gesture, and striding down the steps of the porch, walked toward Cypress Grove plantation—the next property below Sedgewood—of which he was the owner.

Hardly had he disappeared, and Alice, clasped in her father's arms, was weeping bitterly at the thought of their impending fate, when Rice Williamson, the proprietor of a saw-mill three miles up Sedgewood Creek, rode to the plantation house, dismounted, and perceiving Alice and her father, walked toward the porch.

They both started at the sound of his footsteps, but there were tears in Alice's eyes when she faced him, and Colonel Burnett's lips were quivering with an emotion he could not control.

"Miss Alice! Colonel!" cried Rice, and he sprang toward them with a hand extended to each. "You are distressed—in trouble. Tell me what is wrong."

For a moment old Col. Burnett hesitated, pride struggling for the mastery.

"Rice," he said at last, "you are the only man in the world that I would tell my troubles to. For this girl's sake I will make you my confidant. I am in debt—heavily in debt. Sedgewood is mortgaged for more than it is worth, and Felix Cox holds the mortgages. To-morrow he will foreclose, and we will be beggars unless"—and here the old man's voice quivered with emotion—"Alice becomes his wife. That he has stipulated as the price of my redemption."

"And you have consented?" gasped Rice, while his face grew ashen.

"Never!" cried the old man in a ringing voice.

"Never!" echoed Alice; and striding forward she laid her head on Rice's shoulder and twined her arms about his neck. "Do you think that I could sell myself, dear heart, when I love you so tenderly?"

"No," he answered, soberly.

And then turning to the Colonel, he asked for full particulars of the scheme by means of which Felix Cox had secured mortgages on Sedgewood plantation.

With bowed head and trembling voice the old man confessed his weakness. A love for cards had prompted him to play with a man who was ten times his superior in skill and craftiness. Night after night he had lost, until at last all was gone, and he was at the mercy of a man who had no mercy.

As the story progressed, Rice Williamson's face grew stern and rigid, and his lips were tightly compressed.

"It is a wretched business," he said at last; "but you can yet be saved."

"How?" cried the old man; and his face lighted up eagerly.

"I have some money on deposit at Baton Rouge," said Williamson. "It is a legacy left me some months ago by a maiden aunt. You say the mortgage is for twenty thousand dollars. I have twenty-five thousand on deposit there. This money is at your disposal to save Sedgewood and your honor."

"God bless you!" was the old man's fervent ejaculation; and he grasped Rice's hand fervently.

"I do it for Alice's sake," added Rice, lowering his voice. "But come, the boat leaves in half an hour. We have barely time to catch it at the landing. You and Alice shall accompany me to the city."

"And when we return," said the Colonel, recovering something of his wonted spirit, "we'll have a grand wedding at Sedgewood—eh, little girl?"

And he turned toward Alice, with a gleeful laugh.

She blushed, and did not answer nay. Rice Williamson walked down the porch by her side, talking of things that he had not dared to speak of before that day.

They were passengers, those three, that night on the Belle Creole, and reached Baton Rouge. The money was drawn from the Planters' Bank, the mortgage against Sedgewood plantation was satisfied, and they took passage up the river again on the City of Memphis.

Agents of Felix Cox had apprised him by telegraph of the move made against him, and when he heard that Abel Burnett was no longer in his power, he gnashed his teeth, and strode up and down the wide hall at Cypress Grove with bitter curses on his lips.

"But they shall not triumph!" he cried.

And hastily scribbling a telegram to his agent at Baton Rogue, he sent it off by the messenger in waiting, and patiently bided an answer. It came at last toward midnight:

"Burnett and party left for Bolivar Landing to-night on the City of Memphis."

For days the Mississippi River had been rising, and for the last forty-eight hours its banks had been patrolled by armed men, who would shoot down any one who attemted to cut down the levee. In the country below there were great floods, and unscrupulous emissaries had been sent up along the river to make crevasses that would relieve the lower country.

"The city of Memphis will reach Bolivar Landing in half an hour," muttered Felix Cox, reading the telegram.

And then crushing his hat down over his eyes, he dashed from the house.

On the way to the river he passed the gardner's lodge, and entering it, groped about until his fingers clutched the handle of a spade. With this implement thrown over his shoulder he continued on toward the levee.

A heavy rain was falling, and there were great pools of water that he waded through. He was mire-besmirched and wet to the skin before he reached the river bank, against which the turbid waters of the Mississippi roared and surged.

As he stood for a moment breasting the storm, he heard the distant whistle of an up-coming steamboat, and a bright light shot across the water.

"The City of Memphis!" he cried, under his breath. "To reach Bolivar Landing and avoid the sawyers in the middle of the river, she must come close to this. In ten minutes she'll be here, and when she comes, she and all on board shall go down to perdition."

He laughed fiendishly, and with his spade began to dig a ditch in the levee, against the top of which the angry waters were lapping

At first only a tiny stream trickled across the face of the levee, but with almost incredible rapidity it grew wider and wider, became a brook, a river, a rushing torrent—a crevasse four hundred feet long, through which the waters of the river plunged with a Niagara-like violence.

"Ha, ha!" cried Cox, throwing down his spade. "No steamboat can withstand that strong current."

And to watch the result of his cowardly scheme, he climbed among the lower limbs of a big tree which stood on the edge of the crevasse.

On came the City of Memphis, the pilot all unconscious of the danger which menaced him. He was already in the whirl when the powerful search-light on the jack-staff of the boat showed him his danger.

With a firm hand he grasped the wheel, and signalling to the engineer "full speed," he turned the bow of the boat toward the sawyers in the middle of the river.

The current was powerful, but the boat's strong paddle-wheels pushed her forward, and finally, with a mighty crash, she grounded. There was great consternation among the passengers; but the captain quieted their fears, and the pilot, coming down from his round-house, told them of the danger they had escaped.

The search-light was turned toward the shore, and all saw the yawning crevasse down which, but for the presence of mind of the pilot, they must have plunged.

A tall tree on the bank tottered and bent forward as the water surged about its roots.

"There's a man in that tree!" cried one of the roustabouts, and he pointed toward the tottering tree.

"Great heavens!" cried Colonel Abel Burnett, who, with his daughter and Rice Williamson, were gathered on the hurricane deck, "it's Felix Cox!"

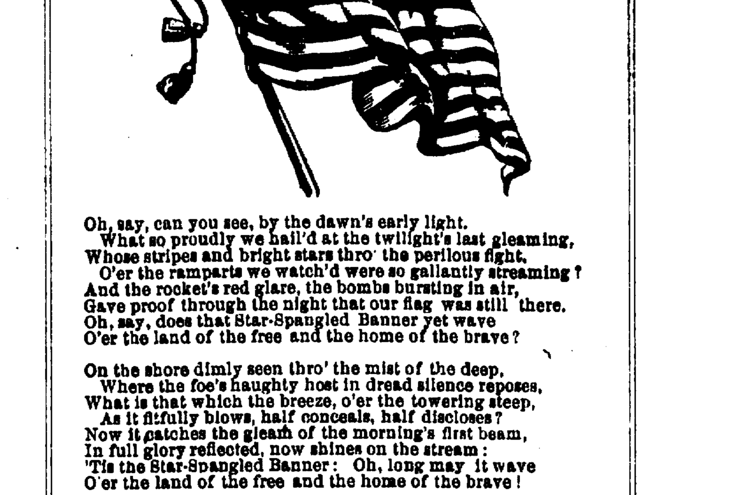
As he uttered these words the tree went down with a mighty crash, and high above the roar of the torrent there was borne to the ears of the passengers on the City of Memphis an agonized cry.

It was Felix Cox's dying utterance, for when the tree fell he was engulfed in the angry waters that swept through the crevasse, and borne on down the rushing torrent to his death.

On the day that his body was discovered, bruised and beaten out of all semblance to humanity, there was a wedding at Sedgewood plantation, and Alice Burnett became Mrs. Rice Williamson.

THE GLORY OF A NATION
—IS IN THE—
Virtue and Intelligence of its People.

Star-Spangled Banner.



Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner: Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footprints' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freedom shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Weighing Loaded Cars.

"There was a time," said R. D. Smith, superintendent of machinery of the Burlington Road, "when it was necessary to uncouple every car load of stock in a train in order to get them on the track scale to record the weights. Now that is all done away with.

"Just step over to our scale house with me," he said to the reporter, "and watch the process of weighing this train load of stock that is pulling in on the Y. We will have to hurry."

Together we entered a small house, built alongside the track. The stock train could be seen approaching, but it did not slack up, and it looked very much like the engineer had overlooked the small matter of getting the weights of the cars. But he had not. It was not necessary to slacken speed. The train went over the scale platform with a rankety crank racket. The moment the first wheels of the engine struck the scale, a wonderful mechanical device upon the inside of the office began making ridiculous gyrations. Little disks in a circle whirled backward and forward. They were vari-colored and looked pretty in their kaleidoscopic changes.

It was less than a minute when the entire train of forty cars had been accurately weighed. A little strip of paper hung from a slot in the automatic track scale upon which were registered, one under the other, the weight of each car as it whizzed past.

"That space to the left of the slip," explained Mr. Smith, "is reserved for the car numbers. Wait a mo——; here he is now," and a clerk came in with a long, narrow memorandum book, and entered the car numbers on the list opposite the weight figures in their order, which was the same as had taken the numbers of the cars as they passed.

"We have not got to that point of perfection yet," added Mr. Smith, "where we can automatically register the numbers of the cars, but some time in the future it may be accomplished."

"I love this old horse," said the Colonel. "I feel that he saved my life at Gettysburg."

"How?"

"He kicked me in the stomach before the battle so that I could not go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck."

Edith—"I wonder why the dudes wear one eye glass?"

Deborah—"To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend."

Harry—"I feel tickled about my mustache."

Clara—"It never tickled me."

A long acquaintance—a six footer.

A Cow That Gave Milk Punch.

The Wonderful Product of an Illinois Jersey and Its Disastrous Effect.

Charley Wheeler, of the Chamber of Commerce, tells this story:

"I have a married cousin who lives on a nice little place in the suburbs of Peoria, Ills. His homestead includes an acre or so of ground, and he is thus enabled to enjoy the delights of fresh laid eggs, new drawn milk, and 'garden sass.' He keeps one cow—a fawn-colored Jersey with a pedigree a yard long, and blue ribbons on her finely-polished horns. Distillery mash was just then coming into use as feed for stock, and my cousin concluded that he would experiment with it. Distillery mash, which is the residue of the grain after it has served the distiller's purpose, is supposed to be innocuous, although its value on the bovine bill of fare has been questioned. Well, my cousin had a load delivered at his house and the next morning he began feeding it to his Jersey. It was cheap, and he did not stint in the quantity.

"It happened that his wife's uncle from Oquawka was billed to visit them that day, and when my cousin went home he found the old gentleman ensconced on the front piazza as comfortably as you please. The old fellow, by the way, was a strict Prohibitionist, and he could hardly forgive his niece for marrying a man who lived in the distillery town of Peoria. My cousin was very attentive, for the Oquawka sage was well fixed, and my cousin's wife was his favorite niece. At dinner the old man would drink neither tea nor coffee, and so my cousin pressed upon him a huge bowl of milk fresh from the Jersey cow. 'Uncle' drained it to the last drop and called for more.

"'Tell ye,' said he, 'that there's the stuff ter drink. I don't see how anybody kin drink Peory whisky when they kin get this.'

"After dinner all hands adjourned to the veranda. My cousin noticed that quite a change had come over the old man. His eyes sparkled, his face flushed and in a few minutes he began singing 'For I'm a Jolly Good Fellow,' to the horror of his neice, who had never heard anything lighter than 'Auld Lang Syne' from his lips. The hired man happened along just then, and the old man challenged him to a 'wraslin' match, side holts.' Then he wanted to run a foot race with my cousin, who thought he was crazy, and was about to telephone to town for a patrol wagon, when the old man jumped off the piazza and sprained an ankle.

"After they got the old man safely to bed my cousin began to investigate. He happened to think of the milk, and went to the pantry and tasted of it. It was as good milk punch, barring a little sugar, as he ever tasted. He saw it all now. That distillery mash, had done the business. He fed it to the cow, and she produced milk punch.

"The old man got well in the course of a week, and went home, but he never forgave my cousin. He insisted that liquor had been put in the milk 'to fool him.' He cut his neice out of his will, and left all his money for the constant distribution of temperance tracts in Peoria.'

There is a cow in the neighborhood of Towson that has been known to yield the same mixture, or at least people who drank out of a certain milk can declared the lacteal fluid therein had the milk-punch flavor.

Interrupted Memory.

From an article entitled "A Study of Consciousness," by Professor K. S. Wood in the *Century*, we quote as follows: "During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and water and piled great masses of ice upon his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself his first inquiry was: 'Who am I?' I said: 'Who are you?' This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name.

"Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story: 'I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture; goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighboring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. This is all I know; who I am I can not tell.' At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was."

Wit About Woman.

When you see some men the first thing you think of is a large, overbearing wife.

There never was a man so worthless that his wife did not think other women were trying to steal him.

About the poorest man in Atchison said this morning: "The good influence of my wife made me what I am."

Why is it that the quiet, worthy fellow is never so attractive to women as the flashy fellows of no consequence?

A woman's indifference to her looks vanishes at the sight of a man as quick as a boy's lameness leaves him at the sound of a fire-bell.

There probably never was a little girl who did not wish to be grown up and wear a long dress to hold up when she goes over the crossings.

A girl of 10 will dress the same as a girl of 40 when bifuricated skirts become universal. Probably that is the reason the girls of 40 are fighting for it.

Fond mother—I wonder what baby is thinking of! Fond father—He is not thinking; he is listening to hear if his first tooth is coming.