

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVI.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

NO. 38

CLARK'S OFFICE.
Baltimore, September 17, 1891.
CLARK'S NEAT SCHEME
ODD AND EVEN SYSTEM.
By which the purchaser of two or more tickets must draw, gross, at least one half of the amount invested.
Maryland State Lottery,
NO. 7, FOR 1891.
Will be drawn in Baltimore, on Thursday, Sept. 24.
Highest Prize, \$6,000.

SCHEME:

1 prize of \$5,000	is	1,000
1 " " 2,000	"	2,000
1 " " 1,000	"	4,000
1 " " 500	"	8,000
1 " " 250	"	16,000
1 " " 100	"	40,000
1 " " 50	"	80,000
1 " " 25	"	160,000
1 " " 10	"	400,000
1 " " 5	"	800,000
1 " " 2	"	1,600,000

CLARK'S
Office, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert, N. W. corner of Baltimore and N. E. corner of Baltimore and Chesapeake Streets.
Orders either by mail (post paid) or in person, enclosing the cash or check, will be promptly and punctually filled, as if on personal application. Address: JOHN CLARK, Lottery Vendor, Baltimore, September 8.

DUBOIS'S
LUCKY LOTTERY OFFICE.
(Church-Street-Annapolis.)
ODD & EVEN SYSTEM.
By which the purchaser of two or more tickets must draw, gross, at least one half of the amount invested.

MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY
NO. 7, FOR 1891.
To be drawn in Baltimore, on Thursday, the 24th of September.
Highest Prize, 6,000 Dollars.
HALF TICKETS \$1 QUARTER 30 CENTS.

SCHEME:

1 prize of 6,000	is	1,000
1 " " 2,000	"	2,000
1 " " 1,000	"	4,000
1 " " 500	"	8,000
1 " " 250	"	16,000
1 " " 100	"	40,000
1 " " 50	"	80,000
1 " " 25	"	160,000
1 " " 10	"	400,000
1 " " 5	"	800,000
1 " " 2	"	1,600,000

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.
THE Maryland State Colonization Society will dispatch a vessel with emigrants to Liberia on the 15th day of October next. A number have already engaged to sail, and further applications for a passage free of charge, will be received by Dr. Ayres, Secretary of the Society, at his house in Sharp street, near Welcome Alley.

USE OF
PROPERTIES.
The following are the names of the proprietors of the properties mentioned in the advertisement of the 15th inst. p. 2.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.
By virtue of a decree of the Chancery Court of Maryland, the subscriber will offer for sale, on Friday the 16th day of September next, on the premises, at 1010 Block, A. M. the estate and interest of Daniel Smith, as follows:

LOT OF GROUND.
In the village, called, Elkridge Landing, at the corner near the seventh mile stone, on the Washington road, together with all the improvements thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.
Cash to be paid on the day of Sale, or satisfaction thereof by the Chance Court on the payment of the purchase money, the subscriber authorized to convey the above property to the purchaser.

SOMERVILLE PINKNEY
Trustee.

NOTICE.
The Commissioners of Anne Arundel County will meet at the Court House, in the City of Annapolis, on Tuesday the 23rd day of October next, for the purpose of hearing appeals, and making transfers, and transacting the ordinary business of the Levy Court.

CITY TAXES.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the City and Primary School Taxes, are now due. The Collector will call on those persons who have not paid their bills.

RICHARD RIDGELY, Collector.
Sept. 1.

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JONAS GREEN.
Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ORPHAN BOY.
Alas! I am an orphan boy,
With naught on earth to cheer my heart;
My father's love, my mother's care,
No more I had to take my part.
No loving hand to hold my hand,
No kindling smile to cheer my heart,
No voice to call me by my name,
No kiss to soothe my aching heart.
I thought, I thought, I thought,
That when the day of death should come,
I should be left all alone,
With naught on earth to cheer my heart.

From the Euterpeian.
VANDA.
May not be unreasonable at the present day of affairs in Poland, to look back into ancient annals, and bring up long forgotten, though well authenticated facts, to illustrate that fame for deeds of daring, which has justly awarded to a once powerful and independent nation. Long before Poland took the name of kingdom, while its sovereigns, though called, held only the humble rank of dukes, and with royal Poland fell hereditary to a crown, Vanda, a young and beautiful girl, who though her simple title of princess of Poland might sound small by the side of the grandeur of a royal crown, she was a true sovereign of Poland, either in her own right, or by the right of her father's blood.

With the approach of dawn, she summoned her chiefs to her tent, and apprised them of her desire for peace. Looks which she liked not passed from eye to eye, and her plain told her that, for the first time, her wishes were likely to be disappointed by her most loyal followers. She entered deeply into her arguments to prove the advantage of peace, and an alliance could see any such advantages. The language of entreaty was then used, and still fewer would listen. She then used the stern attitude of command, and not one would yield to her wishes! They all looked upon her desire for peace, as the effect of fear. Why did she not tell them at once that she had seen and loved the object of their indignation?

With the first light of the sun the sound of the trumpet and the clashing of the steel told that the armies had met. The day began in the night and ended the work of carnage, by the utter overthrow and flight of the troops of Rithogar. Never had the shouts of 'Victory' a tone so dreadful to the ear of a conqueror, as that which Vanda heard, just as the twilight was falling upon the dark Vistula. She left her tent, alone, and her brave chiefs sought her for their success. Every tent was searched. No clue could be found to her mysterious departure—and the shouts of 'Victory' were silenced by the anxiety for the fate of her for whom the victory had been gained.

Among the broken legions of Lithogar all was silent and gloom. The few who were left to seek out their friends amidst the dead and dying, wandered, slowly and fearfully, from spot to spot, where the battle had left its heaps of victims, stooping low to search feebly into every face, with the terrible

hope of finding their quest at every step—Near the river, where the Teutonic life-guards had taken their last and desperate stand; and where the heaps of slain had sent out rivulets of blood which mingled with the waters of that beautiful stream, there walked alone a female form, graceful as a sylph, and in an attire which surpassed in richness all that the sad survivors of the conflict had ever before seen. The weary but unshaken enquirer for the dead forgot their own sorrows in the contemplation of her beautiful melancholy. Even the dying opened their stiffening eyes with wonder, doubting whether their vision had not already become susceptible of angelic forms.

Slowly she passed from body to body, or looked searchingly into the faces of those who stood upon the field of death, on the same gloomy errand with herself, but said not word. The eyes of all were turned upon her, and many forgot the object of their search, in their curiosity to know whom the beautiful stranger sought. At last a shriek burst from her, and she pronounced the name 'Rithogar!' 'Where? Where?' inquired many voices, which were only answered by her rushing forward, and falling upon the body, which her eye, quicker than all the others, had discovered at a glance.

THE CIRCLE OF HUMAN WISHES.
BY R. K. PEARSON.
When Horatio was a little boy at school he was always wishing himself a man, for, 'they' thought he, 'I shall not be obliged to be forever at my book, and live in constant fear of the school-master.'

When he became a young man, he left school with delightful anticipations of the freedom and pleasure he was about to enjoy. But from school he was placed in the office of a great lawyer, full of business, and from morning till night, he was employed in copying and using over and over again.

'I wonder, he often said to himself, I wonder what is the use of telling the same story so often. I wish to leave I was out of my time, and then I should be my own master.'

At last his time was out. He passed examination, opened an office, and wrote business for his name. Here he would sit while musing, with his feet against the fender or jamb, waiting for clients—but no clients came.

'I wish to heaven,' would he say to himself, 'I had something to do.' In process of years he distinguished himself as a speaker, and business flowed in upon him, till he had hardly time to sleep or eat his meals.

'Zounds!' cried he, 'some might as well be a galley-slave. I wish I were a little boy at school, they are so happy no business to trouble them, and no cares on their minds.'

But, as it was impossible to become a school-boy again, Horatio turned his thoughts towards the future, and began to wish he was rich enough to retire from business, and be a gentleman.

Years passed on, and at length he became rich to such a degree that he thought he might leave off practice and enjoy himself. Accordingly he did leave off practice, and for a little while, it was delightful to have nothing to do, and go where he pleased. But doing nothing tires a man, at last. It is the hardest work imaginable.

shall be able to enjoy myself. In the first place, I shall do just as I please. At that moment his secretary came to announce a person on business.

'I am not inclined to see any body just now; tell him to call again.' 'But, sir, it is a man of consequence, and one of your best friends, he may be offended.' 'Very well, let him come in.'

'I wish to heaven,' thought Horatio, here he is a man that has got something to give me last.' I took the liberty, sir, as a devoted friend to your administration, to call and give you some advice about the course proper to be pursued, in order to defeat a plot of the opposition, of which I have just been confidentially apprised.

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'You neither look so well nor seem in such good spirits as when I used to see you in your office drawing pleas and declarations.' Horatio unboomed himself to his old friend. He detailed to him the progress of his washer, from boyhood upward—from the time he washed he was free from the labours and cares of school, till he realized them all, step by step, and became great many since when he had done little else than wish himself a school-boy again.

'It is the history of mankind,' said Mirvin, after listening attentively, 'and of all living things I believe if there be any truth in the fable.' 'What fable?' asked Horatio. 'I will tell you,' replied the old man, his eye lighting up with such intelligence 'will you promise to listen?'

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