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FOR THE WEEK END, MARCH 1-2, 1889. MANUFACTURERS, GARDENS, BELL HEADS, Together with every description of PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING, EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Seeds, Implements, &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF FERTILIZERS. GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO.'S ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE, A high grade fertilizer, a complete fertilizer, always gives good results.

Dr. Bally Hay and Fodder Cutters Superior to any cutter in use. The highest award at the New York State Fair, October, 1886.

OLIVER Chilled Plows RUN LIGHTER, ARE MORE EASILY ADJUSTED, AND DO BETTER WORK THAN ANY OTHER PLOW.

Best Extra EARLY PEAS, Dwarf White MARROW-PAT PEAS, AT LOWEST PRICES.

WILLIAM D. RANDALL, SUCCESSOR TO W. H. RUBY & CO. DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, FINE LIQUORS, CHOICE WINES, AND STORES FOR THE OLD STAND.

ROSEBANK NURSERY, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. We invite the attention of Planters and Amateur Cultivators to our complete stock of the following PEARS AND FANCY GROCERIES.

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Miscellaneous.

1887. No. 13 1887. E. BALTIMORE STREET. J. EDWARD BIRD & CO., Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FABRICS OF STAPLE THREAD AND FANCY WEAVING, For use or adornment. LARGEST AND RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF WRAPPS For Ladies and Misses, and a superb stock of READY-MADE DRESSES.

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CHARLES B. McOLMAN, COUNTY SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER. PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED FOR BUILDINGS AND BRIDGES.

THOUGHTS ON HAMLET, illustrated by recitations from the PLAY, LABOR IN RELATION TO HUMAN DEVELOPMENT, and Demands of Labor upon the Civilization of the Age.

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HOTEL REINBERT, EUROPEAN PLAN, SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STS., BALTIMORE. LADIES' AND GENT'S RESTAURANT, ROBERT REINBERT, Prop.

AT THE "OLD PLACE" URBAN'S RESTAURANT, ON THE YORK ROAD, NEAR THE CAR STATION, TOWSON, MD. Having disposed of the Smalley House my friends will now dine at my OLD PLACE, as above.

GOVERNMENT HOTEL, LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor. Having leased the above Hotel I most respectfully solicit the public patronage.

NEW OPEN, COR. CENTRE AND CHARLES STREETS. FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS. RESTAURANT-EUROPEAN PLAN. J. S. CROWTHER, Manager.

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A. E. WARNER, Most respectfully informs his numerous customers and friends that he has removed to the above address.

THEO. WARNER, HATTER, FINE HATS AND UMBRELLAS, ALL MANUFACTURED OF FINE SILK AND CAMEL HATS, IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Maryland Journal.] OUT IN THE COLD. A poor little maiden stood one day Down a bare city's crowded way, She was hungry, and poorly clad, and frail, And the way was pinched and pale.

These some of us westerly life's fast-flowing sands, Grasping earth's treasures with weak, trembling hands. So struggle we on in our pitiful strife, Forgive us who in the "Yes" and the "No" life, Christ loveth the lowly, the young and the old, God takes those who love Him in out of the cold.

A Ranger's Duel on the San Juan. BY EX-GOVERNOR RODMAN M. PRICE. It was during the war with Mexico, in 1840, when General Taylor's army was on the march to Monterey, that a most romantic and unprovoked duel took place on the banks of the river San Juan.

The company was composed principally of gallant and fearless young men, the flower of Texas, but there were several from the Southern States, among whom was Herman S. Thomas, of Baltimore, who had been transferred from the Washington and Baltimore Battalion (then commanded by the brave Colonel Wm. H. Watson), and Sam. O. Ried, a young lawyer from New Orleans, who had been adjutant of a regiment which had been disbanded as three months' men.

On the morning of the 15th of September, the whole army had arrived at the beautiful little town of Marin, situated on a lovely plateau, and surrounded on every side by wild mountain scenery of unsurpassing grandeur, while far in the distant haze of the blue sky, rose the snow-capped peaks of the Sierrita.

Both men responded, "I will!" The ground was then stepped off by Ried, and the choice of position was won by Thomas. The young men were then stationed, their loaded weapons examined, and placed in their hands at a present arms.

"Gentlemen, as you are both friends of mine, I have consented to act on this occasion as the arbiter between you in this duel, and on condition that each of you will not pledge your sacred honor to obey my commands implicitly, and be governed by the terms and order of the duel, which I will explain after you have been placed in position. Will you make this solemn pledge and abide by it?"

"Gentlemen," said Ried, "you will come to an order arms, and pay particular attention to the order arms. You will first be asked if you are ready. The order will then be given you, as you now stand, to shoulder arms. Next, to present arms. Then, aim, followed by the word fire. If after the first fire neither should be mortally wounded, a second fire may be demanded by either party. But let me impress it upon you both that after the word, aim, instead of giving the word, fire, I may say, recover arms. You will, therefore, keep your fingers well off the trigger until you get the word, fire. The party deviating from these orders in any manner I shall shoot down. Do you both clearly understand the instructions?"

"I am very sorry I did not see you first," said Ried, as he slowly rose to leave Ried's tent to seek some other friend. "Sit down, Ried," said Ried, "and I will tell you what I'll do. As I know you both so well, if you will consent, I will act as second for you both."

"I am perfectly willing," replied Ried, brightening up, "to put my life and honor in your hands." "Very well," said Ried, "The moon will be up by 9 o'clock to-night, and half a mile up the river from the ford, on the other side, is a clump of mesquite trees, which Thomas has already mentioned as a secluded spot. We will meet you there at that time, if you do not object to the place, I will send for Thomas and inform him of the arrangement. You will come alone, unattended, and I will bring a surgeon with me."

With this understanding, Ried shook hands with Ried, thanking him for his kindness and friendship, and mounting his horse rode over to the camp to make his final arrangements for the duel. The sun went down behind the mountains, gliding their peaks with crimson, melting into the twilight of the night. The Queen of Night was slowly ascending the silvery stairway of the sky to her throne in mid-ocean. The drums had beat, and the bugle sounded their tattoo, which, perhaps, was to be the last that would ever again be heard by the two young men who were so soon to meet in deadly combat.

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On a certain occasion there was great excitement in the city, writes Charles Gayarre in Harper's Magazine. Two eminent citizens had quarrelled about a hog. It was a question of the identity of the animal, and impossible to doubt the good faith of the witnesses, and more obstinate in proportion of the prolongation of their dispute. At last it was evident that there would be no yielding on either side, and they went to law. Moreau Lislet was retained for plaintiff and Masureau for defendant—two of the magnates of the bar—and fees were paid them immensely large than the value of the whole case was expressive of primitive innocence. After this witness had concluded his testimony in favor of the plaintiff, Moreau Lislet said: "The witness is yours, Mr. Masureau."

Moreau Lislet fixed on the witness his dark, imperious eyes, and said, with affected emphasis and in his most effective dramatic style: "Sir, remember that you are here on oath, to testify in a case of the utmost importance, although it may appear trifling to your simple understanding. It is not merely a hog question; it is a question of honor, whether one of our most respected fellow-citizens unjustly, unlawfully and frequently retains in his possession, property that belongs to another. I put you on your guard for your own sake. You may be induced for perjury if the slightest willful inaccuracy in your evidence shows that you do not speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Besides, you may be sued for damages in consequence of the injury you may do to the defendant's reputation."

"Now," continued Masureau, "I compliment you, sir, on your minute description of the plaintiff's hog, which is missing from his pen. I will not cross-examine you on the subject. I am full of admiration for your memory, and I want you to be equally particular about defendant's hog. It wasn't do to say in general terms that they are exactly alike. At this point the implacable tormenter began to puncture and scorch the witness, much to the mortification of the bystanders. "What do you know of hogs? Whence your extraordinary faculty to discriminate among them, and to pity to remember them, respecting phylogeny? How long have you lived with hogs? What counting-house has run to examine the defendant's hog and the peculiarity of its

formation? Have you measured its ears, its tail, its legs, its nose, the length and height of its body? I want to know whether in all these details the defendant's hog is exactly like the plaintiff's missing one." All these questions and many others had given Masureau a full and complete view of the witness, who had been driven almost to the verge of desperation. At last, being made conscious by the incessant bursts of laughter from the audience that he was an object of ridicule, he exhibited symptoms of marked irritation. It exploded when Masureau said to him: "Well, sir, all these details are very confused and unrelatable. Give us the *tout ensemble* of the hog. Group all these details together, and tell us how the entire hog exactly looked."

The witness measured Masureau from head to foot slowly and deliberately, and said: "You want a *fac-simile* of defendant's hog?" "Yes, sir." "Then, to the court, the jury and the whole audience to what the animal looks, altogether from its nose to its tail, and from its tail to its feet."

"Yes, sir; you fully comprehend my meaning and desire." "Well, sir, that hog looks exactly like you, and both you were twins." "There was a roar of laughter in the audience, but this time at the expense of Masureau. The judge himself, the jurors, the members of the bar and all other persons present were convulsed with laughter. Masureau calmly waited for the restoration of order. Then he blandly said to the witness: "If I understand you correctly, the most accurate description of your defendant's hog is his being so like me that you could not tell one from the other?" "Yes, sir," doggedly answered the witness, who was much encouraged by the effect he had produced on the audience.

"I thank you, sir, for the precision of your language. I have no more questions to ask, and the witness withdrew from the stand." By this time Moreau Lislet had become serious. He knew Masureau's temper, whose unnatural calm portended nothing good. "Mr. Moreau Lislet," said Masureau, with the kindest intonation, "will you do me the favor to hand me your petition?" "After having read it loudly and distinctly, so as to be heard by everybody present, he said: 'May it please the court, gentlemen of the jury, it is plain that the plaintiff has failed to make out his case. You have heard me read from his petition the most minute description of his missing hog, and his own witness has just given to you what he thinks the best and most faithful representation or portraiture of the one alleged to be in defendant's possession. Well, it is unquestionable that there is no point of resemblance between the two animals, one of which you see now standing before you in my person. I rest my case here. The plaintiff must go to the witness stand, and the witness withdraw from the stand.'"

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How the Hog Looked. An Amusing Case Tried in New Orleans August 1853. On a certain occasion there was great excitement in the city, writes Charles Gayarre in Harper's Magazine. Two eminent citizens had quarrelled about a hog. It was a question of the identity of the animal, and impossible to doubt the good faith of the witnesses, and more obstinate in proportion of the prolongation of their dispute. At last it was evident that there would be no yielding on either side, and they went to law. Moreau Lislet was retained for plaintiff and Masureau for defendant—two of the magnates of the bar—and fees were paid them immensely large than the value of the whole case was expressive of primitive innocence. After this witness had concluded his testimony in favor of the plaintiff, Moreau Lislet said: "The witness is yours, Mr. Masureau."

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The original source of most superstitions, and of all idolatries in which the idol is not deliberately manufactured by human hands, is now recognized to be the sense of surprise, of sudden fear, or admiration, felt by the "untutored mind." A regular worship, as Sir Alfred Lyall has shown, often grows up around such a remarkable tree, or a rock with a defined form, or an oddly-shaped stone, or a shell with its convolutions reversed, or a curious fruit like the *coco-de-mer*; but it strikes the savage imagination and is thenceforward surrounded by some of the instinctive awe felt for the supernatural.

A regular worship, as Sir Alfred Lyall has shown, often grows up around such a curiosity, or it becomes, as in the case of the shaligram, sacred over a great tract of the world and among entire races of mankind. Now, nothing is more frequently unusual, or so to speak, surprising, than the human eye, which varies, in occasional cases, from the moral type to a degree that has never been equalled satisfactorily explained. Why is one eye fishy, while another flashes fire? There are eyes which do literally "beam," and they are so common as to have given rise to a separate description in most languages; there are eyes which in anger seem to emit light from within—Mr. Gladstone's eyes, for example, generally steel gray in Europe, but often black in Asia, which never cease to menace, even when the face is gentle or at ease, and there are eyes into which a look of almost intolerable scrutiny can be thrown, eyes, as Lord Bessborough described them, "which would daunt a galleon's crew." The writer saw a remarkable pair of them once, on the face of a young man, a passenger on the French frontier of Italy, all under orders to pass through a barrier in single file. The Emperor Napoleon had been warned about some projected attempt by *carbonari*, and a special agent had been dispatched from Paris to examine every passenger by the train. The eyes of this agent were absolutely different from any I have ever seen, and the writer over saw, and the Italian, as they passed under their fire, visibly quailed, every third man, perhaps, throwing out his fingers to counteract the malefic effect of their influence. Even the English, who had nothing to fear, did not like the eyes, which this writer will remember at the Judgment Day; and one, presumably an actor, said and said: "My God, that is Mephistopheles alive!"

Eminent Statesman (walking up to reporter): My face is familiar to you, I presume? Reporter—I have certainly seen you somewhere, and yet I cannot exactly— Eminent Statesman: There is no use in trying to keep anything from the reporter, and I am sure you will recognize me, of course, as Congressman Blank? Reporter: Why, so it is! May I inquire, sir, the object of your visit to our locality? Eminent Statesman (with dignity): You may say, sir, that I am traveling through here in a quiet way, and as far as possible avoiding publicity.

Sam Johnson, an Austin, Tex., colored man, was hired by the Celebration Committee to touch off the fireworks. The day after the glorious Fourth Parade (Whangoodle Baxter, of the Blue-Light Tabernacle, happening to call at the Johnson mansion, the latter said, bitterly: "Did you see that fireworks 'night, parson?" "I did," said Johnson. "I reckon, parson, that at red fire and yellow 'ol de crowd sorter reminded yer ob dat hell yer preach so much about." "Eh, did, Mr. Johnson, for a fact, particularly when I seed you in de middle ob de flames?"

We received a notice from a postmaster of a neighboring village, a short time ago, informing us that one of our papers directed to a subscriber in that hamlet, remained uncollected for in his office. On the two dotted lines following the word "Reason," was written: "He is dead. Your paper will never reach him where he now lies. We hope it isn't because it was sent to the wrong address, but because he is dead, and the paper would scorch on the mail route."

"Doctor," said a citizen, as he overtook him on the street, "what do you do in case of a gone stomach?" "Well," replied the doctor thoughtfully, "I've never had such a case myself, but I would recommend you to advertise in the paper for a good doctor. You are right in objecting to the principle that the dog is entitled to the whole of the pavement, but precisely if he wants it, you had better let him have it."

A girl at a boarding-school wrote to her father, who was an eminent lawyer, asking if he hadn't a right to object to a great horrid dog always taking the whole of the pavement for himself. Her father wrote her: "You are right in objecting to the principle that the dog is entitled to the whole of the pavement, but precisely if he wants it, you had better let him have it."

A Boston girl was telling a lady of an accident that happened to a schoolmate of hers on the non 5th of Feb. in a large appendage was fractured," said she, "and she was carried on a paralyzing couch to an equine stable. The hospital surgeons at the Hub threaten to strike."

The Evil Eye. The original source of most superstitions, and of all idolatries in which the idol is not deliberately manufactured by human hands, is now recognized to be the sense of surprise, of sudden fear, or admiration, felt by the "untutored mind." A regular worship, as Sir Alfred Lyall has shown, often grows up around such a curiosity, or it becomes, as in the case of the shaligram, sacred over a great tract of the world and among entire races of mankind. Now, nothing is more frequently unusual, or so to speak, surprising, than the human eye, which varies, in occasional cases, from the moral type to a degree that has never been equalled satisfactorily explained. Why is one eye fishy, while another flashes fire? There are eyes which do literally "beam," and they are so common as to have given rise to a separate description in most languages; there are eyes which in anger seem to emit light from within—Mr. Gladstone's eyes, for example, generally steel gray in Europe, but often black in Asia, which never cease to menace, even when the face is gentle or at ease, and there are eyes into which a look of almost intolerable scrutiny can be thrown, eyes, as Lord Bessborough described them, "which would daunt a galleon's crew." The writer saw a remarkable pair of them once, on the face of a young man, a passenger on the French frontier of Italy, all under orders to pass through a barrier in single file. The Emperor Napoleon had been warned about some projected attempt by *carbonari*, and a special agent had been dispatched from Paris to examine every passenger by the train. The eyes of this agent were absolutely different from any I have ever seen, and the writer over saw, and the Italian, as they passed under their fire, visibly quailed, every third man, perhaps, throwing out his fingers to counteract the malefic effect of their influence. Even the English, who had nothing to fear, did not like the eyes, which this writer will remember at the Judgment Day; and one, presumably an actor, said and said: "My God, that is Mephistopheles alive!"

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A process has lately been invented whereby milk may be kept from curdling for a month, grape and apple juice for six months and sweet wine for a year. The inventor is now expected to set out on a tour of persons which is destined to visit all the southern cities on the coast.