Maryland Journal.

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Maryland Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At Towson, Baltimore County, Md.,
By WM. H. RUBY,
$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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One square one insertion.................. $1.00
Each subsequent insertion.................. 25
Six lines or less constitute a square.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING PER INCH:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 Year
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

Hotels and Restaurants.

HOTEL RENNERT,
EUROPEAN PLAN,
SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STS.,
BALTIMORE.
LAD ES' 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.—1y

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, Proprietor.
Jan. 27, '76.—tf

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 of visitors. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor.
Jan. 25, '79.—1y

ST. JAMES' HOTEL,
NOW OPEN,
COR. CENTRE AND CHARLES STREETS,
BY THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.
RESTAURANT—EUROPEAN PLAN.
J. S. CROWTHER, Manager.
Oct. 8.—tf

House and Sign Painters.

SYLVESTER BOWEN & SON,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
TOWSONTOWN, MD.

Every description of Plain, Ornamental and Fancy Painting, executed with neatness and despatch, and upon the most reasonable terms.
A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Nov. 1.—tf SYLVESTER BOWEN.

JOSHUA M. PARKS. J. WESLEY GERMAN.
PARKS & GERMAN,
(SUCCESSORS TO H. L. BOWEN,)
HOUSE, SIGN AND FANCY PAINTER
GRAINERS AND GLAZIERS,
TOWSONTOWN, MD.
IMITATIONS OF WOODS AND MARBLES,
And every description of
ORNAMENTAL AND FANCY PAINTING
PROMPTLY AND REASONABLY EXECUTED.
Public patronage respectfully solicited.
March 25, '71.—1y

SIGN PAINTING.
Sign painting in all its branches and in an artistic manner at reasonable rates, with quick despatch, for city or country. Orders may be left at the Office of the "Maryland Journal," Towsontown.
THOMAS O. SWITZER,
No. 887 W. Lombard St., Baltimore
July 20.—tf

Auctioneering.

GEO. W. HOOK,
AUCTIONEER,
Towson, Md.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
SALES OF REAL ESTATE
—AND—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.
Jan. 12.—6m

GEORGE W. STOCKSDALE,
CONSTABLE, COLLECTOR
AND
AUCTIONEER,
REISTERSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD.
ALSO,
AGENT FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him.
Oct. 23, 1886.—tf

SAMUEL G. WILSON,
AUCTIONEER, TOWSON, Md.
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO ALL SALES ENTRUSTED TO HIM.
Feb. 9.—1y

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

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

PATENTS, CAVEATS, and TRADE-MARKS obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE
and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPLET,
"How to Obtain Patents," with name of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
Nov. 24.—tf

LOCH RAVEN
LIME KILNS,
Maryland Central Railroad.
Having increased facilities for BURNING LIME we take this method of informing the people of Baltimore and Harford counties that we are now prepared to furnish BUILDING, WHITEWASH AND AGRICULTURAL LIME, which we offer at reasonable rates. Our stone being of a superior quality we guarantee satisfaction.
The Bottom Lime is celebrated as the finest for Whitecoating purposes.
SHANKLIN & JENIFER,
Kilns at Loch Raven, M. C. R. R.
Post Office—LOCH RAVEN, Baltimore county.
Feb. 2.—1y

FOR SALE
—AT THE—
"JOURNAL" OFFICE,
BLANK MORTGAGES FOR BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS, prepared by one of the most careful Attorneys of the Baltimore County Bar.
Feb. 5.—tf

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

Miscellaneous.

1837 ESTABLISHED 1837
J. EDWARD BIRD & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
EVERY DEPARTMENT
BRIGHT WITH ATTRACTIONS FOR SPRING.

BLACK SILKS............RIBBONS.
COLORED SILKS..........RUCHINGS.
FANCY VELVETS..........TRIMMINGS.
VELVETS................BUTTONS.
PLUSHES................SHAWLS.
DRESS GOODS............HOSIERY.
MOURNING GOODS.........MERINO UNDERWEAR.
CLOTHS.................SKIRTS.
CLOAKINGS..............MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
VELVETEENS.............UMBRELLAS.
CALICOES...............GLOVES.
CAMBRICS...............LINENS.
SATTEENS...............WHITE GOODS.
GINGHAMS...............DOMESTICS.
COTTON PLUSHES.........LININGS.
CRETONNES..............FLANNELS.
FRINGES................BLANKETS.
LACES..................FANCY GOODS.
WHITE EMBROIDERIES.NOTIONS.

HANDKERCHIEFS.
LADIES' CLOAKS AND DRESSES.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WHITE UNDERWEAR.
INFANTS' OUTFITS.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CORSETS.
ALL NEW—THE BEST THAT CAN BE BOUGHT—ALL AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
OVER HALF A CENTURY
of unsullied reputation is back of every offering that our shelves or counters carry.
FAIR DEALING, ONE PRICE STRICTLY
and Freshest Novelties in Fancy and Staple Products have made us Headquarters in Baltimore for
Best Goods at Bottom Prices.
Mail Orders.
We solicit correspondence (with orders) from any portion of the country, pledging our ample experience, immense facilities, expert help and superb stock to please all. The simplest to the largest want filled on day of its receipt.
CALL ON OR ADDRESS
J. EDWARD BIRD & CO.,
13 E. BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
April 13.—tDec. 1, '89.

WALL PAPER!
WALL PAPER!!
WINDOW SHADES!
WINDOW SHADES!!
FLOOR AND TABLE OILCLOTH.
JACOB MYERS,
No. 39 North Gay Street,
[OPPOSITE TO THE ODD FELLOW' HALL,]
BALTIMORE, MD.
The Old and Reliable Wall Paper and Window Shade Store
OF
BALTIMORE CITY,
Is now prepared to show his new styles of WALL PAPER, and send samples to any part of the country when application is made to him. Will send the best workmen to put up the same when wanted. Will sell WALL PAPER AND WINDOW SHADES AT FACTORY PRICES. Call on or send to him and see his beautiful lines.
Has no branch house or any connection with any other house in the city.
JACOB MYERS, No. 39 Gay St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Dec. 13.—1y

A. E. WARNER
Most respectfully informs his numerous customers and friends that he has removed to the store adjoining Brown Bros.' Banking House,
Old No. 157 } W. BALTIMORE STREET,
New No. 131 } E. BALTIMORE STREET,
Oppo. the B. & O. R. R. Building,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Where he intends to continue the manufacturing of his elegant
REPOUSSE SILVER WARE
Of the finest Standard,
And hopes from his personal attention to merit the favor of all in want of a superior article in every respect, together with a fine stock of DIAMOND AND OTHER JEWELRY of the latest style, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AND CHAINS and heaviest Silver Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, French Clocks, Opera Glasses, Eye Glasses and Spectacles, Gold Pins, Gold and Silver Canes, &c.
A call is most respectfully solicited, as prices will be a great inducement to merit your favor.
Feb. 26.—tf

Chas. McRae,
—WHOLESALE—
LIQUOR DEALER,
409 N. CALVERT STREET 409
OLD NO. 111.
NEAR THE DEPOT
BALTIMORE, MD.
THE BEST $2 WHISKEY IN THE CITY.
TRY IT.
May 28, '87.—1y

FREE. -- FREE.
$93 SEWING-MACHINE.
To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America.
TRUE & CO.,
Box 740, Augusta, Maine.
Dec. 29.—1y*

C. H. MANN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
TOWSONTOWN, MD.
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY, insures against loss by FIRE or LIGHTNING, and pays promptly.
—OFFICE—
PHIPPS BUILDING. NEXT TO POST OFFICE TOWSON.
Policies written on DWELLINGS, STORES, BARNS and other BUILDINGS. Also, on FURNITURE, STORE GOODS, and other valuable CHATTELS, LIVE STOCK, &c.
C. H. MANN, SR., Agent,
Towson, Md.
May 23.—1y

CHARLES B. McCLEAN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED FOR BUILDINGS AND BRIDGES.
—OFFICE—
ROOMS 6 AND 7 MASONIC HALL,
TOWSONTOWN, MD
Nov. 27, 1880.—tf

LECTURES.
THOUGHTS ON HAMLET, illustrated by recitations from the Play. LABOR IN RELATION TO HUMAN DEVELOPMENT, and the Demands of Labor upon the Civilization of the Age.
POETIC AND DRAMATIC RECITATIONS AND PERSONATIONS, introducing the late Mr. JOHN E. OWENS' popular character of "JOHN UNIT" in Self, and Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S wonderful impersonation of "MEG. MERRILES" in Guy Mannering.
ENGAGEMENTS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
Address, H. CLAY PREUSS,
Arlington, Baltimore Co., Md.
Dec. 31.—tf

THE TOWSON NATIONAL BANK!
CASH CAPITAL, $50,000.
Open daily, from 10 o'clock A. M. until 2.30 P. M., for Deposits. Making Loans on first-class security, and doing a general banking business.
TERMS REASONABLE.
JOHN G. COCKEY, President.
JOHN CROWTHER, Jr., Cashier.
Dec. 4.—tf

Seeds, Implements, &c.

MANUFACTURERS
—OF—
FERTILIZERS.
GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO.'S
ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE,
A high grade Phosphate, a complete fertilizer always gives good results.
GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S
AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE.
GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S
ALKALINE PLANT FOOD.
Prepared with special adaptation to the growth of Corn, Potatoes, Tobacco and Vegetables requiring Fertilizer rich in Potash.
GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S
RAW BONE.
PERUVIAN GUANO AND PLASTER.
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS.
Our stock of Seeds are new and true to name, embracing all the valuable varieties, and are from the most reliable growers only. Thankful for the commendation and increased patronage which have crowned our efforts to supply the best seed in the market, we will strive to merit confidence.
Dr. Baily
Hay and Fodder Cutters
Superior to any cutter in the market. Received the Highest Award at the Bay State Fair, October, 1886
MOSELEY'S CABINET CREAMERY.
Moseley's Cabinet Creamery is offered to the public ENTIRELY ON ITS MERITS. A trial is solicited.
STODDARD CHURN,
Is easily operated and cleaned. Is durable. Over 12,000 in use, giving entire satisfaction wherever used.
Malta Shovel Plows, Iron Age Cultivators, Corn Drags, Cahoon Seed Sowers, Planet Seed Drill and Cultivator, Pennsylvania Grain Drill, Thomas Horse Rake, The Gazelle Horse Rake, Hay Tedders, Fousts' Hay Loader, American Hay Elevator, Double Harpoon Hay Fork, Grain Fans, Philadelphia Lawn Mowers, Corn Shellers, Cider Mills, Farmers' Evans Corn Planters, Evans Corn Drills, Hay Presses, Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters, Butter Workers.
OLIVER
Chilled Plows
RUN LIGHTER, ARE MORE EASILY ADJUSTED, AND DO BETTER WORK THAN ANY OTHER PLOW.
BROWN WAGONS, CUCUMBER PUMPS, MOWERS,
REAPERS AND BINDERS.
REPAIRING DONE WITH DISPATCH.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO.,
205 AND 207 NORTH PACA STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Feb. 9.—tf

DAVID MARKLEY,
Lauraville, Balto. Co.
BUY THE BEST AT CITY PRICES!
David Markley,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
DRY GOODS, &c.,
FLOUR, FEED, HARDWARE,
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,
GARDEN AND FARM SEEDS,
&c., &c.,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT
FOR THE SALE OF THE
BEST PLOW —IN— AMERICA!
CHAMPION WAGON,
THE
HORSE'S FRIEND.
THE POLE NEVER STRIKES THE HORSES.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
BOLGIANO'S GARDEN SEEDS,
LISTER'S STANDARD BRANDS FERTILIZERS
GROUND BONE, ORCHILLA GUANO,
SOUTH CAROLINA BONE,
PLASTER, KAINIT, LIME, CEMENT, &c., &c.
David Markley,
Harford Road.
July 14.—tApril 14, '89.

BEST GRADE
—: GERMAN : MILLET :—
Lawn Grass.
Lawn Mowers.
$5 AND UPWARD.
CUCUMBERS & TURNIPS.
J. BOLGIANO & SON,
Seed House,
28 S. Calvert St., Baltimore.
June 1.—tf

SEEDS
—AND—
FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
J. L. MACKIN,
—SUCCESSOR TO—
AYRES & MACKIN,
345 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
(Removed from 190 Light Street,)
—DEALER IN—
GARDEN SEEDS, FLOWER SEEDS,
CLOVER, TIMOTHY, OATS, CORN,
ORCHARD GRASS, &c., &c.
HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FINEST LINE OF
Agricultural Implements
MANUFACTURED.
Bessell Chilled Plows, Hoosier Corn Drills, Farmers' Friend Double Row Corn Planters, Little Diamond Sulky Cultivators, Tiger Hay Rakes, Tiger Mowers, Waldron and Sprouts' Hay Carriers, Hoosier Grain Drills, Ross Ensilage and Fodder Cutters, McKay's Plant Setter, Iron Age and Planet, Jr., Cultivators,
Hand Plows, Hand Seed Drills, Shovels, Rakes, Hoes, Forks, &c.
345 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE.
March 2.—tf

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS
—IN—
BALTIMORE COUNTY.
OFFICE OF TREASURER AND COLLECTOR OF TAXES OF BALTIMORE COUNTY,
TOWSONTOWN, MD., May 1st, 1888.
Notice is hereby given to the TAX-PAYERS OF BALTIMORE COUNTY, that the TREASURER AND COLLECTOR OF COUNTY AND STATE TAXES is ready to receive the taxes on the levy of 1888, as well as all back taxes, at his office, TOWSONTOWN, DAILY.
—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 SATURDAYS ONLY
At the MANUFACTURERS' NATIONAL BANK, N. E. corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, Baltimore, on the levy of 1888 only,
FROM 10 O'CLOCK A. M. to 2½ O'CLOCK P. M.
GEORGE W. MORGAN,
Treasurer and Collector.
J. HARMAN SCHONE,
OSCAR JOHNSON, } Clerks.
GEORGE C. TRACEY,
May 5.—tf

THEO. WARNER,
HATTER.
FINEST SUMMER HATS IN STRAW AND FELTS
LIGHT WEIGHTS AND LATEST FASHIONS.
UMBRELLAS AND CANES IN VARIETY.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
FINE SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
New No. 324 W. BALTIMORE STREET.
May 25.—1y

For Sale or Rent.

FOR SALE.
A SNUG LITTLE FARM OF 44 ACRES
IN CARROLL CO.,
TWO MILES FROM RAILROAD STATION.
NICE IMPROVEMENTS, GOOD SOIL,
AND UNDER THOROUGH CULTIVATION.
Party anxious to sell, so as to devote entire time to other business.
H. C. TURNBULL, Jr.,
5 E. Lexington St., Baltimore.
March 16.—tf

R. R. Boarman, Attorney, Towsontown.
PRIVATE SALE
OF A
VALUABLE FARM OF 309 ACRES,
IN BACK RIVER NECK, BALTIMORE COUNTY
The undersigned offers at private sale, all that tract or parcel of land situate in Back River Neck, Baltimore county, on the road leading from Stemmer's Run to Holly Neck, about 5 miles from Stemmer's Run and about 8 miles from Baltimore, containing 309 ACRES OF LAND, more or less. The farm has a landing and two ducking points on Back River. Improved by a TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING, large Frame Barn, Wagon House and Granary. Pump and well near the dwelling. About 100 acres in wood the rest is cleared land.—For particulars address
R. R. BOARMAN, Attorney,
Towsontown, Md.
June 8.—tf

AT PRIVATE SALE.
THE HOUSE AND LOT IN TOWSON
OCCUPIED BY THE
LATE MRS. JANE MOORE,
BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED, ABOVE THE YORK TURNPIKE.
This lot is 142 by 150 feet; house has 11 rooms, 8 large and airy; pump of excellent water, inclosed; York Road cars pass the door every hour of the day from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.; Maryland Central Depot close by. For terms, &c., apply to
WM. H. RUBY,
Towson.
March 9.—tf

FOR SALE AT MT. WASHINGTON.
60 ACRES OF
BEAUTIFUL BUILDING LOTS,
Situated ½ mile west of the Station of Northern Central Railroad, on SMITH AVENUE.
Apply to
GEORGE D. SMITH,
Opposite the land at Mt. Washington,
Or address
JOSEPH SMITH JR., the owner,
Pikesville P. O., Baltimore Co., Md.
April 13.—7m

FOR SALE OR LEASE.
LOTS ON GITTINGS AVENUE
Dimensions to suit purchasers, on reasonable terms. Within a few minutes' walk of Steam or Horse Railroad.
Apply to
R. R. BOARMAN,
Towsontown.
June 4.—tf

FOR SALE.
ON EASY TERMS
UNIMPROVED LANDS
NEAR
COWENTON, ON B. & O. R. R. TO PHILADELPHIA.
FRED'K J. BROWN,
222 St. Paul Street,
Baltimore.
Jan. 7.—tf

FARMS FOR SALE.
ON FIRST MORTGAGE, MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS FROM $500 TO $10,000; ONE SUM $265.
Apply to S. PARKER BOSLEY,
Towson,
Or 55 Saratoga St., Baltimore.
Nov. 28.—tf

Real Estate Agents, &c.

C. J. R. THORPE. | *SAMUEL BRADY.*
BRADY & CO.,
REAL ESTATE & COLLECTION OFFICE,
NO. 83 WEST FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Mortgage Loans negotiated. Lands, Houses and Ground Rents bought and sold. All claims collected and promptly remitted.
May 15.—tf

E. B. ALMONY,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
AND COLLECTOR OF
HOUSE AND GROUND RENTS,
Rooms Nos. 3 and 5, Masonic Hall,
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Jan. 24.—tApril 12

H. L. BOWEN,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER
AND
COLLECTOR OF HOUSE AND GROUND RENTS
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
NO. 2, SMEDLEY ROW, TOWSONTOWN, MD.
Jan. 19, '78.—1y

WILLIAM H. SHIPLEY,
SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—37 LEXINGTON STREET!
BALTIMORE.
In connection with R. W. TEMPLEMAN, will give strict attention as LAND AGENTS, NEGOTIATE LOANS OF MONEY ON REAL ESTATE, &c., BUY AND SELL GROUND RENTS, &c.
March 21.—tf

WILLIAM POLE, SR.,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
-OFFICE-
26¼ ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.
CONVEYANCING, EXAMINATION OF TITLES, PURCHASES, SALES, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
-RESIDENCE-
GARRISON AVENUE, HOOKSTOWN,
BALTIMORE COUNTY.
Nov. 4, 1871.—tf

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
GROUND RENTS, LOTS, AND DWELLINGS for sale in Baltimore city and county. Loans negotiated.
BIRCKHEAD & MURDOCH,
48 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 30.—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 large stock 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.—1y 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, Crowns &c., made to order at short notice.
Cemetery Lots and Gardens laid out and furnished with Evergreens, Flowers, &c., &c.
All orders promptly filled. A call respectfully solicited. [April ..—3m.

FORD & LAUGHLIN,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
NO. 23 NORTH HOWARD STREET,
BALTIMORE.
March ..—1y

Miscellaneous.

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.,	SAMUEL J. ROBINSON,
RANKIN & KANE,	JNO. H. HEID,
HOPPER & CATOR,	LEEF & Co.,
WM. M. MAYNADIER,	ADAM DIETRICH,
J. M. WHITEFORD,	LESTER CLARK,
PERCY M. REESE,	JNO. W. HITSHUE,
JNO. F. O'HARA,	S. W. TIPTON & SON,
ENGLAR, KETTE & Co.,	F. L. LAWRENCE & SONS,
A. C. SMITH,	LEWIS H. URBAN,
J. D. ALMONY & SON,	J. SCOTT PRICE,
ELLRIDGE SUTTON,	C. A. KROEBER.
SAMUEL MILLER,	

March 24, '88.—tf

NO MORE SICK HORSES.
JOCKEY.
Trade Mark.
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This work is the most succinct and correct history and chronological record ever prepared by any historian of the Order. Mr. Ross, from his constant association with the internal workings of the Order for many years past, and his prominence in official station, makes him the best qualified person to prepare such a history as he presents.
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SHORT NECK COLLARS
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Poetic.

A PICTURE.

She made a picture fair to see,
This maiden young and sweet;
To gaze long on her features rare,
Would bring me to her feet.

The lustrous brown of her rich hair,
The blue of her bright eye;
Almost would I my tale of love.
Pour out, were no one by.

The peach-like bloom upon her cheek,
Her lips just ripe to kiss;
To fold her in my arms would be
The highest earthly bliss.

Her glance suggests coquettishness,
Her attitude repose;
Among her many charms she has
A dainty Grecian nose.

I wonder would that shell-like ear,
Give heed to my warm vows;
I wonder would the maiden there
Become my loving spouse?

Oh, could I but my love pour out,
At this fair virgin shrine,
The proudest moment of my life
Would be to call her mine.
Alas this maid on canvas lives—
An artist's chaste design!

[*Detroit Free Press.*

AT EVENTIDE THERE SHALL BE REST.

Poor heart so full of untold fears,
Sad eyes so dim with unshed tears,
What matters if the day seem long,
Sometime will come the even song.

Each trouble like a dark cloud seems,
And sorrows fall like haunting dreams,
But far beyond the darkest night,
Streams full and clear the morning light.

Then when the day of life is done,
And sands of time are almost run,
What word, what thought can be more blest
"At eventide there shall be rest."

VIRGINIA B. CAUSEY.

Miscellaneous.

A MICROPHONIC EAR.

The trip was getting pretty dull. The Northland was a very slow steamer. We had been eight days out from Amsterdam, and there was prospect of eight more. We sat listlessly on the starboard deck in our sea chairs, a rather glum looking set, talking at intervals in a lazy, desultory way of any trifling subject that came up. We spoke of the fog, which kept us back the previous night. A small, sharp faced man of about 45, who usually kept very quiet, and from whom no one had succeeded in obtaining any bits of autobiograpy to amount to anything, suddenly spoke up, as if a new and remarkable idea had just popped into his head:

"By the great Harry, couldn't Jim Budgelow have taken in the shekels as special fog watchman!"

We all started up interestedly at this exclamation. There was silence for a moment,. Each one waited for some one else to inquire into the special qualifications of Jim Budgelow for the position of special fog lookout. Finally an off hand old gentleman from Illinois said:

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling us something about Mr. Budgelow, now you've got our curiosity stirred up?"

"No! I don't know that there's any harm in giving you a few facts about Jim," said the little sharp faced man.—"He was a queer fellow, Jim was," he went on, slowly, with an air which showed that he was going over specific examples of Jim's peculiarities in his own mind, though his statement was general.

"I first met him a good many years ago out at Pike's Peak. Hornetsville was the name of the camp; gone now, not a board left, though there must have been a thousand people there then. We called Jim 'the man with the microphonic ear.' Johnny Whittle, who hand't been out of college long, cooked up that name. You see, Jim's right ear was a remarkable organ. It was like a microscope which was fitted for hearing instead of seeing. See? That man could hear a bat wink in the daytime. When Jim Budgelow took a room at the hotel, he could soon tell whether he was to be the only occupant of the bed. All he had to do was to give the thing a kick and put his ear to the headboard, and if there were any inhabitants present he could hear them crawl.

"This faculty of Jim's was in some respects a very amusing one, so usually he wore a plug in that ear to soften things down. But the boys never knew definitely when the plug was in, and for this reason, I presume, Jim Budgelow's character was the only one in Hornetsville that hadn't been thoroughly dissected. Nobody dared speak disrespectfully of Jim, for fear he had a bead on 'em with his right ear.

"One time Jim did me a mighty good turn, and if it hadn't been for that same ear I wouldn't be here now. I'd been off prospecting up among the mountains for a couple of days with my partner, Jack Grodale. We thought we'd struck something; signs were good, at least. But the thing never panned out much, though that's neither here nor there. As I was saying, we thought we could make it pay. So I left Jack and went back to Hornetsville for provisions. I had turned out of the branch gulch, in which we'd been prospecting, and was scrambling along the sides of a big sort of a canyon out that led down to the valley in which the camp was situated. The slope was pretty steep and slightly bushed. I had to make my way along carefully, for below me the sides of the gulch formed a series of natural terraces, and finally went straight down to the little stream that splashed and fizzed and chuckled along the bottom.

"All of a sudden I heard a noise like thunder. It was the middle of the forenoon, and the sun was shining brightly. The roar grew louder. In an instant it flashed upon me; it was a landslide. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't tell whether to go forward or backward. I was pretty well scared for a minute. But in that minute an idea came into my head. I crept down as fast as I could to the edge of the little steep which led to the first terrace. The cliff was perpendicular—inclining in if anything; it was about twenty feet down and the ledge below was some six or seven feet wide, with grass and bushes on it. I was hanging over there in another moment, and down I plumped, pretty well shaken up and bruised, but all right. The approaching roar became louder and louder. I lay down close to the rock. Pretty soon stones and dirt and trees came a-whizzing and rumbling off the ledge, and shot past me down into the ... for about half an hour and then the worst was over.—But I had to snuggle close, you better believe, after the main body had got by, for now and then a straggling rock would tumble leisurely over the ledge, and sock down too close for comfort. I lay still till I was sure the thing was done for.—Then I got up and took a survey. I was in a pretty pickle. The terrace narrowed in both directions, sort of alligation shape. It was thirty feet down to the next terrace, and that didn't appear to have any outlet, either. Of course, I couldn't shin back up that rock. I didn't know what to do. I let off a few yells, with a faint hope that somebody might be within hearing. I could just catch a glimpse of Hornetsville, away down in the valley through the opening of the gulch, so far that it looked like a cluster of bowlders beside the river. I heard no answer to my calls, but the far off echo from the other side of the gulch and the faint chatter of the stream below. I sat down and thought, every once in a while giving a yell, till the echo began to make me feel queer and lonesome like. Then I shut up altogether and began to smoke.

"Old Jo Seven-up told me afterward how it was. He and Jim Budgelow were playing a quiet little game of old sledge at Tom Mulligan's Double Parlors. Jim had the bind on him (Jo privately tendered me his thanks afterward, in liquid form,) when Jim suddenly dropped the cards and listened. He had fortunately forgotten his plug, and left it at his boarding-house after dinner.

"'Great Job!' exclaimed Jim, 'somebody's in trouble up there in Red Hen Gulch! Get out the boys and we'll go see what's up. Hear that yell? No! of course you didn't. You couldn't hear the steam whistle down at the quarry mill unless you climbed up on the roof and laid your ear to the pipe. Don't talk—go get the boys!'

"It was beginning to grow dark, when I heard faint calls away off down the mountains. I started up, put my hands to my mouth and roared like a foghorn. The shouts came nearer and nearer, and at last they were right above me. Pretty soon I could just make out Jim's head peering over the ledge above. They'd been forehanded enough to bring a rope, so I was soon out of that. But if it hadn't been for Jim Budgelow's right ear, probably my bones would now be decorating that terrace in Red Hen Gulch.

"Jim didn't stay long at Hornetsville after that. He got in a couple of little scrapes. In the first one he had the right of it and nobody objected.

"Jim was playing down at Tom Mulligan's pretty late one night with a sort of a dandy sport that had dropped in from Denver. Everybody else had gone; Tom Mulligan had fallen asleep in his chair, and the man behind the bar was nodding across the counter, which was almost directly back of Jim. He was losing right along in a way that made him uncomfortable and suspicious. He glanced around; the barkeeper was half lying across the bar with his head on one arm and his face turned toward the players. He appeared to be asleep. However, Jim took the precaution of quietly taking the plug from his ear without being observed by his opponent. Pretty soon he heard the fellow behind him softly lift his head a little, as if afraid of being overheard, and not with the unconscious movement of a sleeping man. Jim slipped his hand down to his revolver, noiselessly ajusted a little mirror he had behind the lock for just such emergencies, cocked it and quickly brought it up behind the cards, which he held in his left hand, till the barrel pointed over his right shoulder, took aim in an instant by the glass at the eye of the spying bartender, who was playing a skin game into the hands of the gambler, and fired. He got his man, but the gambler was too quick for him, and shot out of the door like lightning. That was the last ever seen of him in Hornetsville. Some of the boys found fault with Jim for not giving it to the sport first, but Jim said, though he'd trust that right ear's reports from the word go, he thought he'd make dead sure of his case before he shot the fellow. The first glance in the little mirror settled it. Of course nobody could blame Jim for this affair, though at first Tom Mulligan was a little mad to lose such a first class bartender, good articles of that sort being somewhat rare in the mountains just then.

"But hardly a one of the boys stuck up for Jim in his next scrape. He knew they wouldn't, and lit out without waiting for public opinion to get at him.

"Tom Mulligan started a restaurant next door to his saloon, and brought a girl over from Denver as cashier. She wasn't very handsome; she was freckled, had washed out red hair and bad teeth; but she was a girl and the boys went wild over her. The restaurant trade just boomed. Jim was completely gone on her. He couldn't get enough to eat in those days, and couldn't pay often enough for what he did get. Spruce young Johnny Whittle, though he'd been used to finer society, paid a good deal of attention to the girl, too; just for fun, I suppose. He knew more about the sex than Jim did, but Jim meant business and Johnny didn't.

"Jim used to loaf around the restaurant nights till it closed up, and then drop into the saloon for a game or a drink before going home. One night he started out earlier than usual, leaving most of the boys still in at Tom's. Jim knew that the girl lived over the restaurant. He'd often looked up for a light in her room—one reason why he went off early. But this particular night, as I happen to know, there wasn't any light. In a few minutes Jim returned. His face was white and stern. He stood in the door a moment, looking sort of wild like.

"'Stand out there, Johnny Whittle!' he said. 'And the first man that stirs is good as dead! I've got a little speech to make. As I went by the restaurant I heard the girl up there talking in her sleep. And you know who she was talking about? Not me! No, it was you, Johnny Whittle. You've been triflin' with that girl, and you know it, and you've got to pay for it right now. Stand back there!'

"One shot from Jim's revolver and Johnny fell. Jim dissappeared in the darkness. I didn't think at the time that Jim ought to have done it, neither did most of the boys, as I said, but I didn't get a chance to express my opinion to Jim personally, for the vigilance committee didn't catch him. I don't believe, myself, they wanted to, for most of them were friends of Jim's, and he'd always acted square up to that time. I heard nothing of Jim for a long time. I'd left the mountains some years and was in business in Chicago. I was walking down State street one day when a broken down, trampish looking man stopped me.

"'Hello, old fellow! won't you speak to an old acquaintence?'

"I looked at him a moment; then came a flash of recognition.

"'Jim Budgelow, by all that's glorious,' I exclaimed.

"'The same,' says he; 'but things have gone hard with me since the old time.' And in reply to my inquiries he told me a little about himself. 'I had a soft berth here with the fire department for a long time; night watchman, stationed on top of the building and called them out when I heard a cry of fire. But I got hard of hearing some way; couldn't hear a cry more than half a mile, and then they put in the alarm boxes more numerously, and I was shoved out. Now my right ear ain't much better than the other. Hard when a fellow's getting on in years.'

"I didn't forget what I owned to Jim Budgelow, so I gave him $10 and my address. But he never came to see me. Don't know why—perhaps that spree took him off, or perhaps he was afraid he might be called to account some time for shooting Johnny Whittle.

"But, as I said at first, Jim might have made a big thing at sea. He could have heard the captain snore in a vessel five miles off on the foggiest night you ever saw. He and Calliope Bill would have made a team. You say, Calliope Bill"—

Just then the steward appeared on deck and sounded the dinner gong. We never failed to answer its call, though just then we were a little curious about Calliope Bill.

I sat opposite the sharp faced little gentleman, and in the course of our talk at dinner I got up courage enough to bring the conversation around to himself. I had never dared to do this before.

"Are you still in business in Chicago?" I ventured.

"No," said he, with a queer look, "I've been connected with a New York paper some twenty years. Been corresponding for them from Paris for some time, but got tired of it and am going back to my old place on the home staff."

"Oh!" said I meditatively.

Wife or Country?

I met a few days ago an ex-Confederate who fought with Lee and Jackson all around Richmond. As the night deepened and he went back over the scenes in which he had been participant he became interested and explained some of the incidents which he related with diagrams. He had drawn a rough sketch of the James river just below Dutch gap.

"I had charge of a squadron right there," he said, marking the place with his pencil, "Those were dark days," he continued. "Those were times when men came to me with appeals in the interest of their families that I could not ignore. I had received orders to issue no furloughs. Every few days, though, some poor fellow would come to me and tell me a pitiful story of a sick wife or a dying child, and beg for a few days to visit them. I knew they were true soldiers, I had seen them tried. A man that will go barefooted and eat what those men had to eat and get no money for it would not desert. I took it upon myself to grant, personally, a leave of absence in every such case as I have mentioned, until nearly every man in my command at different times had been away. I never had one of them fail to return on the day he said he would. Yes, there was one. His story was more pitiful than the others. His wife had written him that everything was lost to her save her honor; that she and her children were sleeping in a stable and that unless she could get some relief for her children she would have to sell her honor. I told him to go. He said he would come back some day, but didn't say what day. I told him all right. I went with him beyond the lines and told him good-bye. The war went on. There came a day when I had to account for this man's absence, and I did it. I said he was dead, and the commanding officer took my word for it. I was in hopes that I had told the truth. The war ended. The soldiers of Lee and Jackson, intrepid heroes, went to the sections of country where they had had homes. I came to Washington and went into business. I have been here ever since. About a year ago I received a letter from the man I told you about. He had arrived just in time to save his wife and she pleaded with him to remain. It was a question of her honor or his country. He chose the former. He wrote to say that he had felt some remorse in not notifying me before, but gave an excuse that he did not know where to reach me. He added: "If you say so I will report now and accept whatever sentence you may name."

"Those were the sort of men," said the old ex-Confederate, "who fought for the South."

His 'Pa Was Ahead.

"See anybody passin here?" asked a boy of a gentleman who stood at the gate of one of the cemeteries the other afternoon.

"Yes; several people."

"See a man and a woman together?"

"Yes."

"Old man?"

"Yes."

"Woman have on a plush coat?"

"I think they did. Were they your parents?"

"The man is my father and the woman my stepmother. They came up to look at my mother's grave."

"Poor boy! So your mother is dead! Did you come to visit her grave, also?"

"No, sir. I came to see how pa's new wife would take it as he began to wipe his eyes. I've an idea that she will kick. There they come, now, and pap is a rod ahead and in a powerful hurry to get out of the gate! Please step back mister. He'll want all the road there is when he swings around that angle."

Dude—You have been looking straight at me for the last five minutes. What is it? Farmer—That is just what I was wondering.