Margland Journal

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5.50 6.50 7.50 9.00 12.00 6.00 7.50 9.50 10.00 15.00 7.00 8.50 11.00 12.50 20.00 8.00 10.00 12.50 15.50 25.00 9.00 12.00 16.00 20.00 30.00 17.00 20.00 80.00 40.00 60.00 32.00 40.00 60.00 75.00 120.00

botels and Restaurants.

HOTEL RENNERT, EUROPEAN PLAN. SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STS.,

BALTIMORE. LAD ES' AND GENT'S RESTAURANT. OPEN DAILY. TO ROBT. RENNERT, Prop.

Rennert's RESTAURANT, CALVERT AND GERMAN STS., BALTIMORE.

OPEN DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

T THE "OLD PLACE" RESTAURANT, DESTAURANT 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.—15

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 e public can rest assured that the proprietor will ise his utmost endeavors to make his guests comortable and satisfied.

A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

CHARLES O. COUKEY, OVANSTOWN HOTEL.

LEWIS RITIER, 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 at tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure o visitors.

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

CT. JAMES' HOTEL,

NOW OPEN, COR. CENTRE AND CHARLES STREETS BY THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS. RESTAURANT-EUROPEAN PLAN. J. S. CROWTHER,

Mouse and Sign Hainters.

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 so-SYLVESTER BOWEN. J. WESLEY GERMAN. JOSHUA M. PARKS. DARKS & 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

CIGN PAINTING. Sign painting in allits branchesandinan 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

Anctioneerina.

CEO. W. HOOK, AUCTIONEER, Towson, Md. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

PERSONAL PROPERTY. CEORGE W. STOCKSDALE, CONSTABLE, COLLECTOR AUCTIONEER,

REISTERSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD. ALSO, AGENT FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Prompt attent on given to all business entrusted to him. Oct. 23, 1886.—tf

CAMUEL G. WILSON. AUCTIONEER, TOWSON, Md. WILL GIVE PROMPT AT ENTION TO ALL

C EORGE L. STOCKSDALE, TOWSONTOWN, BALTO. COUNTY, MD.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. SAMUEL B. METTAM. AUCTIONEER,

PIKESVILLE, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. Ordersleftattheofficeof" MarylandJournal"will

Ahysiciang' Cards. Dr. Jas. H. Jarrett. | Dr. J. H. S. Jarrett TOWSONTOWN.

DR. J. H. JARRETT & SON. From 7 to 10 A. M. From 1 to 8 P. M. And 7 P. M.

s. N. WHITTLE, Towson, Md.

DR. R. C. MASSENBURG. eice-COR. PENNA. AND DELEWARE AVES Where he can be found at all hours, except when

DR J. PIPER. -OFFICE-AT HIS RESIDENCE, TOWSONTOWN

OFFICE HOURS—

From 7 to 9 A. M.; from 1 to 8 P. M., and 6 P. M.

DR H. LOUIS NAYLOR. -CFFICE-RESIDENCE OF THE LATE HON. SAM'LBRADY NEAR BROOKLANDVILLE. OPPIOE HOURS

BRANCH OFFICE PIKESVILLE OFFICE HOURS From 9 to 10 A. M. and 4 to 5 P. M.

Memages left at either office will meet with round attention.

POTTER ROCK FOR SALE. SUITABLE FOR PATHS OR ROADS, AT 10 CENTS PER LOAD AT THE BANKS. ON THE YORK TURNPIKE, ADJOINING THE TUWOUN.

FORD & LAUGHLIN. MEBCHANT TAILORS.



Miscellaneous.

LOWEST PRICES.

OVER HALF A CENTURY

Best Goods at Bottom Prices.

Mail Orders.

stock to please all. The simplest to the largest want filled on day of its receipt.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

13 E. BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE, MD. April 13.—tDec. 1, '89.

FLOOR AND TABLE OILCLOTH.

No. 39 North Gay Street,

[OPPOSITE TO THE ODD FELLOW' HALL,]
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Old and Reliable Wall Paper and Win

dow Shade Store

BALTIMORE CITY,

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,

Oppo. the B. & O. R. R. Building,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

There he intends to continue the manufacturing of

his elegant REPOUSSE SILVER WARE

Of the finest Standard,

Chas. McRae.

-- AHOLESYLE-

LIQUOR DEALER,

409 N. CALVERT STREET 409

OLD NO. 111.

NEAR THE DEPOT

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE BEST \$2 WHISKEY IN THE CITY.

ATTRY IT. TO

May 28,'87.-1y

WALL PAPER:

WINDOW SHADES!

JACOB

EDWARD BIRD & CO..

WALL PAPER!!

WINDOW SHADES!

MYERS



VOL. XXV.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1889.

Mor Sale or Bent.

圃 A SNUG LITTLE FARM OF 44 AURES IN CARROLL CO., TWO MILES FROM RAILROAD STATION.

FOR SALE.

NICE IMPROVEMENTS, GOOD SOIL, AND UNDER THOROUGH CULTIVATION.

Party anxious to sell, so as to devote entire

H. C. TURNBULL, Jr., 5 E. Lexington St., Baltimore.

R. R. Boarman, Attorney, Towsontown. PRIVATE SALE VALUABLE FARM OF 300 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 Mouse and Granary. Pump and well near the dwelling. About 100 acres in wood the rest is cleared land .-About 100 acres in wos-For particulars address R. R. BOARMAN, Attorney, Towsontown, Md.

A T 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, 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

from 6 A. M. to 10 F. A., spely to elose by. For terms, &c., apply to WM. H. RUBY, Thor sale at mt. washington. BEAUTIFUL BUILDING LOTS. Situated 1/2 mile west of the Station of Northern

Central Railroad, on SMITH AVENUE. GEORGE D. SMITH, Opposite the land at Mt. Washington, Or address
JOSEPH SMITH Jr., the owner,
Pikesville P. O., Baltimore Co., Md.

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

FOR SALE. ON EASY TERMS UNIMPROVED LANDS NEAR COWENTON, ON B. & O. R. R. TO PHILADELPHIA 222 St. Paul Street, Baltimore.

MARMS 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

Beal Cstate Agents, &c. C. J. R. THORPE. | SAMUEL BRADY. DRADY & CO., REAL ESTATE & COLLECTION OFFICE,

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 heavclocks, Opera Glasses, Eye Glasses and Spectacles, Gold Pins, Gold and Silver Canes, &c.

AGA call is most respectfully solicited, as prices NO. 83 WEST FAYETEE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD. Mortgage Loans negotiated. Lands, Houses and Ground Rents bought and sold. All claims collected and promptly remitted. will be a great inducement to merit your favor. Feb. 26.—tf

E. B. ALMONY, REAL ESTATE AGENT

ANDCOLLECTOROF HOUSE AND GROUND RENTS. Rooms Nos. 3 and 5, Masonic Hall, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

H. L. BOWEN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.CONVEYANCER COLLECTOR OF HOUSE AND GROUND RENTS

LOANS NEGOTIATED. NO. 2, SMEDLEY ROW, TOWSONTOWN, MD. WILLIAM H. SHIPLEY, SURVEYOR.

OFFICE-87 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-261/4 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE, PUCHCHASES, SALES, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS

CONVEYANCING, EXAMINATION OF TITLES GARRISON AVENUE, HOOKSTOWN,
BALTIMORE COUNTY.
Nov.4.1871.—tf PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

TO EAL ESTATE AGENCY. GROUND RENTS, LOTS, AND DWELLINGS for sale in Baltimore city and county. Loans negoti-BIRCKHEAD & MURDOCH,

Burserymen, Blazisis, Ar. ROSEBANK NURSERIES, We invite the attention of Planters and Amateur Cultivators to our complete stock of the following PEARS.STANDARD AND DWARF;

CHERRIES, Do., Do APPLES, Do., Do.; PEACHES. PLUMS, AND GRAPE VINES. orether with other SMALL FRUITS of popular 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.—1y Govanstown, Baltimore Co., Md.

CHARLES HAMILTON, FFGRIAT WAVEBLY, YORK BOAD, BALTO.COUNTY. A GENERAL ASSORTMENTOP

Hot, Green House and Hardy Plants ALWAYS ON HAND. ALWAYS ON MANH.

33. Bouquets, Pyramids, Wreaths, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Orosses, Sc., made to order at short notice.

33. Cometery Lots and Gordanis aid out and Supplished with Myangpons, Flowers, Sc., do.

34. Allorders prompty filled. A call respectfully collected.

[Aprils.—33.

NO 28 WORTH HOWARD STREET. BALTIMORE.

Seeds, Amplements, Eq.

ESTABLISHED 1837 MANUFACTURERS J. EDWARD BIRD & CO. FERTILIZERS. GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO.'S EVERY DEPARTMENT BRIGHT WITH ATTRACTIONS FOR SPRING ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE,

GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S PHOSPHATE. VELVETS.....BUTTONS.
PLUSHES....SHAWLS. PLUSHES.....DRESS GOODS.....MOURNING GOODS.... GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S ALKALINE PLANT FOOD CLOTHS....SKIRTS.
CLOAKINGS...MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
VELVETEENS....UMBRELLAS. Prepared with special adaptation to the growth of Corn, Potatoes, Tobacco and Vegetables requiring Fertilizer rich in Potash. CRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S RAW BONE.

CRETONNES.....FLANNELS. FRINGES.....BLANKETS. PERUVIAN GUANO AND PLASTER, FRINGES.....BLANKETS.
LACES....FANCY GOODS.
WHITE EMBROIDERIES.NOTIONS. FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS. Our stock of Seeds are new and true to name, em-bracing all the valuable varieties, and are from the most reliable growers only. Thankful for the com-mendation and increased patronage which have crowned our efforts to supply the best seed in the market, we will strive to merit confidence. HANDKERCHIEFS. LADIES' CLOAKS AND DRESSES.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WHITE UNDER-WEAR. WEAR.
INFANTS' OUTFITS,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CORSETS,
ALL NEW—THE BEST THAT CAN BE BOUGHT
—ALL AT THE

Dr. Baily Hay and Fodder Cutters Superior to any cutter in the market. Received the Highest Award at the Bay State Fair, October, 1886 of unsullied reputation is back of every offering MOSELEY'S CABINET CREAMERY. Moseley's Cabinet Creamery is offered to the public ENTIRELY ON ITS MERITS. A trial is solicited. FAIR DEALING, ONE PRICE STRICTLY and Freshest Novelties in Fancy and Staple Products have made us Headquarters in Baltimore for

STODDARD CHURN, Is easily operated and cleaned. Is durable. Over 12,000 in use, giving entire satisfaction wherever

We solicit correspondence (with orders) from any portion of the country, pledging our ample experience, immense facilities, expert help and superb 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 Har-poon 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.

ČUCUMBER PUMPS, REAPERS AND BINDERS. REPAIRING DONE WITH DISPATCH. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO.,

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 205 AND 907 NORTH PACA STREET, BALTIMORE, MD. DAVID MARKLEY. DAVID MARKLEY, Lauraville, Balto. Co. 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. BUY THE BEST AT CITY PRICES! JACOB MYERS, No. 39 Gay St., David Marklev BALTIMORE, MD.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, DRY GOODS, &c., FLOUR, FEED, HARDWARE, BOOTS, SHORS, RUBBERS, GARDEN AND FARM SEEDS. &c., &c.,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE FLOW? 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. REST 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

TOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

May 5,-4

BALTIMORE COUNTY.

OFFICE OF TREASURER AND COLLECTOR OF TAXES)

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, TOW-BONTOWN, 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 5 P. M.

THEO. WARNER,

HATTER.

PINEST SUMMER HATS IN STRAW AND PET/TS

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. 384 W. BALTIMORE STREET, May 25,-37

OF BALTIMORE COUNTY, Towsontown, Md., May 1st, 1888.

J. HARMAN SCHONE, OSCAR JOHNSON, GEORGE C. TRACEY,

803 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 FARMING IMPLEMENTS. J. I. MACKIN. -SUCCESSOR TOsend, 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, AYRES & MACKIN, 345 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD. (Removed from 190 Light Street,)

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. --DEALER IN-GARDEN SEEDS. FLOWER SEEDS, CLOVER, TIMOTHY, OATS, CORN, ORCHARD GRASS, &c., &c. ever shown together in America. LLADQUARTERS FOR THE PINEST LINE OF TRUE & CO.. Box 740, Augusta, Maino. Agricultural Implements Dec. 29.-1y4

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 Enslage and Fodder Cutters, McKay's Plant Setter,
Iron Age and Planet, Jr.,
Cultivators,
Hand Plows, Hand Seed Drills, Shovels, Rakes,
Hoes, Forks, do. C. H. MANN. TOWSONTOWN MD. LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE IN-SURANCE COMPANY, insures against loss by FIRE or LIGHTNING, and pays promptly. PHIPPS BUILDING. NEXT TO POST OFFICE TOWSON. 845 N. QALVERT ST., BALTIMORE.

Policies written on DWELLINGS, STORES, BARNS and other BUILDINGS. Also, on FURNITURE, STORE GOODS, and other valuable CHATTELS, LIVE STOCK, do.

C. H. MANN, SR., Acout, May 28.—17

Teles, May 28.—17

C. H. Mann, SR., Acout, May 28.—17 CHARLES H, MCQLEAN, COUNTY SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED FOR

BUILDINGS AND BRIDGES -OFFICE-ROOMS 6AND 7 MASONIC HALL. CM, NWOTNOBWO1 Nov.27.1880.--

FOTORES, THOUGHTS ON HAMLET, illustrated by recita-one from the Play. LABOR IN RELATION TO UMAN DEVELOPMENT, and the Demands of abor 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 CUEHMAN'S wonderful impersonation of "MEG, MERRILES" in Guy. Mannering. ENGAGEMENTS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED,

H. CLAY PREUSS, Arlington, Baltimore Co., Md. Lite Lombon national hyre! CARH CAPITAL, 250,000. Open daily, from 10 o'clock A. M. until 2.20 P. M., for Deposits. Making Loans on fret-class security, and doing a general banking business.

TERMS REASONABLE SO
JOHN G. COCKEY, President.
JOHN GROWTHER, Jr., Cashies. Moetig.

HOW A PAPER IS MADE. "Pray, how is a paper made?" The question is easy to ask, But to answer it fully, my dear, Were rather a difficult task; And yet in a bantering way,

As the whip-poor-will sings in the glade,

I'll venture a bit of a lay To tell how a paper is made. An editor sits at his desk, And ponders the things that appear To be claiming the thoughts of the world-Things solemn, and comic, and queer-And when he has hit on the theme He judges it well to parade,

He writes, and he writes, and he writes, And that's how a paper is made. An editor sits at his desk. And puzzles his brains to make out "Telegraphic:" 'tis squabbled and mixed, It is hard to tell what it's about. Exchanges are lying aroud;

While waiting dispatches delayed, He clips, and he clips, and he clips, And that's how a paper is made. A reporter out in the town, In search of the things that are new-The things that the people have done, The things they're intending to do-Goes peering and prying about

For items of many a grade: He tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps, And that's how a paper is made, Aud all that those workers prepare, Of every conceivable stripe, Is sent to the printer, and he Proceedeth to stick it in type.

In slow-moving columns parade-He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks, And that's how a paper is made. In short, when the type is all set. And errors cleared up more or less.

'Tis "locked in the form," as they say, And hurried away to the press, The pressman arranges his sheets, His ink gives the requisite shade. Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints, And that's how a paper is made.
[Printer's Circular

Miscellaneous.

HER INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER I. In a lonely little room in a dreary London house a woman lay asleep on a sofa. and a man sat near her with an open letter in his hand. It was a lodging-house about a "furnished apartment" which is much care and skill, and this room bore to you?" token of neither one nor the other. It characteristic of November rain in Lon- that it suffers. don; and though it was only four o'clock.

keep its brighter rival at bay. pery, horsehair class of sofa on which the | -oh, Philip, I cannot understand mywoman lay was drawn up close to the self. I cannot put it into words. I love fire, and the dancing flames threw their | you, dear, indeed, indeed I do; but I uncertain light full on her face. It was long, I long-I am dying for my old so white that even the red glow failed to home." give it color; and as she lay sleeping teen, apparently, framed in pale yellow pressed to her thin, white hands while hair, which fell somewhat untidy about it, she went on: and it was worn with pain and illness; 'And then I thought that if I could the mouth was very sensative and expres- know that my child would know the place sive, but lacking in strength, as was the I loved so much, that I could leave my delicate chin. The fading daylight grew love of it to my child, I could bear it. fainter and fainter, the firelight triumphed I could bear to die here-away from it. and reigned in every corner, and still she | But now-oh, Philip, Philip, Philip!" lay asleep, and still the man sat motion- It was her last appeal. A few hours less by her side. As he watched her he later, as her baby opened its eyes on the saw her face lose the strained look of pain | world, Dorothy's short life, joys and her and a happy smile curved her white lips. troubles came to an end. Her aching, What was she dreaming of? Ah! he longing pain was soothed by the kindly knew well enough that her dreams were | hand of death; and her husband and always the same; he could almost conjure | her little daughter were alone together. up before his own eyes, as he sat there in the desolate room, the scenes in which

she was roaming so happily in dreamland. Had she not told him of them again and again? Were not those dreams the is really getting late! Hubert!" She is standing at a casement window, in the early morning light. She has just jumped up from the little wooden bedstead standing in a corner of the room behind her, and opened the window. that the sweet, pure air may fill the little room, as she turns to the oak bureau and dresses herself. On the wide window ledge are pots of sweet-smelling plantsscented geranium, "lemon" plant, and musk, and round the window climbs a rose, whose buds peep in on her as she throws back the casement. As she stands there looking out she sees directly underneath a quaint farm house garden, its trim, close-cut grass, its roses-red, white, and pink -its old-fashioned sweetwilliams, stock, and sweet-peas, all fresh and dripping with the morning dew .-Further away, dim and indistinct in the mist, which the sun has not yet had time to disperse, she sees green corn. and fields, where havmaking is already going on, and as the scent of the hav and the song of a rising lark come to her through the cool, sweet, morning air, she hears an easel at the top of the green slope.

othv!" This is the low, oak-beamed room where she learned her lessons, and sat at | was separated—even in material sense her mother's feet to learn the mysteries by the width of a whole field. of plain needlework. There are her stool | Mrs. Ferrars and her husband had come and her book ; the leg of the table still to the neighboring village on the previous bears the marks made long ago by little evening, that the latter might make studies kicking feet. How often she has watched for a picture, and it was her first experthe pictures in the fire, sitting there in lience of English country. Though her the old oak settle! Into the wide, low parents had been English, she had lived entrage hall now! There is the large all her life in St. Petersburg, and there oak chest in which she used to hide; and Hubert Ferrars, on a holiday journey. up and down those shallow stairs she has had met her, loved her—their friends said and they walked down the street, pursued passed day by day for eighteen years .- from force of contrast-and married her. by Mrs. Haynes's valuable direction, to incidence. I know that house quite well At the MANUFACTURERS' NATIONAL BANK, N. E. corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, Baltimore, on the levy of 1888 only, BROM 10 C/CLOCK A. M. to 2% O'CLOCK P. M. GEORGE W. MORGAN, Ah, here, at their head, is her own little But they had been sitting out of doors all by the brook which flows through the farm, pressed by the scenery at first-strangely by the woman who had passed up the she has looked all her joys and sorrows impressed her husband had thought-Mrs. street a little while before; and as her in the face since first she had any sense of Ferrars felt that ten hours of it was almost | eye fell on Mrs. Ferrars's face, the same joy or sorrow. The position of the fur- enough. niture, the pattern of the paper here, the sound of the rustling willow leaves. the look of the clear blue sky as it shines really thought he meant to come this time. | vious effort, while Hubert Ferrars, coming ished, dear. I am so used to it that he through—these are woven into her very Must I go back? I'll try another call straight to the point, said, pleasantly: life, for they have associated themselves | first."

with her deepest mental experiences. It i

It was in this little room again moaned a little, and the man bent for- relapse again, and then, as he joined her, glance at Mrs. Feerrars, she said: "Will ward and watched it anxiously as the dis- | she said: tressed expression returned to the pale

softly:

"Dorothy, Dorothy !" She woke with a start, and opening her large blue eyes, which shone with a wild, hungry light, she stretched out her thin hands towards him and cried:

"Philip, Philip, has it come? Has he answered? Will he let me go home?" The man made no answer. He gathered the trembling hands to his own and kissed them tenderly. "Philip, there is a letter! Oh, tell me!

I may go home. Philip?" "My darling, try to be quiet-try to be brave. There is a letter but-" "He says-no?"

"He says-no." spoke with heart-sick anxiety as to the effect of his words. A little shock seemed to pass across her face, leaving it gray and drawn; and she fell back panting a

with their light gone. "Dorothy! Oh, my poor love!" "Read me the letter."

"No, no. Dorothy—" "Read me the letter." He obeyed, and by the uncertain light

of the fire read: "Sin :-- You ask my permission to bring your wife to my house, on the plea that she has suffored severely from homesickness, and that, in her present state of health, her life is endangered thereby. Failing my consent to this, you ask me to satisfy her sick fancy' by a promise that her child-should it survive-shall be allowed 'to learn to know and love its mother's home.' In according to either of these requests I should break the word which I passed to my step-daughter when she became your wife—that neither she nor hers should ever

cross my threshold again. I am, &c., JAMES FARMER." As he finished reading, the man crushed the letter in his hand with a gesture of utter loathing and contempt, and, turning again to the woman beside him, he took her into his arms.

"Dorothy, my love, be brave. Don't sitting room, evidently-there is something look like that! Why did I ever come into your life? What can I do for you? not to be effaced or disguised without Dorothy, Dorothy! Is my love nothing

She looked up at him with a strange, was a November afternoon, and the rain | yearning expression in her blue eyes—the had been falling all day with that dull, look of an animal that cannot understand dreary depressing persistence which is or explain its feelings, and only knows

"Oh, Philip, yes!" she said. "You the room was lighted rather by the flick- | know, you know! Only my home! Oh, ering fire than by the light from without, if I were strong it would be different which only seemed to intensify the dreari- | but lying here thinking, thinking all day ness within, as it brooded over those cor- long, I cannot keep my mind from my ners in which it still ruled, seeming to past life-my child, my mother, and my home. When I sleep I go back there The shabby specimen of the hard, slip- always in my dreams; and when I wake

Her weak voice rang with a despairing, there, her only expression one of pain | yearning cry; and the man who loved and distress, it was impossible to tell her and who was impotent to satisfy the whether, in health and animation, she sick craving which he had seen for months might or might not have been pretty. It | eating away her life knelt by her side in was a young face—not more than nine- the now dying firelight, and with his lips

CHAPTER II. "Hubert, are you coming? Hubert, it | took up the word at once. The speaker was standing with her

back against a five-barred gate in an attitude half resigned, half impatient. ways in the very latest fashion---on the I'm never in those parts, so to speak, and up the curious strain of the situation. top of her little head, or to the perfect, can't tell for certain. fashionable simplicity of her always-appropriate dress, no one could decide: but the fact remained that she had been a "pretty little woman," almost as soon as she ceased to be a "pretty little child." Receiving no answer to her call, she turned and looked over the field, across which she had sauntered ten minutes before, at a man who was sitting before her mother's voice cry, "Dorothy, Dor- which swept up from where she stood

evidently too deeply absorbed in his work to be reached by a voice from which he Here, and under the willow down | day long, and, though she had been im-

> "Oh, dear old goose," she murmured | turned them away, however, at once, and to herself, "he is buried again, and I kept them fixed on the ground by an ob-

was in this little room that she shed the hands this time, and, with a little laugh ing us about a haunted house in this that can't be explained, and it is of no first bitter tears of her life-tears for her in her voice, called, "Coo-ee! coo-ee!" neighborhood, and, as I was anxious to use to think about it. Do you really dead mother. It was under the willow This time her voice reached him, and hear more of it, and if possible to see it, two years later that she heard the words, he looked up with a start. "Dorothy, I love you. Will you be my "How much longer?" the laughing much obliged if you can help me in the

NO. 1284. She kept her eyes fixed on him as he

the value of your eyesight." dark hair and very dark-brown eyes, in swered, with a smile: which there was usually an absent, faraway expression. They were not absent I have always a weakness for such places now, however, as he looked down at the little woman at his side; they were full of love and contentment, and their expression was reflected in the blue ones that met them. When their mutual friends had exclaimed at what was apparently such an ill-asserted match, Hubert Ferrars had declared that he was the only | Mrs. Ferrars before she said: person in the world who really appreciated his wife, popular as she was, and Mrs. Ferrars had asserted that nobody ever could, would, or should understand her

theories were first formulated, and they own eyes, was startled. held to them more firmly than ever. She took his camp stool from him now, tively, "perhaps you would rather not little, her eyes still fixed on him, but slipped her other hand through his arm, tell me any more." and they walked slowly through the fields | There was a moment's pause, and then toward the little cottage where they were the woman said abruptly, without looking staying. On reaching it they paused u up: moment and looked down the little village 'You wanted to see the place, Sir?street. The sun was setting, and the Would you like to spend a night there? seven clas that stood in a row a little fur- | Would you like to see—it!" ther down the street, separating the school With a slight exclamation of astonishhouse from the little village shop, cast ment he rose and stood with his hand long shadows over the winding road and resting on the back of his wife's chair, the primitive apology for a pavement. The and Mrs. Green went on:

> and sparkled in the light. "How pretty and quaint!" said Mrs. Ferrars. "I never saw anything at all itself to Hubert Ferrars, and, recovering like it. Ah!" breaking off suddenly, from his first surprise and from a certain 'look, Hubert, there is that woman again. | thrill of awe that the woman's words had Let us see if she will look at me this time." The woman in question had just come out of the dark little shop and was stand- you arrange with your brother?" ing, dazzled for a moment by the bright "Yes, Sir," she said, "I'll manage."reflection from the windows opposite, shad- She hesitated a moment and then added: ing her eyes with her hand. She was an 'The-the lady, Sir-she won't go with ordinary-looking woman enough, with one you?" of those rather stern, strong, wrinkled faces to be seen by the dozon in any coun- speaking promptly for herself. "I shall try village. She crossed the road, out of be comfortably asleep in bed. I am an the way of the dazzling light, and as she unbeliever and should see nothing." did so she suddenly became aware of Hubert Ferrars and his wife. A sort of her another of those peculiar looks. spasm passed across her face, and she hard to define-half recognition, half | Glen." question, all perplexity, and—yes, there could be no doubt about it -- fear. She was something strange in the pause that never moved her eyes as she went by, and followed, and he was just going to wish

> with her coarse apron. They looked at one another in amaze-"What can she mean, Hubert? She ooked like that when we passed her yesterday evening, and again this morning eyes, this time with a look of excited exwhen she was standing at a cottage door as I went by. Let us ask Mrs. Haynes if she can tell us anything about her." Mrs. Haynes, their landlady, was,

and look back again, and then, with a

after the manner of her kind, loquacious. but not enlightening. The woman was fairly well to do. She was a bit proud like; kept herself to herself; but, deary no, she was not mad—nebody less so. She had a brother who was not to be call- intoed just right in his head since he lived by himself in the haunted farm; but she an old oak chest. There is a door on the

was all there right enough, she-" But here her flow of information was interrupted, Hubert Ferrars was a connoisseur of haunted houses. In the idea connected with them, and often in their material aspect, he found a form of the this morning." picturesque in which he delighted, and he

"The haunted farm," he said. "Where is that, and what haunts it?" say, not believing in such stories nor wish-Hubert Ferrars, though she was only place it must have been before it went to three-and-twenty. A certain atmosphere | rack and ruin through no one living there. of completeness pervaded her. mentally | because of-whatever it is as is seen there. associate with girlishness. Whether it garden and a bit of wood at the back. lay in her self-possessed manner, in the | which no one didn't want, and there old self-reliant glance of the quick, observant | Sam lives a-minding of it, he says, though serted, she owed it to the beautiful way as him and his sister—that's Mrs. Green. in which her fair hair was dressed-al- Sir-was servants there years back; but | was the first to recover himself an break

> "Is the place in ruins? Can one get "Lor no. Sir: not to say in ruins. It's whole enough; only deserted like. But it's Mrs. Green as could tell you all about it Sir, only she don't always care to be questioned. They do say as she have

> seen-what there is to be seen-times and

again and as for getting in, you could

mention it to her, and may be she'd see Sam about it. He's a bit crusty, Sir, old Sam is." Mrs. Ferrars had turned away. Haunted houses had no attraction for her; she was "too practical," she said. But she was very curious about the woman who

had looked so strangely at her, and she

now said:

"Let us do that, Hubert. You would ike to see the house, and I should like to see Mrs. Green. Shall we go now?-It is not too late, is it, Mrs. Haynes?" So Mr. Ferrars took up his bat again. the little cottage which she pointed out.

expression sprang into them again. She "Good evening. Mrs. Green, I believe? She made a speaking trumpet of both Mrs. Haynes, our landlady, has been tell- that picture, it is one of those odd things

she referred me to you. I shall be so

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IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING. She looked up as he finished, hesitated The figure on the sofa stirred and put his things together, lest he should a moment, then, with another furtive you please to walk in, Sir?" They fol-

"Well, thank goodness! Do you know lowed her into the little room, Hubert how often you have said, 'I'll come,' and Ferrars apologizing for troubling her, in The mean became a cry; the thin feat- have not come, in the course of the last his gentle, courteous way, and she said: ures were convulsed with pain; and the hour? No, don't apologize, Sir! Be "Would you be pleased to tell me why man knelt down by the sofa and said, thankful that you have a wife who knows you want to hear about 'The Glen,' Sir?" Her manner was quite respectful, but He was a tall, quiet-looking man, with guarded and very reserved, and he an-"Well, I have no special reason; but and the stories attached to them, and I

should be very glad to hear anything you can tell me. What is it that is seen at— 'The Glen,' is it called? I am told that vou can tell me from personal experience." The woman's brown face changed color slightly, and she stole another glance at "Yes, Sir; I have seen it often and

often." She spoke very quietly, and Ferrars, who had never before found himself face He was gazing into her eyes as he dreamy, reserved, unpractical husband as to face with any one who laid claim to she did. It was two years since these having seen "something" with his or her

"I beg your pardon," he said instinc-

low, thatched cottages on the opposite side | "If you would like it, Sir, will you go were bathed in a crimson glow, except to-morrow night? My brother will be where the trees threw their shadows, and there then, and, maybe, not again for the little diamond window panes flashed some time, and it would be lonesome for you by yourself. Will you do it Sir?" Such a chance had seldom presented

> sent through him, he said: "I will, indeed, and thank you. Will

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Ferrars, The woman lifted her eyes and cast at

"No. ma'm." she said in a low voice, came slowly up the street, fixing her eyes as her eyes fell again. "No; you would on Mrs. Ferrars with a look which it was never see the ghost that haunts 'The It seemed to Hubert Ferrars that there

as she passed they turned with a simulta- Mrs. Green good evening when she said. neous movement and looked after her slowly: until they saw her at a little distance stop "I—I have a picture to the place. You would, maybe, like to see it;" and, sudden gesture, wipe her brow and neck turning to a cupboard in the corner, she took from it a small water-color sketch. -She stood for a moment with it in her hand, and then, moving quickly across the room, she laid it on the table before Mrs. Ferrars, on whom she once more fixed her pectation. Hubert Ferrars was still standing by his wife's chair; his hand was on her shoulder; and, as her eyes fell on the little picture, he felt her start violently. Before he could speak Mrs. Green said, in a tone which she was evidently con-Mrs. Green, she told them, a widow woman | trolling by a great effort, addressing herself to him, but without moving her eyes

from his wife's face : "You see, Sir, there is the principal door. You go in there "Into a low, wide hall, in which stands right leading into a low oak-beamed room. The stairs are very shallow and of pollished oak, and at their head is a little room with a casement window, from which

one sees a view like that first bit we saw Mrs. Ferrars had said all this in a low absorbed voice, as if unconscious that she was speaking aloud, and her husband had listened with a surprised smile. The fa-"As to what haunts it, Sir, that I can't | ded picture-the picture of an exterior merely—showed nothing of this to him. "What a pretty little woman!" was ing to hear them. It lies about two miles But suddenly the subtle shock which a what people said at first sight of Mrs. out in a very lonely part, and a pretty human being who is feeling intensely will communicate to others near it passed from the woman, whose face was white and quivering with excitement, and laid its and physically, which it was impossible to The land was sold, of course, all but the hold on the husband and wife. They looked up suddenly, and there was a silence which seemed to palnitate with something intangible and indefinable. blue eyes, or whether, as some people as- who for no one couldn't say. They do say | Ferrars, though his finer organisation had felt it more keenly than his wife had done,

> "Why. Thea," he said, "how can you tell? When have you been there? I thought-"

> But she started again and stopped him quickly. "Yes, dear," she answered, "I know. Shall we say good evening to Mrs. Green now? We are taking up her time." She was very pale, and there was something about her manner—as unusual excitement in the quick, rather uneven way in which she spoke, that caused him to obey her almost involuntarily, and kept him silent until they were again in their

> own little sitting room. Then he said : "Now. Thea! What is it, dear ? What does it mean ?" She had quite recovered herself, and

laughed a little as she said: "Nothing at all tragic, I assure you, dear. You have not atumbled across a hollow mystery in my past life, nor have vou unearthed the skeleton of my private oupboard. It is only a rather enrious cothough of course I've never been there. The knock was answered immediately All my life, ever since I can remember,

I have dreamed of it." "You have dreamed of it ?" "Yes; not every night, of course, but semetimes for nights together. Generally about this time of year, and always on my birthbay. Oh, don't look so sattenhas ceased to seem strange to me, and though I was a little startled when I jaw mean to go there to-morrow night ?"

"Yes," he answered, "yes, I do." Concluded Next Week