9 00 12.00 16.00 20.00 17.00 20.00 30.00 40.00

32.00 40.00 60.00 75.00 120.00

Rennert's RESTAURANT, CALVERT AND GERMAN STS.,

BALTIMORE. OPEN DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. T THE "OLD PLACE" RESTAURANT, STEEL

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 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.—1v

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 the reported and The house has been thoroughly renovated, and the public can rest assured that the proprietor will e his utmost endeavors to make his guests com-A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.
CHARLES O. COCKEY,

OVANSTOWN HOTEL. LEWIS RITIER, Proprietor. 2項の数 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 (visitors.

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

Bouse and Sign Bainters.

Sylvester bowen & son, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, TOWSONTOWN, MD. Every description of Plain, Ornamental and Fancy

Painting, executed with neatness and despatch, and A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. Nov.1.—tf SYLVESTER BOWEN. JOSHUA M. PARKS. DARKS & GERMAN, J. WESLEY GERMAN.

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GRAINERS AND GLAZIERS,

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

AUCTIONEER, TOWSON, Md. WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO ALL CEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,

TOWSONTOWN, BALTO. COUNTY, MD. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care

SAMUEL B. METTAM, AUCTIONEER, PIKESVILLE, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. Ordersleftattheoffice of "Maryland Journal" will

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PEACHES. PLUMS, AND GRAPE VINES, together 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.

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Hot, Green House and Hardy Plants ALWAYS ON HAND. Bouquets, Pyramids, Wroaths. Crosses. Crown ac., made to order at short notice.

Cometery Lots and Gardenslaid out and furnished with Evergreens, Flowers, &c., &c. Allorderspromply filled. A callrespectfully colicited. [Aprile.—Sm.

DR. E. P. KEECH 127 NORTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

## Alarmand



VOL. XXV.

Seeds, Amplements, &q.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

**M**iscellaneous.

MANUFACTURERS **FERTILIZERS** GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO.'S ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE,

GRIFFITH, TURNEL & CO'S
AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE NEW BILKS—NEW PRESS GOODS, NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS, NEW EMBROIDERIES—NEW LACES, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WRAPS, MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—INFANT'S OUTFIT. GRIFFITH, TURNER & CO'S ALKALINE PLANT FOOD Prepared with special adaptation to the growth of Corn, Potatoes, Tobacco and Vegetables requir-

RIFFITH, 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 pub-lic ENTIRELY ON ITS MERITS. A trial is so-

STODDARD CHURN, Is easily operated and cleaned. Is durable. Over

Malta Shovel Plows, Iron Age Cultivators, Corn Drags, Cahoon Seed Sowers, Planet Seed Drill and Cultivator, Pennsylvania Grain Drill, Thomas House,

OLIVER Chilled Plows

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

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BARD & CO.'S STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS, GROUND BONE, ORCHILLA GUANO, SOUTH CAROLINA BONE, PLASTER, KAINIT, LIME, CEMENT, &c.

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50 Cents per Dozen. TULIPS,

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-SUCCESSOR TO-AYRES & MACKIN, 345 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD. (Removed from 120 Light Street,) GARDEN SEEDS, FLOWER SEEDS, CLOVER, TIMOTHY, OATS, CORN. ORCHARD GRASS, &c., &c.

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Bessell Chilled Plows, Hoosier Corn Drills, Farmers'
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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.

W.L. DOUGLAS' \\$3.00 Shoe, \$2.50 Shoe, W. L. DOUGLAS' \\ \#2.25 Shoe,

\$2.00 Boys' Shoe, JAMES PHIPPS, Towson. ---DEALER IN----

ALL KINDS OF BUOTS AND SHOES. CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. June 15.—tf

ODD FELLOWSHIP. ITS HISTORY AND MANUAL, BY THEODORE A. ROSS, SECRETARY TO SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE

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.

The work, besides, is a complete Manual to the interested Odd Fellow. It corrects many facts as to the origin and wonderful progress of the Order.

No intelligent Odd Fellow should be without the work.

ESTABLISHED 1837 1837 J. EDWARD BIRD & CO., BALTIMORE, MD. IN ALL OF OUR DEPARTMENTS. FRESH IMPORTATIONS IN ALL THE DESIRABLE FALL FABRICS. NEW SILKS-NEW DRESS GOODS,

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

BLANKETS—DOMESTICS,
HOSIERY—GLOVES—HANDKERCHIEFS,
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DRESS GOODS. NEW DRESS FABRICS, THE LATEST DESIGNS OF THE FRENCH-ENGLISH AND GERMAN MANUFACTURERS.

For entire costumes we are showing extensive lines:

CHECKS—PLAIDS—CASIMERES—SERGES,

—HENRIETTA — DRAP DALMA — BROADCLOTH—CASHMERES—CAMELS HAIR.

HENRIETTA. Original quality as introduced and sold by us for the past five seasons—finer—heavier—richer—softer finish—different in weave and at less cost than the regular French Cashmere-manufactured ex

IN OUR MOURNING DEPARTMENT LARGEST ASSORTMENT AND EXCELLENT VALUES. SILKS.

Latest approved novelties are daily added to our lready COMPLETE assortment. FAILLE FRANCAISE, embracing all the new shades for autumn and winter costumes.

This material has soft velvet finish with small cord, and is warranted not to crack or slip.

READY-MADE GARMENTS Ladies' and Children's Wraps. Of these, for many seasons past, we have shown by far the largest stock in town at those popular prices that enabled us to underseil competitors.—
This season you will find a stock far, far larger than any even we have shown. In all the great variety you will find none resembling any hitherto, by us or others, offered. All new—all our own exclusive styles - all at the most popular prices ever

freshest novelties in Fancy and Staple Products have made us headquarters in Baltimore for DRY GOODS.

You'll see the novelties for Fall and Winter. We shall be glad to have you buy, and if you buy you will be sure of values which cannot be excelled. but, if you do not buy, but wish to look, you wil be welcome all the same

BALTIMORE, MD. WILLIAM D. RANDALL, SEES

DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, FOR NAVAL VESSELS AT THE OLD STAND.

The undersigned takes this method to notify the Public and especially the Patrons of the late firm of 3. R. YOE & CO., that he has taken the OLD TTAND occupied for so many years by that firm

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

He will keep a full stock of the best STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES. CANNED GOODS, FINE LIQUORS

CHOICE WINES. CIGARS AND STORES
FOR NAVAL VESSELS and will provide the BEST FACILITIES for sup-plying Goods at MOST REASONABLE PRICES and with the greatest dispatch.

Oct. 28.--tf

OLD SHERWOOD

Rye and Malt

MEDICINAL WHISKEY.

Take no other, but insist on having this only, 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-

Samuel Miller, Jno. H. Heid, Lref & Co., W. T. COWMAN & CO., HOPPER & CATOR, WM. M. MAYNADIER, J. M. WHITEFORD, LESTER CLARK,
JNO. W. HITSHUE,
S. W. TIPTON & SON,
F. L. LAWRENCE & SONS,
LEWIS H. URBAN, JNO. F. O'HARA, ENGLAR, KETTE & CO., A. C. SMITH, D. ALMONY & Son, ELLRIDGE SUTTON, March 24, '88.—tf

Chas. McRae.

-WROLESALE-LIQUOR DEALER,

f 409 N. CALVERT STREET f 409OLD NO. 111.

NEAR THE DEPOT BALTIMORE, MD

THE BEST \$2 WHISKEY IN THE CITY

GTRY IT. TA May 28,'87.—1y J. H. HARTMAN'S.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, WAVERLY, MD. I take this means of informing my patrons and the public in general that I am now prepared to AND SELL

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS, at a better advantage to the consumer than hereto-fore, having made addition to my stock on hand, and facilities for making and mending Boots and Shoes according to the latest styles. AT LOWEST PRICES FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK.

> J. H. HARTMAN, 1180 York Road, Waverly, Md.

Moetio.

AUTUMN. Now the farmer from the fields Now the farmer from the fields
Reaps the treasure each one yields;
His barns are well supplied again
With the autumn's golden grain.
But, oh, autumn of the year,
Thou art lonely, sad and drear;
In summer's faded garb arrayed,
Garb that once bright charms displayed.
Birds of summer, happy, free,
We have missed thy melody.
Groves once vocal with thy praise
Silent are these autumn days. Silent are these autumn days. Changed are woodland, meadow, dell Favorite haunts we loved so well. Cold o'er nature bends thy sky, Telling icy winter's nigh.
In thy leaves strewn o'er the ground,
A sad simile is found.
Doomed like them to swift decay,

Doomed like them to swin decay,
We live awhile, then pass away.
Yes, each autumn leaf that falls
Is like a friend that heaven calls
From an earthly shrine of love,
To dwell with angel bands above.
Wellesley. GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN. Grandmother's garden, I see it yet Hollyhocks, pansies and migonette, Bachelors' buttons and larkspur blue, All in a beautiful jumble grew.

I see you smile, with your nose in air, As your eye sweeps over your rich patterre, A triumph, I own, of the florist's art; Like the roses and woodbine that used to meet And lovingly twine o er the rustic scat Where Tom held buttercups under my chin

Naught is left but a memory sweet.
The garden is gone, and Tom—we meet
Once in a while, but you'd never begin
To suspect he'd held buttercups under my chin.
AMY HAMII ON. **M**iscellaneous.

BABBETTE.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER

put a shawl over her brown curls shadowy night.

general appearance; but to-night Bab- life." bette was eighteen. They knew it in the great house, but what cared they for the birthday melting into blank night without even a word or

token of affection? The tears dropped off the long lashes and a bitterness settled over the white face—so very white now in the deepening | weeks later.

If her young heart was breaking from neglect and want of sympathy, what difference did it make; what difference, indeed? She was only an orphaned niece, moneyless and friendless, finding shelter under the aristocratic rooftree of Uncle Wilton, simple because it could not very well be otherwise. People would have censured, you see.

Cousins Kate and Clara were in the drawing-room entertaining friends, and FINE LIQUORS, CHOICE WINES, AND STORES | the soft light came through the drawn curtains of filmy lace with a dreamy radiance suiting well the slow, sleepy music of the guitar some one was playing inside.

The girl paused to look in at the cozy enjoyment hungrily. How she loved music: but then she could not sing. No: the musical vein of the Wiltons had failed to throb into her life for some reason. She couldn't sing, she couldn't dance, neither could she appear well in society; so Aunt Maria said "there was no use bothering with the little ignorant beggar."

ing sensation in her throat. dear old friend, the gray-haired rector. How many happy hours she had passed in that pretty cottage; the little study | they were ready to inveigle him into com- | and at once made known her errand. shaded lamps; with its narrow, green | could. shutters opening out on a long, old-fash-

dise to the lonely girl. Doubtless the low rocker in its suug on him, really, after all. corner waited her coming to-night as often before; and they wouldn't miss her in there where the soft, sweet music mel-

No. there was no room for her anyway, had she chosen to have remained in-doors. Her place must be among those in the thrilled her, "for I have glad news, my

but the rector had told her that he would only brings me nearer to you if-if you feel as free to occupy the willow rocker | guess, Babbette-love?" at the rectory, for-! Well, she was now eighteen and really a child no more, for all Aunt Maria kept her in ankle dresses

Turning from the music and merriment within her uncle's drawing-room, she help it?' drew the crimson shawl closely under her dainty chin and went away in the darkness. Crossing the lawn and shutting happy laugh. the wicke; gate behind her she ran swiftly along under the greening cedars toward | Babbette?"

Tapping at the study door she was admitted by the gray-haired clergyman, as usual, who drew the familiar rocker forward and, pushing his books aside, turned around for the talk he knew was expected to be forthcoming.

"And to-night I am eighteen," said Babbette, letting the shawl drop from her shoulders with a weary gesture, "and what have I accomplished, or where is cobwebs," he said, drawing her nearer unlism or some other strong-minded subthe prospective niche for Babbette | him. "Will you marry me, little one?" | ject; and if she should, why, the children

lowly, but I dare say the brilliant and she is as poor as a church-mouse, in spite | The subject announced for the next not be missed as much as thev."

have spoken of so often, come in and see "O. O my!" and Babbette looked dis-

pleadingly. "I do so want you and Max to be friends. too."

At that moment the son came in and, seeing Babbette, came forward for an introduction. "I am happy to meet you, you, and your delightful visits which brightened the days, otherwise very lonely

for him." noticed short dresses and souffed shoes, and what they thought of poor beggars who couldn't appear well."

But the rector's son didn't seem to down on little Babbette with disdain and notice any deficiences in dress or manner. and talked of her favorite books and authors in an easy, chatty way that made to go; "it is quite dark?"

"I have run across here after nightfall | lionaire. alone quite often," answered she; "but I might fancy myself cowardly for once," strangers, Miss Wilton, said Max as they walked slowly along under the gloomy cedars. "Father has written me so much about you that I was really anxious and glad to get home that I might make your acquaintance personally."

"I shall be glad," whispered Babbette. clinging to his arm in the darkness.

"Then God has really sent me to you." he answered, reverently, holding her hand a moment in parting.

"pray tell us." death of a relative he becomes sole heir and mush and milk. to his property, worth about a million or

fast approaching the old maid line. down the river," put in Clara. warrant he handles the oars nicely, and,

shall be the envy of our set. versation; she grew very quiet. Could | ing veto from the reigning power. it be that Max was really a millionaire? Would he change into a proud, cold and strongly attached to his own church; but

now that he was wealthy? seemed impossible to endure a change in Out across there, though, where the away to her room to think it all over. he was fortunate in a financial sense, herself as a Mrs. A ........, from Boston. with its modest ingrain carpet and softly- panionship and—matrimony if they

alone; she wanted to be alone and the this place more intelligent, cultured, in- of an inch wide, and is nearly a tenth of lowed the air and floated out on her deso- | gloomy shadows were fitting the occasion. dependent----But she was not alone; no, some one was coming. "I am so glad to find you, Babbette," said the voice that always

little friend.' "I have heard," answered the girl, groaned. wearily, "you are a wealthy gentleman." "Won't you congratulate me?" he thing!" he shouted. "I won't subscribe flower. It can still be used, and indeed "Why should I congratulate?" and pose it." the housekeeper to look after him. His her white face was turned to him in the

He was away to college somewhere, don't you know me better than that? It hind the lady.

Then he did love her? She opened her lips; but the answer would not come. "I have thought sometimes that you loved me, dearest; was I mistaken?" "No," she whispered; "how could I

"I don't know: I am sure I don't want you to help it," he said with a low, "Then you will be my wife, won't you, "O. Max !"

cannot be Max Lawler's wife?" asked est gleam of comfort. he, holding her hands while he waited "I believe they are," she said, faintly. be any worse than she is. Perhaps she'll "I brush them aside, then, as I should | take to going around lecturing on spirit-

"Yes, Max," and the lonely, friendless | and I would try to bear up while she was Her fingers clasped and unclasped orphan crept into the arms of the million- gone. themselves in an aimless nervousness, and | aire; he whom she thought shut away by | At the boating party Max was the lion | that awful club. Mr. Hawkins had list The good old man placed his trembling of the hour; but he disgusted Kate Wil- ened with a morbid fascination, while hand on the brown curls. "Daughter." ton very much by devoting his attention she held forth at the tea table about the said he, "be of good cheer; violets are to little Babbette. "He doesn't know first afternoon on "Ruskin."

"Do you mean to say that you are in earnest?" gasped Uncle Wilton, recovering from his wonderment.

"I was never more in earnest, uncle. Babbette and I were married this morn-Miss Wilton," he said in a clear, sweet ing at Grace Street Chapel, a few friends tone that thrilled her with its earnestness. being present, while my father was the "Father has written me so often of officiating clergyman. Will you not congratulate us, uncle?"

Wilton gave them his blessing while the Babbette fidgeted with the fringes of other members of the party looked on her shawl and wondered if college folks and enjoyed it as a spice of real romance; all excepting Katy and her sister. Piqued and taken aback, the proud Misses Wilton stood aloof and looked

withering scorn. She, of all the world, to outstrip them in the matrimonial race! And they had her feel at ease in spite of her misgivings. | tried so hard to make her keep her place. "Would you allow me to walk home the ungrateful little beggar. All their with you," asked Max as Babbette rose enjoyment was suddenly annihilated by that one fell stroke of the handsome mil-

But they recovered from their shock, however, as it was policy to do so, and and, smiling, she accepted the escort. grew fond of referring to the happy "It seems to me that we were never couple as "our wealthy cousins now traveling in Europe."

THE DREADFUL CLUB.

Mr. Philander Hawkins was a slave. He lived in the land of the stars and "It isn't much to know me," rejoined stripes. He was a property owner and had been known to die from living in He was helpless, except to cry, "Peek! Babbette, wearily. "I am such a cipher an office holder. He came and went, rooms where the sun never came. So I peck!" and open his mouth wide enough and such a miserable, no-account cipher, like any other man. Still, he was a slave. am going to keep the shades up after this." to take in a whole cracker. He bent the knee to the most despotic "Please don't say such sad things," tyrant that ever reigned over cowering occasion to bless the club. he said in a pained way; "try to see the humanity. That tyrant was his wife. silver lining for yourself, you find it for Mrs. Hawkins was a clever woman, on "home decoration," after which Mrs. upon the innocent, and slipped out unobserved into the others. Perhaps you are a little despond- but ignorant, narrow-minded, unreasona- Hawkins proceeded to take down the hideent to-night. However, that will wear | ble, with a temper that carried all before | ous blue shades from the windows and One would have thought her a mere away. Let us be friends and cheer one it, including Mr. Hawkins and the three replace them with soft, graceful hangings, down to see what the crowd meant. and child judging from her slight figure and another up to grand, good purposes in children. People said that Mr. Hawkins and hang up some engravings and put then took the bird from the hand of a didn't dare to say that his soul was his scarfs on the tables and chairs. own. Still less dared he assert any right as to the house, the children, or any wife's face wreathed in smiles. He birds. Then the children clapped their worldly possessions.

shades and locked up all the front part of club had asserted that fretting produced had dispersed, and pedestrians elbowed "Have you heard the news?" asked the house, and made the family sit in the wrinkles. Hence those smiles. Uncle Wilton at dinner one day some dining room, the neighbors hinted it was "No, papa," chorused his daughters; not to remonstrate. He was equally the Concord philosopher thought that a years old appeared on the roof of a house nowerless when she dieted the family all man and wife might have different relig- and set about flying a kite. It was a "Well." said he. "the rector's son has winter on buckwheat cakes and apple jous creeds, and she didn't know that she home-made affair, and his experience had fallen heir to a mint of money; by the sauce, and all summer on boiled potatoes had any objections to Mr. Hawkins going been so limited that the tail lacked the

Mrs Hawkins kept the piano securely believe that the millennium was at hand. were very creatic. In five minutes fifty "O, my! and he is handsome and a locked, save on those rare occasions cellegiate, too," simpered Kate, who was when they had company. Mr. Hawkins longed to go into society, and to entertain | never faltered when she reached it, but order to "move on," but strung along "We must invite him to our party his friends occasionally in his own house, mounted it boldly. The subject at the the iron railing for 100 feet. It was "I'll but his wife set her face against all man- club was "Our Social Natures." Mrs. plain to all that a climax must come. ner of amusements and recreations; and | Hawkins walked home from that meeting | The tail of a dog may be never so long besides, a millionaire at the Wiltons' row- although Mr. Hawkins had been petition- with two other club ladies, and stood at or never so short, the canine maintains ing party would be quite the thing; we ing ever since they were married that the gate and talked earnestly for half an his equilibrium without regard to it. As they might have "a little company," "But Babbette didn't join in the con- this petition had always received a wither- Hawkins, with the air of having always however, as upon the kite itself. While

formal friend-merely an acquaintance- his stronger help was a Baptist, and much | Dr. Grimes said at the club that it was ing which time it took on all the moveagainst his will and conscience. Mr. Hawk- every woman's duty to look after the ments of a wounded bird, there was a He had so often sought out the silver ins meekly followed his wife every Sunday lining to her dark cloud of late that it to the Baptist church around the corner. One afternoon Mr. Hawkins sat in his him; his friendship was very precious. office with a cloud on his brow. He had The big tears, hesitating on the dark | The family knew nothing of her secret, just come from a stormy scene at home, ashes, plashed down on the crimson shawl and went on discussing the rector's son in which Mrs. Hawkins had informed him and Babbettee turned away with a chok- and his money, not aware that the girl | that no one in her house should go in or left her dinner untouched as she crept out her front door except on Sundays. A knock at the door and a lady entered, lights twinkle through the trees, lived a Her cousins had never recognized their wearing a black silk dress, a stylish bonyoung neighbor before; but now, because | fet and a pleasant smile. She introduced

"I am soliciting contributions," she said, "for a most worthy object. I de-She saw as much in Kate's blue eyes sire to found a club for the ladies of this ioned piazza by day, and closed on the at dinner. Would they do it? Would city. It is called the Woman's Mutual little happy world at night, was a para- they take him away from her? Well, Improvement Club. We shall study hisit could all easily be; she had no claim | tory, literature, art, house-keeping, hygiene-in short, all that tends to enlighten That evening Babbette walked slowly and cultivate woman. I think I can promup and down under the darkening cedars | ise that this club will make the women of about thirteen inches long, three-eighths

> "Stop!" shricked Mr. Hawkins .-For heavens sake stop! The lady looked at him in amazement. Mr. Hawkins was seized with an awful fear. "Indepedent! Oh heavens!" he neck by a filament or cord of silk tied "I'll have nothing to do with the

The lady left precipitately, convinced "Then you aren't in favor of the club!" "Away from you? Why. Babbette, said his partner, as the door closed be-"Well I should say I wasn't!" thunbe at home shortly. After his coming, will; it gives me liberty to tell you some- | dered Mr. Hawkins. "That woman of course, Babbette argued, she wouldn't | thing very dear to my soul. Can't you | ought to be suppressed. What right has

she to come here putting any more independent notions in our women's heads!" But his partner only smiled, and winked knowingly at the clerk. Mr. Hawkins did not say anything about that club at home. He feebly hoped that his wife might not hear about it. Delusive dream! The next evening, at tea, she informed him that she had been invited to join the Woman's Mutual Im-

provement Club, and she had put her name down as a charter member. Poor Mr. Hawkins! Fate was against "Why not, if you love me, dearest?" | him. He went about in a walking night-"I cannot appear well in society and mare, vaguely wondering what awful -and I am poor and charity's child." thing would happen next. There was "Are those all the reasons why you just one thought that gave him the faint-"Whatever comes," he finally conclud-

> Two weeks past. Mrs. Hawkins had twice been present at the deliberations of

ed, "it doesn't seem as if Sarah could

stately blossoms of the hot-house would of her good looks," she almost sneered day was "Hygiene." Mrs. Hawkins came back from the second meeting and After tea Mrs. Hawkins said, "Lean-

"No, we aren't, "replied his mother, shortly, "and nobody asked you to say Mr. Hawkins laid down his paper curiosity getting the better of his fear.

NO. 1297.

"Why, then, Sarah," he said mildly. 'what are you going to do with all these?" And in a dazed sort of a way Egbert

eat." and miserable" for the last fifteen years. The family fared better after that. prehended what had occurred, looked his Mrs. Hawkins bought a new cook book astonishment and gratitude, and as he in the place of the one that had been in slid off the bench and prepared to go he her family for 20 years, and Mr. Haw- pulled off his ragged cap and said: kins began to take a more cheerful view

The next Monday afternoon, Mr. Hawkins came home to find the front curtains other day to see what had attracted a up, and the sun shining right into the small crowd of adults and children. The parlor, where sat his wife talking to a | sparrows have built their nests in the ivy neighbor. Mrs. Hawkins was saying: which is trying to hide some of the grim-"They said at the club this afternoon that ness of the quaint old prison, and from sunlight was healthy, and that people one of the nests had fallen a fledgling. And a second time Mr. Hawkins had "Poor thing!" "Too bad!" "What

A few weeks later the club had a day ous exclamations of sympathy showered

When Mrs. Hawkins drew down the shortly it came out that an article at the tened up, and next moment the crowd But when at the close of an "Emer-

Mr. Hawkins was fond of music, but happened, Mr. Hawkins was fain to as the kite soared away its movements Mr. Hawkins was a Methodist, and

> social interest of her family. "She made a splendid speech said Mrs. | telegraph wire and the crisis had arrived. Hawkins, "and we all agreed with her. Everybody cried "Oh!" and "Ah!" in And I've been thinking it would be a a sympathetic voice, and, as the child good idea for us to have some company; realized the disaster and sat down and

"Beware of the solitary man," and Mrs. a wild flight of four or five minutes, dur-

and I am going to let the children have a went, the sentiments of the onlookers party." That night Mr. Hawkins wrote a letter with a basket, who said: to Mrs. A——in Boston. He humbly apologized for his rudeness to her; he enclosed a check for \$100, and told her to use it where it would do the most good; and he concluded in these fervent words, "As long as I live I shall bless that club. It helped me when everything else failed."

An Ancient Egyptian Necklace.

ously twined one upon another. It is an inch thick as I can measure it with a rule. The ends of it were at first fitted only with small solid rings set into clamps beautifully ornamented with leaf work. Perhaps it was fastened to the wearer's through. The present owner has arranged a modern clasp in the shape of the lotus in full dress. It is so flexible, falling down into picturesque folds the moment it is let go, that it seems more like a ribbon of delicate tissue than like mere metal. An expert goldsmith told me, after he had examined it with his glass, that it undoubtedly had a perfectness of uniformity in the links which could be found only in a chain manufactured by machinery. This was to me a matter of wonder, for I was not prepared to learn that the ancient Egyptians had the knowledge of machines which could produce woven fabrics from pure gold. It was at once a discovery and a delight. It must be confessed that when I have spoken of this necklace as belonging to a Princess I have no actual authority. It dates from the age of Moses, if Herr Brugsch is correct-a learned period, it is a fact; but how much acquaintance the nation had then with delicate machinery it is not easy to say. This ornament was found in one of that range of tombs opened along the Nile, where royal and priestly burials were frequent. It may have been worn by a daughter of a King, but not yet is any one able to give her name, her lineage, or her history.

Dry Goods Merchant-"You have | low? called in response to our advertisement for a floor walker? Well, sir, what are vour qualifications for the position?" Applicant—"I am the father of three

pairs of twins." There is a demand among theatrical people for "protection for American actors." How would an egg-intercepting

When a husband comes home with powder on the sleeve of his coat. his wife is very apt to show fire. Then he is

By Why was Pharoah's daughter like a little prophet in the rushes on the bank. I not grow.

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IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING

SUNDAY SUNSHINE.

Philosopher Whe Says Things Are Not All Going to the Dogs. On a bench in Union Square the other day, under the old willow standing at the head of Sixteenth street, a ragged urchin "They said at the club to day," said | fell asleep on the bench. That he was a Mrs. Hawkins, "that no one could have gamin was plain at a glance, and that his good health who didn't have good sub- lines were cast in hard places was proved stantial food to cut. Dr. Wellington by his sorrowful face. As he slept the Hawes said it was better to pay the sun moved along until it by and by shone butcher than to pay the doctor. And full upon his face. He still slumbered, I've been feeling kind of tired, and mis- but his position was noticed by a wellerable for the last few days, and believe dressed, genteel-looking man, who was its because we don't have hearty food to smoking his cigar not far away, and I saw that he grew uneasy. After a bit he Mr. Hawkins' face expressed a thous- goes over and takes a seat on the same and different emotions, as he retired be- bench, pulls down a limb until it shades hind his paper, grimly wondering if that the face of the boy, and he sat there and was what made him feel "kind of tired | held it thus for a full quarter of an hour. Then the boy awoke. He quickly com-

"Thankee, sir; I'll do as much for you

some time.' And I stopped before the Tombs the

shall we do?" were some of the numer-

A burly, big caterer solved the problem. He stopped his vehicle, jumped woman and gave it a toss with such true One evening Mr. Hawkins found his aim that it fell into the nest among the couldn't imagine what it meant. But hands, the women laughed, the men softand vehicles fought for the right of way. While I was on the promenade of the "cranky." But poor Mr. Hawkins dared | son" day. Mrs. Hawkins announced that | bridge the other afternoon a boy about 6 to his own church after this—when this proper weight and length. Therefore, There was still another round in the people had paused to watch operations ladder of progress, and Mrs. Hawkins | \_\_not in a solid crowd to bring an official hour. That evening she informed Mr. much depends upon the tail of a kite, thought to herself, that it was natural for everybody hoped for a successful fly, it people to like society. Carlysle said, was apparent it must be a failure. After

> were fitly expressed by an old woman "Now, then, I'm real sorry for that little shaver, and I do hope he won't be

> long dive to the right, the kite struck a

discouraged." So then, I say, after citing these instances, and alleging that something akin can be seen every day by one of an observing turn, that we of Gotham cannot be charged with selfishness or lack of sympathy, even though strangers come and go with that impression. Aye! but I do It is a chain of exquisite gold, a rich solemnly declare and affirm that I have orange yellow in color, with links dexterseen a specimen tramp twist his foot aside as he sat on a bench in the city hall park to give a beetle the right of way across the path.

What a trifling thing will change the whole aspect of affairs in a street in the twinkling of an eye! At sundown, the other evening, three or four men sat on the front steps of their houses in East Sixteenth street. They looked tired and out of sorts. A dozen children sat on the curb, listless and heedless. A tired woman with a heavy basket sat down to asked. "Aren't you glad for Max?" one cent, and will do all I can to op- as well as ever, as an ornament for one rest, mumbling at her hard lot, and a man with a bundle stopped near her and uttered something like a curse as he wiped the sweat from his face and neck. Just a word from any passer-by would have brought on a quarrel.

A strolling Bohemian band turned in from Fourth avenue, arranged themselves in the middle of the square, and struck up a lively tune. In sixty seconds every countenance wore a different look. At the end of another minute everybody exhibited a pleased interest, and when the band out short on that and began with a waltz the children got up in pairs and began waltzing up and down on the flags laughing gleefully as they moved. The old women chuckled, the man with the bundle began to whistle, and the faces of the out-of-sorts men were broad grins and they beat time with hands or feet. In six or seven minutes the change was so wonderful that one could have scarcely believed thom the same people. And when the band departed the impression did not go with it. The men began talking in cheerful tones, the old woman had a kind word for the waltzers, and the man with the bundle resumed his way with

the exclamation: "By George! but don't that rest a fel-

They came out of the cyclorama the other night just shead of me, and as I followed them down Fourth avenue one of them observed: "That battle of Gettysburg must have been an awful thing!"

"You bet!" was the terse rejoinder. "Glad we went." "So'm I." They walked a few steps in silence, and then the first suddenly stopped and

"What fools!" "How !" "Why, durn our skins, we never asked

lor chair with his girl every evening dosen't realize it. The dentist may take root and yet

ALL WOOL

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late night.

dreary by-ways of life! But the rector, kind old man, was companionable and a friend. She would step in and have another of those long, serious talks she delighted in. Poor man! He, too, was alone now, with none but wife slept over there in the church-yard, | gloaming. "Why should I, when it lifts | that Mr. Hawkins was an escaped lunatic. and his son-well: Babbette didn't mind | you up so far away from me?"

and long, childish curls.

the choking sensation welled up into a a wall of gold.

calling, "here is our little friend whom I futile in ensnaring the young man.

tressed as she rose quickly to go. "Stay, please!" said the old man,

to her companion. A step sounded in the hall. The rec- Why do you ignore the pick of our drank her tea in a meditative silence. tor looked up. "It is my son, Max," social circle and take up with that girl!" Mr. Hawkins was filled with apprehension. blown up. he explained. "He came home yester- asked Uncle Wilton, pompously, as he What was Sarah up to now day; I didn't tell you, did I? Max!" noticed his own daughter's wiles prove

> wife." answered Max, calmly. If a thunderbolt had at that moment | and molasses and raisins and oranges." rent the very heavens the surprise and astonishment could not have been greater. | pany ?" queried her son.

"Because, Uncle Wilton, she is my five pound roast of beef, and stop at the they are miserable.

grocery and get some onions and turnips "Say, ma, are we going to have com- a merchant in Wall street? She found

screen at the front of the stage do?

One would suppose that there are der, you may go to Smith's and order a some women who are happy only when

nobody which side licked. The nights are getting longer, but the young man who occupies half of a par-

exclaimed: