Dealer in Liquors, &e.

WILLIAM D. RANDALL, B. R. YOE & CO., B. R. YOE & CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES. FINE LIQUORS, CHOICE WINES, AND STORES FOR NAVAL VESSELS

AT THE OLD STAND. No. 88 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore. TO THE PUBLIC: The undersigned takes this method to notify the Public and especially the Patrons of the late firm of B. R. YOE & CO., that he has taken the OLD STAND occupied for so many years by that firm where he proposes to continue the GROCERY 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 customets, he therefore respectfully solicits a continu-

ance of their patronage and earnestly asks the Gen eral Public for a share of their custom. He will keep a full stock of the best STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS, FINE LIQUORS CIGARS AND STORES
FOR NAVAL VESSELS
and will provide the BEST FACILITIES for supplying Goods at MOST REASONABLE PRICES and with the greatest dispatch.
Very respectfully

Assistants.—Court Clerk, Lewis M. Bacen; Equity, Chas. E. Fendall; General Assistant, Jas. E. Green; Index Clerk, Martin O'Hara; Record Clerks, Jos. B. Herbert, John Hitshue, Jas. L. Burgoyne, Dixon M. Tipton, George F. Wheeler, Jr.; Messenger, Wm. Denny.

WM. D. RANDALL. Oct. 28.--tf ()LD

SHERWOOD Rye and Malt

MEDICINAL WHISKEY.

This whisker is old stock of standard strength and purity particularly adapted to all cases idisposition requiring a stimulating Tonic. It has been submitted to the test of the most exacting requirements of Physicians, and connoissours 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, scaled top and bottom, bearing cautionary notices

WIGHT & LEUTZ, Cockeysville, Md.

-FOR SALE BY-

W. T. COWMAN & CO., KANKIN & KANE, HOPPER & CATOR, WM. M. MAYNADIER, J. M. WHITEFORD, PERCY M. REESE, JNO. F. O'HARA, ENGLAR, KETTE & CO., A. C. SMITH, J. D. ALMONY & SON, ELLRIDGE SUTTON, March 24, '88.—tf	SAMUEL MILLER, JNO. H. HEID, LEEF & CO., ADAM DIETRICH, LESTER CLARK, JNO. W. HITSHUE, F. L. LAWBENCE & S LEWIS H. URBAN, J. SCOTT PRICE, C. A. KROEBER.
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Anrserymen, Aloqists, Eq. ROSEBANK NURSERIES, GOVANSTOWN.
ALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. Cultivators to our complete stock of the following

PEARS, STANDARD AND DWARF; CHERRIES, Do.. Do 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

TERMS MODERATE. Orders by mail promptly attended to. CATALOGUES forwarded on application. W. D. BRACKENRIDGE, Rosebank Nurseries, Oct.16.-1y Govanstown, Baltimore Co., Md

QUINCE, suitable for hedging.

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Hot, Green House and Hardy Plants Bouquets, Pyramids, Wreaths, Crosses, Crown tc., made to order at short notice.
Cometery Lots and Gardens laid out and fur nished with Evergreens, Flowers, &c., &c. Allorderspromplyfilled. A callrespectfully

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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,)

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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 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.

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UNDERTAKER, TOWSONTOWN, MD. CASKETS AND COFFINS OF ALL STYLES FUR

Having purchased a NEW HEARSE I am prepared to attend Funerals in a first-class manne All orders promptly attended to. ECTURES.

THOUGHTS ON HAMLET, illustrated by recita-sions 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 improvemention of "MEG. MERRILES" in the ful impersonation of "MEG. MERRILES" in Guy. Mannering.
ENGAGEMENTS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. H. CLAY PREUSS,

Dec. 31.-tf CHARLES B. McCLEAN, COUNTY SURVEYOR

AND CIVIL ENGINEER. PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED FOR

BUILDINGS AND BRIDGES -OFFICE-

ROOMS SAND 7. MASONIC HALL, THEO. WARNER, HATTER.

May 25,-17

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.



VOL. XXVI

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1890.

Baltimore County Directory.

BALTIMORE COUNTY DIRECTORY. Circuit Court. Judges.—Chief Judge, Hon. David Fowler; Associate Judges, Hon. Jas. D. Watters, Hon. N. Charles Clate Judges, Hon. Jas. D. Watters, Hon. N. C.
Burke.

State's Attorney.—Frank I. Duncan.

Auditor.—Richard Grason.

Commissioner to Take

Testimony and Ex.

A. A. Piper.

Crier.—George W. Seipp.

Interpreter and Bailiff.—Lewis Vogle.

Bailiffs.—Henry Kaline, Tobias C. Linsey.

Terms of Court. First Monday in March.
Third Monday in May.
Second Monday in September
First Monday in December.

First Monday in January.
First Monday in March.
First Monday in May.
First Monday in July.
First Monday in September.
First Monday in November. Equity .. Clerk's Office. Clerk of the Court .- John W. Shanklin.

Sheriff.—Charles J. Beckley. Clerk.—George C. Tracey. Deputy.—William M. Risteau.

Commissioners' Office. County Commissioners .- Thos. Todd, John Smith, Robert Magruder. Chief Clerk and Auditor.—Michael F. Connor.

Assistant Bookkeeper.—Walter B. Warner. Treasurer's Office. Treasurer and Collector.—George W. Yellott. Clerks J. Harman Schone. Thomas R. Laurence.

Orphans' Court. Judges.—Mark Mellor, Chief Judge; B. Howard Gorsuch, Andrew Dorsey. Deputy Register .- John F. Conrey. Copy Clerk-James Kelley. Bailiff to Orphans' Court.-Geo. W. Stansfield

Surveyor's Office. County Surveyor .- Charles B. McClean. Registers of Voters. 1st-Henry S. McDonald. 8th-Zephaniah Potest.

9th-John C. Pape. #d-Henry B. Fritogle. 3d-Geo. H. Elder 11th—A. J. Shearman.
12th—Thomas B. Todd.
13th—Dr. Thos. B. Hall. 5th-D. Frank Resh. 6th-J. Nelson Daily. 7th-Charles L. Almony. Public Schools. Commissioners.-Samuel M. Rankin, 11th District,

President: Charles J. R. Thorpe, 3d; Jacob Shamberger, 6th; John P. Clark, 9th; Oregon R. Benson, Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner .- Charles B. Assistant Examiner.-Mrs. Nora Bruff. Police Force. 12th District-Marshal-George Hofstetter. Patrol-

men-Chas. B. Lewis, Wm. H. Carter, Michael Kent nedy, Henry Miller, Joseph V. Smith, John McKay, Wm. H. Wade. Keepers of Police Stations Canton.-Alexander Brown

Lamplighters and Watchmen Towson-Sylvester Bowen. Mt. Washington-Frank Smith. Special Officers.

Towson-James Hutchins. Texas-John Banahan. Artinaton-John Hall. Mt. Washington-Dennis F. Starr, Frank Smith. 13th District-James Cavey. Removers of Garbage.

Canton.—Edward Dunnigan. County Jail Physician-Dr. Jackson Piper. Wätchman-Peter Emge.

Alms House. Superintendent-Abijah II. Colo. Engineer-Thomas Kenney. Physician.-Dr. Bennett F. Bussey Chaplains.-Revs. P. H. Lenaghan and A. T.

Sanitary Physicians. Towsow.—Dr. H. S. Jarrett. Catonsville.—Dr. N. R. Gerry. Miscellaneous.

Superintendent of Bridges.—William H. Shipley, Inspector of Weights and Measures.—Nathaniel Watchman at Court House-John P. Murphy. Bailiff to Commissioners.—Conrad Doenges. Superintendent of Court House.—Geo. L. Stocks-

Counsel to Board .- John Grason, Col. D. G. Mc Station House Magistrates Canton .- James P. Dorsey. Catonsville—Albert Smith Mt. Winans-George S. Keisser. Assessors for New and Missed Property.

1st District.—John S. Wilson. 2d District.—Caleb S. Hobbs. 3d District.-William T. Cox. hth District.—Joseph Tase.
6th District.—Jacob B. Wilhelm. 6th District.—Wm. Oeligrath.
7th District.—J. W. Armacost. 8th District.—George B. Chilcoat of Jno. 9th District.—Chas. A. Steuart. 10th District.—Leonard Brown. 11th District.—Frank B. Boarman. 13th District.-George A. Meeter

Fire Department. Superintendent of Fire Department and Lamp Light rs-George W. Morgan. Superintendent of Telegraph Line-Chas. J. McAleese. No. 7, Highlandtown—Henry Trishman, Captain; James E. Mann, C. M. Jackson, Henry Filler, fire-No. 8, Canton—Frederick Trow, Captain; John Feehely, Wm. J. Lambdin, fireman.

Road Supervisors. 1st District .- G. W. Lurman, Peter Link, Michael 2d.-Frank Parlett, William F. Piel, Albert 3d.-Wm. H. Chenoweth, Samuel Roach, John 4th.—John W. Shipley, Jesse Upperco, Jacob 6th.-George Hale, Edward Martin, John H Bosley.

6th.—Lysauder McCullough, Christian Deckmyer. 7th.-Henry S. Wright, Wm. E. Miller, Lewis 8th.—William H. Todd, Wm. Gent, Jr., B. M. 9th.-Wm. S. Cowley, Patrick Gallagher, Rich'd B. Hyland. 10th.—Wm. F. Perdue, John Schmidt, Benjamin 11th.-Francis Cardwell, Michael Dunn, James Shanklin.
18th.—George Adams, Edward Krastel, William

18th.—Halbert Hoffman, Wm. T. Randle, M. Justices of the Peace. 1st District—David Feelemyer, Jas. Holden, Jno. Pilert, Albert Smith, Albert F. Brunier, John Schalble, Wm. T. Sears.

2d District.-Jas. W. Offutt, Robt. A. Harker, Jas. B. Heiser, Robt. B. Chapman. 3d District-Wm. Pole, Sr., Sam'l B. Mettam,

Henry T. Daley, James Hamilton, Richard E. Ti-dings, B. Frank Knight, Chas P. Newman. Ath District—David L. Slade, J. Smith Orrick, Samuel P, Storm, Alanson F. Shipley.

Sth District—Noah S. Cofiell, John T. Thompson,
Wm. H. Ehler, John M. Bond.

6th District—John Kearney, Sr., E. Lewis Palmer,
Samuel Ehrhart, Wm. S. McCullough.

7th District—John F. Heisse, Thomas E. Pearce, W. Gent, Joshua G. Bosley.

9th District—Gideon Herbert, Albert W. Perrie, Jos.
B. Mitchell, Herman B. L. Everding, Chas. H. M. Hover, Richard P. Pindell.

10th District—Thomas Kaufman, R. Thos. Smith.

11th District—Frederick Haile, Patrick Bradley,
John T. Ambrose, John W. Burton, Sam'l Bachtel,
Henry Walter, Frederick Schutz. 12th District—N. C. Brockmyer, Wm. T. Jenkins Jas. P. Dorsey, John Hevern, William H. Rever Thomas G. Carter, George A. Cook.

15th District—George S. Kieffer, Z. Taylor Gregg.

Notaries Public—Jas. E. Green, James Kelley.

Constables. 1st District.-Wm. E. Nagle, Henry Mellor, Geo. 8 Kalb.

\$d.—Caleb S. Hobbs, Richard T. Mullineaux.

\$d.—William H. Reed.

\$th.—George W. Stocksdale, Joshua N. Whittle.

\$th.—William H. Benson. 6th.—Charles Ensor. 7th.—Charles Ensor.
7th.—Edward Hawkins and Joseph Hoshall.
5th.—John W. Green, John H. Jones.
9th.—Robert H. Cole, James Hutchins.
10th.—John Williams.
11th.—Wm. H. Knight.

J. MAURICE WATKINS. PROVIBIONS, Meats, Groceries, &c.,

18th.—Harry Councilman, John H. Wienhold. Alexander Hughes, Frank Wolf. 18th.—John C. Leiritz. PALITIMORE. Kay 20 .- 4 v

Original Moetry.

HOTEL RENNERT, SARATOGA AND LIBERTY STS., LADIES' AND GENT'S RESTAURANT 42-OPEN DAILY. TO

ROBT. RENNERT, Prop Rennert's RESTAURANT. CALVERT AND GERMAN STS.,

Botels and Bestaurants.

BALTIMORE. OPEN DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. A T THE "OLD PLACE"

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 a city prices.

Ample stabling and shedding and polite hos tler always in attendance. LEWIS H. URBAN, Proprietor. June 7,"84.--17 TEN MILE HOUSE. ON THE YORK TURNPIKE.

The undersigned, having purchased the well known TEN-MILE HOTEL PROPERTY, York Turnpike, the same will in the future be conducted 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 artifact.

Jan. 27, '76,-tf GOVANSTOWN HOTEL. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor. 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

Auctioneering.

REISTERSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD. to him. Oct. 23, 1886.—tf

CAMUEL G. WILSON, AUCTIONEER, TOWSON, Md. Feb. 9.—1y

C EORGE L. STOCKSDALE, N.C. LOGSDON,

REISTERSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD. SAMUEL B. METTAM, AUCTIONEER.

DR. JAB. H. JARRETT. TOWSUNTOWN.

From 7 to 10 A. M. | From 6 to 10 P. M. March 15.-tf TR. B. C. MASSENBURG. Office-COR. PENNA. AND DELEWARE AVES. Where he can be found at all hours, except whe professionally engaged. April 5.—tf

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

TATALL PAPER: WALL PAPER: WINDOW SHADES!

FLOOR AND TABLE OILCLOTH. ____0___ 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 BALTIMORE CITY,

any other house in the city. JACOB MYERS, No. 89 Gay St., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE HOME PERMANENT MUTUAL LAND AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION OF BALTIMORE COUNTY. TOWSON, MD.

Par value of shares \$150. Dues 25 cents pe Interest upon unredeemed shares average 5 to 6 per cent. per annum.

Meets every Enturday Night
IN THE OFFICE OF "MARYLAND JOURNAL.

WM. H. RUBY, President. WM. M. ISAAC, Secretary. JAMES E. GREEN, Tressurer March 17.—tf

INSURANCE COMPANY. For rates apply to the office of the "MARYLAND JOURNAL," Nov. 9 .-- tf FORD & LAUGHLIN,

MERCHANT TAILORS, NO.28 NORTH HOWARD STREET.

FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE MARY

Said he, "your face fair Look up and give me a greeting; For surely you know That forehead of snow And blue eyes caused this meeting."

Said she, "but I saw, Ah! sir, my eyes saw Yourself in a real flirtation With pert Sally Cray, Who crossed on your way. Forgetting her proper station.

"Well, dear," answered he, With a frown in his ee, "She called me as I came hither, URBAN'S RESTAURANT, And I paused a season
To hear her reason,
For she is nearly as old as mither.' YORK ROAD, NEAR THE CAR STATION "Now, sweet, fair Mary, Don't be contrary,
You are my true love forever;
Don't fret and scold me,
But firmly hold me,
And we shall be parted—ah! never."

Mary smiled sweetly, Saying discreetly, "Forgive my petulant manner; I know you love me, For high above me Hope waves her beautiful bauner." [Written for the MARYLAND JOURNAL.]

CHARLES O. (UCKEY, Proprietor.

fortable and satisfied.

A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

CHARLES O. COCKEY,

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

tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure of visitors.

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

GEORGE W. STOCKSDALE, CONSTABLE, COLLECTOR AUCTIONEER

AGENT FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Prompt attent on given to all business entrusted

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO ALL SALES ENTRUSTED TO HIM. TOWSONTOWN, BALTO. COUNTY, MD. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care

PIKESVILLE, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD. Ordersleftattheomiceof" Maryland Journal" will

Mhysicians' Cards.

Dr. J. H. JARRETT & SON. -Office Hours-

lent contrast to the light and life outside. A light that blinds you with its brightness; a life that exults and runs riot in the pride and strength of its growth. darkened room is almost oppressive .-Tread softly, look with reverence on the sleeping face of the chamber's only occupant. Does it startle you in its fixed

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

DR H. LOUIS NAYLOR. -CFFICE-BESIDENCEOF THE LATE HON. SAM'L BRADY NEAR BROOKLANDVILLE.
OFFICE HOURS
7to 8 A.M., 2to 8 P.M. and after 7 P.M. BRANCH OFFICE PIKESVILLE

From 9to 10 A. M. and 4 to 5 P. M. Messages left at either office will meet with prompt attention.

June6,—tf

WINDOW SHADES!!

-come away. 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.

APHRS no branch house or any connection with any other house in the city. In a Florentine cafe two men, both voung, both handsome in strikingly dissimilar fashions, are sitting together at a little table over coffee, ices and cigarettes,

speechless bewilderment.

CATTER YOUR RISKS. Take advantage of an opportunity to have your property insured in a solid and substantial company, such as the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE

TOLANK MORTGAGNES HOWDE.

[Written for the Maryland Journal.]

M. E. CARMICHAEL

MRS, B. F. TAYLOR.

BESSIE IS DEAD.

Press—press the turf softly
Above her fair head,
For Bessie, our beautiful
Bessie, is dead.

Ah! soft was the whisper

That lured thee away To the Asphodel land Of unchanging day.

Yes, sweet was the love-note,

And sunny the smile
That beckoned our treasure
To that blessed isle,

Are quivering now.

The unceasing moan
Of life's bitter ocean
Forever is flown.

Then press the turf lightly Above her fair head,

Miscelluneous.

PALMA.

THREE SCENES IN A LIFE.

SCENE II .- FROM THE ANTIPODES TO

FLORENCE.

Concluded.

It is midwinter in New Zeland.

in unbidden at every window.

tress of this free unfettered beauty-her-

self the fairest, strangest, most tropical

blossom of all this strange fair garden?

"home" for six brief months. The trum-

perfume; the blinds are drawn over the

It is sultry noon, and the silence of the

calm purpose? A peace that life can

scattered thickly on her coverlet.

ant musician.

away his head.

been there to observe. The broad-

ror as he points to the paper with a

trembling hand, and Vansittart reads:

White lilies on her whiter breast,

with jest and laughter, crowned with her

resplendent beauty, and the cynosure of

Our golden Palma lies at rest.

For Bessie, our beautiful Bessie, is dead.

LAURENCEVILLE, PA.

Where the light winds of heaven Fan ever thy brow, And the harps of the blessed

Where the key-note of mystery-

"But, my dear Visconti," he expostulated. "because a man's wife dies, in the LOYE'S CLOUDLETS. name of common sense and of all justice. In the daintiest gown
Sweet Mary sat down,
With buttercups all around her;
With birds and flowers
From Nature's bowers, what right have you to say he has mur-And thus her true lover found her.

> Visconti had reseated himself, and, covering his face with his hands—those slender, faultless Italian hands-shuddered convulsively, but spoke no word in reply.

"Come, come, Visconti, quit yourself like a man !" cried the artist kindly, laying his hand on the bowed head. give me, old fellow," he continued; "I had no idea the Signora Bardi was so much to you."

> "I worshipped her like a star set in heaven above me, she was just so much to me-no more-" was the bitter reply. "But that's not all, I have some real cause for a horror even greater than my grief, as you shall learn," he continued, brokenly. And then after a few minutes' silence, during which he struggled successfully with what seemed to Vansittart a very extraordinary agitation, he resumed: "You don't need to be reminded of our conversation about the Bardis on the night of that farewell gathering at your rooms more than a year ago. I had uneasiness, of which we were both ashamed, and yet could neither of us

> shake off or get rid of." Vansittart nodded a silent assent, and Visconti spoke more rapidly. "Well, then, that night, after I returned to my room, I read a note which I had received during the evening. Judge of my astonishment when I found that its contents not only bore directly on the subject of our curious conversation, but were an absolute confirmation of my

worst fears." "From whom did you receive the note?" interrupted Vansittart. "From Palma Bardi herself," was the slow, unexpected answer.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the artist. "Did you answer it?" "No reply was possible, neither did she desire any. A sudden impulse-] can't explain or analyze, but which in some strange way I comprehended-must have moved her to confide in me at the

He paused again, and after a silcnee, during which Vansittart mused and The blinding glare of the burning noonsmoked, he took from his pocketbook an tide is almost intolerable, and the vertical inner case and extracted from it the note rays of a semi-tropical sun are beating which Palma Bardi had given him at pitilessly upon the wild wealth of blos-Louis Vansittart's door that memorable soms in Palma Bardi's garden—a bewild-Spring night. He unfolded it with hands ering profusion of roses mingled with a that strove to be steady and laid it on the strange flora unfamiliar to European eyes. table before the artist without speaking. Roses and sunshine everywhere, as far as Vansittart took it up with eager curieve can reach : trailing scented sprays osity and was some minutes deciphering fling their burden of blossom across the the faintly penciled hurried lines which neglected paths and thrust their fragrance Palma must have written in the cloak room at his house that far-off April night. But where is Palma Bardi-the mis-

The note ran as follows: "In all the sterile splendor of this magnificent, cruel city my home-sick soul turns to the one compatriot I number among my friends.

Not for help. I am past that! but merely to Enter vonder spacious airy chamber in the long white house Palma has called bid you not grieve for me. You have watched me and discovered what I sought to hide from pet-shaped scarlet flowers of the giant me—once—I think, but this mad passion for empirical knowledge, in place of true scientific research, has ruined all. He sacrifices himself, his own soul, and at last his wife for these increeper make the still air sickly with their open windows, and the shutters outside sane specutations. Twice already, to-night istence is known to few; a poison that destroys not the body, but the mind, by slowdegrees; a lingering mental agony, finally affecting the former through the latter, as an empty shell decays. Twice! and each time, somethingwas it fate or God?-interposed to save me. The third time will be fatal, and I am too

weary to resist or escape if I could. Farewell. "The sober sense of this nineteenth century would say these are the ravings of madness," remarked Vansittart, laying never know has fallen there, and this down the paper and looking anxiously at

sleep is calm and dreamless at least .- | his friend. "My own knowledge of early Italian There seems no room for pity—no need of chemistry and of Bardi's infamous attain-By what inexplicable freak of nature | ments tells me it was probably only too some antique coin and stamped upon the low passionate utterance, "that it left me living marbles of this nineteenth century | absolutely powerless, utterly and entire-Italian woman? Faustine or Palma lying | ly! I could do nothing. I could not calm and silent on that white hed? | publish the note, and on the strength of that strive to tear Palma from her 'natu-"Asleed or waking is it?" White draperies about her peaceful couch: the subtle. ral legal protector,' say rather from that passionate scent of white flowers filling experimenting scientific devil! with his the air with heavy odors, while their pure soulless, snake-like nature. I petals, white and light as fallen snow, are | plunged in the most hideous despair. I formed plan after plan only to reject them all as the perfection of hopeless folly.-At rest! And we last saw her, flashing

How could I or any one save a woman who was going with wide-open eyes to meet her doom; what proof had I either? "No. there was nothing to do, unless all eyes in a London drawing room. And you killed Bardi on the off-chance of these now. She is at rest with God. Be silent things being true, and so saved Palma at that price," returned Vansittart with a reckless coolness, as though it were an

everyday suggestion on his part. "Yes? I thought of that, and even went down to the docks the day the Southern Cross sailed, prepared to do shelter from piercing winds and cutting listening indolently the while to the soft anything on the impulse of the moment; strains of a mandolin played by an itiner- but it seemed simply horrible to kill even Bardi in cold blood to save her from what, when all was said, was mere suspi-The elder of the two is glancing down the column of a paper, when he suddenly starts from his chair with a passionate course infinitely more difficult, was, how of silver as they flow noiselessly by maroath, exclaiming, "My God! then he has would it have appeared to Palma? For ble stair and palace wall. Her wan rays murdered her at last!" in horror-stricken myself, hopes and fears alike would soon make the sparkling snow still whiter. "Visconti! Have you suddenly taken a fruitless hope, unacknowledged even to buildings appear by contrast blacker and leave of your senses?" demands Louis myself, that the thousand and one Vansittart, picking up the paper his chances of life might end him and his ox- the moon rose. friend had flung aside. It was the "Voce periments together. I see now how fu-Nazionale," and he stared first at the tile that was. I told myself, too, that if newspaper and then at Visconti's face in | there were any God in all the universe surely He would protect her, pure and iu-

"Look there, look at the list of nocent as she was. deaths." gasped Andrea Visconti, turning "We are told," remarked Vansittart dryly, "in a certain book, not much read The two men standing together amid in Italy, 'That His ways are not our the tawdry gold and crimeon decorations | ways,' a statement in which I entirely of the case presented a singular contrast | concur, without presuming to offer an to the curious observer, if any such had opinion of my own on the subject." "This time. now it is too late to save shouldered, muscular Saxon-American or serve her," I'll leave nothing to fate

pictured saint-are turned to a steam hor- | will !"

"Palma, the wife of Prof. Bardi, of heart joinder, delivered with a dead, deliberate frosty light falls most sharply, lies the disease. At Pearl Bay, New Zeland."

word. dered her? Poor Palma!" he added in sican dash in your blood won't justify unmeaning gaze, and already they are ten per cent. of interest on the outlay. a softer tone, looking at the notice. "We you, as a man of honor, a gentleman, in growing dim and clouding over with the Love is the only thing in which the height shall never see her again in this world at seeking such a revenge. Surely you darkness of death. The snow falls again, of extravagance is the last degree of least, whatever they may tell us of the don't seriously contemplate reviving the and see, the light keen flakes are gather- economy. Joy is wealth. Love is the next! Dear, beautiful, noble woman! fast dying vendetta, or the hiring of a ing fast on the pallid, upturned face and legal tender of the soul, and you need The gods from time immemorial have couple of bravos-after the fashion of rigid form. One arm is bent beneath the not be rich to be happy. I tell you the for Bardi and stab him at some street corner?" expostulated the artist in a tone half | with blood. jest, half earnest, as he put his arm through

into the starlit night together. "What a mighty relief to leave that out the sight from God and man. silence of the night!" said Vansittart, warmth and light, a cherry contrast to man who is always trying to make some expanding his broad chest with a deep in- the deserted, wind-swept streets and the one else happy spiration as he gazed upward into the in- desolate waste of waters beyond. tense mysterious blue of the Italian summer sky.

"It seems to me, Visconti, that a man could almost grow into a poet if he lived | door; a hasty consultation between the | and disaster, driven by a million bayonets long enough in this Italy of yours," said proprietor of the Golden Lion and some back upon Paris-clutched like a wild the artist, threwing himself full length persons outside, while no small curiosity beast -- banished to Elba, I saw him on the grass beneath a clump of trees, as evinced by the coffee drinkers and escape and retake an empire by the force

made." he added laughingly. diastole of the heart are perfectly repre- They surround the table, and Andrea from his heart by the cold hand of ambiness in the firefly."

shoulder to watch the insect, which rose dregs, he falls heavily to the ground. the grapes growing purple in the kisses at that moment and floated away into the darkness.

then, with a sudden reversion to the conversation they had tacitly dropped on leaving the case, he said: "You asked me awhile back if I intended to revive the vendetta. spoke jestingly, I answer seriously. Yes l do mean to avenge Palma Bardi's death. But that cunning devil shall meet me fairly, and have the same chance for his life that I have for mine, fiend as he is I have not fallen to his level, however Lightfoot, I understands dat you has wild my words have been."

"I wish I could dissuade you from such project, but, knowing you as I do, I know also that the truest kindness I can show you will be to refrain from meddling in a matter I cannot cure.' "You can neither dissuade nor help me from henceforth think of to-night as sel of the dim room are a sudden, almost viome with a slow, subtle poison whose very excome when you shall have good reason to remember it."

> SCENE III-VENICE. A pale moon rises over sea this Winter evening, and reveals Venice in an unwonted aspect. It is the bitterest Winter that fair city has known for many a year, and the drifted snow is lying thick in the Piazza San Marco, while the white domes and spires of that lovely Byzantine church stand out in sharp relief against loasin' bout salcons and standin' on de the steely sky; and the frozen snow which had gathered in every nook and

> clings to each point of vantage. white shroud. St. Mark's lion has a his wife rubs a wash-board fur grub am frostly coat and steps surrounding his about de moas'ornery critter on airth. column are white and slippery to-night. while the gondolies have retreated to the friendly shelter of adjacent cafes and are solacing themselves with coffee and cigars. Not many Venetians are abroad to-

night, for even now the silent, feathery land. flakes are beginning to descend again as a sharp, cutting wind blows across the of lamb skin or sheep skin. Laguna fron Lido and the lonely sea-girt Campo Santo. It is a dreary, bitter night, and Venice, for the most part, pre- China for centuries. fera closed doors and warm stoves. Her streets are quieter than is usual at this facture. hour, and comparatively deserted. The untrodden snow lies thick along the Riva Schiavone, and the grand ducal palace. where it fronts the sea, wears an air of sterile splendor, a ghastly contrast to the groups of squalid beggars gathered beneath its stately colonnade to find scanty snowflakes.

And still the pale moon, with fair, sad face, climbs higher in the frosty sky, and her ghostly light touches the dark, quiet cion. Besides this, and what made my waters of the Adriatio with faint gleams have been ended, but I think I clung to while the shadows thrown by tall, dark more profound than they looked before Those narrow, irregularly contracted

streets, with their varying architectural details, afford much deep shadow-grateful enough when the pitiless Summer sun beats fiercely down upon the calm waters of the Laguna-but now, in Winter, they are but gloomy lurking places for the homeless soum of the crowded city; and the chance wayfarer hurries on, glancing backward nervously as he goes. The long, slow night drags on with leaden-footed hours, and the peaceful

with his clear-cut impassive face, golden and chance, said the Italian significantly. her light falls in fresh places now, and mustache, and frank gray syst, looks "I was a coward-a brutal poltroon to some of the darkest corners are no longer down wonderingly on the passionets Rtal- hesitate and hope-when her dear life obscure. This is notably the case with a that Solomon's wisdom was due to the ian quivering with excitement, his mobile was at stake; I can undo nothing, but sertain narrow street leading from the fact that he had seven hundred wives, features -- beautiful as these of some the little that remains for me to do I Riva, and all one side of it is bathed in a whom he consulted on all occasions. field of pure, cold light, where two hades agone only an impreservable dark-

weight of emphasis on each separate body of a man, huddled or thrust close against the wall of a house. Surely he "Visconti, my dear old fellow in a is not sleeping in this inclement night? on "Skulls" occur the following eloquent calmer mood you will see, even if your Not sleeping, for the wide open eyes are passages: worst suspicions be correct, that this Cor- staring up at the eternal stars with a dull, your most noble ancestors—to lie in wait | body as he fell, and along his left side | happy man is the successful man. The

NO. 1336.

Visconti's and they passed out of the cafe sweeps the newly fallen snow over the snother has been the emperor of the freezing corpse as though it strove to blot round world and has never loved, his life stifling cafe, with its flaring lights and In the Campo San Moise the windows dren that the happy man is the successful noise, and to get out into the freedom and of the Golden Lion are bright with man, and he who is a happy man is the

A pleasant odor to hungry passers by Napoleon-a magnificent tomb of gilt issues from its doors, and cheerful sounds | and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and "'A sky that swarms with golden of music and laughter are heard within. gazed upon the sarcophagus of black bees, as Heine says in one of his lovely

The room is filled with groups engaged
Springlieder."

Egyptian marble, where rest at last the in smoking, playing dominos, and drink-Visconti made no reply, but strolled ing coffee. At a small table near the that balustrade and thought about the onward, absorbed in his own gloomy stove a man sits, silent and absorbed, the career of the greatest soldier of the thoughts. Louis Vansittart made one or one solitary being in that crowded room. modern world. I saw him walking on two futile efforts to draw his friend into His folded arms are on the table and his the banks of the Seine, contemplating conversation, but finding these attempts head is bent down, but he rises abruptly suicide. I saw him at Toulon, I saw him were by no means appreciated at length as the waiter brings him a cup of case putting down the mob in the streets of desisted: and catching the infection of noir, and the light reveals the face of Paris, I saw him crossing the bridge at Visconti's sombre mood walked beside Andrea Visconti. He had been writing, Lodi with the tri-color in his hand, I saw him silent and meditative until they and the ink is still wet on the open page him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramuch reason to think it left us both with reached the San Sebastian gate, and were | before him; he glances over what he has mids, I saw him conquor the Alps and minan unpleasant impression, an indefinable quickly lost in the dusky shadows of the written, and after folding it he addresses gle the eagles of the crags, I saw him a: still Cascine, where all the trees, the vel- the letter to Louis Vansittart, and then Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz, I say vet turf, and the distant olive gardens turns from the table and faces the long him in Russia where the infantry of the were gleaming with myriads of sparking room with the cup of cafe noir in his snow and the cavalry of the wild blast

> "Though poets, I know, are born, not domino players as a party of four enters of his genius. I saw him upon the the trattoria and walks swiftly up the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance "See," said Visconti, bending down room, casting quick, searching glances and fate combined to wreck the fortunes to watch a firefly that had alighted near at the various groups as they pass. of their former king. And I saw him at him. "see how he burns! Unlike the Andrea Visconti surveys them listlessly St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind steady light of a taper, this flame pulsates | with his calm, stead gaze, and stands, | him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn and trembles, flashes out, and is suc- cup in hand, indifferent and unmoved as sea. I thought of the orphans and

> turned Vansittart, leaning on his friend's draining the cup of black coffee to the with a vine growing over the door and mon a physician hastily; but in that been that poor peasant with my loving "As a lost soul flares out into eternal | brief instant Andrea Visconti had passed | wife by my side, knitting as the day died

shed hope," said Visconti musingly; and | learn the secrets of the stars. [Belgravia.

The Lime Kiln Club. "Ar' Brudder Lightfoot in de hall dis evenin'?" asked the president as he looked anxiously around. "Yes, sah," answered the brother as he bobbed up with energy and dispatch. "Please step dis way. sah. Brudder

lately been callin' yo'self professor?" "Yes, sah. I plays on de fiddle." "Oh, dat's it! You has also been wearin' mighty high collars?" "Yes, sah. "Got good clothes?"

"Yes, sah."

"Talkin' 'bout. 'rentin' a box in de pos'offis, I h'ar." "Yes, sah." "An' you is smokin' reg'lar cigars?" "Y-yes, sah." "Ar dat a diamun pin you has on?" "N-not all, sah."

"Ar' dat watch chain all gold?" "N-not all, sah." "Now. Brudder Lightfoot, lookahere. You is behind in your rent, headover heels in debt, an' your chil'in hain't got shoes to go to school. I hear of you

De meetin' am now disjourned."

Called Out of Name. Irish stew is a dish 'unknown in Ire-Kid gloves are not made of kid, but

German silver is not silver at all, nor

of German origin, but has been used in Dutch clocks are not of German manu-

not come from Turkey.

Tit mouse is a bird.

Baffin's bay is not a bay. Turkish baths are unknown to the There are no leaves in Valombrosa. Milton to the contrary notwithstanding. Turkey rhubarb should be called Russian rhubarb, as it is a Russian monopoly. Why are turkeys so called? They do

Slave means noble or illustrious.

Sealing-wax contains no wax. Shrew-mouse is no mouse. Rice paper is not made of rice or the rice plant. Categut should be sheep gut. Blind worms have eyes and can see. nictric acid and a hot poker. Cleopatra's needles should be named

after Thotmes III. Seville is infested with women barbers. They are pretty women, however. A woman barber can tuck a towel under a gentleman's chin, hold him by the nose and brandish a rasor as well as a rats. Sorry I can't be with you always, same time.

Mrs. Frank Leslie thinks welldressed women will stand by the bustle to the end. She evidently means that they will stand in front of the bustle to moon now rides high in a cloudless heaven; the end.

A writer (unmarried) suggests

"Is to avenge her death," was the re- | note reigned, And there, where the "young ladies of the lower parler."

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IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING.

LOVE AS AN INVESTMENT. In a lecture of Col. Robert Ingersoll's

"Love is the only thing that will pay the snow is crimsoned in a ghastly way man who has won the love of one good woman, who has been the emperor of one Dead and cold! The bitter cruel wind good heart, has been a success. If is a total failure. Let us teach our chil-

"A little while ago I stood by the old scattered his legions like winter's withered There is a slight noise and stir at the leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat ceeded by an instant's darkness. Then they approach. They also have noted widows he had made, of the tears that

it glows and throbs again like passionate him. "This is our man, beyond a had been shed for his glory, and of the heart beats made visible—the systole and doubt," says the chief in a low voice. only woman who ever loved him pushed sented by the intervals of light and dark- Visconti is in the midst of them; but tion. And I said I would rather have before the chief can speak a word he been a French peasant and worn wooden "Most true, oh learned leech!" re- glances carelessly round once more, and, shoes, I would rather have lived in a hut They raise him, bring water, and sum- of the autumn sun. I would rather have night, or like, more like my own evan- beyond the reach of hands and gone to out of the sky, with my children upon my knees, and their arms about me: I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

"I like to think that love is eternal: that if you really love the woman for her own sake, you will love her through all: that is, if she really loves you the same. Love does not look at alterations through the wrinkles of time-through the mask of years-you will always see the face you loved and won. She will not grow old to you nor you to her-she will always see the same gallant fellow that won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way, and as Shakespeare says: 'Let time reach with his sickle as far as ever he can; although he can reach ruddy cheeks and ripe lips and flashing eyes, he cannot quite reach love.' We will go down the hill of life together, and as we go down we may hear the ripple of the laughter of our grandchildren, and the birds and spring and youth and love will sing once more upon the leafless branches of the tree of life."

Handling A Rat.

A boy employed in a Sixth avenue grocery store appeared on the curb one mornaround, anxious for the moment when the prisoner should be turned lose. 'Get in the street,' shouted a voice.

'Give that rat a show!' added a second. "Hold on till I git my dog!" piped a 'Say, bub, 'remarked a fat man with a cane, as he pushed his way into the crowd.

'have you had much experience with rats. 'There's only one way of handling 'em rightly. Let me take the trap.' The boy surrendered it with a very bad grace, and the fat man handed his cane to some one and held the tran high over the street. There were six or seven dogs when the spring door was opened and the rat didn't like the looks of things. He ran down to the door, made a spring and a twist. and for about two seconds was seen on top of the trap. Then he jumped to the fat man's shoulder. As he did so there was a yell and a falling back of the crowd, the dogs rushed forward, and next instant dogs, fat man and rat were all in a heap in the gutter. One dog got the rat. and the others began a free fight, and as they circled away from the spot the fat man got up, holding a ruined silk hat in one hand. He was in a hurry to go, but before he could leave a boy counted four dog bites on his legs and recommended

'My cane!' queried the fat man as he ooked about, but cane and holder had 'Ratal' shouted three or four of the crowd followed by a general laugh.

'Rats-ves-um!' responded the fat man. 'There's only one way to handle man, and can do more talking at the but-yes-um!' And he broke loose and steamed away down the avenue. Some one blamed Dr. Mereb for changing his mind. 'Well.' said he.

> mind, and the man can-it's a human privilege.

that is the difference between a man and

a jackase; the jackase can't change his

The hot water cure is highly spoken of. A young man of our acquaintence was completely eured of an attachment for All Kitchen girls are new termed a young lady by one kettleful, which the

co'ners. I'm gwine to gin you jist one | ing with a rat trap in his hand, and withweek to drap dis professor business an' in the trap was a gray-headed rodent of corner softens the details of tracery and hunt fer a job. If you do it, well and good size, who evidently realized that a good. If you doan't do it, dis club dis- crisis in his life was close at hand. By what inexplicable freak of nature ments tens me it was protably only too has the likeness of a famous Roman emtrue," rejoined Visconti, slowly. "You falze of the black gondolas moored hard ar' all right when he purfesses, but a purarrested at once and three dogs came runfessor who saws on a fiddle fur beer, while ning up and began barking and leaping