8.00 10.00

VOL. XXVI. 9.00 12.00 16.00 20.00 17.00 20.00 80.00 40.00 32.00 40.00 60.00 75.00 120.00

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

Miscellaneous.

Ord SHERWOOD

Rye and Malt

MEDICINAL WHISKEY.

This whiskey is old stock of standard strength and purity particularly adapted to all cases of indisposition requiring a stimulating Touic. 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, is you desire the very best. Sold only in pint (Blake) bottles with wrappers, sealed top and bottom, bearing cautionary notices with our signature, WIGHT & LEUTZ, Cockeysville, Md.

-FOR SALE BY-

W. T. COWMAN & Co., SAMUEL MILLER, RANKIN & KANE, LREF & Co., ADAM DIETRICH, Hopper & Cator, Wm. M. Maynadier, J. M. Whiteford, LESTER CLARK. PERCY M. REESE, F. L. LAWRENCE & SONS LEWIS H. URBAN, Englar, Kette & Co., . SCOTT PRICE. A. C. Smith. D. ALMONY & SON. Ellridge Sutton, March 24, '88.-tf

TAYALL PAPER WALL PAPER!! WINDOW SHADES!

> WINDOW SHADES!! FLOOR AND TABLE OILCLOTH.

JACOB MYERS. No. 39 North Gay Street,

|OPPOSITE TO THE ODD FELLOW' HALL, | BALTIMORE, MD. The Old and Reliable Wall Paper and Window Shade Store BALTIMORE CITY,

Is now prepared to show his new styles of WALL PAPER, and send samples to any part of the country when application is made to him. Will send the best workmen to put up the same when wanted. Will sell WALL PAPER AND WINDOW SHADES AT FACTORY PRICES. Call on or send to him and see his beautiful lines. Has no branch house or any connection with any other house in the city.

JACOB MYERS, No. 39 Gay St., BALTIMORE, MD. Dec. 13.—1y W.L. DOUGLAS' 83.00 Shoe,

W. L. DOUGLAS' (\$2.50 Shoe,

W. L. DOUGLAS \ 82.25 Shoe,

-SOLD BY-JAMES PHIPPS, Towson, ---DEALER IN---ALL KINDS OF BOOTS AND SHOES CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE TO ORDER. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. THEODRIC SMITH, RETAIL DEALER IN

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC DRUGS, CHEMICALS, FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, PATENT MEDICINES

AND MEDICINAL WATERS Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully compounded at short notice, and sent by Mail or Ex-COR. TOWNSEND ST. AND PENNA. AVE. BALTIMORE.

WILLIAM C. DEAL, PRACTICAL LEAD

IRON PIPE PLUMBER, Saratoga and St. Paul Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Residence—WAVERLY, BALTIMORE COUNTY Keeps constantly on hand LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS BATH TUBS, WATER CLOSETS WASH STANDS, SINKS.

COPPER AND IRON BOILERS. LEAD AND IRON PIPE, &c.

BANGES, STOVES AND FURNACES REPAIRED JOBBING PROMPLY ATTENDED TO. ONE OF THE BEST TELESCOPESTINIT THE WORLD.

Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send free to one person in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call-your neighbors and those around you. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$3 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, withexpress charges. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, Portland, Maine Dec. 14.—1y*

COLE'S LIVERY STABLES Towsontown

HORSES and TEAMS for hire at reasonable prices. Conveyances for Pic-Nics and Parties a specialty HACKS FOR HIRE FOR WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS. STAGE LINE connects with trains at Lutherivile WM. P. COLE.

THEO. WARNER, HATTER. FINEST SUMMER HATS IN STRAW AND FELTS LIGHT WEIGHTS AND LATEST FASHIONS. UMBRELLAS AND CANES IN VARIETY. ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF FINE SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. New No. 324 W. BALTIMORE STREET. May 25.—ly THE TOWSON NATIONAL BANK! CASH CAPITAL, \$50,000.

Open daily, from 10 o'clock A. M. until 2.30 P. M for Deposits. Making Loans on first-class security and doing a general banking business.
TERMS REASONABLE. JOHN G. COCKEY, President. JOHN CROWTHER, Jr., Cashler.

AT PRIVATE SALE. A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE, 🗪

SPLENDIDLY LOCATED, IN TOWSON With fine, large yard, 120 feet front with a depth o 230 feet, with Apples, Pears, Cherry Trees and a fine Grape Arbor. The Dwelling contains 11 fine, large rooms, and there is a fine Spring of Water in the Apply to
MRS. ELIZA G. ALMONY,
TOWSOL March 29.-tf TOR SALE. A COMPLETE SAW MILL, on the farm of Thomas H. Stansbury, on Jarrettaville Turnpike, leading to Morgan's Mills, near Dr. Emory's Canning House, with a 35-horse Power Boiler, Engine on top of Boiler, one CIRCULAR SAW, 4½ feet in diameter. Also, other SMALLER SAWS, &c., for sale cheap. For terms and particulars, apply to H. F. KNOOP, Cor. Forrest and Orleans Streets, Baltimore, Md. CAND, GRAVEL AND WOOD.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish and de

liver promptly, and at reasonable prices, SAND SUITABLE FOR STONE AND BRICK WORK AND

PLACTERING; also SEASONED WOOD cut to or-

Cor. York Road Turnpike and Washington Ave., May 11.—if Towso

JOHN EMGE.

der by the quarter, half or cord.

Berchant Cailoring, &c.

Send your orders to and buy your

Margiand

-FROM THE OLD-And well-tried House

WEIGHT OVERCOATS,

SIXTY YEARS STANDING

Samples and rules for self-measurement sent free upon application.

NOAH WALKER & CO. CLOTHIERS AND MERCHANT TAILORS, 119 and 121 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Oct. 18.-tf

Grates. Tiles. Mantels. Brass Goods. &c. erin 🚉 (1807)......... (1807)....... Call Elle Elle State Called Called

RIDDLE-SLADE MANTEL CO., Successor to RIDDLE & WILLIAMS.

---DEALER IN---

TILES

OF ALL KINDS.

GRATES.

WOOD -AND-

HARD

BRASS GOODS. &c., &c.

Slate Mantels.

RIDDLE-SLADE MANTEL CO., 216 NORTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

Aexlens in Tumber, Coal, Brichs, &c,

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.

414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore. 414

BUILDING LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS & SASH

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FULL STOCK, LOW PRICES

LUMBER LOADED on CARS Without EXTRA CHARGE.

WILLIAM MCRERY, -DEALER IN-

LUMBER, COAL, WOOD,

HARDWARD AND BUILDERS' SUPPLIES TOWSONTOWN AND LUTHERVILLE.

**TELEPHONE CONNECTION WITH BALTIMORE AND LUTHERVILLE. CA

Agent for the Oliver Chilled Plow and Castings.

Orders left at Corkran's Telephone Exchange, at Lutherville, will receive prompt attention.

GEO, SCHUMACHER. CHUMACHER & RICE

GEO. SCHUMACHER,

CORNER FREEMONT AND PRESSTMAN STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD., LUMBER, JOISTS, SCANTLING,

WEATHER-BOARDING, FLOORING, SHINGLES, LATHS, SASH, DOORS, BLINGS, MOULDINGS, &c. And everything usually found in a WELL-STOCKED YARD will be constantly on hand especially is called to the convenience of this Yard for loading, it being BUT THREE SQUARES FROM THE HAY SCALES, thereby saving them a long drive down town. **A call is respectfully solicited

DHILIP WALSH & SONS.

LUMBER AND DUILDING MATERIALS AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES Varda-HARFORD AVENUE, NEAR HOFFMAN STREET.

MARYLAND AVENUE AND OLIVER STREET. BALTIMORE.

LUMBER DELIVERED ON BOARD THE CARS OF THE NORTHERN CENTRAL AND MARY-LAND CENTRAL RAILROADS FREE OF CHARGE

CONNECTIONS BY TELEPHONE. TO PHILIP WALSH & SONS. Nov. 22.-tMay 27, '85

MONUMENTAL WOOD WORKS.

A. STORCK & SONS

DOORS BLINDS. Ac. LUMBER, SASE, -YARD & FACTORY

77 EAST MONUMENT STREET AND 361 MORTH FRONT STREET

Real Estate Sales.

William Seemuller & Co., Auctioneers. John Stewart, Baltimore, David Stewart, " D. G. McIntosh, Towson. -Attorneys. TRUSTEES DANS TO TRUSTE TRUSTEES' SALE

IN THE 13TH ELECTION DISTRICT, BALTIMORE COUNTY, ON WILKENS AVENUE, ABOUT ONE-HALF A MILE FROM THE PRES-ENT CITY LIMITS, BEING THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE LATE HON. ROBERT FOWLER. Known as "Harvest Home."

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Baltimore County, sitting in equity, in a cause wherein John H. Fowler et al. are complainants and Henry J. Barbey and others defendants, the undersigned, trustee named in said decree, will sell at the EXCHANGE SALESROOMS, in the city of Baltimore. On Monday, November 24th, 1800, At 1 o'clock P. M., ALL THAT VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND.

Situated in Baltimore county, within ½ mile of the city limits, having a front on Wilkens Avenue of about 3,000 feet, and containing in the whole 185 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS, and the same referred to and described in the proceedings in the above entitled case.

This property is eligibly situated on Wilkens Avenue and the Maideus Choice Road, a quarter of

a mile from Beechfield Station, on the Catonsville Short Line Railroad, and is epecially susceptible of advantageous sub division. The improvements are hereinafter described. This property will be first offered as a whole, and if not so sold will be offered in eight lots as follows:
Lot number one contains about THIRTY AND
THREE-FOURTH ACRES, is improved by a TWOSTORY FRAME TENANT HOUSE, fronts on the
proposed extension of the Manual Labor School
Road to Wilkens Avenue, and runs back to the Old Suiphur Spring Road. It is about equally divided by the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad.

Lot number two contains about THIRTY-FOUR AND THREE-QUARTER ACRES, fronts on the proposed road aforesaid, runs back to the Old Sulphur Spring Road, and is improved by a comforta ble TWO-STORY FRAME TENANT HOUSE. This lot is also divided by the Baltimore and Potomac Lot number three contains about EIGHTEEN and NINE-TENTH ACRES, fronts on said proposed road, is unimproved but has an unexceptionably

good building site. Lot number four contains about EIGHTEEN and ONE-FIFTH ACRES, binds on said proposed road is unimproved but well located in every respect.

Lot number five contains about ELEVEN AND THREE-TENTH ACRES, fronts on Wilkens Avenue, opposite Beechfield Avenue, and is improved by a LARGE FRAME STABLE. Lot number six contains about FOURTEEN AND ONE-FOURTH ACRES, is situated on the northwest side of Wilkens Avenue, is also bounded by Beechfield Avenue and the Maidens Choice Road

and is unimproved.

Lot number seven contains about TWENTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE-HUNDREDTHS ACRES, fronts on Wilkens Avenue, and is handsomely improved by the RESIDENCE OF THE LATE ROB-ERT FOWLER. The house is supplied with gas and water. It is also improved by a handsome Brick Stable and Carriage House, two comfortable Frame Tenant Houses, Gardener's House, Gas House and all improvements that are necessary for a gentleman's country seat.

Lot number eight contains about TWENTY-FIVE AND FORTY-FIVE-HUNDREDTHS ACRES, fronts on Wilkens Avenue and on said proposed road, is improved by the handsome and commodious BRICK MANSION lately occupied by Mr. John H. Fowler, Frame Stable and Carriago House, Gardener's House and Dairy. The house is supplied with Gas and Water. All of said lots have good building sites, and

those binding on said proposed road will run to the **Plats of this property can be obtained from WILLIAM SEEMULLER & CO., Auctioneers, JOHN AND DAVID STEWART, 213 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, and D. G. McINTOSH, Towson, Attorneys. Terms of Sate.—One-third Cash, balance is equal instalments in six and twelve months; or a cash, at the option of the purchaser, the credit pay ments to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned, said terms to apply whether said property is sold as a whole or in lots as aforesaid.

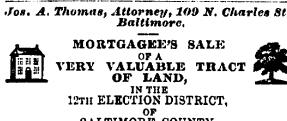
whole or in lots as aforesaid.

April case said property is sold as a whole a deposit of \$1,000 will be required at time of sale, and if sold in lots as aforesaid, a deposit of \$150 will be required from the purchaser of each lot.

JOHN H. FOWLER, Trustess.

WILLIAM SEEMULLER & CO., Auctioneers.

Nov. 1—18



BALTIMORE COUNTY, NEAR TO THE CITY OF BALTIMORE. By virtue of the power conferred upon me as th Attorney and Agent named in a mortgage from Anna E. Moore and James O. Moore to Jessie Tulley, dated the 19th day of March, 1890, and recorded among the Mortgage Land Records of Baltimore County, in Liber J. W. S., No. 147, folio 161, &c., I will offer for sale at the Court House door, in Tow-

Tuesday, the 2d day of December, 1890, At 12 o'clock M., ALL THAT VERY VALUABLE PARCEL OF LAND,

Part of the tract called "Stansbury's Inheritance Part of the tract called "Stansbury's Inheritance," which, by deed of assignment dated the 3d day of August, 1887, and recorded among the Land Records of Baltimore County, in Liber J. W. S., No. 170, folio 180, &c., was assigned by Cornelius B. Carney to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, excepting thereout the strip of land conveyed by Charles A. Murphy to the said Company, by deed dated the 17th July, 1883, and recorded among said Land Records, in Liber J. W. S., No. 136, folio 236, &c., and also excepting thereout the three parcels of land sub-lessed by the hereout the three parcels of land sub-leased by th said Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to Ludwig Romer, August Kohler and Otto Seifert, respectively, by sub-leases dated the 3d day of April, 1888, and duly recorded among said Land Records. The parcel of land so mortgaged to the said Jessie Tulley and hereby advertised to be sold being the same parcel of land sub-leased by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to William H. Bonsal by sublease dated the 15th day of May, 1888, and recerded among said Land Records, in Liber J. W. S., No. 170, folio 193, at the yearly rent of \$400, extinguishable at any time during the continuance of said sub-lease on payment of the sum of \$6,666.66%. Sub-leat the narrount of which wearly sont and ject to the payment of the sum of 30,00.00%, Subject to the payment of which yearly rent and the operation and effect of which sub-lease and to the operation and effect of a certain deed of a way made by Charles A. Murphy to John M. Barbour, dated June 16th, 1883, and recorded among said Land Records, in Liber W. M. I., No. 136, folio 108, &c., said parcel of land will be sold.

This property lies southeast of the Philadelphia Turnpike Road, at or near Rosedale Station, on the Philadelphia Branch of the B. & O. R. R., near the eastern limits of Baltimore city; is intersected by said railroad, and is eligibly situated, and contains 865 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS. This property, in view of its location and near ness to the city of Baltimore, offers superior induce-ments as an investment. A fuller description of this property and of the improvements thereon can be had upon application to the undersigned.— Ground rent and taxes will be adjusted to day of

Terms of Sale .- One third cash, on ratifica tion of sale, with interest from day of sale, and balance in equal payments in six and twelve months with interest, to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned. A cash deposit of \$250 will be required at time of sale.
RICHARD W. TEMPLEMAN,

Agent and Attorney, 22 E. Lexington St., Baltimore. JOSEPH A. THOMAS, Solicitor, 109 N. Charles St., Baltimore.

John G. Rogers, Solicitor, Ellicott City, Md MORTGAGE SALE FEE-SIMPLE PROPERTY, IN CATONSVILLE, BALTIMORE COUNTY.

By virtue and in pursuance of a power contained in a mortgage from Libertus Van Bokkelen, dated July 15th, 1881, and duly recorded among the Mortgage Land Records of Baltimore County, in Liber W. M. I., No. 95, folio 121, &c., and duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Auction, on THE PREMISES, in Catonsville, on Wednesday, December 3d. 1890. Beginning at eleven o'clock A. M., ALL THE VALUABLE FEE-SIMPLE PROPERTY mentioned in said mortgage, (saving and excepting certain lots which have heretofore been released

rom the operation of this mortgage.) fronting about ½ mile on the Frederick Turnpike, and about 400 yards on Ingleside Avenue, and extending in part back to Edmondson Avenue, is immediately in the village of Catonsville, and is most advantageously located for residences and places of business; is about 500 feet above tide water, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country and parts of Baltimore city. Is unim-proved, and adjoins the lands of Elias Livesey, St. Timothy's P. E. Church, St. Timothy's School and This property will be divided into lots and will

offer an opportunity for investment not eften pre-sented. It is six miles from Baltimore city, with head." which it is connected by steam, horse cars, and the best roads in the State.

Torms of Sale.—One-third Cash on the day of sale, balance in six and twelve months, credit payments to bear interest from day of sale and to b secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.
R. DORSEY ROGERS, Trustee, Assignee.
JNO. G. ROGERS, Solicitor, Ellicott City, Md.

Moetio.

[Written for the MARYLAND JOURNAL.] THE RICH MAN'S DREAM. "Take my riches, now I'm dying,
With them buy a diamond bright,
And within my dead palm lay it—
I would bear it in my flight."

Off the faithful steward journeys, And his master's wish obeys: While in dreams the rich man slumbers, And at heaven's portal strays. While at the gate of bliss he tarries, Tears fall o'er his withered cheek; A radiant spirit draweth near him-

"Why lament? What dost thou seek?" "I've lost my diamond in my journey!"
The angel bowed his hallowed head;
"We call that dross where I inhabit; Hast thou nothing in its stead?

The memory of one kindly action,

In heaven's holy name well done,

Will more avail you in our kingdom Than earth's jewels, hast thou none?' "Alas! alas! I know of nothing."
"Not one?" did the amiling angel say;
The man's pale face with hope illumed— "I dried an orphan's tear one day."

"That tear is now laid up in heaven. Behold it!" and the angel bright Held the shining gem before him, Thrilled his soul with its soft light. And sparkling tears shone on his eyelids.

His face was bright with holy joy: The diamond bright had won another. More precious than earth's brilliant toy. Awaking from his dream of heaven, He called his trusty friend once more; "Now I'm dying, take my riches, Give them to God's suffering poor—

Give them all a plenteous share; And before the throne of heaven Let me have their daily prayer.' When the Angelus one calm even
The faithful unto prayer did call,
A contrite soul to God departed,

Orphan, widow, blind and helpless

To dwell within his heavenly hall. Tears for him are falling freely, And unceasing prayers ascend; Requiescat in atternum. tequiescat in æternum,
The widow and the orphan's friend.
M. S. T.

Washington, D. C. A BOLD SOLDIER BOY. He was a brave militia man :

A soldier born was he,

And bound to grow—in peace, you know-His ways were so magnetic-like, He drew all men to him, And once in a year he drew too near The sparkling wine-cup's brim.

And so it was that August night When the boys were all in camp; The corks popped out and there's no doubt The stuff behind was damp. For when our soldier-boy went home At something after three. With many a grope he tried to ope The teut-flap with a key.

Miscellaneous.

THE BEWITCHED DINNER

"High, Jimmy! How are you down there?" squeaked the little man in the garret, and "Firstrate! How are you yourself?" shouted the big man down cellar, while the apple-cheeked urchins in the chimney-corner almost rolled off their seats with merriment, and began to think the city cousin wasn't such a "duffer" after all, if he did "know nothing about hunting weedshucks or him-"I verily believe that is where those rasbobbing for cels, and was dressed like a fashion- | cally Berrys live!"

Janet and Dilsey were in ecstasies of delight, and even grandma laid down her knitting and laughed until she cried, when the comfortable deliver a speech on " New Milk," which was as appetizing smell makes me positively furious." great an astonishment to Mistress Puss as to her audience, and sent her flying out of the room, hissing like a tea-kettle, and with her tale swelled cabin hidden among the pines. to double its original size, for Max Bunmore was a really clever amateur ventriloquist, and was side of the house formed a sort of "lean to" woodvery good-naturedly exhibiting his accomplish- shed; and to this rude shelter the lads made their

ment for the entertainment of the relatives he had | way, feeling that fortune was befriending them, that day met for the first time. The night before Thanksgiving; the scene, the group gathered about the cheerful wood-fire a family. family party, consisting of worthy Deacon Holdsworth, his wife, aged mother, and quartette of children—Jauet, Martin, Peter and little roly-poly breathlessly awaited developments. Dilsey-together with their guests, Maurice Bunmore and his two sons, Max and eight-year-old they heard proceeding from the lips of Master Don, a handsome little lad.

might "bring his boys to enjoy a real old-fashioned | cramb'ry-tarts to last yer one while." New England Thanksgiving, such as he remembered in his youth," Peter and Martin had been more dismayed than delighted. "For they are sure to be such stuck-up lily-

holiday fun !" givings, and for the following week went about | mourned "Jumbo" and set it down to warm. with their minds on fine cooking intent, while the At sight of the huge pie, the hungry eyes o ble was to be laid and the dishes served, so as not looking lad of fifteen, who was now impatiently to offend the ultra-fastidious tastes of the city | kicking his heels against the door-post.

proved the winning card for Max in the estimation of the boys, who considered it "'most as good as a circus," and when the nuts and older were brought in, they became positively chummy, and waxed eloquent on the subject of a famous game of " hare and hounds," to take place on the morrow, while Dilsey confided to Don that there was the biggest turkey ever seen banging up in the pantry, and a minos-pie so enormous that Martin had dubbed it "Jumbo." "And to-morrow morning," she ended, as a supreme mark of friendship, "I will take you

down and show 'em to you, before ever the gobbler is pat in to cook." This kind, cousinly promise, however, was never fulfilled, for, alss, the day dear to our Puritan forefathers had but little more than emerged, gray and shivering, from the black folds of the chill November night, when a wail, long and loud, went up from the lower regions, and Charity Penfield, the "help"-as they say in the

Eastern States-burst into the breakfast-room. white and trembling, gasping out:
"Mrs. Holdsworth—oh, Mrs. Holdsworth Thieves! robbers! thieves! Thoy're gone, clean gone, every one of 'em-the twenty-pound gobbler, and the big minos-pie, and all the little cranb'ry tarts, while the pantry winder is a-standin' wide open, and it's a marcy we wa'n't all killed in our beds !" "Jehoshaphat!" and "Sakes alive!" exclaimed

hands in despair, and the hubbubthat rose on all sides was so great that it was many minutes before the mild deacon could make himself heard and attempt to soothe the hysterical maid by "The loss of a prise turkey like that is a blow, and no mistake, for I warrant there wasn't another such a bird in the country; but lor', Charity, it ain't worth wasting all those tears over. Guess we'll make out a dinner, anyhow, seeing

"That's all a man knows about it !" snapped his wife, annoyed out of her usual gentleness. "I had set my heart on showing Cousin Maurice a traditional Thanksgiving feast, and now the whole dinner is spoiled, for that pie was my-

"Masterplece," suggested. Janet; while "I never heard of a Thankegiving without a turkey," groaned grandma. "The play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out," quoted Max, laughingly. But no joking and no assurances on Mr. Bunmore's part, that he " preferred roast duck above everything else, and that apple and custard pastries were good enough for him," could console the disconsolate house-keeper. "Whoever do you suppose could have taken them?" asked the descon, at length. "I slways

"Not lately, papa," said Janet. "There have been any number of petty robberies round here this fail. Poultry and eggs have been taken right out of the henhouses, and pastry, vegetables and other eatables from cellars and pantries, while the greatest loss of all is that of the poor little French seamstress, Widow Carnu. Her

cottage was entered the other day while she was [go, Massus Owl, and we neber trouble you no mo'. out, and a blue knit stocking, containing three whole years' savings, stolen from her bureaudrawer. She told me of it, with tears in her eyes, must send her a fat goose and a tart, mother, and | goblin. I wish with all my heart we could catch these sly scoundrels, whoever they may be."

"I bet those Berrys know something about it," said Martin, with his mouth full, for he had | this country. Oh, my! wasn't it rich to see Poke returned to his buckwheats. "Who are they?" asked Mr. Bunmore.
"A poor colored family living over in the hellow," explained the decaon. "The boys have often been suspected of being light-fingered; but nothing has ever been proved against them, for

they are sharp as weasels." "That they are," cried Peter. "And they have the funniest names, Max-Bill Berry and Poke Berry and Goose Berry." 'To say nothing of their sister, little Juniper Berry," added Janet. "She came to sewingschool one winter, and my heart ached for the child, she seemed so forlorn, though she is as this time? The 'hares' were caught an hour ago! bright as a button."

"Well, I think it is a sin and a shame to allow

'The town wardens ought to send them off. But, mustn't dawdle here another moment." The older boys, in spite of grandma's disap-Thanksgiving Day service, promising to "go twice next Suuday to make up;" and just as the twoseated wagon started for the old church on the the "hares and hounds" were already assembling, leaving lugubrious Charity alone at home to put the finishing touches to the Thanksgiving feast now shorn of half its glory. It was with some misgivings that the country

ouths received Max, for they had all heard the Holdsworth boys' growls over the coming of the "city dandy;" but his "hail-fellow-well-met" manner soon turned doubt to liking, and when he displayed a medal won in a running-match at intact. school, they welcomed him, metaphorically at least, with open arms, while Martin and Peter ing the clumsy blue hose dramatically to her the new ideas which had lately taken possession felt really proud to possess such a talented cousin. breast. "And now de t'anks can I gif from my of her. The tract was gone, but its words were "For, fellers," said the former, " you ought to here how he can make cats and dogs talk just de money saved, and ven it go pouf! up pefore once resorted with the intention of burying in the like in a fairy-book." me de poor-house did rise in von instant moment.

Nimble-footed Jacky Cubree and Pipsy Potter It maype, too, I has a leetle surprise for you. were selected for the "hares," and armed with Viola!" bags of out paper, bounded off at a brisk pace, As sh scattering the white trail behind them, and elev- bed-room, and looking in they beheld, lying on a breeze. Now she shuddered as she recalled that erly dodging here, there and everywhere, turning neat white couch, the thin, scrawny form of poor fearful moment, for a change had been wrought and doubling on their tracks in the most delight- little Juniper Berry, her eyes closed, and breath- within her. Now she dreamed not of an endless fully bewildering fashion. They were given ten minutes' start and then the "hounds" started after in full hue and cry, Peter taking Max with him.

"For," he said, " as you don't know the country, we will bunt in couples." Up hill and down dale they raced, now taking short cut across fields, and now darting through a bit of woodland, often missing the trail entirely, and then finding it when least expected, until, after a good hour's run, they suddenly came to a puzzled stand still, in what was known as Crow house it is haunted, and her mother and her Hollow," and paused to take breath, hearing the | brothers dey have all run away, she no not vhere. | small package.

"Well, I declare, your hare is an uncommonly cunning fellow to lead us such a roundabout chase!" panted Max, as he dropped on the dry, brown turf. I begin to feel a trifle winded, and am as hungry as a hunter. It strikes me, too there is a most tantalizing odor of roast fowl in the air. Where can it come from?" "There is a small house in among the trees yonder," replied Peter. " Most likely the folks there are cooking their Thanksgiving dinner. And bless me!"-as a sudden thought seemed to strike

shouts and calls of the other boys far off in the

"You don't say so !" "Yes, sir! And, oh, Max, perhaps they are roasting our twenty-pound gobbler !" "You don't mean it! Well, then, do let's try tabby-cat on the hearth-rug was made to rise and | and find out, and give the wretches a scare. That So the "hares" completely forgotten, the two boys crept on tipto toward the old tumbled-down A few weather-beaten boards set up against the

when they beheld a long, yawning crack between two of the planks which formed the cabin proper, the best-room of a substantial farm-house on the through which they could peer right into the outskirts of a small New England village; and living-room and the very bosom of the Berry Feeling like a veritable and authorized detectives, they applied their eyes to this opening and "Hurry up thar, mammy," were the first words

Bill, who was stretched on a wooden settee. "I No more harmonious appearing company could be imagined, but the fact was that when, ten days most time for dinner." previous, Mr. Bunmore's letter arrived at the "Go'long wif your gnawin's, Bill," retorted farm-house, asking his cousin Holdsworth if he another youth. "I'low you've dewoured 'nuff "Cranb'ry-tarts am all berry well, Poke, but it's plumb sure dey can't hole a pine-knot to

mince-pie."

At which profound statement Peter treated Max fingered chaps," they grumbled, "like the fellers to a vigorous nudge in the ribs, and Mammy, a at the hotel last summer, and will spoil all our fat woman, with a gay bandanna bound about her head, chuckled as she produced from the cupboard The Mesdames Holdsworth also had their mis- | what could be no other than the lost and muchamount of boiling, baking, rolling and chopping a small, scrawny girl, who was setting the table, that ensued in the spacious kitchen was unpreceding grew as large and round as those of the horned dented, even for Thanksgiving time, and many owl which hung in a rusty cage over the mantel, and earnest were the discussions as to how the ta- | and was the especial pet of Goose Berry, a silly-But at last the supreme moment for "dishing

It was a relief and satisfaction, therefore, to old | up" arrived, and Peter almost had a spasm when and young when Mr. Bunmore proved to be the beheld the royal bird designed for his own most genial easy-going of gentlemen, and Max a dinner drawn from the oven, and surrounded by pleasant, courteons, lad ready to go hand and glove | savory vegetables, served up to grace the holiday with his new cousins, and eager about all outdoor feast of these miscreants and outlaws, who, appasports, while Don was pronounced a "perfect darling, if he did wear a sash like a girl."

The did wear a sash like a girl."

The did wear a sash like a girl."

The did wear a sash like a girl." rush in and carry it off from under their very | this tract; you may like to read it in a spare monoses!" he breathed in Max's ear. "Hush-sh!" whispered his cousin. " Keep quiet and leave all to me. I'll show you some

> "Come on, you uns!" shouted Bill, waving a carving knife. "Set down and don' let de dinner spile; dough, Juniper, you needn't be a-castin' sheep's eyes at dis yere white meat, for you won't git nuffin but de drumstick." "I don't care," muttered Juniper, somewhat sullenly. "I don't want no stoled thinks." At which Poke bade her "quit her sassiness, following it up by a cuff on the ear that made the child reel and Max clench his fist in manly

The rest, however, paid little heed, and Bill was about to serve a nicely-browned wing, when, suddenly, from where the turkey's head should have been, issued these oracular words: "Touch not, taste not!" With a clatter, the knife fell to the floor, and the carver started back in affright.

"See yere, Goose Berry! Is you a-playin'

fool trick on me?" he demanded, wrathfully.

"No. no; I neber done think of such a thing," protested Goosey, whose eyes were rolling wildly. "From Deacon Holdsworth was I stolen," continued the turkey. "All is known. Thieves, The abrupt retreat that followed this almost doubled Peter up with laughter, for he knew Max Martin and Peter, jumping up in the wildest excitement, while Mrs. Holdsworth threw up her was making good use of his ventriloquial power; while, as a squeaky little voice sounded from the depths of the great minos pie, piping, "Let me out! Let me out, I say! I'm smothered in here," Mammy fell on her knees, crying:

"We's cunjured-we's cunjured, sure!" The

trio of youths backed toward the door in utter dismay and terror. "De dinner's bewitched," muttered Bill. ain't gwine to eat none ob him." "Bet my hat you won't !" said Poke. sooner we cut stakes out eb dis yere place, de the ducks and chicken-pie and other fixings are better. It's ha'nted, dat's what it is—ha'nted!' And he started to follow Goose, who had already disappeared. "Not just yet, my fine fellows!" exclaimed

> to see an officer of the law by the mantel-shelf "Massy!" screamed Juniper. "De owl's talk-ing now!" while Mammy tumbled flat on her face, too terror stricken to move. And, indeed, that Minerva-like bird looked the assence of occult wisdom as from its beak droped, in sepulohral tones: "Where is the widow's stolen wealth? Confess, or the 'Graveyard Rabbit' shall tap you with his

another voice, so gruff that it brought Poke to a

halt, while Bill whirled about as though expecting

Max had lived in the South long enough to know the superstitions attached to a "rabbit's foot," but he was himself surprised when Poke began bowing profoundly, and in the politect manner pleading through his chattering teeth: NO. 1351.

"Well, then go," thundered the owl. And in less time than it takes to tell, Bill and Poke had caught Mammy up between them and saying, in her funny way, 'So this year your gay were dragging her at breakneck speed through T'anksgiving. No fetet will it be to me, who am the Hollow, while Juniper stumbled after, sobbing, such an unfortunate one!' Poor woman! You | shaking and imagining every shadow a veritable "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter, as he and Max gloom.

took possession of the small, deserted kitchen. "I call that the primest hoaxing ever done in bowing and scraping and pleading like a lawyer?

"I think it wasn't bad myself," said Max. "And now I must have one of those turkeywings, and then we will try and find the widow's

It was a triumphal procession of two, then, that somewhat later entered Deacon Holdsworth's gate, bearing between them an improvised tray, on which reposed in great state the twenty-pound gobbler, the celebrated pie, and a blue yarn stocking, from which sounded the metallic "chink-chink" of silver and gold. "Hellow, 'hounds!" Where have you been all

And Martin's mouth expressed nothing but the fire-place. such folks to live like gypsies in a respectable fifteenth letter of the alphabet as he gazed in community," said Mrs. Holdsworth, rising. amazement at the boy's burdens. "We've been hunting a turkey instead," laughgirls, if we are going to meeting to-day, we ed his brother, and at that instant the remainder of the family flocked out like an explosion of

Max's method of recovering Housewife Holdsworth's masterpiece. seated wagon started for the old church on the I venture to say there was no jollier Thanks"Green," they set forth for the "meet," where giving dinner that day in all New England than the one beneath the good deacon's roof. Although the turkey was cold, the ducks and chickens were not, and the mince-pie not a whit the worse for its exentsion to Crow Hollow. The cap sheaf of the harvest home festival,

however, was when, in the gathering gloaming, the six young people walked down to the tiny Cornu cottage and restored to the little French widow her woolen bank, with its contents quite | misery about them, were safe at play in the clear,

As she spoke she threw open the door of a small ing heavily in the deep sleep of exhaustion.
"How came she here?" asked Max, amazed. "I tell you," said the widow. "Disafternoon, of a possible calmness of spirit, which could so sad I feel, dat, to distract myself, I go to endure wounds and contradiction and still valk-to promenade. Suddenly I hear a groan; preserve its deep, holy peace undisturbed. The I look round, and down pehind some bushes I find de little girl. Ven she see me she scream, and her an idea of heavenly radiance cheering her her eyes she cover up. She take me for a spectre. dismal path. But I speak, I quiet her. Den I find her ankle

Oh, the miserable von! So I pring her to my sweet." "It was a kind act," said Janet; and very probably her bad family will never return." "Den vith me she shall stay. She is young; she can learn, and I vill teach her." "In that case, it will be the best thing that | we will read this together. It will do us good." ever happened to the child." And so it proved. For thoroughly frightened, return their cousin's visit, they assured them that | ed air to the prisoner's dungeon. 'June was the happiest little girl to be found anywhere, and a veritable 'right hand' to the kind widow Cornu."

rest of the family," added Peter, "and the best came to respect his wife, however unwillingly, the Thanksgiving dinner."

BY THE WAYSIDE eaks all about were still crowned with the glory of dren, while their mother lay helpless and patient, a cloudless summer sunset. Before the doorway the little Bible underneath her pillow. She talked stood a woman clad in a plain blue cotton gown, to the little ones of a bright, happy country to were by a deep sunbonnet. She held a battered gathered close around her, she prayed fervently milkpail, and her eyes were fixed in a dull, unex- for their father as only a faithful wife can plead pectant way upon a chubby, white haired urchin | for a hardened wretch. who was noisily driving up several cows. Suddenly a horseman appeared around the

in front of the gate, and the stranger's surprise at the unforseen termination of his toilsome climb was plainly mingled with pleasure. To the weary to the bedside. rider and weary steed any human habitation seemed to offer a promise of rest. "My name is Marling. I preached yesterday in the church at Hollow Rock. I should have | derness. reached Barren Plains to-night, but have mistaken my way. Can you give me shelter until

to-morrow? The man's tones were kindly, and his countenance was expressive of a sincere, elevated character, but the woman eyed him suspiciously, and said, "We don't take lodgers." "You would be deing a merciful deed, for my horse is too tired to go much farther, and I will pay you well."

She came nearer, and, with a cautious glance around, said hesitatingly, "I wouldn't mind, but my man, Jake, don't like to have strangers about. Go 'long a piece further and cross the branch, then turn to the right and you'll come to Bill Weatherstone's. Maybe he'll take you." Something in her sad, frightened face moved the missionary to pity, and he asked, " Can you

revenuers nor nobody. Don't leave me, Nan!"
"Hush," said Mrs. Weatherstone, who stood "Ob, yes, I used to love to read when I was a girl, but we don't have books up here." " Have you a Bible?" "I haven't seen one since I left my mother's | where she's better fit to be than in this weary house. But I can't talk any longer. If Jake world." should come, he'd beat me."

She took it hastily, hid it in her dress, and turned to the cows patiently awaiting her. Marling urged his reluctant horse in the direction indicated, pondering upon the woman's refusal to entertain him, a circumstance unusual among the hospitable mountain people. but that's nothin', she'd hev walked it any time His was a task of no ordinary kind, to carry the Gospel message to souls perishing in his ter hyar ye preach of I'd 'a let her. She don't native State, to hearts benighted in a Christian land, and only a transcendent realization of Christianity's power and humanity's need could she leaves it for the last time." have induced him to devote his brilliant talents and extensive acquirements to labors so humble

and obscure. He found his night's lodging more easily than | cross-cuts which Jake had made on foot, so that he gained the confidence of his surly host, but gruff Bill Weatherstone could not altogether the cabin. Nan lay in a rough coffin with a smile withstand the influence of his guest's frank good | of heavenly peace upon her wasted features, and humor, and the minister lay down upon his straw bed with no misgivings, and fell peacefully asleep | hands. while sweet promises of the Father's watchful care filled his thoughts.

Riding down the dewy slopes in the early | been a monster, Mr. Marlin', I see myself now. morning, and noting the secluded valleys, green I'm only fit for the curses an' punishments o' God with endless fields of waving corn, some indistinct | ter fall on." half-memory of threatening whispers, and steal-thy figures by his bedside, revealed to him the subject for the unbounded grace of God to langer he had escaped. He understood that he manifest its power upon." had unwittingly intruded upon the haunts of the moonshiners," and had been so near one of how its pages were stained with tears, and choostheir illicit distilleries that if his conduct had in | ing chapters to which the book opened of its own any way confirmed the suspicion of his being a | accord, he read the ever sublime and comforting revenue spy, a bullet would have put the seal to | fourteenth of John and a part of the twenty-first

three nights, the evening after Joel Marling's the first time in their lives. departure from the neighborhood. He often leit its product. "So Bill Weatherstone's been took in by a he's sho ter come agin, an' we don't want none o' ever I find ye a lettin' 'em inter this house, Nan missionary, Joel Marling, their friend and guide. Freeland, I'll give it ter ye, ye hyar me now." His wife met his fierce eyes unflinchingly, and

"So ye've been talkin' ter him, hev ye? I war-

"He only asked for a lodging, and I refused." "Wall, don't let me byar no more 'bout talkin' | kind of grass, commonly known as ant-rice. ter strangers; that's too many folks pryin' inter what ain't ther buisness." Man read and re-read the precious tract; every ant-rice to encroach upon the cleared space anyone of its well-chosen words fell like drops of where. dew upon her thirsty soul. She had been reared in a home superior in refinement to her present

here, and told him so when he came by."

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> had been a long penance. Shutting in her regrets and her longings, she slaved on hopelessly, seeing only the repulsive present, and doggedly enduring the abuse and the burdens heaped upon her. But what had she found now! A treasure beyond gold. Yet it was only a few lines, only a taste of the glorious revelation of the gospel, but it was one ray of purest light in a life shrouded by deepest

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A faint brightness stole into her heavy countenance, and the sharp retort died oftener upon her tongue. Even dull Jake perceived that she was somehow different. One morning, having failed to rouse her temper by his taunting words, he left the house declaring that he would seek livelier company. Some impulse moved him to return and peer in at the window. Nan sat on a low stool intently reading a printed leaf, while tears coursed down her cheeks. Jake threw open the door and tore the paper from her.

"Aha! I've found what's makin' ye so dumpish. Cryin', too, like ye done when ye fust come hyar ter live. I thought ye'd stopped that far good. Don't ye know I won't hev none o' that round me? The sooner this yer thing, whatever it is, gits outen my way, the better,"-and he tossed the leastet on the smouldering embers in the great Nan darted forward with a sharp ory, but he

held her back-a moment more, and only a charred flake remained, at which she gazed motionless and silent. "Wall, hev ye lost yer senses? Don't yer see interrogation points, and the misty November air | them dishes ter wash? Ye're mine, woman, mine. proving nods and looks, begged off from the rang with peals of merriment as Peter described I bought ye a good while sence, an' I sin't done with ye yit, so ye mought as well give up an' go long like ye done afore this yer nonsence come

As he stalked away, Nan slowly moved and

went about her dreary tasks. Little Jemmy ran

to her with flashing eyes,-"Pap ain't good ter ye, mammy, an' when I get big I'll kill him! "Hush, hush, Jemmy, mammy don't mind. Run out with the rest and play." When the little ones, whose innocence and affection contrasted strangely with the guilt and pure sunshine, Nan slipped away to a shady spot "Bless you, my dear boys!" she sobbed, clasp- by the broadest part of the stream to muse upon heart as well as my lips. For my old age vas treasured in her memory. To this place she had depths of the pool all her maddening troubles, longing only for an end to the present torture. She had been prevented then by the sound of her children's voices borne to her by a heaven-sent rest for the body and a removal of care and grief, but the serene depth of the water made her think

gleams of sunshine through the trees above gave "Oh, God!" she cried, "can I not learn more? it is sprained, and her nerves dey are jumping | Help me!" like de hoppers in de grass. She tell me her A rustling among the bushes startled her. It was Weatherstone's daughter Mary. She held a "Here," she said softly, "the preacher sent home! I put her to bed; and now she sleep so | you this. Don't be afraid, I won't tell. You was good to us when Billy had the fever." Nan tore off the wrapper and saw a nest copy of the Bible. As it opened her eyes fell on the

The two women met often by the brook, as did those other women of whom it is recorded that t was long before the Berry boys ventured to they resorted to "a riverside where prayer was show their faces again in the village; and when, wont to be made," and the Gospel of Love came a year later, Martin and Peter went to the city to | to their unloved lives as a breath of flower-scent-Jake stormed and wondered, but finally gave up his wife as an enigma he could not solve. His biting words met no response, and it is hard to "Janet always said she was different from the keep up a fire where there is no draught. He

words, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"Come here, sometimes, Mary," said she, " and

thing you ever did, Max, was when you bewitched but no moment of confidence ever gave her an opportunity to speak of what lay nearest her Nan's form grew thinner and weaker as her eyes grew brighter and her mind clearer. To-A mountaineer's cabin nestled in a sheltered | wards the end of the winter, an unusually severe nook where twilight was falling fast, while bare | season, Mary had to come and care for the chilher features scarcely discernible, shaded as they | which she was going, and one day, with them all

Jake heard her. He had been wandering simlessly about, now muttering angrily at her failing, abrupt turn which brought the road to an end | now softening into something like regret for his unkindness. This scene melted him. He strode bastily away, and when he returned went quietly "Nan, ye look right bad; can't I give ye some tes or suthin'?'

> She looked up surprised at his unwonted ten-"No, Jake; but sit down by me awhile." "I shouldn't think ye'd want me ter be nigh ye, Nan, I've treated ye so mean. But, Nan, when ye git well it'll all be different." "Yes, it'll all be very different soon, but not as you think. You will be kind to the babies, Jake, when I am gone?" "No, no, Nan, not gone! I'm goin' ter be so

home, of ye want ter-I was a brute not to let ye go afore.' " My old home is all broken up, now; but I'm going to a home which will never be broken up, and I'll want you and the babies there too. This will show you the way; it's a Bible the preacher sent me. Good-bye. God will surely answer my prayers for you." "Ob, Nan, Nan! I'll give up the still, an' larn Jemmy a honest trade so he needn't be afeered o'

good ter ye, so good. Ye shall go ter yer old

"Oh. God!" cried the new thoroughly humbled "I will send you a Bible. Meanwhile take man, "I went an' druv' away that preacher every time he come back, but he's comin' ag'in ef I live, an' things'il be different." Late that night Marling was awakened by an importunate knocking. He was astonished when Jake Freeland dropped on his knees before him. "Oh, mister, come back with me. I made ye go away when ye come ter Crooked Branch, but I want ye now. I've walked all the way ter-day.

with her husband in the doorway. "She's gone

need nor want no preachin' now, but ye must come an' pray fer us onet in our own house afore Marling readily agreed, and the first morning light saw them started on their way. It was a much greater distance by the roads than by the it was late in the afternoon when they drove up to a few early spring blossoms in her toil-hardened

an' she loved 'em, too," sobbed Jake. "Oh, I've

"I never give her no chance ter raise flowers,

of Revelation. Then he prayed, and several Jake Freeland came home for the first time in bowed their heads in worship in that cottage for In a wild, sweet spot, near the sparkling rivulet. his wife with the children for days and nights is a single grave. The violets upon it are tended together, while he tended the still or reveled in by a careful hand, for they thrive and bloom as on no other part of that bleek mountain. In Jake Freeland's cabin there gathers frequently a group travelin' preacher. I told Bill he ought ter hev of earnest learners, to pray and read and listen druy him off onct fer all. When one comes onct to his homely but heartfelt exhortation, and no occasions are haifed with such joy by these humble the drivelin', cantin' set 'round these parts. Ef seekers after truth, as the regular visits of the

ARTS AS GARDENERS .- Man is not the only quietly replied, "I knew you didn't want him animal who has discovered the division of the vegetable world into weeds on the one hand and garden plants on the other. Our ingenious little rant he's put some stuff inter yer head. Ye've got six-legged workers, the ants, have anticipated us too many notions than now, though the land in this, as in so many other useful inventions and knows, I thought I'd hev shuck 'em onten ye by | discoveries. There are ants in Texas which grow grain, and each nest owns a small claim in the vioinity of its mound, on which it cultivates a The claim is circular, about ten or twelve feet in diameter, and the ants allow no plant but the

> The produce of the crop they carefully harvest though authorities are still disagreed upon the