Terms of Court. [First Monday in March. Law and Criminal. Second Monday in May. Second Monday in Septer ber First Monday in Decemb 1.

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

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

Sheriff.-Charles J. Beckley.

Clerks J. Harman Schone, Thomas R. Lawrence.

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.

Orphans' Court. Gorsuch, Andrew Dorsey.

Register of Wills.—Benjamin W. Ady. 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 2d—Henry B. Fritogle. McDonald. 8th-Zephaniah Poteet. 10th-Christopher C. Hal 3d-Geo. H. Elder. 4th-Wm. A. Slade. IIIh-A. J. Shearman. 5th-1). Frank Resh. 6th-J. Nelson Daily. 7th-Charles L. Almony. 12th-Thomas B. Todd.

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. Rogers.
Assistant Examiner.—Mrs. Nora Bruff.

18th-Dr. Thos. B. Hall.

Police Force. 12th District-Marshal-George Hofstetter. Patrol-men-Chas. B. Lewis, Wm. H. Carter, Michael Kennedy, Henry Miller, Joseph V. Smith, John McKay, Wm. H. Wade. Keepers of Police Stations.

Canton .- Alexander Brown . Mt. Winans-George Narer Lamplighters and Watchmen. Towson-Sylvester Bowen.

Mt. Washington-Frank Smith. Special Officers.

Towson-James Hutchins Arlington-John Hall.

Mt. Washington-Dennis F. Starr, Frank Smith 13th District-James Cavey. Removers of Garbage. Towson-Wm, P. Cole.

Canton.-Edward Dunnigan. County Jail. Physician—Dr. Jackson Piper. Watchman—Peter Emge. Alms House. Superintendent-John Smith. Engineer-Thomas Kenney.

Physician.—Dr. Bennett F. Bussey Sanitary Physician Catonsville .- Dr. N. R. Gerry.

Miscellaneous Superintendent of Bridges.-William H. Shipley 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. McIutosh. Station House Magistrates.

Canton .- James P. Dorsey. Catonsville-Albert Smith. Mt. Winans-George S. Keisfer. Assessors for New and Missed Property. 1st District.-John S. Wilson 2d District.—Caleb S. Hobbs 3d District.-William T. Cox.

4th District.—Joseph Tase. 5th 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. 12th District.—John M. Herrman. 13th District.—George A. Meeter.

Fire Department. Superintendent of Fire Department and Lamp Light-Superintendent of Telegraph Line-Chas. J. McAleese. No. 7. Highlandtown Henry Trishman, Captain; James E. Mann, C. M. Jackson, Henry Filler, fireman.
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 Gosnel.
Sd.—Wm. H. Cheroweth, Samuel Roach, John 4th.-John W. Shipley, Jesse Upperco, Jacob 5th.—George Hale Edward Martin, John H. Bosley.
6th.—Lysander McCullough, Christian Deckmyer, 7th.—Henry S. Wright, Wm. E. Miller, Lewis Rosier.

8th.—William H. Todd, Wm. Gent, Jr., B. M Brooks.
9th.—Wm. S. Cowley, Patrick Gallagher, Rich'd B. Hyland. 10th.—Wm. F. Perdue, John Schmidt, Benjamir Johnson.
11th.—Francis Cardwell, Michael Dunn, James 18th.—George Adams, Edward Krastel, William 18th.—Halbert Hoffman, Wm. T. Randle, M.

1st District—David Feelemyer, Jas. Holden, Jno. J. Pilert, Albert Smith, Albert F. Brunier, John Schaible, Wm. T. Sears.

2d District—Jas. W. Offutt, Robt. A. Harker, Jas. B. Heiser, Robt. B. Chapman.

Sd District—Wm. Pole, Sr., Sam'l B. Mettam Henry T. Daley, James Hamilton, Richard E. Ti-dings, B. Frank Knight, Chas P. Newman. 4th District—David L. Slade, J. Smith Orrick, Samuel P. Storm, Alanson F. Shipley.

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

Sth District—John Kearney, Sr., E. Lewis Palmer,
Samuel Physics W. M. S. McChllough Samuel Ehrhart, Wm. S. McCullough.

7th District—John F. Heisse, Thomas E. Pearce, Wm. Rutledge.

8th District—Joshua Cain, Abram W. Ensor, Orrick W. Gent, Joshua G. Bosley.

9th District—Gideon Herbert, Albert W. Perrie, Jos.
B. Mitchell, Herman B. L. Everding, Chas. H. M. B. Mitchell, Herman B. L. Everding, Chas. H. M. Hoover 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, Andrew Gibson.

12th District—N. C. Brockmyer, Wm. T. Jenkins,
Jas. P. Dorsey, John Hevern, William H. Rever,
Thomas G. Carter, George A. Cook.

13th District—George S. Kieffer, Z. Taylor Gregg.

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

Justices of the Peace.

Constables. 1st District.-Wm. E. Nagle, Henry Mellor, Geo. S. \$d.—Caleb S. Hobbs, Richard T. Mullineaux. 3d.—William H. Reed. 4th.—George W. Stocksdale, Joshua N. Whittle. 5th.—William H. Benson.

5th.—William H. Benson.
6th.—Charles Ensor.
7th.—Edward Hawkins and Joseph Hoshall.
5th.—John W. Green, John H. Jones.
9th.—Robert E. Cole, James Hutchins.
10th.—John Williams.
11th.—Wm. H. Knight, Alex. Wisnom.
15th.—Harry Councilman. John H. Wienhold.
Alexander Hughes, Frank Wolf.
18th.—John C. Leiritz.

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

Suarpland



VOL. XXVI.

TOWSON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

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WEATHER-BOARDING, FLOORING, SHINGLES. LATHS, SASH, DOORS, BLINGS, MOULDINGS, &c., And everything usually found in a WELL-STOCKED YARD will be constantly on has THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS and others on the REISTERSTOWN AND LIBERTY TURNPIKE

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.

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PHILIP WALSE & SONS. Nov. 22.—tMay 27, '85 MONUMENTAL WOOD WORKS.

A. STORCK & SONS

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

17 BAST MONUMENT STREET AND \$51 NORTH FRONT STREET BALTIMORE

Miscellaneous.

Воотв, вноев AND RUBBERS. HORNER'S (E. Stout's Patent) SNAG-PROOF DUCK GUM BOOT. Also, HOR-

NER'S YELLOW LABEL GENUINE OIL GRAIN BOOTS AND SHOES. THEY WILL STAND THE TEST. TRY THEM. We are selling the best WASHING MACHINE MADE. Warranted to please. Price only \$8.00. GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST CITY PRICES AND SATISFACTION GIVEN.

David Markley Lauraville, HARFORD ROAD, RALTO. 00., MD., -DEALER IN-GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., FLOUR AND FEED, COAL AND WOOD, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, &c., GARDEN AND FARM SEEDS, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE BEST PLOW AMERICA:

H. S. MILLER & CO.'S, LISTER'S AND HUI STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS. GROUND BONE, ORCHILLA GUANO. SOUTH CAROLINA BONE, PLASTER, KAINIT, LIME, CEMENT, &c. Aug. 9.-tf

A. E. WARNER,

181 E. BALTIMORE STREET, (Near Calvert.) New and Handsome Designs, Manufactured By Me of the Finest Standard Silver. SPOONS. KNIVES, FORKS, LADLES, &c., &c.

WAITERS, BOWLS, PITCHERS, TEA CADDIES, &c. NOVELTIES IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES. LINK AND BEAD NECKLACES and BRACELETS DIAMOND RINGS.

PENDANTS AND EARRINGS. JEWELRY IN THE LATEST STYLES. --CLOCKS,---In Onyx, Marble, Iron and Wood. OPERA GLASSES OF SUPERIOR GRADE. OPERA-GLASS HOLDERS, GOLD-HEAD CANE FINEST QUALITY PLATED WARE. PRICES CONSISTENT WITH QUALITY.

OPEN UNTIL 9 P. M. TALL BULBS

50 Cents per DUTCH HYACINTHS 25 Cents per

FINE TULIPS 10 Cents per Dozen.

--BULBS--SUPPLIED IN LARGE QUANTITIES

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Sept. 20.-tf FOR SALE. A HIGHLY IMPROVED -AND-

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150 ACRES OF LAND. NDER THE HIGHEST STATE OF CULTIVATION AMPIMMEDIATE POSSESSION GIVEN. H. C. TURNBULL, Jr., 5 E. Lexington St., Baltimore.

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MADRAS, CHEVIOT AND FLANNELS -FOR-NEGLIGE SHIRTS. SHORT NECK COLLARS FOR SHORT NECK MEN

ALL OUR LINEN COLLARS LAUNDRY BETTER AND WEAR LONGER THAN ALL OTHERS.
March 29.—tf

GENTS WANTED DR. TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK. COVERING HIS LIFE'S WORK & GREAT TRIP

TO. THROUGH AND FROM THE CHRIST Entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE." Entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE,"
Embracing a New LIFE OF CHRIST, and a
Story of Palestine and its People, illustrated
with over 400 wonderful engravings of scenery in
Holy Land, copies of old masters, and famous
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of the crucifixion, in 18 colors and ten feet in
length. This is Dr. TALMAGE'S life work and
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Box \$12, Portland, Maine.

Dec. 14.—1y*

Dec. 14.--1y* FORD & LAUGHLIN. MERCHANT TAILORS. NO. 22 HORTE HOWARD STREET.

PALITIMORE. DLANK MORTGAGERS BONDS. FOR SALBAT THE OFFICE OF THE MARY Moetig.

once knew all the birds that came And nested in our orchard trees; For every flower I had a name knew where thrived in youder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toeh, I was very learned then,

But that was very long ago. knew the spot upon the hill where checkerberries could be found, knew the rushes near the mill Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound;
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me— But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth I tried the old familiar spot Only to learn this solemn truth:

I have forgotten, am forgot.

Yet here's this youngster at my knee

Knows all the things I used to know; o think I once was wise as he-But that was very long ago.

know it's folly to complain

Of whatsoe er the fates decree, t, were not wishes all in vain, I'd tell you what my wish would be d wish to be a boy again,
Back with the fr ends I used to know, Back with the it that I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

[Youth's Companion.

Miscellaneous.

RELIGION IN HIS POCKETS. Tobe Gear had whipped every man in Poinsett county. To some men fighting may be only a recreation, but to Tobe it was a necessity. Once he awoke at mid- faith. night, and, unable to go to sleeep again, lay tossing and groaning. Whut's the

Oh. I dunno: I am all outer sorts. whupped no body lately?

Yas, that's the very reason. law, an' then go to sleep. He got up, whipped his brother-in-law, and then slept like a sycamore log. Tobe had whipped old Bill Morgan

once every week for the past ten years.-Bill, extremely elastic in disposition, did not lose hope; he took boxing less- That morning he had caught the cow in ons of the new circuit rider; and then, the woods and in an ingenious manner with great confidence, invited Tobe to had fixed a chunk of lead in the bunch whip bim. Tobe did so; and then Bill of hair at the end of her tail. mounted his gray mare, rode over to the Mount Zion Meetin-house and "whaled" the circuit rider for teaching boxing un-

der false pretenses. One night, during a heated revival in July, Tobe was stricken with conviction and, yielding to the entreaties of his wife. went to the mourner's bench and placed his repentant head on the white oak slab. He poured forth a stream of lamentations -declared after the manner of a great apostle that he had been a chief among sinners, and vowed that if the Lord would exercise his merciful pardoning power, he would, every year, contribute a sheep to the religious barbecue, and would refrain from fighting to the best of his ability. -Suddenly he sprang to his feet and declared that his sins had been wiped out with a tender hand, and that he was prepared to meet his friends who had gone before, and that any man in the congregation might enjoy the privilege of calling

him a horse thief without incurring the danger of being thumped. Old Bill Morgan was particularly delighted with the conversion, and after shaking hands with Tobe, turning to a friend remarked: I have got him on the hip now, an' l'll bet you a bull-tongue plow an' a set of rope gear that I whup

him befo' the week 's out. Tobe wrote out a confession of faith on a piece of paper bag, and carried it in his hip pocket. At night when he would awake and feel that he must whip some one or toss sleeplessly on his wheat straw bed, he would reach over, grab his confession out of his pocket, read it over. take a chew of long green tobacco and then worry along as best he could. One evening while he was milking a blue looking cow that wore a mischievous wink,

old Bill came up to the fence. Brother Tobe, said he, I think the time for me to whup you have came. Do you reckon it hev? Tobe replied turning loose the blue cow's milk nozzle and wiping a drop of pale milk from his

borny hand. Yas, I'low so. All right, Tobe responded, and, taking the confession of faith from his pocket. | really so amiable as men. Xantippe and | yet downed by a coal stove, and it's too he put it on top of the fence, placed a poor Rip's wife are types of a very large late to begin now!" stone upon it and said: Faith in things class. that have been an' air vit to come, rest

thar till I maul this sinner. side and a sciatic disturbance of the hip. against her. limped toward his humble dwelling. The a few drops of milk from the blue cow. Bill came up to the fence and said : 'Pear

to be enjoyin' yo'se'f putty well. Not exactly—still got a shootin' pain

Did you come over fur a clost 'sociation with me? No. I'm about as well acquainted with

you as I keer to be. I 'lowed that after fessin' 'ligion you mout be a leetle more tender in yo' manners, but I find out that vou hain't. You didn't git a very strong dost, did vou?

Yas, strong enough for all practical purposes. When I hatter fight a man I iest lay my faith aside. That's the reason I writ it out on paper. Wall, some day I mout meet you when

you kain't git it outen yo' pocket in time an' whup you like puttin' out a fire. That mout be, but I'm powerful quick. A man that kain't make his religion handy stop and examine the condition of the oughtenter have none. When a person pavement before entering upon it? Anfinds that his religion is sorter crowden' him, why he's might apt to turn it loose. Yas, I reckon that's so. I got three

Hill an' several down in the swamps an' that coal hole-might have killed us all, none of 'em stuck till I got a holt of the sir. As it is I shall sue him for damasort that they showed out at Bugg's meetges for mussing up my coal-bin. in'-house. I reckon I'm all right now. Think yon've got enough to last you. Yas. I think so. My wife sometimes of the gray ape. thinks I'm a leetle sorter shaky an' holds

turnip greens along with some co'n bread so hard that you cou'd hit a hound in the side with it an' make him howl fur a week or so an' that smooths her down might'ly. Whar did you git that ar COW ?

Bought her from old man Beers.

Putty good cow, is she?

Yas, she do purty well. Sometimes BOWSER WRESTLES WITH she don't want to let down her milk, but I git a fence rail an' punch her in the side till she turns it loose all right.

Do you allus milk? Yas, I do the milkin' all the time. An' von never do let vo' wife milk

none ' Never a tall. There are some cows that wimmin folks kin milk an' agin thar air others that they kain't tech. You've got ter skeer a cow when you wanter git right good milk. Ef you don't skeer 'em they let down the poorest milk they've got. I'm a great milker, me. I jest nachually skeer a cow into cream. bought a cow from a feller wunst that didn't give nuthin' but what they call blue John. I argued with her a while, but she kept on givin' blue John. I got tired one day an' lammed her a time or two with a rail an' then you oughter seed the milk. It wan't nothin' but cream. Do this here cow allus switch her tail

thiser way? Old Bill asked after a moment's silence. Oh, yes, specially in fly time. Don't it hurt you when she hits you in

the face? No, fur I am so uster it. Wall, I must go now. Good-bye .-Whenever I think I can whup you I'll

come over again. Do ef you please, an' you'll allus find me handy at grabbin' my confession of

The next evening when old Tobe went to milk the blue cow he noticed that she peared to be nervous and disturbed about something. He spoke to her gent-Don't you think it's becaze you ain't ly at first, but when she began to toss her head he reminded her of the fact that he had often beaten her from a disposition of Wall, git up an' whup yo' brother-in- skimmed milk into a willingness to give lift that stove out when I can do it myself cream; but when sat down on his onelegged stool to strip the milk from her reluctant udder, she struck him on the head with her tail and laid him out. Old Bill Morgan dropped down behind a neighboring log and roared with laughter.

Cross People.

"I believe," exclaimed a bright woman one day, "that I would rather have a really wicked person in the house, if he would only be good-natured, than to live

with the best one who was cross." This was extreme, but anyone who has ever endured the society of an irritable companion for many days will feel a sympathy with even this strong statement. Such a companion is a species of torture It sometimes seems as though almost every duty were more forcibly impressed upon the young than the duty of amia bility. In many quarters this virtue i absolutely at a disadvantage. The cross ones are likely to get a reputation for greater ability than the pleasant ones, We plead for a reform and so pleads

everybody who happened to be in a certain house in an inland town, where a bandsome and fashionable young woman was stopping with an aunt who had every claim upon her tenderest consideration. "Are you going out to the cliff?" the young woman would demand of her aunt. "I don't know yet," the aunt would

espond wearily.

"Oh, dear, I wish you could ever make up your mind?" the niece would fret "But I must wait and see how I feel after my dinner." the invalid would pro-"If it wasn't that it would be some thing else," the nicce would exclaim petulantly .- "You're always waiting, always

undecided.—I get so sick of it!" The aunt bore her young charge's vagaics almost too sweetly; but the hateful little niece was unendurable to all who witnessed her conduct toward her aunt. Yet this young girl was a member of a church. She would not have lifted her band against her aunt, yet she gave her daily, worse insults than a physical blow. It is to women that the poets are always giving praise for their amiability. It

was a weman to whom belonged those "Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign The summer calm of golden charity." But it is doubtful whether women are

It is reasonable to expect that women should be less amiable than men, Emer-He climbed over the fence and a few son says. A woman's mode of dress, her moments later Bill, with a stitch in his indoor and monotonous life have all been

next evening when Tobe was again eking highest virtues—generosity, magnanimity the ginger ale factory in the alley had exetc.-but we can all keep a civil tongue for these around us, and put on a pleas- the kitchen. My next was that a British ant face if we try. Amiability has been-Yas, reasonable so. Have you got pooh-poohed at too long. It is the source of more comfort and pleasure in any home in which it is practiced than many a more

vaunted virtue. "The music that can deepest reach And cure many ills, is cordial speech." By all means let us have more of it in our homes.

Two Points of View .-- Stranger --'If a man falls down an open coal hole. he can sue the owner of the premises for damages, can be not?" Lawyer-"Yes, and get them too .-

Give me the particulars.

"Well, my brother was passing your house this morning and he fell through a coalhole and broke his leg." "Hem! Did he use ordidary vigilance to prevent such an accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he

swer me that sir." "Stop? Why, no-"Ah. ha, I thought so. Guilty or fo' sorts before I found one that fit me criminal negligence. He might have right well. I tried one over Terrapin fallen on one of my own family under

> No Dudes in Aprica .- "Do you believe in evolution?" inquired the baboon "Great cocoanut! no," was the an-

her love off frum me at a putty cold deswer. "Did you ever see anything like gree, but I go out an' git her a mess of that in Africa?" and he pointed to a dude who stood before the cage. "No." said the baboon; "but the species may have deteriorated."

> An Irishman remarks that the reason the evenings are longer now, is because it does not stay light so long after dark, as it did awhile back.

NO. 1354.

A BASE BURNER STOVE.

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CIRCULARS,

CARDS,

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MAGISTRATES BLANKS. Printed neatly, and upon good paper, always on hand and for sale at this Office,

> -OFFICE-IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING.

from my eyes at last, and I know you for

what you are! A nice job, wasn't it!

Calculated I'd be driven through the floor

didn't you? Hoped to be a widow by

this time, ch? To-morrow, Mrs. Bowser

A TALE OF A BUNCO.

"There's persons in this world too

ornery to live of they wuzn't afeared the

undertaker'd make something off'n their

funeral," said Coyote Bill, as he backed

up to the stove in the Gold Bar saloon

"Did you ever hear of the United

"Pigeon-toed Pete got hold of a bunco

somehow that he couldn't ride any more'n

ye could a cyclone. Pete tried it fer

three days and come out with most of

himself in slings. He wuzn't no slouch

with a bronco, neither. Then some o'

the boys tried it and we had to send to

Sundance for extra doctors to help take

"When Peter was able to be out again

he says, says he: "Boys we'll organize a

stock company to sell that bronco to ten-derfeet. See?" We did see, an' we took

right hold. It was a howling success an'

in less'n ten days United Bronco wuz

quoted at 160 and not to be had at that.

Whenever a tenderfoot would stop off that

looked as if he didn't know too much

bout hosses, an' most of 'em didn't an' be-

gun to inquire fur a hoss, Pete 'ud fetch

out his bronco. Pete never failed to sell

him fur a good, round price, cash down.

"When the tenderfoot would climb into

the saddle there'd be a little seance lastin'

about forty seconds. Then we'd pick up

Mister Tenderfoot an' carry him over to

the Eureky Hotel, where we had a regular

hospital fixed up. If he died, why course

the company fell heir to the bronco and

any other little trinkets he happened to

have about him. In case he lived why

he wuz only too glad to let Peter take the

bronco back again to get rid of him, and

by the time he wuz able to travel the

doctor and hotel-keeper, who wuz mem-

bers of the company, had all his money.

so it waz a dead clinch; either way. Oh,

I tell ve, it wuz the greatest scheme ye

dressed fer all the world like a parson,

got down off'n the Sundance stage.

Forenight he wuz solid with every man

in camp. He had scads o' money and

seemed jist achin' to git rid of it. He

bottom in three trials. Sam turned it

first time. However, the parson allus

"One day a smooth-lookin' feller.

Then the fun'd begin.

ever beered on!

"The way we worked it was like this:

and carefully parted his long coat-tails.

Bronce Company?"

keer of 'em.

BLANKS.

HANDBILLS.

The Stove Comes out on Top. Last fall Mr. Bowser put a base-burner in the front hall to keep it at a comforta. I'll call up a lawyer, and we'll see what's ble temperature during the winter, and what!" when spring came nothing was said about moving the stove. It was not in the way. We had no place to move it to, and when How the United Mustang Company was Broken Up. ing said anything about a removal I felt perfectly assured that he would leave that stove alone. Great was my consternation, therefore, when he suddenly observed the

other evening, as we rested on the front "Well, well, but how absent-minded! have become! Why didn't you call my attention to the fact that the coal stove had not been moved from out of the hall?" "Because it is to be left there."

"Not much! People must have thought us a queer family to leave it there as long as we have." "Mr. Bowser, that stove is not in the way, and it is not an eye sore. Besides we have no place to store it."

"It goes to the barn, of course." "It would be the most foolish thing you could do." "Humph! How would it look to have snow-shovel standing on each side of our front door with the thermometer at 95 degrees in the shade? One must have

an eye out for consistency and the eternal fitness of things." "Well, if you are determined to move it, if you will move it in spite of my protests, send up a couple of men to-morrow and have it over with."

"Send up nothing! Do you suppose

I'm going to pay some one two dollars to

with a twist of the wrist? I'll have it out of the way in ten minutes." "Mr. Bowser, you can no more move

that stove than I can fly.' "Can't I? I can do it with one hand tied behind me, and I'll go right at it." I argued and entreated, but it was no use. It was a dreadfully warm evening, and Mr. Bowser was panting as he sat fanning himself, but what did he do but walk in and prepare for the struggle. felt that I ought to make one last appeal,

"Mr. Bowser, if you won't touch the stove to night I'll make a big pitcher of ice-cold lemonade.' "Lemonade! Nonsense! One would think from the way you talk that I was

going to murder somebody. Just si

right here and enjoy the cool breeze while

I went back to the steps, knowing well

and I followed him and said:

skip the stove out, I'll get the wheelbarrow and take it to the barn." "Mr. Bowser, remember that I pro-"Certainly! You are the great American protestor, any way. If I killed a fly you'd protest.'

done my duty. I heard him fussing around for awhile, and then he muttered: "She's purty hefty, but she's got to come out o' this." Ten seconds later there was a wild whoop, and when I got into the hall Mr. Bowser stood on one foot and was shak-

the stove lay on the floor. He had pulled it off at the first grab. "Thunder-and-blazes-and lewhittaker—and Texas—and Jemima! he was velling as he waved hi: foot aloft." "Didn't I tell you?" I queried as]

ooked at him. "No! Never! You never said word—not a word." "Now will you let the stove alone?" "No!" I'll take it out of here if I

"Mr. Bowser, this pig-headed obstinacy of yours will surely lead to —" But he made a jump at me, and I fled back to the front steps and waited in suspense and terror for the climax. It was prolonged for about ten minutes. Mr. Bowser had decided to go slow and avoid another accident. He took off all the loose parts, removed his coat, vest, collar and cuffs, dropped the suspenders off his

Rockerville and asked if I knowed where shoulders, and I plainly heard him spit on his hands and growl: "None of the Bowser family were ever

Another man would have removed the legs first. He didn't think of it, but undertook to move the stove as one moves a barrel standing on end. He had progressed about five feet when there was a sound which frightened the whole neigh-We may not all be able to cultivate the | borhood. My first impression was that ploded and driven our barn up against gun-boat had slipped around from the Behring sea and dropped a four-hundredpound shell on the roof of our house to offset Mr. Bowser's assertions that we were the greatest fighting nation on earth.

I knew what had happened. So did the cook. So did the neighbors. It was a minute before I could move, and I was flying in-doors when I heard Mr. Bowser utter a strange sound—something between the last roar of a dying lion and the plaintive moan of a cow for her lost calf. couldn't see him at first. It was all stove and the stove was on top of him. Between my screams and the cook's shouts we got a neighbor in, and the three of us lifted up the stove and dragged Mr. Bow-

"You are the biggest fool in America and I'll gamble on it!" exclaimed the neighbor, as he stood over Mr. Bowser. A long-drawn groan.

"It ought to have killed you! A man who doesn't know better ought to have a a ton of iron fall on him. I suppose your wife will be foolish enough to send for a doctor, but if you were any kin to me I'd take you out and drive you head-first into the alley!"

With that he went away, and I got the doctor up. No bones were broken but Mr. Bowser had collapsed, like an empty barrel, and every square inch of him was bruised and pounded. It was long after midnight before he said anything. I was rubbing him with arnica with one hand and fanning him with the other, when he looked up and asked:

"Oh, no, dear." "Any bones broken?" "None." "Did the stove fall on me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mrs. Bowser, is it fatal ?"

wuz continually making the silliest bets and always lost. One day he went Fargo Sam \$500 he couldn't turn jack from the

managed to win his bets all back inside what would happen, but I felt that I had of twenty-four hours at poker, and maybe a little extra. "When he'd been in Minnie Gulch bout a week Pete sold the bronco agin. list es the feller wuz a-goin' to climb onto his new hoss the parson came out an' axed what the crowd was standin' round fer. One of the boys winked and ing the other in the air, while the top of says, says he: "Keep still, parson, an"

ye'll see some fun. The man don't wear hair that can ride that bronco.' "'Pshaw," says the parson, 'anybody kin ride a hoss. I'll bet \$100 the man walks him right off.

"Fifteen seconds later the new pur-

chaser wuz ready fer the doctor and as the parson paid over the money he began cussin' fer the fust time we'd ever heerd him over his foolish bets. "Well, in a day er two along come one o' the greenest-lookin' lunk-heads I ever see in all my born days. Didn't look's if he knowed enough to pound sand. One o' the boys had to jerk him out o' the road to keep the stage from runnin' over him. Then greeny went an' bought a drink an shewed a big wad of bills when he paid fer it. Then he come up to me chuckliu' like an idiot and told me he wanted to go over to the diggin's at

he could buy a hose. I called up Pete and Pete soon sold him the company bronco. The crowd went out to see the fun, as usual. Greeny led his hoss up to a stump and jist ez he was ready to fall over into the saddle parson came out and hollered out fer him to wait a minnit. "'Now, gentlemen,' says the parson. is there any of you wants to bet me that

"Then we all fell over one another to cover his money. "Then the parson says, in his sweetest tones, savs he: 'Mister, us gentlemen has made a little bet on your ability to ride that hoss up past the hotel without gittin throwed. Will ve oblige us by

stranger can't ride that hoss past the

noted the first trial?"

trying it?"

"That miserable welp of a greeny had took the chance, while our backs was all turned a-makin' our bets, to soak that bronco's tail with kerosene. Then, when the parson finished speaking', he turned and chuckled in that idiotic fashion o' his after makin' one or two false moves, rolled over into the saddle. As he fell he surged backwards and tickled the bronco's tail with the end of his oigar that he'd sucked till it wux nearly in a blaze. That tail flashed like powder. Such an astonished bronco as that one was ye never saw. He looked around just once and then, givin' an onearthly squal, started

he flew! Fallin' down a well was no-"The purson pocketed his stakes and that wun the last we ever seed of him. Oh, but if that wasn't a sick crowd.

off towards Sundance as fast as he could

go, with greeny on his back. My, how

"That outrageous swindle wuz a death blow to Minnie Gulch. The United Bronco Company went up the flume, and they haint never been any enterprise er public spirit about the place sence. All that keeps the boys alive now is the hope of some day runnin' acrost them two owdecious villains."

Banks-At the fire the other night a woman saved the life of her pet dog and forgot her child. Cumso-And what became of the

Banks-Its life was saved by a mastiff belonging to the family.

"What were your bushead's last words?" "He hadn't any," sobbed the won't stand it! The scales have fallen widow, "I was with him."

"Den't 'yes dear' me Mrs. Bowser, for