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THE FINAL BATTLE.

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On and after MONDAY, July 7th, 1884, (Sundays excepted) Trains will run as follows:

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Very funny. This population, as far as fear of danger from shells was concerned, had become hardy veterans from custom during the investment.

The battalion, with its charge of prisoners, federal and confederate, crossed the upper bridge before sundown and regained its camp. Shortly after dark there was a sudden blaze of light in Petersburg, and it could be seen that the depots, the factories and the government stores-houses had been set on fire simultaneously, and that combustibles had been added to make the destruction quick and sure.

THE FINAL BATTLE.

Now it so happened that on April 2 a lieutenant and twenty men of the company I commanded as lieutenant (my captain, Charles H. Davidson, previously thereto having been for a year or more detached as commandant of prisoners of the army), had been ordered to Richmond in charge of political prisoners. They were to have returned at 6 p. m., but they did not. I learned after that they had been detained by order of General Curtis Lee to aid in the preservation of order in Richmond in view of the enemies and general lawlessness which necessarily attend the change of political prisoners. They were to have returned at 6 p. m., but they did not. I learned after that they had been detained by order of General Curtis Lee to aid in the preservation of order in Richmond in view of the enemies and general lawlessness which necessarily attend the change of political prisoners.

THE FINAL BATTLE.

The people of this suburb of Richmond on the south side of the James river have been exceptionally prosperous during the war because of the position of the town at the south end of Mayo's bridge. The heavy hand of war had scarcely touched them except to take away their young men hitherto, and they had only one sars, when Gen. Beauregard made his fantastic promenade toward them and was promptly bottled up at Bermuda Hundred by Beauregard before he had gotten within ten miles of the town. But now the devil was let loose in their very midst. Such a frantic population is seldom witnessed except in countries where earthquakes are prevalent. The streets were crowded with people—old men, women and children—on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles, dragging their most cherished household goods along with them, flying from their homes. The panic was fearful to witness, and the engineer was compelled to slow his locomotive to a walk, as it were. Arriving at the south end of Mayo's bridge we found it blocked by a steady stream of fugitives, so that it was seen that it would be impossible to run the engine into Richmond. Looking across the river, except for the network of cannon fire, the scene above attempted to be described at Petersburg was duplicated. The whole of Richmond seemed to be in flames and the hoarse roar that assailed our ears from our ill-fated city sounded as if were the accumulated death groans of the miserable inhabitants. There was but one way for me to cross the river and that was by boat. Directing the engineer to wait three hours with steam up, I found that it was useless to attempt to get a man to row me across. Through a furious mob, of all ages, sexes and colors, who were engaged in rifling commissariat buildings and the private stores on Main street, I managed to work my way to the provost marshal's office. Here I found that it was useless to seek my men, as they were under Gen. Curtis Lee's orders, by command of the president, who had directed that every officer and man then in Richmond should be detailed for the special duty of guarding the streets.

It was my duty to go to the river as soon as possible, and it was pitiful to see the haggard faces of the non-combatant population as they appeared at the windows, fully expecting that their city would be razed to the ground (for so it had been threatened by the "last ditch" and "war-to-the-knife" partisans) as thoroughly as was Jerusalem by Titus, when literally one stone was not left upon another. After, with much difficulty, forcing my way through a raven-

ous mob, who were plundering the commissary stores on the dock in the midst of blazing buildings and firebrands hurled about by the strong wind then prevailing and which injured many of these starving creatures, I reached my boat, recrossed the river, regained the engine, and about midnight was very glad to reach my bunk in camp on the Telegraph road. But the news that I brought stimulated to instant action the captain of the battalion O. C. Henderson, and he, at once gave orders for the men to take three days' rest and sleep upon their arms.

Of what I have learned since that eventful night of April 2, when the city seemed to me to be an entrance to pandemonium or of hell proper, I am naturally disinclined to speak. As far as my own experience extended in the burning city the better class of citizens were covered by the robbers, and they were the worst gang of robbers in the city at this time—ruffians and women, strangers to the city and its proper people—that ever has arisen in the tide of time. It may be said: Why did not the military prevent this state of things? The answer is that the guards were required on the lines; and worse and more despicable, if possible, is the fact that some of the high officials, exempt under official enactments, were partners in the scheme. It may be thought that in the troublesome times spoken of that Richmond was a sort of Sodom and Gomorrah. It was not. The native people were all right in point of morals and conduct, but it was the accursed race of Shem (whom Grant kicked out of his army before Vicksburg) who have given to historians a distorted view of the beleaguered city at the time of its abandonment by the forces of Gen. Curtis Lee. Who was left behind to make matters smooth for the incoming Yankee troops. Now, to conclude this article, I am compelled to reply to hearsay, and the following is the result: About 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 2d, a messenger was sent by General Lee to President Jefferson Davis, declaring that he could hold his position no longer, but that he must retreat. The message was given to Mr. Davis while he was sitting beside his wife in his church pew. He immediately went in the middle of the sermon from the building, and speculations were rife to what could be the meaning of his dispatch. All knew that this dispatch was important, and all prayers and hopes were then dependent on the great conflict which the assembled congregation knew was raging. They hastily dispersed to their homes when the president and his wife went out, for they felt that Richmond at least was lost to the south, and that the conflict, if maintained hereafter, must be maintained in the wildly mountainous part of North Carolina.

There is a word I wish to say in behalf of the newspaper men, who were exempt from conscription. The first company of compositors and newspaper men, to fight when called for on the breast works, was organized under command of Captain E. C. Crump (who had been desperately wounded, and disabled, in the battle of Kernstown in 1862), and they frequently did good service in manning the breastworks, especially in what are known as the Deep Bottom raid and the Dahlgren raid. On Saturday, the day before the evacuation of Richmond, Mr. R. M. Smith, the editor of the "Sentinel," the accredited organ of President Davis, informed his employees, (of whom Crump, above mentioned, was foreman) that the city was to be surrendered the next day. The printers nevertheless kept at work, and on the morning of the entry of the federal troops got out their edition, flaming with wrathful editorials against the invaders and counseling all the citizens to behave courteously to the invaders in case they may attempt to wreak vengeance on the erstwhile proud capital in this her day of capture and degradation.

It is a settled fact, well known to all readers of history, that Jeff Davis and the gang he had about him, seized upon the engines and cars which Gen. Lee destined to meet him with provisions at Amelia Court House on the retreat and thereby broke down his regiments. Instead of acting as official and otherwise, crowded the trains and passed Sheridan before he had an opportunity to block the railroad; but while they blocked the railroad they effectual strategy to death the men who were waiting for something to eat and ready to fight at Amelia Court House. I recollect that here we blew up twenty caissons of artillery because we had not forged for the horses and I remember well, moreover, that the men generally swore an oath "as deep as hell" that would never they could catch Jeff Davis or any of his ravening of the air at the end of a nose.

[By the way, the restlessness in regard to Davis and his methods was prevalent throughout the army, and if the war had lasted three months longer we would have seen the whole confederate machinery hurled from power, with Lee as supreme dictator, in a position which, because of our knowledge of his character, we could easily trust him.]

About 10 o'clock on the morning of April 3 a horseman, bearing a flag and followed by a large squad of cavalry, galloped rapidly up Main street from the direction of the Williamsburg road, and halting in the suburbs

of the city sufficient time to ask the route to the state capitol building, he with his followers rushed to that building, and in a few moments the Stars and Stripes were floating from flagstaff on the south of the capitol.

And in a short time other federal regiments followed, and their commanders (conspicuous among them Gen. Godfrey Weitzel) set to work to quell the flames that were raging and seized upon the best portions of the city for plunder. Within twenty-four hours the flames were subdued and the mob dispersed, and the captors of the city were distributing government rations to the starving inhabitants.

ALL FOR LOVE.

The Story of James Samuels' Life. One of those stories, so prolific in the West—romantic in the extreme, full of love, jealousy, attempted murder and a happy finale—has just been published in Denver, Col. The hero, William Samuels, one of the wealthiest men in the State, and it is from his lips that the story comes, corroborated by his wife and brother James. Four years ago the two brothers lived in the beautiful Chester Valley, Pennsylvania. Herbert Samuels, the father, was a well-to-do farmer, owning a splendid tract of land, where he dwelt with his wife and two boys. When the latter were old enough he sent them to school and then to college. During their absence a brother of the father died and he took into his family the dead man's child, Hattie. When the two brothers returned from college, aged about twenty-three and twenty-five respectively, they found their cousin, a beautiful girl of twenty years, installed in the house. Of the brothers James, the elder, had light hair and eyes and was of quiet and even demeanor, but, if ever, known to be angry, and being a general favorite not only at home but throughout the entire community. In marked contrast was the character and disposition of William, the younger brother, who, of a dark, almost swarthy complexion, with hair and eyes as black as coal, was fiery and quick to anger, and although naturally well meaning had had numerous encounters, both while attending school and since his graduation.

Since the time, three years ago, when James and William finally returned from college and found their lovely cousin domiciled at home, they had both been violently in love with her and both had made every manifestation of the feeling, but the cunning wretch had avoided showing the slightest preference for either, treating them as brothers rather than lovers. This state of affairs rankled as a thorn in the breast of the hot-headed William, whose feeling of bitterness and jealousy to his brother grew until they amounted to almost positive hatred. Time and again he sought quarrels, but James' more even temper prevented anything of a serious character until one bright afternoon in July, when, upon the return of the elder brother and Hattie from a ride, the younger, who watched with a ferocious, dangerous glare in his eyes as his brother assisted his cousin to alight, then followed him to the barn where he was unharmed, and attacked him with the vilest abuse, using epithets so strong that he was at last compelled to reply in the same spirit.

Words were followed by blows, when William blinded by passion, seized a heavy wagon spoke and dealt his brother a stunning blow, felling him to the earth, as the blood gushed from a ghastly wound in the head. At once realizing the terrible thing he had done, and believing that he had killed his brother, a complete revulsion of feeling came over him, and, casting a last hurried look at the prostrate form and the white upturned face, he fled. After several days of continuous travel he arrived at an obscure mining camp in Colorado, hoping that, buried in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, he could shut out his vision the ever present reminder of his brother slain by his hand. Entering upon the pursuit of a miner he sought by a feverish industry and the hardest kind of hard work to forget his one horror, but in the dark recesses of the drift in which he was working, in the gloomy corners of the cabin in which he slept, everywhere and always it haunted him. In the meantime, after a few months, fortune with her usual fickleness rewarded his labor, which had been performed without any particular thought or hope of result, and the open drift which had become a tunnel of some proportions, struck rich lead of marvellous proportions and containing much wealth.

At once the almost unknown camp became famous and his name all unconsciously to him became almost a household word in all mining communities as associated with one of the largest strikes of the year. Fame of this kind travels far, and even after a time resounds the quiet farm of Chester Valley where he had spent his happy childhood days and afterwards wrecked his manhood. One day, while in the cage ascending from the bottom of one of the deepest shafts, a shadow cast over the top of the face he saw a thrill of horror to pass through him, his hands

relaxed his grasp of the rope and he had a narrow escape from falling to the bottom. Arriving at the top more dead than alive, he gave one hasty, frightened glance around him, saw the face again and swooned away. The owner of the face, a tall and handsome man, evidently a stranger in the camp, sprang forward and caught his falling body in time to prevent it from being dashed to pieces in the bottom of the shaft, at the same time ejaculated: "Oh, William!" The miner was taken to his cabin, and after the application of restoratives, slowly revived. "Where is it?" he asked, at which the stranger slowly advanced and said softly, "Brother, don't you know me?"

"With a still half frightened look in his wandering eyes the miner gazed again at the face which had so startled him, and gradually realizing the fact that it was real, living flesh and blood, again relapsed into a swoon. For days he reaved in the paroxysms of a fever, living the hideous chapter of his life over again, until at last the fever exhausted itself by its very force, and the sick man sank into a deep slumber.

At last the invalid awoke, weak and helpless as a child, but in his right mind. Instantly the cause of his illness was by his side, and taking his hand tenderly in his own said: "William, my poor brother!" It was James Samuels, the brother who was supposed to have been dead, but who was here alive and well and in the full enjoyment of manhood. "Is it a miracle?" ejaculated William, as soon as he could speak. "It is no miracle, but a sad mistake under which you have been laboring and from which you have undoubtedly suffered much. When you get stronger I will tell you all." The next day William having so far recovered as to be able to sit up, his brother sat by him and said, "Notwithstanding my injury, which was not nearly so seriously as you imagined, I regained consciousness shortly afterwards, and from which you entered the barn at that moment assisted me to the house. The news was broken to your mother, and Hattie as gently as possible and I really think your sympathies were with you more than with me. The matter was kept quiet as possible in the neighborhood and I soon recovered from the injury, and everything went along as usual, but that you were grieved for and lamented by all. Notwithstanding all the inquiries which I had quietly set on foot to discover your whereabouts you utterly failed to discover any trace, and mourned you almost as one dead. About two weeks ago I picked up an old newspaper and saw your name for the first time connected with the story of your big mining strike. It was at once resolved that I should come to you. I started that very night, and I am here."

"But Hattie?" asked William, with a wistful look from his eyes. "She is well, and would be happy were it not for worrying about your fate." "She and you got married, of course?" There was pain in the very tones in which this was asked. "No, indeed. After you left she could not tell me her secret—that after all she loved you and meant to marry you." A dazed look came over William's face, and gasping, "I cannot be," he very nearly relapsed into another swoon, the joy of the announcement being almost too much for him in his weakened state. At last, after being assured again by his brother of the truth, he exclaimed, "Oh, let us go home at once. Arrangements were made at once to start, and with a new life in his veins the invalid recovered his strength so rapidly that they left the camp on the second day after, and reached home inside of a week. Of the meeting and its joys words could not give an accurate description. A quiet wedding followed within one month, after which the miner returned with his bride to Colorado, furnished her a magnificent home in Denver, and is now not only one of the wealthiest but one of the most honored residents of the Queen City.

Woman, especially those of the upper classes, who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, lose, after middle age, sometimes earlier, a considerable amount of their height; not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down—mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of stays and dependence of the artificial support by their afforded. Every girl who wears stays that press upon these muscles and restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them of their natural duties supporting the spine, indeed incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dummy woman.

A little boy asked his father, who is a milkman, what a cow with a short tail put him in mind of. His father couldn't tell. "Don't you know, papa?" It looks like the handle of the pump you used to fill up the cans every morning." He has been excused from school on account of a lame back.

It is told us a fact that the free lunch route is not doing its usual brisk trade. We do not know how to account for it, except upon the theory that hot weather takes away the appetite of even the free lunch trade.