The Ægis and Intelligencer.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. BEL AIR, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1888. VOL. XXXIII—NO. 2.

Gay Street Column.

The Old Reliable House.

JOHN W. MARSHALL,
FURNITURE,
CARPETS AND STOVES
214 N. GAY ST.
ONE DOOR BELOW THE BRIDGE.

One of the largest and best selected stocks of reliable goods for furnishing
PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM, KITCHEN, &c.

E. SCOTT PAYNE & BRO.

CARRIAGE and BUILDERS'
HARDWARE.
166 N. GAY St. WHITE FRONT 166
BALTIMORE.

We invite the attention of our friends and the public wanting to purchase, to our large and carefully selected stock of
BUILDERS' HARDWARE, CUTLERY, EDGE TOOLS,
BLACKSMITHS' AND WAGON MAKERS' SUPPLIES AND TOOLS,
SPRINGS AND AXLES,
Steel Tire, Iron and Steel, Carriage Bolts, Enameled Canvass, and a full line of Carriage Hardware and Trimmings. 6feb

Dr. Richard Sappington,

No. 132 North Gay St.,
Between Front and High Streets,
BALTIMORE, Md.
DAYS FOR OFFICE CONSULTATION:
Monday from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Tuesday from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Wednesday from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Thursday from 9 A. M. to 9.30 P. M.
Friday from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Saturday from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Sunday from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
Absent on the First Sunday of each month.

J. C. PUND,

Confectioner and Fruit Dealer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Number 232 North Gay street,
Near Bel Air Market, Baltimore, Md.
A Large Assortment of Confectionery, all of his own manufacture, to which the attention of the trade and the public in general is invited. 1y15

M. RANKIN. R. J. KANE.
RANKIN & KANE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
AND DEALERS IN
Flour, Feed & Fertilizers,
Corner Gay and High Streets,
BALTIMORE, Md.
A full line of Choice Family Groceries, Teas, Wines, Liquors, &c., at Lowest Prices. Particular attention paid to orders by Maryland Central railroad. Orders by mail from responsible parties promptly attended to. 21dly

WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.

Window Shades, Window Shades.
FLOOR AND TABLE OILCLOTH.
No. 39 North Gay Street,
opposite to Odd Fellows' Hall,
BALTIMORE, Md.
JACOB MYERS,
THE OLD AND RELIABLE
Wall Paper and Window Shade Store
OF BALTIMORE CITY.
Now prepared to show his spring 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.
JACOB MYERS, No. 39 N. Gay street.
Has no branch house, or any connection with any other house in the city.
Free tickets by Omnibus given to Customers to return to M. C. Depot.

HOTEL PHILBIN,

ON THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN,
Gay Street, near Baltimore.
BEST ROOMS IN THE CITY.
ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM CITY HALL.
EVERYTHING NEW.
THOROUGHGLY LIGHTED AND VENTILATED.
FIRST-CLASS DINGING-ROOMS.
THOMAS PHILBIN, Prop'r.
First-Class Dinner every day, 12 to 4 o'clock, 35 cents. 11jely

A. K. Robins & Co.

STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES
AND REPAIRS.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING.
724 E. Pratt Street,
Four doors W. of Bridge, BALTIMORE.

Fall, 1887.

BARGAINS TO EVERYBODY
T. L. HANWAY & Co.,
ABERDEEN, Md.
Our store is now filled with a choice line of carefully selected Bargains in
Seasonable Dry Goods
FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.
CLOTHING.
A full stock of CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING, at lowest possible prices.
SHOES.
Our stock is large and more complete than in any previous season, embracing full line of HAND AND MACHINE MADE GOODS. In fact, our customers will find an endless variety of everything kept in a
FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY STORE.
Highest Market Prices for Produce, in exchange for Goods.
T. L. HANWAY & Co.,
ABERDEEN, Md. 10ap

Commission Merchants.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR ALL—
BEST MAKES OF CANS.
BAY & GETTY,
101 and 103 S. FREDERICK STREET,
BALTIMORE, Md.,
Commission Merchants.
SPECIALTIES—CANNED GOODS, GRAIN, FEED, &c.
Prompt Returns. All Sales Guaranteed. 11feb
ESTABLISHED. - - - - 1876.

DANIEL RIDER,
Commission Merchant
Cor. Greenmount Ave. & Eager St.,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Prompt and personal attention given to consignments. Sales guaranteed. Quick returns. Always on hand and sells flours best brands of Flour, Fresh Ground Mill Feed, Oats, Corn, Chop, Salt, &c. 9dec

LOUIS CAHEN & Co.,
—GENERAL—
Commission Merchants,
274 W. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.
Orders solicited for the purchase of all kinds of merchandise, which will be promptly filled with most careful attention. oct23
GEO. D. MCGAW. CHAS. T. DAVIS.
McGaw & Davis,
CANNED GOODS
—AND GENERAL—
Commission Merchants.
Highest prices obtained and liberal advances made.
Correspondence solicited.
Cor. Lexington and Paca Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD. 19au6m

1887. Fall & Winter. 1888.
THE OLD ESTABLISHED
DRY GOODS HOUSE!
—OF—
Jas. Billingsley
Cor. Gay & High Sts., Baltimore,
Although established a century ago, was never in a more prosperous condition. Every department is full and complete, consisting of all the latest styles and qualities.
Dress Goods Department.
In this department may be found a complete stock of the most fashionable designs and novelties in Silks, Velvets, Cloths, Cashmeres, Henrietta Cloth, Plaid and Mixed Suitings, together with a general assortment of other Dress Goods.
For Gentlemen's Wear.
A large and varied stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Kerseys, of superior quality and design.—Also a full line of White and Colored Shirts, Drawers, &c., which cannot be surpassed in prices.
NOTIONS.
In our Notion Department may be found a full line of Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, for Ladies and Gents.
FLANNELS.
Our stock of Flannels was never more complete. In fact, this is one of our specialties.—Don't fail to see our Anti-Rheumatic Red Twilled.
Linen Department.
Table Linen as low as 15 cents. We have now in stock a job lot of Barnesley Table Damask, 50 cents, worth 75 cents. Beautiful Wine Cloth 25 cents; Napkins, Doylies, &c.
BLANKETS.
The most complete assortment of All-Wool Blankets, Bed Spreads, Comforts, Grey Blankets,
Great Specialty
is our Silk Umbrellas, Silver and Gold Mounted, $1.75, worth $2.50. Also Ladies' Coats, Jerseys, Shawls and All-wool Skirting in great variety, at prices that cannot fail to please you.
We ask a call and inspection of our complete stock, feeling confident of our ability to give you satisfaction.
Orders by mail receive prompt attention, and in all cases goods can be returned and money refunded if on examination they do not prove satisfactory.
Jas. Billingsley,
Cor. Gay and High Sts., Baltimore.

Bel Air Machine and Boiler Works.
F. L. REICLE,
ENGINEER and MACHINIST,
BEL AIR, MD.
Machinery of every description repaired promptly. Repairs of Agricultural, Milling, Canning House Machinery, &c., ordered and fitted without delay. Pipe-Fitting in all its branches. Plumbers' Supplies on hand. Second-hand Boilers and Engines, of all sizes, from one to seventy-five Horse Power, in perfect order, at less than city prices. All work guaranteed as represented. 22auly

EDWARD FERRY,
DEALER IN
LUMBER, COAL
AND
BUILDING MATERIAL
of all kinds.
Doors, Sash Blinds, Mouldings
AND MILL WORK GENERALLY.
LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT.
Warehouse, Lumber and Coal Yards,
Adjoining M. C. Station,
15ap BEL AIR, Md.

PATENTS
Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

A. KEUCHEL,
—PRACTICAL—
Watch and Clock Maker,
MAIN Street, Near Richardson & Son's Drug Store, Bel Air.
Thanking my friends and former customers for the patronage heretofore extended to me, I respectfully inform them that I have reopened a store at the above place, where I will be pleased to see them again. Always on hand a full assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, OPTICAL GOODS, JEWELRY, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to. 20jly

Plants for Winter Blooming.
BOUQUETS. Floral Designs.

A complete assortment of all desirable Winter-blooming and Foliage Plants now ready at the
BEL AIR GREEN-HOUSES.
FUNERAL DESIGNS AT SHORT NOTICE.
Plants sent safely by mail or express. Prices low.
WM. LEE,
Main St., near the Postoffice, Bel Air, Md. 17sep1y

Lyle's New Restaurant,
Masonic Temple.
Having removed my Restaurant to the basement of the new Masonic Temple, in Bel Air, I am prepared to serve to the public
Meals at All Hours,
with every delicacy the market affords, including Oysters, Fresh Fish, Hard and Soft Crabs, &c., together with Fruits in season.
Private Rooms for dinner parties.
Meals prepared and served to Families at short notice.
Oysters in the shell or by measure.
3sep GEORGE LYLE.

BEL AIR ACADEMY,
BEL AIR, HARFORD Co., MD.
W. T. L. TALIAFERRO, A.M., Principal.
The scholastic year of this institution will begin on the first Monday in September, 1887, and end the last Friday in June, 1888.
There will be a session of 40 weeks, reasonable time being given for the vacations.
The Principal of the Academy will devote his entire attention to the improvement of the pupils and would respectfully solicit the support of the people.
The discipline will be kind but firm, and every effort will be made to inculcate a gentlemanly bearing and deportment in the pupils.
TERMS PER SCHOOL YEAR.
Ancient Languages and Higher English....$30 00
Elementary English.....20 00
Fuel.....2 00
W. T. L. TALIAFERRO, Principal.
au5 Bel Air, Harford Co., Md.

DR. HOWARD W. HOOPES,
Late Assistant Demonstrator Dental Department University of Maryland.
DENTIST,
Is now permanently located at PORT DEPOSIT.
Office, next to Odd Fellows' Hall, where he can be found daily. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms Moderate. 9july

BUY
Susquehanna Flour
ONLY
FROM YOUR NEAREST STORE.
SAVE THE SACKS!
Return them in Good order and get
Thirty Dollars in Gold!
$15 for the 1st Largest Number Sacks Returned.
$10 " 2d " " " "
$5 " 3d " " " "
Flour to be purchased between the 10th of November and 23d of December. Money paid 31st of December.
No Sacks received after 23d of December. Return through your storekeeper or direct to us, always wrapped in blanks which we will furnish. Ask your storekeeper for all particulars or write to us for them.
Henry Reckord & Sons,
Bel Air, Md.
NOTICE.—Send Sacks to Bel Air, Md., not to Failston or Reckord. 11nov

Guggenheimer, Weil & Co.
FACTORY, Cor. Lombard and Liberty Sts.,
STORE, 109 E. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS,
of our own importation from VIENNA, PARIS AND LONDON.
LEATHER GOODS, DESKS, POCKET BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS,
FINE AND FANCY WRITING PAPERS.
WEDDING INVITATIONS A SPECIALTY. 11nov

The Cheapest Store in the County
—IS—
CHESTNUT HILL STORE.
Just received a large and splendid stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
of all kinds, which will be sold at PRICES TO SUIT YOU.
Call and See My Goods
before you go elsewhere. I know I can please you, in quality, style and prices. New Goods received every week.
Country Produce, such as Calves, Sheep, Pork, Eggs, Poultry, &c., taken in exchange for goods, and the Highest Market Prices allowed.
CHARLES RIGDON,
15aply CHESTNUT HILL STORE.

FERTILIZERS AT STAFFORD!
Business will be conducted as heretofore at Stafford by myself and my son, J. A. Greme Allen. We will sell
HORNER'S BONE DUST,
RASIN'S PHOSPHATE,
PLOWS, WAGONS,
TEDDERS, HORSE RAKES,
CREAMERIES, COAL,
SALT, PLASTER,
BRAN, S. C. ROCK, &c., &c.,
—AND WE WILL—
PAY CASH FOR GRAIN, HAY, &c., At all Times.
E. M. ALLEN, Agent.
February 23d, 1887. 25feb

DON'T BE DECEIVED.
—THE—
GENUINE HANES' LINIMENT!
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
A trial is all we ask. A single bottle will convince you that Hanes' Liniment is the best in the world for Man and Beast.
A Large Bottle for 25 Cents.
None genuine without signature on bottle wrapper, of
JOHN B. GEMMILL,
6jan Sole Manufacturer, New Park, Pa.

Bush Mill at Private Sale!
The owner, J. B. Weller, offers Bush Mill, formerly owned by W. F. Pannell, at Private Sale. The mill is built of stone, 80 x 50, and is arranged for Grinding Wheat, Corn, Chop, Bone and Plaster, containing
55 Acres of Land, More or Less.
Water Power for any amount of Machinery desired and plenty of room, and is one of the best mill sites in Maryland. There is a good Tenant House with 6 rooms, and outbuildings. The Mill Property also contains Corn House of large dimensions, capable of holding 400 to 600 barrels corn. Cattle Scales in the Mill Yard.
Call on J. B. WELLER, at the Mill or at his residence, or by letter at Harford Furnace P. O., Harford Co., Md.

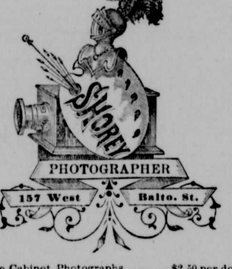
Wire Railing,
AND
Ornamental Wire Works.
DUFUR & CO.,
36 North Howard Street,
BALTIMORE.
Wire Railing for Cemeteries, Lawns, Gardens, Offices and Balconies; Window Guards, Tree Guards, Wire Cloth, Sieves, Fenders, Cages Sand and Coal Screens, Iron Bedsteads, Chairs, Settees, &c. 20jely

408. NEW NUMBER 408.

It will cost you no hing when next you visit Baltimore to stop in at
SAMUEL S. ELY'S
Great Boot & Shoe House,
408 N. Gay Street,
and see his large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, all at LOW PRICES.
The Largest Assortment and Lowest Prices are at all times found in Samuel S. Ely's Great Boot and Shoe House, No. 408 N. Gay St.
The best quality of Rubber Boots and Shoes at prices to please you always on hand.
SAMUEL S. ELY.

HORNER'S
UNRIVALLED
BONE DUST!
THE STANDARD OF AMERICA.
FOR SALE BY
HENRY FULFORD,
BEL AIR, Md. oct14

ALLEGER ORGANS!
You can get a strictly
First-Class ORGAN
—FROM—
$50 ON UP TO $250,
STOOL AND BOOK.
Organs warranted 5 years. It will pay you send for circular before you buy.
Remember you do not pay for the organ until tested in your
OWN HOME.
Special Offer now Ready.
Save money by buying direct.
Address the Manufacturer.
H. W. ALLEGER,
WASHINGTON, N. J.
Mention paper where add was seen.



Fine Cabinet Photographs.....$2 50 per doz
Particular attention given to copying old photographs, etc.

WAGONS CHEAP!
Intending to buy no more wagons,
TO CLOSE OUT THOSE ON HAND,
I will sell them
Cheaper than Brown Wagons
Have Ever Been Sold
In Harford County.
I have Various Sizes and will sell them
FOR CASH OR ON LONG TIME,
FOR GOOD PAPER,
AT A GREAT REDUCTION
IN PRICE.
E. M. ALLEN, Agent,
June 28th, 1887. STAFFORD.

COME AND SEE
—AT THE—
BEL AIR DRUG STORE US
We have the Purest and Best
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
TOGETHER WITH ALL THE
POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.
Surgical Appliances of every Description Fitted.
Fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles of all kinds.
CHOICE CIGARS A SPECIALTY.
ARNICA SALVE—KING'S DISCOVERY.
To Physicians.—I have a full line of Squibb's Medicines, bought directly from the manufacturer, the purity of which is guaranteed. Also Squibb's Cream of Tartar and Soda.
Prescriptions accurately compounded, at all hours of day or night. During the night I can be found at Mrs. Martha Hanna's Boarding House, near the Drug Store.
C. A. HOLLINGSWORTH, M. D.

SWANSBURY MILLS!
MILLARD F. WRIGHT, Pro'r.
Having refitted the above well-known and popular Mills with the Patent Process Machinery, I am prepared to furnish
Flour, Meal, Buckwheat, Hominy and Mill Feed in General,
of as good a grade as can be procured, and at reasonable prices.
I have, for the convenience of customers, adopted the Exchange System, so that those coming from a distance can take their flour home with them, avoiding two trips to the mill. I can furnish from 40 to 43 lbs. of flour from 60 lbs. of good wheat.
Give me a call. I guarantee satisfaction.
MILLARD F. WRIGHT,
oct P. O. Aberdeen, Md.

SUNNYSIDE.
No. 2216 Charles St. Ave.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A PRIVATE HOME for the treatment of DISEASES OF WOMEN. Located in one of the most desirable parts of the city. Private rooms and trained nurses. Address for terms of board, &c.,
J. H. SCARFF, M. D.
Cor. Charles and Centre Sts.,
14oct6m BALTIMORE, MD.

Good Boots, Good Shoes!
—AT—
ELY'S OLD STAND,
No. 170 N. Gay Street,
Corner Exeter Street, BALTIMORE, Md
Gents' Heavy Boots, Gents' Fine Boots
Gents' Heavy Shoes, Gents' Fine Shoes,
Boys' Heavy Boots, Boys' Fine Boots,
Youths' Heavy Boots, Youths' Fine Boots.
LADIES' HEAVY BUTTONED AND LACED SHOES.
LADIES' LIGHT BUTTONED AND LACED SHOES.
Call and see my MEN'S HAND-MADE HEAVY BOOT, all Kip Leather, back and front, which I sell for $3.50, and guarantee them equal to any $5.00 boot in the market.
Also HORSE SHOES, MEN'S BUTTONED AND LACED SHOES of all kinds. A complete supply of GUM AND ARCTIC BOOTS AND SHOES in all styles. These goods have been manufactured and selected with great care, and every article sold will be warranted as represented.
J. BENJ. ELY
Successor to MAHLON S. ELY.
170 N. Gay St., Corner Exeter,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Largest Stock
—OF—
HORSE BLANKETS
—AND—
LAP ROBES
OUTSIDE THE CITY.
NEW STYLES & BOTTOM PRICES.
Don't Buy until you examine my stock and compare prices.
P. F. BALL,
BEL AIR, Md.

Whiteford's Hotel,
—SOUTHEAST CORNER—
CALVERT and PLEASANT STS.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED & REFURNISHED
Will be pleased to have my friends call.
Having established a Wholesale and Retail Department, I am prepared to furnish Wines, Liquors and Cigars in quantities to suit customers.
Oysters Served in Every Style.
The finest Oysters in the market on the half shell
J. M. WHITEFORD,
Formerly of Six-Mile House, Harford Road,
oct28 PROPRIETOR.

J. B. HANNA.
In connection with my complete line of Dry Goods, Fine Dress Goods, Toboggans, Hoods, Shawls, Notions, Shoes, Boots and Rubber Goods, I have now open
Holiday Presents!
FOR ALL AGES.
Gents' Silk Worked Slippers,
Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas,
Ladies' Muffs,
Fine Suspenders,
Silk Handkerchiefs,
Hemstitched Handkerchiefs,
Perfumery,
Fine Neckwear,
Furtop Gloves,
Fine Stationery,
Fancy Articles.
J. B. Hanna's New Store,
Main St., Bel Air, Md.

CANDIES
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
Fine Chocolates,
Mixtures, Bon-Bons,
Conserved Fruits, &c.
Also Nuts, Fruits, Raisins, and Figs,
All Fresh and of the best quality.
Choice Fine Family Groceries.
HARRY BATEMAN & Co.,
dec9 BEL AIR.

STAGMER'S HOTEL,
BEL AIR, Md.
DANIEL R. BURRILL, Proprietor.
The above Hotel, so well and favorably known to the people of Harford, has been re-opened by Major Burrill and will be conducted in a first-class manner, so as to deserve the share of patronage the new proprietor hopes to secure. The meals will be supplied with the best in market. The strict attention will be paid to the sleeping accommodations for guests. Stables in excellent condition, and will be closely looked after. 1oc

The Ægis & Intelligencer
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
F. W. BAKER.
Terms—$1.50 a Year, in Advance
TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—One Square, 3 insertions or less $1.50. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Longer advertisements in the same proportion. A space equal to six lines makes a square. Figure work double price.
(Obituaries and Personal Communications will be inserted at ten cents per line.)
Yearly advertisements at special rates.

Poetical.

THE EXAMPLE.

Happy along life's weary ways,
Thick set with uncongenial tasks,
Some overweighted toiler stays
His hands from labor, while he asks:
"Wherefore shall I these burdens bear
That others ought, at least, to share?

"I since the day's march was begun,
Have spent my strength, nor turned aside
From any service to be done,
Nor grudged my pleasure, self-denied;
Yea, I have even counted gain,
For the work's sake, my loss and pain.

"But now my soul is vexed; for why
Should idlers have no law for these
Who with averted looks pass by,
Or sit with folded hands at ease?
Why should I suffer more than they
The heat and burden of the day?"

How many a spirit fretted sore
With the world's cold indifference,
Has turned such questions o'er and o'er,
Still haunted with the restless sense
Of doubt, and wondering distrust;
Would these things be if God were just?

Ah me! the ways of God with men,
No man that lives can find them out;
Who grasps at things beyond his ken,
Is tossed on shoreless seas about,
Yet in the thickest of the night,
For eyes that see there shall be light.

What time we nurse our discontent—
Rather, instead should we recall
How once in servant's guise He went
Who was the Master of us all;
Nor any work whereby we sought
The Father's will, too irksome thought.

Need any be disquieted
Whose hearts this memory enclose?—
Who follows where the Lord has led,
What matter is it where he goes?
For working with Him side by side,
The meanest task is glorified.

Mary E. Bradley, in Baldwin's Monthly.

Miscellaneous.

A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES.

It happened one afternoon last year, in the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early next morning on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible, so, with just a regretful thought for a card party I should have to forego, I wired back this reply:

"*Mr. J. Devon, Anderton's Hotel, London:*
"Shall leave Burtown by the 12 to-night, and will call on you to-morrow at 8.15.
KNIGHTLY."

Having dispatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make preparations for my journey. These consisted principally of cramming a soft cap and a few other necessaries into a carpet-bag, after which followed the discussion of a hearty meal, and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox-terrier, Grip, at his usual hours.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skimming over the morning paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust, I flung the thing on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, as conpicuous as leaded type could make it: "Shocking Wife Murder in Burtown—Arrest of the Murderer."

With a mental apology to the publishers of the *Chronicle* for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors, I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the "harrowing details."

The gist of news was as follows: An abandoned ruffian, Chippy Watson by by name, had, after the fashion of his class, beaten in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed, he coolly put on his coat and hat, and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbors and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him. This was all, or nearly all the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that "the prisoner will be brought up before the magistrates this morning, and charged with causing the willful murder of his wife."

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing sturcture was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately, my bag was light, and I shared in its pleasing characteristic of being unburdened by superfluous weight. None the less, on reaching my destination there was only one minute left me wherein to take my ticket and secure a seat. The latter operation, thanks to the slowness of the booking-clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gauntlet of the guards and porters as the train began to move.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were uninjured by the unceremonious fashion in which the railroad officials had 'assisted' me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was unsconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men, I have self-possession enough and to spare; but in the presence of ladies, that self-possession vanishes with most uncalled-for rapidity. In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me for a whole hour, until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that, as I contemplated the charms of my vis-a-vis from behind the evening paper, which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiriting words of Mr. Gilbert, said I to myself: "I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady."

"I trust you were not alarmed by my unceremonious entry?" I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer, a quiet stare and slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that, as a stranger and uninstroduced, I had no right to speak to her.

This to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scrupies; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight, had flight been possible. Ostrich-like, I buried my face behind my newspaper—there being no sand available—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty prude followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while, and my eyes wandered over the paper I held in my hand, seeing but understanding not what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name: "Chippy Watson," and their owner recovered his senses and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines:

"The Burtown Murder—Escape of the Prisoner." After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows:

"On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavoring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his hand-cuffs in some inexplicable manner, and knocking down the constables who threw themselves upon him, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. The whole affair took place as it seemed in a second. One minute, and Watson, rigorously guarded, was quietly walking into the van in the midst of the officers; the next, and he was free, tearing down the street with the police and populace at his heels. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and followed by the crowd of several hundreds. At the end of Shut Lane he disappeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again. There can be no doubt that he will be recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. We understand that the fellow possesses singular strength and agility; but none the less, it will be a standing disgrace to our police authorities that a prisoner should thus, in broad daylight, and in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, effect his escape from the very hands of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his re-apprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray fustian suit, with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin, and by having an arrow tatooed on the back of his left hand."

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete exclusion of the unpleasant experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after awhile to wander and my head to nod, according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—probably for a few minutes only—but in those few moments I underwent a most discomforting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my traveling companion was holding his arm, to avert the threatened blow. She struggled in vain, and the mallet fell—yet with a strangely light touch—upon my arm. With a start, I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending toward me with a scrap of paper in her hand.

But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks, and her eyes seemed to start from her head with terror. Holding up one finger, as if to command silence, she passed the paper, on which were written the following words:

"Some one is underneath the seat, and has just touched me."

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was an idle alarm? I cannot tell but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of the escaped wife murderer.

Returning my companion's silence-signal by a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper:

"It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?"

Her answer was short and to the point:

"No; do not look. It was a hand."

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow passenger and myself, it was a dilemma that I felt almost disposed to welcome. The male sex in my person was about to assume its rightful position of protector to its weaker, if would-be independent companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet, the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. Giving vent to an audible yawn, as though I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool impertinence:

"You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam, but will you permit me to smoke, to enliven this tedious journey?"

As I spoke, I accompanied my words by a meaning glance, and was favored with the reply:

"Certainly, if you wish it; I cannot prevent you."

Thereupon I produced my pipe and tobacco-pouch and proceeded slowly to fill the former, as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch, I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blackley, and there get assistance to find out who our unknown traveling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem, the more curious for its solution did I become, and then heedless of the warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it.

Stooping down, with a muttered malediction, to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold, as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of a man's hand with the mark of a tatooed arrow upon it.

Chippy Watson then was our companion—a doomed and desperate man!

By a mighty effort I controlled my voice sufficiently to say:

"Excuse my reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could not afford to let it go out."

The girl, into whose white cheeks the color showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence.

Again I looked at my watch. Thank Heaven, in five minutes we should be at Blackley, and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf, and shrieked, ere I could stop her:

"Oh, the hand has touched my foot again!"

The moment the words left her lips, I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet it was all over with me, the lighter and the weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of those five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Then nails, feet, all were attacking me at once, but through all I kept up my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I streamed with blood, and almost lost consciousness, still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped; the struggle ceased; and I fainted across the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley Station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three attempts, I managed to ask: "Where is Watson?"

"Very nigh dead," replied a ruddy-faced farmer who stood beside me. "You three-quarters strangled the life out of his ugly body; he was black in the face when they lifted you off him."

"Do you know that he is an escaped wife-murderer?" I inquired feebly.

"Yes, we know," responded my honest friend. "The Burtown police telegraphed after the train to have it searched, because a man answering his description had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time, and no mistake. Why, I saw him handcuffed, and his arms pinioned behind him, and he lying half dead the while after the throating as you gave him."

Do my readers want to hear the rest of my story, now that the catastrophe is told? If so, I will inform them that Watson, on breaking loose from the police, after turning the corner of Shut Lane—where it will be remembered he disappeared—contrived, by an almost incredible effort, to scale a high wall, and so gain the shelter of a railway enbankment. Along this he crept until he reached the mid-town tunnel where he had lurked all day, until, late in the evening, he crept into the station and contrived to secrete himself in the carriage of the midnight mail, with the results before mentioned.

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early this spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly; the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear, to a passing acquaintance like the reader.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Fastened Fore and Aft.

An old sea captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said, "Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live."

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"Oh yes," said the young man. I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to look at that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."

VARIETIES.

—It is very well claimed for the man who went to sleep at a switch that "his vigilance never flagged." That's what wrecked the train.

—Boarding school Miss—"Oh, Charlie! I expect to graduate at next commencement." "Graduate? What will you graduate in?" "Why in white tulle."

—A divine, passing a fashionable church, on which a new spire was being erected, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much; that congregation don't own very far in that direction."

—A young lady named Wiser was recently married in New York. We haven't much to say, of course, nor should she fate have married; yet Wiser she would surely be if she had never married.

—A pithy definition of a lover is the following: "A lover is a man who endeavors to be more amiable than it is possible for man to be, and this is the reason why almost all lovers appear ridiculous."

—An honest but rather illiterate old farmer while addressing a school house audience on temperance, confessed that he had been a drinking man.—"But my freinds," he said, "I never drink to excess.

—Wife (to unhappy husband)—"Don't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband.—"Borrow trouble? Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I've got it to lend."

—"I see that Washington city dealers are laying in large quantities of corkscrews," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "What do you suppose they are for?" "Oh," replied Snaggs, "They are getting ready to open Congress."

—An old negro was challenged at the polls the other day and his excuse for not paying his taxes was that he had been over here since Lafayette visited Milledgeville, and remembered when the stars fell. He was allowed to vote.

—Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. "Good dear, how you made my head ring!" said Smith. "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "But didn't yours ring?" "No." "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

Uncle Enoch—"Say, boy, who's this that writes so many little pieces in the paper?" Nephew from the city—"The editor of the paper, I suppose." Uncle Enoch—"Wall, why don't the critter sign his whole name? It's durn foolish fer a grown up man ter call himself 'Ed.'"

—"I shall tell you how it was. I drank mine lager; den I put mind hand on mine head, and dere vas vone pane. Den I put my hand on mine body, and dere vas another pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas noting. So I jine mid de temperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put