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DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, **AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS**

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourselves to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock--one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS. ABOUT 100.
SUITS, ABOUT 40.
OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money yleases you.

Largest FASHIONABLE ONE-PRIE CLOTHIERS
230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.
CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FARRELL & CO.

Champion Safe.

WAREHOUSE,

No. 631 Chestnut St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Prize Medals Awarded

At World's Fair, London. Exposition Universelle, Paris. World's Frir, N. Y.

TWO MEDALS & DIPLOMA Awarded at Centennial, 1876.

Grand Gold Medal at PARIS, 1878.

GEO. W. BECK,

EASTON, MD.

STOVES,

TOVES.

Plain, Stamped and Japanned

TINWARE

ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

OLD STOVES MADE NEW.

BOYNTON'S FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

BUY THE EXCELSIOR COOK.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
The hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs.
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the sod
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the whooping cough;
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined:
In short, it was no use to try,
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,
To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe;
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright, and quickly said,
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see,
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among the grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
His cattle did as they were told,
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins—
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marveled more and more
To see the increase in his store.
And now the merry farmer sings
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up your horseshoe the right way."

Playing the Dressmaker

Mrs. Ross Ruslington was indignant, and took no pains to hide that fact, and all because her son had rebelled—all because her one darling had seen fit to consult his own heart in falling in love.

Ernest Ruslington was one of those handsome, tenderly-worshipped fellows—tall strong, affectionate-hearted—with a devoted way that made his mother idolize him as he deserved, that made little Mamie Morgan fairly thrill with rapturous love for him, that made even stately Miss Genevieve Wallace admire him and feel in no way adverse to the plan Mrs. Ruslington had arranged that her handsome son should present Miss Genevieve as his wife.

But in this especial instance Mr. Ernest Ruslington was proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that while he and Mamie Morgan and Cupid had proposed their future way of happiness his mother was very determined to dispose of them all—except her boy—very summarily. And, to this end was the interview tending when Mrs. Ruslington sat in her blue silken-cushioned chair, with her fair blonde face as stern as her well bred indignation could make it.

Mr. Ruslington stood at one end of the low mantlepiece, his elbow resting upon it, his head leaning lightly on his hand, listening courteously to his mother's low-spoken yet none the less passionate words.

"But you are entirely mistaken, mother, if you would only permit me to bring Mamie to see you, if you would only give me an opportunity to let you see her. I am positive you would change your mind. She is a dainty, refined, high-bred little lady, with a face so sweet that it would appeal to you instantly. You would love her, mother, if you would only lay aside your pride, your unjustness."

Mrs. Ruslington only smiled faintly.

"I am so sorry you look upon me as prejudiced, my dear boy. I have always studied your interests, I think, and now, when I recommend you so strongly to marry Genevieve Wallace, you surely must understand that I regard it for your great good. Genevieve is very pretty and undeniably a lady in birth, manners, education and position. She is very rich, and would make a most suitable partner for you."

"If I loved her—which I do not and cannot. Mother, it seems to me you seek to bias my judgment to this, the most important event of my life. All my life I have tried to please you, all my life been governed very much by your wishes and advice; but in this case you must permit me to know my own heart. You must remember that where one has carefully hoarded all their wealth of affection and not flittered it away on every pretty face—when one has never loved until they brought their judgment and their disciplined maturity to concur as I do—that such love is a resistless passion, not to be trifled with by any one."

Mrs. Ruslington looked at his very quiet, determined face and knew he would stand by what he said, and the realization that Mamie Morgan would be the wife of Ernest Ruslington came to her with such abhorent force that she rose from her chair flashing-eyed, frosty-mouthed.

"I remember nothing but that my son intends to disgrace his family and himself. I shall never mention the matter again, but, rest assured that if you marry this obscure, ordinary girl, whose pretty face is her only commendation—hush, if you please!—if you do it, all further communication with me and this house, and your income will be ended."

* * * *

"And you are sure, perfectly sure it was right, Ernest? I am so afraid that I have been doing wrong by permitting myself to stand between you and your mother. Oh, Ernest! it is the only unhappiness that comes to me as your wife—this knowledge that I am the cause of you and her being enemies."

Mamie Ruslington, the year-old wife was leaning her lovely head on her husband's shoulder, and together they were looking interestingly down on a little golden-flossed head nestled among blankets and lawn, from which it will be deduced that Ernest Ruslington had not been intimidated by his mothers's threats, but had bravely foresworn luxury and elegance for the girl he loved and who loved him, and married her, conscious that he was in the right.

Mamie Morgan had never been accustomed to surroundings that were more than plainly comfortable, so that the pleasant little home her husband took her to and which he was enabled to make for them in consideration of a snug little sum of money in the bank, saved from his income, was a very paradise to her where she was happy as the day was long, after Ernest had reasoned her into believing it was not her fault that his mother refused to countenance them.

He had not been long in obtaining a good position, and on the salary he received he and his young wife lived well, even elegantly.

Then a little baby girl had come to them, and over the nestling's cradle over this child, Mamie's conscience condemned her afresh, and she cried over baby's glossy golden hair.

"I wish as heartily as you do, darling, that my mother would be friends with us, and she shall know your delicate compliment in naming baby Helen Berwyn, after her own maiden name. Who knows but this little pet of ours will prove a peacemaker."

True to his word Ernest wrote to his mother telling her of the birth of his child, her granddaughter, and renewing his invitation—in his frank, eager way, that was yet perfectly free from fawning—to come to his home and be convinced that Mamie had made, not marred, his happiness.

Mrs. Ruslington was conquered by the letter—by the sweet news that always touches a true woman's heart.

Almost all those long months since her darling had gone from her house to be the delight of another loving woman's life, she had been wearying for him, and daily, hourly regrettings that she had said such cruel things to him.

Within an hour she was with her son at his office, the first she had seen him since the day he had told her Mamie Morgan was his wife, and this proud woman sobbed out her true heartfulness on her son's breast.

"It was wrong in me Ernest, I'll admit it. I will endeavor to atone by going at once to your wife. But, my boy, if I can't love her as I would like to do you mustn't blame me, will you? I will try for your own and your baby's sake."

Ernest smiled confidently.

"You won't have to try mother. You'll find the dearest little woman in the world glad to receive you, and waiting to love you as a dear child should. Go to her at once."

She did go, and was shown into the parlor by the maid without giving her name, merely requesting the girl to tell her mistress that a lady desired to see her.

There came into the room a slight, graceful, girlish creature with beautiful violet blue eyes and hair of soft lustrous brown, that was crimpled slightly from the parting and gathered into a thick Grecian knot at the back of the classic little head. She wore a wrapper of gray serge, with pockets, collar and buttons of brown silk. There was a dainty linen collar and a bright blue ribbon bow at the neck, and linen cuffs at the small round wrists.

There were no earrings or jewelry of any kind and Mrs. Ruslington's judgment gave a thrill of approval—even under a protest of pride—as this girlishly-woman creature came forward with an ease and graciousness that never could have been acquired.

"I am glad you have come. Lay off your cloak and hat, please, and we will go into the nursery. I have all my dressmaking done there now, so that I can keep an eye to baby, you know."

Mrs. Ruslington liked the voice much, but hardly the peculiarity of address.

"In the nursery, Mrs. Ruslington. I certainly would be glad to see the bady."

"You will see plenty of her," Mrs. Ernest laughed, "before I am done with you. Oh, did you bring the polonaise pattern, Mrs.—There! I told my husband I never could remember the dressmaker's name he said he would send—Mrs.—oh, yes—Mrs. Abercrombie! Did you bring the polonaise pattern?"

Mrs. Ruslington, senior, understood it all in a flash. Her daughter-in-law whom she had finally condescended to visit, mistook her for the dressmaker.

Mrs. Ruslington, junior, was inwardly astonished to see such a dignified, well-dressed lady come to make up her black silk, and, when Mamie came back, said:

"I have forgotten the pattern, Mrs. Ruslington, but I think we can make the skirt first and leave the polonaise until to-morrow." And Mrs. Helen Berwyn Ruslington, Mrs. Ross Ruslington as her cards read, actually cut out and basted the breadths in her despised daughter-in-law's black silk.

She contrived the trimming, and made stylish suggestions that Mamie congratulated herself on the acquisition.

And the while there was not a look, a word, a gesture of the young wife's that escaped the eyes of the deft handed masquerader. She watched the tender, womanly way she cared for the little one; the sensible economical mode of her housekeeping arrangements; the plain, palatable lunch; the dignity of the young mistress to her one servant; her intelligent industriousness and her sewing while baby slept; her patience, her amiability, and her beautiful unconscious adoration of her husband that betrayed itself at every turn.

It was not yet 3 o'clock of that memorable day before Mrs. Ross Ruslington had thoroughly made up her mind that her son's wife was far superior to Genevieve Wallace, and that Ernest had shown his accustomed foresight, judgment and taste in choosing between the two.

"If I only can get her to talk about me," thought she, as she made the side plaiting, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the occasion.

A while later she purposely introduced the subject.

"Your baby has an uncommon name, Helen. Is it a fancy name?"

"Oh, no! it's for my husband's mother. Isn't it a beautiful name?"

"Very pretty. So old Mrs. Ruslington's name is Helen, is it? Do you know I never had much of an opinion of her? They say she is haughty, unfortunate and obstinate."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Abercrombie; my mother-in-law is one of the most perfect ladies you can imagine. She may be haughty—rich people are apt to be—and she—maybe—is unforgiving where she feels she has been ill-used. Any one would be, would they not? But obstinate—no, I'm quite sure not."

"You are well acquainted with her, you should know."

Mamie's fair cheek flushed.

"I am not acquainted with her at all. I have never seen her, for she was so disappointed when her son married me that she refuses to know me. If she only would, I am sure I would make her love me. I would give baby into her arms and let her see she is Ernest all over again. I would tell her how I had called her after her, hoping my child would make as noble a woman as reared my husband. I—"

And just as Mrs. Ruslington dashed down the plaiting her trembling hands could no longer hold, just as she was going to snatch Mamie to her well-won heart, the door opened and her son, handsome, cheery, gay, came in.

"This is splendid! Mother, dear, this is all my home needed—to see you here! Mamie! how natural and cozy it all is! Why—what?"

Mamie had risen from her chair, bewildered, pale; and Mrs. "Abercrombie" stood, laughing and crying by turns.

"I've been here—taking advantage of a mistake Mamie made, and I've discovered what a jewel she is, Ernest. She shall never again want my love or care. Children, it's the best day I ever saw!"

And when Ernest put one arm around his wife and child, and the other around his mother, with tears in their eyes and smiles on their lips they all endorsed her opinion.

MR. BLAINE'S PEACE CONGRESS.

A REMARKABLE LETTER TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Ex-Secretary Blaine has addressed a letter to President Arthur appealing to him not to withdraw the invitations extended to the independent governments of the Western hemisphere asking them to send delegates to a peace congress to be held at Washington next November. He says that the project was cordially approved by President Garfield, but the assassination prevented him from issuing the invitations. President Arthur received the suggestion "with the most appreciative consideration," and, after carefully examining the form of the invitation, directed it to be sent. Mr. Blaine was greatly surprised to read the following passage in the letter of Mr. Frelinghuysen to Commissioner Trescott, recently made public:

"The United States is at peace with all the nations of the earth, and the President wishes hereafter to determine whether it will conduce to that general peace, which he will cherish and promote, for this government to enter into negotiations and consultation for the promotion of peace with selected friendly nationalities without extending like confidence to other peoples with whom the United States is on equally friendly terms. If such partial confidence would create jealousy and ill-will, peace, the object sought by such consultation, would not be promoted. The principles controlling the republic of this hemisphere with other nationalities may, on investigation, be found to be so well established that little would be gained at this time by reopening a subject which is not novel."

Commenting on this paasage Mr. Blaine says:

"If I correctly apprehend the meaning of these words it is that we offend some European powers if we should hold in the United States a congress of the 'selected nationalities' of America. This is certainly a new position for the United States to assume, and one which I early beg you will not permit this government to occupy. The European powers assemble in congress whenever an object seems to them of sufficient importance to justify it. I have never heard of their consulting the government of the United States in regard to the propriety of their so assembling, nor have I ever known of their ever inviting an American representative to be present. Nor would there, in my judgment, be any good reason for their so doing.

"Two Presidents of the United States in the year 1881 adjudged it to be expedient that the American powers should meet in congress for the sole purpose of agreeing upon some basis for arbitration of differences that may arise between them and for the prevention as far as possible of war in the future. If that movement is now to be arrested for fear it may give offense in Europe, the voluntary humiliation of this government could not be more complete unless we should petition the European governments for the privilege of holding the congress.

"I cannot conceive how the United States could be placed in a less enviable position than would be secured by sending in November a cordial invitation to all the American governments to meet in Washington for the sole purpose of concerting measure of peace, and in January recalling the invitation for fear that it might create 'jealousy and ill-will' on the part of monarchical governments in Europe. It would be difficult to devise a more effective mode for making enemies of the American governments, and it would certainly not add to our prestige in the European world.

"Nor can I see, Mr. President, how European governments should feel 'jealousy and ill-will' towards the United States, because of an effort on our part to assure lasting peace between the nations of America, unless, indeed, it be the interest of European powers that American nations should at intervals fall into war and bring reproach on republican government. But from that very circumstance I see an additional and powerful motive for the American governments to be at peace among themselves."

Mr. Blaine goes on to say that while the United States is at peace Chili, Peru and Bolivia are at war, and that it was the intervention of the United States that averted war between Chilli and the Argentine Republic, and Gautemala is at this moment asking the United States to interpose its good offices with Mexico to prevent war. Mr. Blaine then makes this appeal to the President:

"If you have not formally and finally recalled the invitations to the peace congress, Mr. President, I beg you to consider well the effect of so doing. The invitation was not mine. It was yours. I performed only the part of the secretary to advise and to draft. You spoke in the name of the United States to each of the independent nations of America. To revoke that invitation for any cause would be embarrassing; to revoke it for the avowed fear of 'jealousy and ill-will' on the part of European powers would appeal as little to American pride as to American hospitality."

In conclusion Mr. Blaine presents the material and commerical considerations that will result from the cultivation of closer relations with the South American nations. Last year they drew from us $120,000,000 in cash in excess of the value of products which we sent them. If the balance in our favor in European trade should be overthrown, our commercial exchanges with Spanish America would drain us of our reserve of gold coin at a rate exceeding $100,000,000 per annum, and might precipitate a suspension of specie payments. This result, remarks Mr. Blaine, might be worse than a little "jealousy and ill-will" abroad.

A plumber recently got mad when he heard some man speaking of a South American bird that is noted for its pipes that nothing can beat.

An afternoon tea on Beacon street: Snodkins—"Have you read 'The Pale, Pale Moon,' Miss Emma?" Miss Emma Southslope—"Yes, I began it; but it wasn't lovely enough. I like to read blind love, don't you know?"

GUITEAU TO HANG.

THE EXECUTION OF THE DEATH SENTENCE FIXED FOR JUNE 30 — THE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL DENIED.

The motion for a new trial in the Guiteau case was on Saturday overruled by Judge Cox, who, after reading his opinion, sentenced the assassin to be hanged on Friday, the 30th day of June. Guiteau still hopes for a reversal by the court in banc, and the verdict of guilty has not in any way improved his manners. He reiterates his assertion that he is a man of God, and says the nation will roll in blood if he is hung.

THE PROCEEDINGS IN COURT.

WASHINGTON, February 4.—At a few minutes past 10 o'clock the prisoner was brought in and took his seat at the counsel table and the court then formally opened. Mr. Scoville stated that he had received reliable information that Curtis was not one of the bailiffs in charge of the jury at the time the *Evening Critic* was taken from he room by Snyder, but a man named Shier was in charge; that he knew about the paper, and that he communicated with a person, whom he (Scoville) could call as a witness, that if the fact as to the paper came out he would have to "jump the town."

Mr. Scoville said he merely mentioned this to show the importance of the court entering into some examination.

The District Attorney protested against the case being postponed on account of an anonymous letter which Mr. Scoville might receive. It would be highly improper for the court to go into any examination of the matter. Curtis had sworn that he was the bailiff and the jurors had sworn to the same fact. It would not be proper to put them on trial.

Judge Cox then proceeded to render his decision. He said that the motion to set aside the verdict and grant a new trial had been based on various grounds, only two of which were made the subjects of discussion and to be considered by the Court. The first ground in substance was that certain newspaper matter calculated to prejudice the minds of the jury against the prisoner was found in one of the rooms assigned to the jury and passed under their examination and inspection. The first testimony relied upon in support of this alleged ground was the affidavit of Snyder to the effect that a certain paper was found by him in one of the rooms occupied by the jury. The jury swore that they had not read any paper. He had not the slightest ground for suspecting the integrity or veracity of these gentlemen who made this statement. The new evidence the defense proposed to introduce the Judge pronounced accumulative. He would therefore overrule the motion for a new trial.

Mr. Scoville noted an exception to the ruling of the court.

Mr. Scoville then stated that he understood, under section 845 of the Revised Statutes, that he had until the next term to file his bill of exceptions.

The court—No, not exactly that. There is no particular time fixed for preparing the exceptions. The term will be kept open.

Mr. Scoville—How long will I have?

The court—The term will be kept open as long as you desire.

The prisoner—I don't desire any advantage shall be taken of me. I expect to have my lawyers procured in ten days, and they will come and take hold and pull me through in the court in banc.

Mr. Scoville—I have till the first of March to file my bill of exceptions?

The court—Yes.

COUNSEL AND PRISONER CLASH.

Mr. Scoville—If I can do it in a week I will. (To the prisoner). Keep quiet.

The prisoner (violently)—I am going to talk, too, and I don't propose to leave this matter to you. I have my opinion of you as a lawyer. You have been doing well, but your theory is wrong. Your theory is too small. You convicted me with your jackass theories and consummate nonsense. I don't propose to have your theory prevail. (To the bailiffs who were endeavoring to suppress him.) I will not be still for you nor anybody else.

Mr. Scoville—I move to postpone the final execution of judgment in this case to a reasonable time beyond the next term of the court, not exceeding thirty days after the end of said term.

The prisoner—Do I understand that it is necessary to pass sentence until the matter is passed upon by the court in banc?

The court—Yes, sentence is passed; but the execution is deferred.

The prisoner — Within what time will your Honor pass sentence?

Mr. Scoville (angrily)—Keep quiet.

The prisonor (wildly)—You keep your mouth still. I am doing this matter myself. You convicted me by your wild theory and consummate asinine character all through. If the case had been kept entirely away from you I would have had two of the best lawyers in America, and there would have been no conviction. I had letters from them and could have had them last October. I care nothing about your intentions. I want brains and experience. Your intentions were good, but you were deficient in brains and theory. Let me alone and I will pull out of this. You got me into this trouble.

The District Attorney.—The duty is now imposed upon me to ask the court to pass sentence with the verdict.

The prisoner—I ask your Honor to defer that as long as you can.

The court (to the prisoner)—Stand up. [The prisoner rose.] Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?

GUITEAUS' EXCITED SPEECH.

The prisoner—I am not guilty of the charge set forth in the indictment. It was God's act, not mine, and God will take care of it, and don't let the American people forget it. He will take care of it and every officer of this government, from the executive down to that marshal, taking in every man on that jury and every member of this bench, will pay for it, and the American nation will roll in blood if my body goes into the ground and I am hung. The Jews put the despised Galilean into the grave. For the time they triumphed; but at the destruction of Jerusalem, forty years afterwards, the Almighty got even with them. I am not afraid of death. I am here as God's man. Kill me to-morrow if you want; I am God's man and have been from the start.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Judge Cox then proceeded to pass sentence, addressing the prisoner as follows:

You have been convicted of a crime so terrible in its circumstances and so far-reaching in its results that it has drawn upon you the horror of the whole civilized world and the execrations of your countrymen. The excitement produced by such an offense made it no easy task to secure for you a fair and impartial trial, but you had the power of the United States Treasury and of the Government in your service to protect your person from violence and to procure evidence from all parts of the country. You have had as fair and impartial a jury as ever assembled in a court of justice. You have been defended by counsel with a zeal and devotion that merit the highest encomium, and I certainly have done my best to secure a fair presentation of the defense. Notwithstanding all this you have been found guilty. It would have been a comfort to many people if the verdict of the jury had established the fact that your act was that of an irresponsible man. It would have left the people the satisfying belief that the crime of political assassination was something entirely foreign to the institutions and civilization of our country; but the result has denied them that comfort. The country will accept it as a fact that that crime can be committed, and the court will have to deal with it with the highest penalty known to the criminal code to serve as an example to others. Your career has been so extraordinary that people might well at times have doubted your sanity. But one cannot but believe that when the crime was committed you thoroughly understood the nature of the crime and its consequences—(Guiteau. I was acting as God's man)—and that you had moral sense and conscience enough to recognize the moral iniquity of such an act.

Prisoner—That's a matter of opinion.

Your own testimony shows that you recoiled with horror from the idea. You say that you prayed against it. You say that you thought it might be prevented. This shows that your conscience warned you against it, but by the wretched sophistry of your own mind you worked yourself up against the protest of your own conscience. What motive could have induced you to this act must be a matter of conjecture. Probably men will think that some fanaticism or a morbid desire for self-exaltation was the real inspiration for the act. Your own testimony seems to controvert the theories of your counsel. They have maintained and thought honestly, I believe, that you were driven against your will by an insane impulse to commit the act, but your testimony showed that deliberately you resolved to do it, and that a deliberate and misguided will was the sole impulse. This may seem insanity to some persons, but the law looks upon it as a willful crime. You will have due opportunity of having any error I may have committed during the course of the trial passed upon by the court in banc, but meanwhile it is necessary for me to pronounce the sentence of the law, that you be taken to the common jail of the district, from whence you came, and there be kept in confinement, and on Friday the 30th day of June, 1882, you be taken to the place prepared for the execution, within the walls of said jail, and there, between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M., you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

GUITEAU CALLING DOWN CURSES.

As the last solemn words fell from the Judge's lips the prisoner echoed them, but in a far different tone of voice, for it was in a voice of passionate hatred that he cried out: "And may God have mercy on your soul. I had rather stand where I am than where that jury does or where your Honor does. I am not afraid to die. Confound you," he cried, violently struggling with the deputy marshals, who were endeavoring to repress him, "leave me alone. I know where I stand on this business. I am here as God's man, and don't you forget it. God Almighty will curse every man who has had anything to do with this act. Nothing but good has come of General Garfield's removal and that will be posterity's idea of it. Everybody is happy here except a few cranks. Nothing but good has come to this nation from his removal. That is the reason the Lord wanted him removed."

Mr. Scoville took an exception to the judgment and sentence of the Court; and while this was being noted the prisoner sat tapping nervously with the tips of his fingers upon the table. Then he broke out again wildly:

"I'd rather a thousand times be in my position than be with those devils who have hounded me to death. I will have a flight to glory, and I am not afraid to go. But Corkhill and the others are. There is no let up on Corkhill, the scoundrel. He has a permanent job down below. I will go to glory whenever the Lord wants me to go, but I will probably stay down here a good many years and get into the White House. I know how I stand on this business, and so does the Lord, and He will pull me through with the help of two or three good lawyers, and all the devils in hell can't hurt me."

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