



## "JOURNAL" NOVEMBER.....18.

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Every Fabric Finished. Every Pattern Completed.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS HANDSOMER THAN EVER

Every new invoice in pattern and style now on exhibition at

**CHAFFINCH & CONEY'S,** EASTON, MD.

Remember that every thing bought of us is

**GUARANTEED** AS REPRESENTED. AT BOTTOM PRICES NEW.

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Ladies' Wraps, Ladies' Cloaks, Ladies' Ulsters, Ladies' Dolmans and Mantillas.

STYLES HANDSOME—ALL PRICES.

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ENOS JAMES & CO'S HARD HITTING GUNS.



The above cut represents the

## JAMES "TRIUMPH" GUN.

The demand for the James Breech-Loaders in 1881 was so great that we had great difficulty in filling all our orders. This means that Americans appreciate a good honest gun when they see it. It is a fancy price for a gun made by some old maker, when you can buy a beautiful James complete gun equally as good for half the money? Or why buy a gun upon which the maker is ashamed to put his own name, when a good, reliable James gun can be had at the same price? In American products we are agents for Colt, Parker, Harrington & Richardson, and Forehand & asworth.

H. & D. FOLSOM, 15 Murray St. New York.

## A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

I am manufacturing three styles of Sewing Machines and selling them at such UNHEARD OF PRICES!

As to defy all competition. No family need be without a Machine, and no person on employment, after reading this Announcement Extraordinary

No. 1 Style, "THE CENTENNIAL," makes the Stitch directly from two spools, is warranted to do the whole range of family sewing with the greatest ease and in the most perfect manner, and sells for \$15.

No. 2 Style, "THE BEST," a strictly first-class Sewing Machine, is warranted to do the same work as the Singer, and to be a superior machine in every respect. Price \$25.

No. 3 Style, "THE TRIUMPH," makes as well either the Lock Stitch, Chain Stitch, or Spinal Embroidery Stitch, and is the finest Sewing Machine ever invented. Price \$30. EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.

HENRY LOTH, MANUFACTURER OF THE PATENT FEEDING TABLE and the Latest Style of Sewing Machine Cabinet Work, 50, 52, and 54 NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. J. BAKER. ESTABLISHED 1837. R. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

**R. J. BAKER & CO.,** PURE NITRATE SODA.

**PURE GROUND BONE, CHEMICALS, ACIDS, &C.,**

For Manufacturing Super-phosphates.

AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE FOR ALL CROPS.

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES.

PURE FINE GROUND RAW BONE.

STAG-SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME FOR TOBACCO.

FACTORY AT LOCUST POINT.

OFFICE, 36 and 38 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.



**For \$1.00**

You can buy a First-Class pair of Spectacles or Eye Glasses, with best quality of Lenses, neat, light and durable. Largest stock of Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Fine Glass Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Microscopes, Surveyors and Mathematical Instruments. Sent by mail. Send for Catalogue.

**F. W. McALLISTER,** Optician, No. 2 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

## NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

have returned from the city with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Read-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of all other goods, all of which you are requested to call and examine. We are trying to do a fair and square business, giving you the worth of your money. We think it unnecessary to blow about low prices or city prices. We wish you to judge for yourselves in regard to prices and quality of our goods. We have

**The Largest Stock** of Goods in Denton for you to make your selections from.

We return thanks to our customers for past favors and will be glad to have you call frequently. We are willing and able to accommodate prompt customers. Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

**WHEN YOU VISIT BALTIMORE**

DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT THE

## "EXCELSIOR"

AND SEE THEIR 1882 - FALL - 1882

DISPLAY OF

CLOTHING, Hats, Caps

AND FURNISHING GOODS.

OUR MOTTO: ONE PRICE

AND THAT

**The Lowest.**

**EXCELSIOR**

S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts. LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT IN MARYLAND.

**WINDAUP & CO.** DISTILLERS OF **W MISKIES,** AND IMPORTERS OF Wines, Brandies, Gins, &C. BALTIMORE, MD.

Always on hand a Large Stock of Choice Old Blend Whiskey, Bourbon and Cognac.

**WILLIAM GEARHART,** HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER

RIDGELEY, MD; GRAINING, MARBLING, GLAZING

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Photo Artist. 157 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. Fine Cabinet Photographs, \$3.00 per doz. Card 2.50 Particular attention given to copying old photographs, etc. 16-15-ly

## Le Pressage.

The red wine rose to the brim—"Drink, sweetheart; drink to him Who wins in the battle of life. And rests but after the strife!" Gaily she raised the bowl

And drank, while her ardent soul Streamed thro' her eyes, as she said: "I drink in the wine so red, Health to thee, my husband In the glorious battle of life: Rest will be sweet after strife."

He filled the goblet again, And his eyes were dim with pain: "Drink, sweetheart; drink to him Who falls in the battle of life; In the terrible battle of life!" Trembling she raised it up, The beautiful, brimming cup— It tipped, and the ruby tide Washed o'er the vessel's side.

"Love failure is not for thee, In this our common life," She cried, while her tears fell fast, "The time for doubting is past, Ah! not in wine, but in rue, In sombre, not in brilliant hue, We drink to the peace of the dead, And who falls in the battle of life— In this glorious battle of life."

## Samuel Tucker's Second Wooing.

Although farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauque, when he actually found himself at the Mecca of devout excursionists early last August, the brassy man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anything to which he was accustomed in his prosy New England home. The riotous program offered was in striking contrast to the dull monotony of farm life. When this son of toil first entered the auditorium, and saw that rustic amphitheatre crowded with thousands of people listening breathlessly to the full tones of the grand organ, his cramped, selfish heart was strangely touched and expanded. For an instant the wisp crept in that he had asked Jane if she would like to come too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts for as the music ceased a white-haired speaker arose and was introduced to the audience as Mr. John B. Gough.

At this announcement Samuel Tucker's satisfaction was too great to be kept to himself, and he said half aloud, to his next neighbor, "Well, now, I'm beat to think I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to see more'n twenty years." The young lady gave an amused little laugh, but it fell unheeded upon the unsophisticated speaker, whose attention was already caught by the orator.

Mr. Gough commenced his brief lecture with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who had applied for a divorce, and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included also an account of a later visit when the happy husband withdrew his application, and fairly danced with glee, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm, that "Sally had become as amiable and affectionate a wife as a man could ask to have."

Mr. Gough's representation of the scene drew forth prolonged applause; but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit his joining in the laughter. As if unconscious of the movement of the multitude about him, he said in an undertone, "I'd be willing to take my oath that wouldn't work with Jane, if I have to say it; that man's wife is different from mine; I'd as soon think of feeding syrup to a mummy as to begin sparring again with her."

It would seem that this course of reasoning did not wholly dismiss from the farmer's mind a train of thoughts and possibilities suggested by the lecturer's story. In every treat of the following days—at sacred service or popular lecture, in the museum or by the model of the Holy Land, when listening to a concert, or gazing with throngs upon the illuminated feet, the far-away husband was relentlessly followed by a vision of humiliated Jane, looking up at him with reproachful eyes. At length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct. "When I go back," he said to himself, "I'll just show the woman some little attentions, and I'll see they won't have no more effect on her than they would on the old lay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry toward his wife, the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted; but the Sabbath offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it.

The farm was nearly a mile from church yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving back alone after the forenoon service, leaving his wife to attend the Sabbath School, and then walk home as best she could through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment, therefore, on the Sabbath after her husband's return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to the church for her did not cross the good woman's mind; she supposed he had taken to fill such publications as he could truthfully exclaim, she is a remarkable woman.

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So on the following Sabbath Jane again found her husband in waiting, and as she mounted the high buggy ventured to utter a half audible, "Thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long. Just reached the church, he did not know but he might find she had started on foot. This reply satisfied her. A positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home; and her chilled heart glowed with a warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble but imagined it would sound "too foolish," that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast dishes Mrs. Tucker kept thinking, "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon; it would be such a help in the rain; I'm half a mind to ask him." Her resolution was soon stilled, however, with the reasoning which had silenced many similar resolves within the past ten years. "No; I won't ask no favors; if he don't think enough of me to come, why he needn't." Although proudly unwilling to seek any attention, Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's love and care. She had walked home in the rain too often greatly to dread such exposure, but a week before the wife had tasted the joy of being considered, and longed for some new and further proof of her companion's affection.

Mrs. Tucker's heart leaped for joy, when at noon, she saw the old mare's head from the lecture room window. Indeed her hungering heart suddenly became unmanageable, and entering the carriage, poor, melted Jane sobbed out: "I'm sure it is very good for you, Samuel, to come back for me this rainy day," and then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Mr. Tucker exclaimed: "I declare! I hadn't no idee you'd care so much about it."

"I wouldn't mind the walk," responded the wife, "but, Samuel, I'm so happy to have you—care enough about me to come."

The strong man was brushing away a tear from his own cheek now; his tender, better nature was mastering the hard, selfish spirit which long possessed him, and, with some choking, he said: "Jane, I see I've made an awful botch of our married life; if you're a mind to forgive me, I'll see I'll begin all over again."

The wife was now thoroughly broken; and that afternoon Farmer Tucker and his wife had a long talk over the past and future. And in the evening, when they were about to start for the prayer meeting to be held in a neighboring school house, the renewed husband stopped and kissed his wife, saying: "Jane, I've been a wicked hearted man, but I'm different now from farming or any other occupation. Now, I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it once; I have to go over the same ground every season; and here I supposed you was going to always do as I did, without me doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be," pleaded the happy wife.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try no such plan. I tell you what it is, Jane, I feel as if I had never been really married till to-day. It most seems as if we ought to take a wedding tour."

"I'm afraid we will have to wait till next summer for that," was the smiling response.

"I suppose we shall, but we'll take it now certain; and I'll tell you where we'll go, Jane,—that's to Chautauque."

## Peck's Bad Boy.

"What on earth is that you have got on your upper lip?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in and began to peel a rutabaga, and his upper lip hung down over his teeth, and was covered with something that looked like shoemaker's wax.

"You look as though you had been digging potatoes with your nose."

"O, that's some of pa's darn smartness. I asked him if he knew of anything that would make a boy's moustache grow, and he told me the best thing he ever tried was tar, and for me to rub it on thick when I went to bed, and wash it off in the morning. I put it on last night, and by gosh I can't wash it off. Pa told me all I had to do was to use a scouring brick, and it took the skin off, and the tar is there yet, and say, does my lip look very bad?"

The grocery man told him it was the worst looking lip he ever saw, but he could cure it by rubbing a little cayenne pepper in the tar. He said the tar would neutralize the pepper, and the pepper would loosen the tar, and act as a cooling lotion to the lacerated lip. The boy went to a can of pepper behind the counter, and stuck his finger in and rubbed a lot of it on his lip, and then his hair began to raise, and he began to cry, and rushed to the water-pail and ran his face into the water to wash off the pepper. The grocery man laughed, and when the boy had got the pepper washed off, and had resumed his rutabaga, he said:

"That seals your fate. No man ever trifles with the feelings of the bold buccaneer of the Spanish main, without living to rue it. I will lay for you, old man, and don't you forget it. Pa thought he was smart when he got me to put tar on my lip to bring my moustache out, and today he lays on a bed of pain, and tomorrow your turn will come. You will regret that you did not get down on your knees and beg my pardon. You will be sorry you did not prescribe cold cream for my bruised lip, instead of cayenne pepper. Beware, you base, twelve-ounce-to-the-pound huckster, you sanded-eyed seller of dog sausage, you sanded-eyed idiot, you small-potato three-card-monte-slight-of-hand-rotten egg fiend, you villain that sells smoked sturgeon and dogfish for smoked halibut. The avenger is on your track."

"Look here, young man, don't you threaten me or I will take you by the ear and walk you through green fields, and beside still waters, to the front door, and kick your pistol pocket clear around so you can wear it for a watch pocket in your vest. No boy can frighten me, by erimus. But tell me, how did you get even with your pa?"

"Well, give me a glass of cider and I will tell you. Thanks! Gosh, but that cider is made out of moulty dried apples and sewer water," and he took a handful of layer raisins off the top of a box to take the taste out of his mouth, and while the grocer charged a peck of rutabagas, a gallon of cider and two pounds of raisins to the boy's pa, the boy proceeded: "You see, pa likes a joke the best of any man you ever saw, if it is on somebody else, but he kicks like a steer when it is on him. I asked him this morning if it wouldn't be a good joke to put some soft soap on the front step, so the letter-carrier would slip up and spill himself, and pa said it would be elegant. Pa is a Democrat, and he thinks that anything that will make it unpleasant for Republican office holders is legitimate, and he encouraged me to paralyze the letter-carrier. The letter-carrier is as old a man as pa, and I didn't want to humiliate him, but just wanted pa to give his consent, so he wouldn't kick if he got caught in his own trap. You see? Well, this morning the minister and two of the deacons called on pa, to have a talk with him about his actions in church, on two or three occasions, when he pulled the peak of his coat over his handkerchief, and played the music box, and they had a pretty hot time in the back parlor, and finally settled it, and were going to sing a hymn, when pa handed them a little hymn book, and the minister opened it and turned pale and said, 'what's this,' and they looked at it, and it was a book of Hroyle's games instead of a hymn book. 'Gosh,' wasn't the minister mad? He had started to read a hymn and he quit after he read two lines and he said, 'In a game of euchre, never trump your partner's ace but rely on the ace to take the trick on suit.' Pa was trying to explain how the book came there, when the minister and the deacons started out, and then I poured the two-quart tin full of soft soap on the front step. It was this white soap, just the color of the step, and when I got it spread I went down in the basement. The visitors came out and pa was trying to explain to them about Hroyle, when one of the deacons stepped in the soap, and his feet flew up and he struck on his pants and slid down the steps. The minister said, 'great heavens, deacon, are you hurt? Let me assist you,' and he took two quick steps, and you have seen these fellows in a nigger show kick each other head over heels and fall on their ears, and stand on their heads and turn about like a top. The minister's feet slipped and the next I saw he was standing on his head in his hat, and his legs were sort of willed and fell limp by his side, and he fell over on his stomach. You talk about spreading the gospel in head lands. It is nothing to the way you can spread it with two

## Dr. Mudd's Bitter Memories.

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd of Bryantown, Charles county, Md., who died a few weeks ago, left in manuscript a treatise on epidemic diseases, extracts from which are published in the Sun. Dr. Mudd wrote:

"In July, 1865, I was sent a prisoner for life to the military prison at Fort Jefferson, better known as the Dry Tortugas, an island of coral formation in the Gulf Mexico. Tried by a court martial, an unlawful tribunal constituted for the purpose of conviction, the same that hanged an innocent woman, I was convicted on the testimony of paid and purged witnesses of a crime the conception of which I never harbored or entertained. By such a tribunal I was pronounced guilty of a complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, when all the world knew, and the members of that iniquitous and law-defying military commission knew it as well, that my only offence consisted in setting the broken leg of a man whom I did not at the time know to be a fugitive from justice, and with whose insane act I had not the slightest sympathy. I had done merely an act of charity, from which no true physician would shrink, no matter what the consequences might be. For this I was banished under a life sentence from my wife and children, from home, friends and society and immured in the gloomiest and most distant prison in the United States. For this I was bound in chains like some savage brute, denied for a long time healthy sustenance, and forced at the point of the bayonet to perform menial and offensive offices which I will forbear mentioning. The iron entered my soul. Even now, though on restoration to my family and social circle, I am brought back to life and to some portion of all which was lost by four years of banishment, the recollections of these years of mental and physical suffering and the nature of what I endured on that barren coral reef, occurred to those who wish to send small remittances without risk of loss or danger of repudiation.

No attempt has ever been made to glorify this branch of the public service, or to put its achievements, in its modestly and well managed. Confidence has been gained by good management. The system has become an most important element of the hospital service, an immense convenience to those who wish to send small remittances without risk of loss or danger of repudiation.

Instead of being a charge on the Treasury, the money order system is actually a source of profit. At the end of the last fiscal year, after deducting all the expenses of every sort, including the appropriations made by Congress, the business had created the respectable sum of \$165,000.

## Colored Republicans.

It is observed that the colored people of Baltimore are very persistent in their efforts to have the President retain Mr. Ditty in his office, while Messrs. Creswell, Holton and others are equally anxious the other way. Mr. Ditty has appointed more colored men to office under him than any other office-holder, hence their friendship for him. They have even sent colored delegations to Mr. Arthur in favor of Mr. Ditty and against the will of ex-Senator Creswell. It seems some of the Republican people are getting tired of this interference of the negro with the perquisites of the white Republicans, and some of the radical journals are reading some strong lectures to the colored brother. For instance, the Frederick Times, the Republican organ for that county, says:

Now, the colored brother will get his tribe into trouble if he is not careful. Of course he may sell his influence as a vote for cash or office, if he persists not only in this sort of conduct, but at the same time in some bloody threats, it will not be many years before he will find himself in the lurch. He will disgust decent Republicans and the result will be that the party which gave him his freedom will drop him to his fate. It may be that the Republican party will then suffer defeat, but in the eyes of many this would be preferable to an existence depending on the support of the colored floater and broker of his own manhood.

That is a severe lecture! "He may sell his influence for office or cash," but beware how you kick against office-holders or make application for office yourselves. But the lecture does not stop here. There is a column of it, and some of it is very threatening. Here is the threat to turn him out in the cold. We publish it for the consideration of the colored brother." That journal says:

The colored brother must be careful not to go too rapidly. He has his freedom, but he hasn't got the world at his feet by a long way. He cannot make and unmake the universe. He has only the power to injure a few people not of his kind and a great many of his kind. There is a place in the world for us all, and there's a place for the colored brother as well as other people. The majority of other people have no objection to know their place, and the colored brother ought to endeavor to grasp sufficient enlightenment to know his place also, and after he becomes possessor of this knowledge, act upon it. Violent mouthings avail him nothing; the force of surrounding circumstances will advance him, like other people, up the pyramid of life at the proper time and not before, it matters not how much he thinks his tongue amounts to. We think we know the place of the colored brother and as long as he is in his place we are his friends. When he moves out of his place he will make enemies, just as other people do; and if he doesn't keep to his place it will not be many years before he has no place to keep.

OUR MONEY ORDER SYSTEM.—The growth of the postal money order system at home and abroad has been remarkable. It was created by the act of May 17, 1864, during the civil war. In the fifth year of its existence the orders amounted to about \$24,000,000. The system now extends to the remotest countries. The domestic and international orders for the last fiscal year aggregated \$120,000,000, about \$5,500,000 being on foreign account.

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It is observed that the colored people of Baltimore are very persistent in their efforts to have the President retain Mr. Ditty in his office, while Messrs. Creswell, Holton and others are equally anxious the other way. Mr. Ditty has appointed more colored men to office under him than any other office-holder, hence their friendship for him. They have even sent colored delegations to Mr. Arthur in favor of Mr. Ditty and against the will of ex-Senator Creswell. It seems some of the Republican people are getting tired of this interference of the negro with the perquisites of the white Republicans, and some of the radical journals are reading some strong lectures to the colored brother. For instance, the Frederick Times, the Republican organ for that county, says:

Now, the colored brother will get his tribe into trouble if he is not careful. Of course he may sell his influence as a vote for cash or office, if he persists not only in this sort of conduct, but at the same time in some bloody threats, it will not be many years before he will find himself in the lurch. He will disgust decent Republicans and the result will be that the party which gave him his freedom will drop him to his fate. It may be that the Republican party will then suffer defeat, but in the