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VOL. XLVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1886.



NO. 308.

PROFESSIONAL.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER, KNOCH B. ABELL,
THE undersigned, Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 1st day of January, 1886, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of
CAMALIER & ABELL.
They will practice in the county of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties. Special attention will be paid to the collection of claims. Address:
CAMALIER & ABELL, Leonardtown, Md.
B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
KNOCH B. ABELL,
Jan 8, 1886—47

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may see fit to call.
All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.
Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.
Jan 8 '86

JO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
LEONARDTOWN, Md.
April 1, 1886—47

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,
(late of the Court of Appeals.)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Has associated himself with Messrs. CAMALIER & ABELL, of Leonardtown, Md., for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County.
OFFICE AND ADDRESS,
Annapolis, Md.
Apr 5 '83

WALTER I. DAWKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Special attention given to collection of claims.
Sept 20, 85—47

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
Jan 1, 85—47

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties.
June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1873—47

R. C. COMBS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Leonardtown, Md.
Aug. 12—47.

H. G. DUDLEY,
J. W. CARPENTER
W. J. EDELEN.
DUDLEY & CARPENTER,
GENERAL

Commission Merchants,
No. 57 Light Street,
BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

FERTILIZERS REDUCED IN COST TO FARMERS
Quality Kept up to full Standard.

WE sell our Fertilizers to responsible buyers on crop time at same prices as heretofore, but *without interest*, a saving of six per cent. to farmers. A liberal discount for cash.

For Tobacco buy our Victor.

It has stood the test of 7 years trial, and has the deserved reputation of making the finest quality and as much Tobacco as any Fertilizer in the market. It does not fire but keeps the Tobacco growing until ripe and curing nicely. A special Tobacco and Wheat Fertilizer—good for all crops.
OUR WATERLY, specialty for Wheat, and Wheat and Corn Fertilizer have proven their value for these and other crops.
Our fertilizers are rich in the best crop producing elements—in the most perfect combination—and we confidently offer them to farmers for good crops, fine clover fields and permanent improvement of their lands. Orders solicited.

THOMAS C. PRICE & CO,
Commission Merchants
56 S. Chas. St., Baltimore,

FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN, WOOL and all country produce.

LEO H. HAYDEN, former Tobacco Inspector, gives his personal attention to this branch.
Consignments solicited.
March 20, 85—47

For Ice Cold Beer and good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to
E. WALTER MATTINGLY,
Mechanicville,
St. Mary's county, Md.
Aug. 27, 1885—3m.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,
DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, RAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.
March 18, 1886—y.

SPRING

Finds me with the largest and most complete stock I have ever had of

COACH FINDINGS, BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES, and HEAVY HARDWARE.

Comprising an immense assortment of

Wheels, Wheel Stock, Axles and Springs, Carriage Cloths, Carpets, Lamps, &c., Horse Shoe, Nails and Shoes, Bar Iron and Steel, &c., &c., etc.

—AGENT FOR—

"CASTORINE," The Great Axle Oil.

Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Universally pronounced the best.

RETAIL PRICES—Ponies, 10 cents; pints, 30 cents; quarts, 50 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

'GAUTIER' Barb Fence Wire,

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Steel Harrow Teeth,

ALL SIZES.

Carriage and Wagon Builders will find it to their interest to correspond with me before placing orders elsewhere.

J. B. KENDALL,

618 Penna. Ave. 619 B Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED—To correspond with saw mill owners having facilities for furnishing Oak, Sawed Fellos, Cart Shafts, Sills, etc., in our lots for cash.

Respectfully,
April 1, 86—1
J. B. KENDALL.

MOORE'S HOTEL

AND

Summer Resort.

I take pleasure in informing my customers and the traveling public that I have thoroughly renovated my house, improved and refitted the same and am fully prepared to accommodate both.

Permanent and Transient Boarders.

The BAR, in every particular, complete. My stables have been rebuilt and are in first-class condition for accommodation of horses and the storage of all kinds of vehicles. Call and see for yourselves.
HERBERT F. MOORE,
Proprietor

June 25, 85—47

G. W. CARROLL, J. W. BRADLEY

CARROLL & BRADLEY,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF
Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 16 Camden Street,
BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:
Judge C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md.;
Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md.;
T. J. Dall & Co., Baltimore, Md.;
Hurst, Purnell & Co., Baltimore, Md.;
R. R. Butler, Trappe, Md.;
Dr. H. W. Houston, E. N. Market, Md.;
Nat. Farmers & Planters Bank, Baltimore, Md.
Oct 13, 1885—y7

You have read of the suffering, the want, the sin, and the vile pollution that lurks herein: of the genius offered upon its goal, and the ruin of many a splendid soul; of the crimes committed without a name by this lurid demon, to end in shame. How oft the feet of some wayward lass it has led to the verge of hell, alas! If you wish to wear a god-like crown, be true to
Y
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And dash it down.

INDIANA OUTLAWS.

An Indianapolis correspondent writing to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says: The final breaking up of the Archer gang, by the sentencing to death of Samuel Archer, calls to mind the doings and fate of several other notorious gangs of outlaws that have at different times infested the southern part of Indiana. While crimes have been committed in Central and Northern Indiana, the organized gang of law-breakers have only existed among the hills of the southern one-third of the state. The old legends have it that in the early day John A. Murrell and his band of outlaws had several hiding places in Harrison, Crawford and Perry Counties, and many are the blood-curdling stories told of the depredations of that notorious criminal. Of later years the most famous band was that of the Renos, the pioneers of train-robbing, the boldest, most daring and successful train-robbers this country has ever known. Their history was a very romance of crime, and their final winding up was peculiarly tragic. They robbed like kings. In comparison with their bold operations the doings of the James and Younger brothers were but raids of petty thieves. After preying upon the public for years they finally met their fate at the hands of a mob.

Next to the Renos, perhaps, should be classed the Jones and Tolliver gang. For a long time this gang terrorized two counties, and exercised a controlling influence in politics. The crimes of this gang were all directed against one family, and it was a vendetta worthy the best days of Corsica. In 1858, living on adjoining farms in Lawrence County, were two families of excellent repute. One consisted of five bachelor brothers and a maiden sister. The Moodyys, for that was their name, were peaceable, orderly citizens, pursuing the even tenor of their way, gradually accumulating wealth. On the adjoining farm lived old man Tolliver, wife, and three or four children. The two families were intimate, and for years lived on the most amicable terms. Old man Tolliver was considered one of the wealthiest farmers in this county, and was highly respected by all his fellow citizens. In 1855, Burton Jones, a young man, and a carpenter by trade, located in Mitchell. He soon grew to be popular, especially with the young people, and was their leader in all things. He married a daughter of old man Tolliver, much against the wishes of her family, but he soon so dominated the family that he controlled all of their affairs. In the course of time old man Tolliver's wife died, and he married the old maid sister of the Moodyys. Not a great while afterward a team ran away and killed the old man. Then a feud began that led to innumerable crimes, and for years terrorized the two counties. One of the Tollivers took out letters of administration on the estate, which was resisted by the widow, and it might be said the war between the two factions was fairly begun.

On the day of the sale of the personal property the Moodyys attended and took an active part in directing the sale. To this the other side objected, especially to the interference of Tom Moody, whom they accused of trying to cheat the estate for the benefit of his sister. A fight ensued, and Tom Moody was terribly beaten by Jones and one of the Tollivers, and for awhile it was thought he would die of his injuries. Tom Moody brought suit against Simpson Tolliver for slander, and after a long and angry trial obtained judgment for \$1,500. This only added fuel to the flames, and lawsuit after lawsuit followed in quick succession. Among others was

one to recover from the Moodyys \$2,000 it was alleged they had carried away from the house of old man Tolliver at the time of his death. It was claimed the old man had that amount concealed in his bed at the time he was killed. After two or three trials a verdict was finally rendered in favor of the Moodyys. By this time Lawrence County was divided into two factions. Among the lower and disorderly element Jones was an autocrat. He was a bold, determined man, ready to engage in anything to wreak his vengeance upon a real or supposed enemy. The people were afraid of him, and many took sides with him out of fear. By this means he was able for a while to defy the law and defeat all attempts to punish him.

The Moodyys lived in an old-fashioned house on their farm, the widowed sister acting as housekeeper for her brothers. One night the house was attacked, and jugs filled with gasoline, and hand-grenades loaded with slugs, screws, bolts, and nails were thrown in through the windows. A terrible explosion followed, and the house was literally torn to pieces. The ceiling, walls, and beds were riddled with the nails, bolts, etc. Fortunately the gasoline jug did not explode, and fire was not added to the terror of the night. All the Moodyys were terribly wounded, but none killed. In his terror Tom Moody ran out of the house, and was shot in the back by a concealed foe. He ran into a briarpatch, and hid himself, his enemies making a determined search for him, but in vain. This desperate attempt at murder awakened the most intense excitement throughout the entire state. The Moodyys all re-covered, but were afraid longer to live on their farm, so they abandoned their home, and removed to Orleans in Orange County. Jones and the Tollivers were indicted, but the state failed to secure a conviction. This result it was openly charged was brought about by the aid of money. One night the sawmill of Jones was destroyed by fire, and it was laid at the door of the Moodyys. After this quiet reigned for some time, and the people began to hope that the feud was at an end. Not so; for one night as he was walking along the streets of Orleans, Tom Moody was shot in the back. He ran home and died at his own doorstep. Everybody believed that this crime was committed by the Tollivers, or through their contrivance. In fact, the day after the murder Jones and one of the Tollivers appeared on the streets of Orleans, and with feignish glee expressed their gratification that their enemy was dead, declaring that they intended "to get him to make a belt for their sawmill."

The Moodyys employed detectives and systematically set about hunting down the murderers of their brother. After some time indictments were found against Burton Jones, Lee Jones, his brother Tom Tolliver, Park Tolliver, and Eli Loury, who were all arrested. At the time of his arrest Jones was trustee of Mitchell township, and was taken from his office to the jail. Withstanding his many known crimes such as the terror he excited that controlled political affairs in that section. When the indictments were returned Loury was living in Illinois, it was arrested and brought back. It was placed in a cell by himself, and after some time made a confession implicating all the others. When the term of court came around, and the cases led for trial, Loury put in a plea guilty, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. For some reason the trial of the others was postponed. One night the jail was attacked by a mob of furious citizens, but it was so deftly defended by the officers that the mob did not reach the objects of their vengeance; but during the struggle several shots were fired into the jail, and one or two of the prisoners were wounded. After a time a change of venue was taken, and the cases sent to Monroe County, the people of Lawrence and Orange Counties following them, indulging freely in threats, resorting to lynch law if the prisoners were released. A lengthened and exciting trial followed. The two brothers were found guilty and sentenced to life terms in the penitentiary, where they now are. The Toers were finally let go.

While the parties were in jail the citizens of Mitchell were enraged over the zeal of certain citizens in be-

half of Jones and his gang that an indignation meeting was held and two of the offending citizens were hung in effigy and ordered to leave the town. One of them, Moses Clinton, left and went to Cincinnati, and was elected by the Democrats of that city a member of the board of aldermen.

For years all this gang held Lawrence County in a state of turmoil, and now the people are afraid to say much, as Jones from his cell in the penitentiary sends out threats of vengeance he expects to wreak when he gets out. Several attempts have been made to secure his pardon but so far they have failed. After awhile, however, a complacent governor will be found, and Jones will be turned loose. From his well-known vindictive character it is believed that release, whenever it does take place, will be followed by a series of appalling crimes, in which those who have taken active part against him will be the victims. The Moodyys are all dead—the last dying not long after the conviction of Jones. The Tollivers, I believe, have all removed from the state.

Another desperate gang in that section is that of the Reeveses. Robbery, murder, and arson are but playtime with them, but so far they have escaped being brought to justice. So well are they organized that the officers can take no move against them without their being speedily informed of it, and when the sheriff makes his appearance they boldly attack him and whip him off. In attempting to arrest them more than one officer has lost his life. Now that the Archer gang is broken up, perhaps that of the Reeveses will soon be destroyed.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—The following extract from a recent letter, will be read with interest by the many admirers of ex-President Davis.

"Davis is unusually well; in fact his health is better than it has been for several years. His manner is genial and very kindly, with the charming courtesy characteristic of the highbred Southern gentleman. Seventy-eight years of age, Mr. Davis has yet a fresh and vigorous look. His hair, mustache and whiskers are white in part, but his eyes are bright and cheerful. His face in repose is almost severely intellectual, but the smile which lights up his mouth and his quietly cheerful laugh dispel the first impression of coldness. Few of our public men have the quiet fascination of manner, the old-fashioned grace and the charming conversational powers of Jefferson Davis. His memory is capacious and retentive. One might with a facile phonographic pen collect great stores of reminiscences from his lips. He loves to talk of the Confederacy, and his eyes flash with their old fire when he indignantly defends his administration of the Southern cause from the slanders of its enemies. A patriotic regard for public safety imposed silence upon Mr. Davis while the war continued, and a magnanimity which they have neither deserved nor appreciated, coupled with a proper sense of personal dignity, have impelled him since to refrain from the refutation of many misstatements by his enemies utterly scandalous and inexcusable.

He is a man of studious habits, a consistent Christian, the truest of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers, the best of neighbors and one of the kindest of masters. He rises about 9 o'clock in the morning, reads his mail and answers it, then devotes the remainder of the day to receiving visitors, riding over the estate and studying the various fields of literature and philosophy. He is a skilful euchre player, and nearly every evening enjoys a social game with his family or visiting friends.

A COMPOSITION ON FISHES.—A schoolman at the Chase house has the following juvenile composition among her school manuscript: A codfish is the only Annydal that ain't got no neck. There ain't but one kind of fish in the World that lives on the land and frys round in the air, and that is a fish-bawk. A codfish has a large mouth, and my Sunday School Teachers got a large mouth too. Two kids got fitting in the vestry one day and one of 'em pulled a lot of Hare out of the other kids Hed and the Superintendent pounded one of his Eers with a book and so they quit.

A voice comes from Arizona, saying, "Send us wives?" and a thousand unhappy Benedicts respond, "Take ours!"

A Dead Man's Money.

"Tell you a story, me boy?" mused a Clark street gambler to the Herald reporter, "well, I don't mind if I do. I've been carrying one around in my head for this twenty year, and I guess it won't harm anybody if I tell it to you. It was away back in the early 60s, when me and Cy Merritt were dealing faro in Baltimore. It was in the fall of the year, too, by the way, for I remember we had just rigged up a stove near the roulette wheel. One night when the play was light and there was nobody about the house but me and Cy, a man opened the door, sat down at the faro table and bought five stacks of chips. He was a young feller, this man was. He had a light mustache, blue eyes, and a face as white as a case sheet. Cy did the dealing and I went up into the lookout chair. The deal came our way all through and the fellow lost his chips in no time. But he was a dandy, though. He was betting all over the layout, and if he had ever called the turn he'd knocked us silly. I seen that the game was going to be a heavy one, so I just locked the door put on an old straw hat and watched the bets. The feller never said a word—more'n to call for chips. He never took his eyes off'n the table either. 'Long about midnight me and Cy got hungry, and we asked the feller if he'd stop long enough to get something to eat. He said that he wouldn't, and so the play went on. Nearly every bet he made Cy picked up. The feller seemed strangely unlucky, but he never beefed. Never a word came out'n his head. He just set there and bet and lost until I got sick. About daylight the feller got down to his last hundred. He blew it all in for chips. He slapped \$10 on the queen to lose and another saw-buck on the ace to win. He whip-sawed us, begosh, and then Cy said he was hungry and we had better get something to eat. The fellow said he wouldn't have anything of the kind. Me and Cy were about ready to fall out of our chairs from hunger, but the player seemed to be as fresh as a lark. Every once in a while he'd take a drink of whiskey but that's all.

From the moment he whip-sawed us he began to win just as fast as he had lost during the night. He was making Cy and the money box sweat when I exchanged places with my partner, and began to fix the cards in the sardine box for the next deal. The stranger had his bets all made when I tapped the box for luck. But that was all the good it done me. The feller called the turn from start to finish, and hauled enough to make him even. Me and Cy were getting a little uneasy and faint but the stranger was as fresh as a daisy. We kept on playing until away into the afternoon with deal luck agin the bank. It had been over twenty-four hours since we'd eaten a mouthful of anything, but the feller still insisted on playing. At 6 o'clock he was about \$2,500 winner and showed no signs of quitting.

Finally I got so tired that I couldn't watch the bets no longer. I got up and walked around the room, while Cy began to deal. From that minute the fellow began to lose, and at midnight he was down to his last hundred. I remember just how he looked then, although it's twenty years ago. His face looked like marble, his great blue eyes glittering with a strange light. He had all his chips in his left hand, while with his right he stroked his long silk-like mustache. I was looking over his shoulder when he made his last bet. He played the same old cards again—the queen to lose and the ace to win. Then he leaned forward and watched Cy pull the cards. I could almost hear the stranger's heart thump when Cy began to uncover the ace of diamonds, and when he unveiled the queen of hearts I saw the players finger's twitch nervously, a strange cry escaped from his lips, and then he fell backward upon the floor—dead.

"I will not tell you all that happened from that time until the close of the coroner's inquest, for it is rather unpleasant to me. But this much I will tell you: When they searched the feller's clothes they found nothing but this letter, which read:

My Darling Henry:
Hold on to the money you have been entrusted with. You know

your weakness, and just think what would become of the children and I should anything happen to you.

Lucy.
"Ever since that day I have been trying to find who Henry was. Cy has been looking for Lucy, but neither of us has been successful. Do you know that it has always been my opinion that Henry was sent to Baltimore to buy goods, and that when he realized that he had lost his employer's money the shock was too much for him. Lucy was his wife, me boy, and I often wonder if she has learned of his strange death. I wish we could find her, for the money we won from her husband has been compounding interest these twenty years. Suppose me and Cy could spend a cent of that stuff after what had happened? It would have gone agin our grain, and besides, it would have been a Jonah. Dead man's money is wuss than black cats."—Chicago Herald.

THE OLDEST NAME IN THE WORLD.—"Curious, isn't it, that we should all three meet in this way, all three going to different places, all three belonging to different countries?"

It was curious, undoubtedly. The three hungry guests who were doing full justice to the good cheer of the Black Lion were a Londoner on his summer holiday, a Scotchman from the mouth of the Clyde and an American tourist from New England taking a hasty run to Europe and back. They had encountered one another in front of the snug little wayside inn, at a point where several roads met, and had agreed to dine together in honor of the coincidence.

The dinner lasted a good while, for all three had walked far that morning. But nothing can last forever, except a law suit or a serial which is paid by the sheet, and at length our heroes showed signs of having had enough.

"Well," said the American, casting a glance through the open window at the westering sun, "I don't know how you feel, gentlemen, but it seems to me that it's just about time to be starting again."

"And before we go," suggested the Englishman, "let's toss up for who shall pay for the dinner."

"Aweel," remarked the canny Scot, "I'm thinkin' the best way would be for each man to pay his ain share."

"No; I'll tell you how we'll do it," interposed the Yankee. "We haven't told each other our names yet, so whichever of us has got the oldest name shall go free, and the other two shall halve the score between 'em."

"Done!" cried his two companions with one voice; and the Englishman, thrusting his hand into his pocket, produced, with a confident smile, a card inscribed "Richard Eve."

"My name's as old as humanity itself, anyhow," said he.

"Ay; but before Eve there was Adam, ye ken," observed the gentleman from Clydesdale, with a dry chuckle, as he displayed the name of "Adam McTaggart." "Can ye beat that, friend?" added he, turning to the New Englander.

"Seems to me I can," replied the unmoved Yankee, "for my name's the oldest in the world."

And so it was; for the card that he threw upon the table—at which the two others gazed with a stare of blank bewilderment that gradually broadened into a hearty laugh—bore the name of "Mr. B. Gunning."—David Ker.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup takes the lead of all the cough preparations on our shelves.—Carpenter & Palmer, Jamestown, N. Y.

I heartily recommend Salvation Oil for neuralgia, for it acts like a charm. J. S. McCauley, (Policeman.) Residence 205 N. Bond St., Balto., Md.

The little one, being a guest of her grandma, had been liberally feasted, when a second dish of pudding came on. Looking at the steaming dish, she exclaimed, with a sigh, "Gran'ma, I wish I was twins."

Not wisely, but too well. "What's home rule, John," asked his wife at tea, "that the papers talk of so?" John looked as sad as he could be and groaned in utter misery, "I wish I didn't know."

A bright idea from Cholly: "I say, boys, since she has refused all three of us individually, I say we follow her home and try it as a body. She couldn't resist us."