# The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884. VOL. XIX.-NO. 32.



P-R-O-O-F

That we are selling goods cheap, is that our sales are increasing every day. We make

A Specialty of Fine Goods, AND Do Not Deal in Auction Trash, But will sell you

CUSTOM GOODS AT SAME PRICE.

You will find at our store a full assortment of the following makes:

EVITT & BRO.'S LADIES' FINE SHOES,
CHAS. HEISER'S GENT'S FINE SHOES,
S. D. SOLLERS' Children's FINE SHOES,

CELEBRATED

WALKER BOOT.

Also, a full line of Spring Style

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We are determined to hold our reputation, and will assure you—taking quality into consideration—that OUR PRICES WILL BE THE LOWEST.

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| MEN'S Plow Shoes, solid leather, | 85c. | Children's Shoes | 25c. |
| Ladies' Shoes | 65c. | Men's Hats | 20c. |
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Large and complete line of TRUNKS AND VALISES.

Call and be convinced that WE ARE HEADQUARTERS.

WM. H. BIXLER,
Zeiber Building, Westminster, Md.
mar29 West of Depot.

WORTH READING & AGENTS WANTED.

One or two live men in each district in Carroll county to sell the Unrivaled Washing Machine. It has been the aim of the inventor to construct a washing machine which, unlike its contemporaries, WOULD DO the WORK AS WELL AS BY HAND, and in a much shorter time, without destroying the clothes or breaking the buttons. **The Atkinson is a machine which will stand the most rigid examination, and do all that is claimed for it. It is simple in construction, thereby enabling the manufacturer to sell at a price which puts it within the reach of all. It is light and durable,** not liable to get out of repair, and is easily operated. The principle is unique and original, differing widely from that of any machine ever designed for a similar purpose. The time-worn system of beating, rubbing and grinding the articles to be washed is totally ignored, and a new one (founded on an established law of hydraulics, which treats of the suction and pressure of water and air) is substituted. ☞Every good housekeeper should examine it. It is a valuable addition to articles of household economy. Wherever sold they have given entire satisfaction. We warrant them to be as represented. Any live man can make $15 a week profit. It has been done. Write me at once. Terms and circulars furnished on applying to

O. M. HITESHEW,
Owner and Manufacturer of the Unsurpassed Machine, P. O. Box 26, Uniontown, Carroll county, Md. may 26-tf

A FRAGRANT BREATH

And teeth of pearly whiteness, set in gems of ruby redness, add charms to the most homely face that are the envy of all. J. M. LAROQUE'S LIQUID ODENTINE, the standard Tooth Wash of the elite and fashionable, accomplishes this result every time. 50 cents a bottle.

**PILES.**—For Hemorrhoids or Piles, try J. M. Laroque's Pile Ointment. It has been most successfully used for the last forty years. 25 cents a box. By mail or at all druggists.

**J. M. Laroque's Elixir of Calisaya Bark.**—A Tonic of superior excellence, indorsed by the most eminent physicians. Pleasant to the taste, acceptable to the most delicate stomach, prompt in its effects, bringing almost immediately renewed strength, vigor and cheerfulness; particularly a Ladies' Medicine. $1 a bottle.

**CORNS.**—For Corns and Bunions, Boils, Painful Tumors and Old Sores, as well as Fresh Cuts, the Black Salve, from the formula of J. M. Laroque, is a sovereign remedy. 10 and 25 cents. By druggists or mail.

W. E. THORNTON, SOLE PROPRIETOR,
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A. STORCK & SONS,

LUMBER,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, &C.,

of our own Manufacture,

77 E. Monument Street, and 259 N. Front St,

Baltimore, Md., 1½ squares from Western Maryland Depot.

☞Goods delivered to Depot free.
july 8, 1882-tf

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having withdrawn from the firm of M. Schaeffer & Co., with whom I have been for six years, I will open business for myself about the first of April in the room opposite J. T. Wampler's store, and will conduct a general stove, gas fitting, plumbing, tin roofing and spouting business. All kinds of pipe furnished and laid. Slate mantles of all styles furnished at the lowest price. Large stock of milk cans on hand or made to order; old ones repaired. Mending and repairing at the lowest price. Tools and machinery of modern patterns. An experienced tinner employed. Personal attention given to all work. Work done by us guaranteed. A liberal share of the public patronage solicited. ☞Agent for the Splendid Fire Place Heaters. Other makes furnished to order. Estimates free of charge.
O. D. GILBERT,
mar 24-1yr Westminster, Md.

CHAS. BILLINGSLEA, D. D. S. G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.

BILLINGSLEA & BAUGHMAN,

DENTISTS.

*Office One Door West of the Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.*

Will visit the following places:
*Union Bridge.*—1st Wednesday and Friday following of each month.
*New Windsor.*—2d Wednesday and Friday following of each month.
*Taneytown.*—Next to the last and the last Friday in each month, remaining until Saturday evening.
One of the firm can always be found in the office. sep 23-tf

SPRING GOODS FOR 1884.

Do you want a Spring Suit? If so come where you can have the largest and finest assortment of goods in the county to select from and have it made up in the latest style and at

——BOTTOM PRICES.——

Fit guaranteed or no sale. GENT'S FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY. All the latest styles of Neckwear. The "Scratch Pocket" Shirt takes the lead. The Argosy Suspender has no equal. A splendid line of Gent's Jewelry, best quality, at bottom figures.

☞ *Give me a call and save money.* ☜

J. T. ANDERS,
may24:2m Westminster, Md.

FOR SALE.—A very desirable property of about 100 Acres, situated 6 miles from Westminster, and 2¼ miles from Finksburg Station. Any one wishing to view the premises, can call on the subscriber living on the same.
dec 15-tf E. N. BUCKINGHAM.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

The Finest Opportunity Ever Offered to the People of Carroll County.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Over $10,000 Worth of Merchandise,

—AT—

*NOS. 1 AND 2 CARROLL HALL,*
Adjoining the Postoffice,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

AT RETAIL FOR 60 DAYS ONLY.

DRY GOODS,

Consisting of Silks, Alpacas, Ginghams, Calicoes, Worsteds, Flannels, Muslins, Notions, Corsets, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Tickings, Cotton, Thread, Laces, Parasols, Toweling, &c.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

In great variety, for Men and Boys. Overalls, White and Colored Shirts, Underclothing, Stockings, Neckties, Suspenders, Collars, &c., &c.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Jeans, Kerseys, &c

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children; Gum Boots, Shoes, Hats and Coats, Heavy and Light.

HATS, HATS, HATS, &c.

Latest Style and Finest Quality. Job lot of Hats—Stiff and Slouch. Straw Hats. Umbrellas.

Russell's Cotton 1 Cent a Spool.

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS,
STAIR CARPET, HASSOCKS, &c.

☞Those who are looking for Bargains are requested to examine this stock of goods.

THEY MUST BE SOLD.

Every article is plainly marked, with the price thereon, at their cash value, without regard to their original cost, and will be sold at the valuation that has been put upon them by the appraisers.

WM. A. McKELLIP,
NICHOLAS D. NORRIS,
ap26 Trustees of H. L. Norris.

CHAS. C. KRAFT,

(Late Organist of the First Presbyterian and other churches in Baltimore for over 15 years,)

TEACHER OF PIANO, CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGAN, HARMONY AND VOCAL MUSIC.

Vocal Classes and Schools Taught.

CONCERTS AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES CONDUCTED.

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS, CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS.

Permanently located at
MARSH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, MD.

All orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt attention.
Refers to Dr. Chas. Billingslea, Westminster, Prof. W. H. Zimmerman, Westminster, New Windsor College, Protestant Episcopal Church, Westminster. sep1,83-1y

HAINES & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Grocers,

Respectfully call attention to their large stock of Groceries, &c., at their Store, a few doors east of the Railroad Depot, Westminster, Md.

Our facilities are such as to enable us to offer great inducements in prices, as we purchase for Cash and sell at Short Profits. Our stock consists of

**Choice Flour, Groceries, Queensware, Stoneware, Glassware, Willow-Ware, Woodenware, Fine Cutlery, Fish, Bacon, Lard, Salt, &c., &c.**

*OUR LIQUORS*

are the finest and best ever offered in this city, and for medicinal or family use are unsurpassed. Sole agents for the well known Welty Whiskey.

Ale, Porter and Beer, by the bottle or barrel.

Sole agents for Briggs Bros, world-renouned Garden and Fower Seeds.

The highest market price paid for Country Produce.
feb 22, 1879 HAINES & CO.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

Main Street, Westminster, Md.

*JOSEPH B. BOYLE,*

SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.,

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, Segars, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

*Pure Paris Green for Destroying Potato Bugs.*

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of STATIONERY.
☞ Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. mar 17tf

THE largest Store, Largest Stock, lowest prices, best goods, at Albaugh's.

GO TO

B. G. BLANCHARD

FOR

CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS!

THE LARGEST VARIETY in Westminster

AND THE

*VERY LOWEST PRICES.*

HANDSOME INGRAIN & THREE-PLY

AND

BEAUTIFUL BRUSSELS!

Ranging in price from 40 Cents to $2.00.

Call or send for circulars explaining our plan of selling Carpets, which is done through the medium of a most wonderful invention—

RICHARDSON'S CARPET EXHIBITOR.

By the aid of this device we are enabled to show you, *before purchasing*, precisely how your carpet will look when made up and laid upon your floor. Don't fail to call and see it before buying, as you can surely save money by buying in this way.

We also have full lines of goods usually kept in stock, such as

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
SILVERWARE, WOODENWARE,
CLOCKS, MIRRORS, &c.

Prices as low as any house in Westminster.
Very respectfully,
may 8-tf B. G. BLANCHARD.

CLUB NO. 2.

How Any One May Procure a Good Silver Watch by Small Weekly Payments.

My Gold Watch Club, or Club No. 1, is such a grand success that I now propose starting a SILVER WATCH CLUB in the following manner: The watches are to be either key or stem-winders, solid silver cases, worth $20. The club is to consist of twenty members, each member paying the sum of one dollar per week for the term of 20 weeks. As soon as twenty names are on the list, each member's name will be put on a slip of paper and all the names be put in a box together, when some disinterested person will draw one from the box. The person whose name is drawn will be entitled to the first watch; said person gives security for the payment of one dollar per week and takes his watch. Same programme to be continued each week until all the names are drawn and each member has a watch. There is no gambling about it whatever. Each member gets full value for every dollar he pays in. All wishing to join Silver Watch Club will please send in their names immediately, as we expect to be in working order by July 1st. Already several names are on the list. To the person whose name is drawn last I will give, free of cost, a Chain worth five dollars. All communications promptly answered. Address,
A. H. WENTZ,
june14:3t Westminster, Md.

A CHANGE in Proprietorship OF THE WESTMINSTER CITY HOTEL.

Having taken charge of the above Hotel and thoroughly renovated it, I am now prepared to accommodate either transient or permanent custom in the best manner. Persons attending Court will receive especial attention.

The Stables are in charge of a reliable and experienced hostler, and guests are assured that their horses will be promptly fed and attended to.

Free Hack to and from the depot for all guests.
H. H. POWER,
Formerly of Dill House, Frederick; Antietam House, Hagerstown; Arctic House, Cape May, and proprietor of the City Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. may 5-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of

DAVID W. EARHART,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 31st day of December, 1884; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of May, 1884.
WILLIAM H. EVERHART,
may 31-4t* Administrator.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have opened my New Store with an entire new stock of Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Segars, Meats, Fish, Flour, &c. Will also carry a complete line of Green Groceries, Canned goods, Vegetables, &c. My object is to sell First Class Goods and at Moderate Living Profits. I will be very thankful for the public patronage, and will do my best to please all. Please call and see me, my place is directly opposite Derr's old stand, as I will offer inducements in my line, and think it will pay you to do so.
Respectfully Yours.
HARRY C. KEEFER,
may 3 3mos Westminster, Md.

LEVERING'S COFFEE.

RECOGNIZED AS THE BEST.

Our Coffee is absolutely pure, not glazed or colored, and is selected from our large stock of Green Coffee, with special reference to its drinking qualities.

Glazing and coloring Roasted Coffee adds to the weight and hides the imperfections, which is entirely against your interest as a consumer. Ask your grocer for LEVERING'S COFFEE, and take no other.
E. LEVERING & CO.
Established 1842. Baltimore, Md.
Send two 2-cent stamps for Levering's Coffee Cup and Saucer Plaque, a large, original and beautiful design. apr12:3m

J. H. MEDAIRY & CO., PRINTERS,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

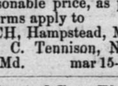
No. 6 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

Opposite the Howard House,

BALTIMORE.

☞Blank Books Made to Order in any Style. nov 25 1882 1y

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A large Dwelling, containing 12 rooms, situated in the village of Hampstead, near the depot.



Is surrounded by two acres of land, upon which there is both fruit and ornamental trees, and all necessary outbuildings. Suitable for a hotel or boarding house. Can be bought at a reasonable price, as parties are absent. For terms apply to
DR. H. M. DRACH, Hampstead, Md.,
Or address Mrs. E. C. Tennison, Newburgh, Charles county, Md. mar 15-tf

GEM.—The Celebrated Gem Phosphate is Unsurpassed by Any

Fertilizer for spring crops, having had a thorough test for the past three years, and giving entire satisfaction to all who have used it. We take pleasure in recommending it to our friends, and inform them that it is for sale only by ourselves, at manufacturers' prices. Have also on hand Salt, Kainit, Plaster, South Carolina Rock and Fertilizers in general.
W. S. MYER & BRO.,
april 19-3m Westminster Flouring Mills.

J. E. WALTZ, Oak Orchard, Md., Manufacturer of all kinds of CARRIAGES, Single and Double-Seat JAGGERS, Side-Bar BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, &c., always on hand and made to order. Prompt attention to Repairing. All work guaranteed as represented. apr 12-8m


## Select Poetry.

### THE VOICELESS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest,
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber;
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stop to number.
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Where song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory.
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow;
But where the glistening night-dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's churchyard willow.

O hearts, that break and give no sign,
Save withering lips and fading tresses,
Till death pours out its cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing press,
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven.

## Select Story.

### THE SILVER BULLET.

In 1869, Lawrence Nutting was a United States Marshal in the southern district of Virginia. The state was at that time fairly overrun with outlaws of all classes. Bushwhackers, highwaymen, counterfeiters and "moonshiners" nestled in all the country-side among the mountains, and far from towns and cities upon lonely roads; while gamblers and desperadoes swarmed in and about the settlements. Crime was frequent, and the life of a United States officer was a series of stirring adventures involving great danger, and demanding as great tact and personal bravery.

But Nutting proved himself worthy and fit for the office. A young man of temperate habits, quick wit, splendid physique and dashing courage, he was never at a loss how to act; and the vermin that infested that section soon learned to hate and fear him intensely.

Many were the expeditions which the officer had led, many his escapes, and many the prisoners safely captured and walled by his efforts; but one man evaded him. The shrewdest and worst "moonshiner" of all was still at large; despite all his efforts, Nutting had not yet secured Ruloff Allen.

This man was known throughout the State. His career had been that of a criminal from his birth. In the fastnesses of southwestern Virginia, he manufactured whisky upon a grand scale, and was the owner of a dozen or more "queer stills," and snapped his fingers at the law.

Several times had Nutting sought this quarry; twice he had actually caught him, yet twice he had escaped, and at the time of which we speak he was still free.

Nutting sat at his office window one evening, musing, half-dreaming, when there fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly. A stranger stood before him.

"The United States Marshal?" said he, interrogatively.

"Yes sir," said Lawrence, rising. "Be seated. What can I do for you."

"I would speak with you alone," he said, glancing around. "I have matters of importance to communicate."

"This office is out of hearing from the street," replied Nutting, "and we are by ourselves. You can speak freely."

The other drew a couple of cigars from his pocket, offered one to the marshal, and lit the other himself. Nutting followed his example; then the man drew his chair nearer, so that he sat between the officer and the desk whereon lay his belt and pistols, threw open his coat so that the butts of two heavy revolvers might be seen, and blowing the smoke lightly from his cigar, said in a quiet tone to his companion:

"You are desirous of arresting a noted moonshiner, one Ruloff Allen, are you not?"

"There's no doubt of that," said the marshal smiling.

"I am the man."

Nutting's cigar never stirred in his lips; his hand did not quiver, nor his breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deeply he was moved; his eyes dilated, then he laughed long and low.

"You—you, Ruloff Allen?" My friend, I know Allen. His hair is red; yours is black. His face bears a scar across the chin; yours a beard. His teeth are broken; yours are perfect. The joke is good, but you are not Allen."

The other hesitated a moment, then, striking a wig from his head, beard from his chin, and removing a single false-tooth, he turned again to Nutting, red-haired and smiling.

"And now?"

"You are Allen!"

For a full moment neither man moved. It was as though two large tigers gazed at each other. Then the outlaw said:

"Listen! I am armed! you are not. I am fully as desperate a man as report makes me. I am as strong as you. Do not try to arrest me, for I shall then be obliged to kill you. I came here to have a private talk, but it was necessary that you should know who I am. I will not molest you if you will do the same by me, and give me fifteen minutes to escape when we have finished.

Nutting measured his chances. Unarmed in the presence of a man to whom murder was not new, he deemed prudence the better part, and replied:

"I agree!"

"Good," said Allen, removing his own pistol belt, "your word is equal to mine. We shall both be unarmed. And now I would tell you a story."

"Then he drew his chair still nearer the marshal, and as the twilight fell and night came down, he told of his life—a weird strange history, every line intense with the throbbing passion of a lawlessness which made the man what he was.

The other listened breathlessly; the darkness shrouded both, and the cigars were finished long before the story was ended.

At length, however, the visitor paused, and then concluded as follows:

"So have I lived. As a wild man, almost; and that life has for the past five years been more a mania than ever before, but with a method. I am and have been seeking money and money only. Not so widely different, you will say, from all the world, except that my search was without the pale of the law. And now the end has come. I am rich. I have enough, and now I desire to return to civilization. You can permit it—you can prevent it. I am an outlaw. Very well! I will cease outlawry, will turn over my stills to the government, will swear a great oath, and keep it, too—for my own interests demand it—to become a worthy citizen; and if you will accept the prodigal son, and kill for me the fatted calf of pardon, all will be well. I came here to ask you to intercede for me. Will you do so?"

Nutting hesitated a moment.

This man was a veritable Robin Hood! Could he trust him?

The other spoke again.

"Such assistance from an official is what I need, and I can pay for it. If you will get a free pardon for me, I will give you five thousand—"

Allen's face paled, and his hand crept toward his hip; then restraining himself with a scoffing laugh, he said:

"Be it so. Then we are enemies. I, to you and the law; you to me. Remember my fifteen minutes, and beware when next we meet?"

He threw his cloak about him, buckled his pistols at his waist, and disappeared, but as he left the room a little piece of metal fell from his person, and rolled unnoticed upon the floor. A minute later the ring of his horse's hoofs sounded through the night as he rode towards the mountains.

The morning following, as Nutting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extending his brown and wrinkled hand, and said in an awe-stricken voice:

"Foun' dis on de floor, massa. S'pose him your'n, bad ting, massa, bad—ef ye 'low ole nigger to say so?"

The marshal leaned forward in surprise. Lying in the out-stretched palm of the black was a silver pistol bullet.

"Why, uncle," said he, taking it, "this is not mine!"

"Not your'n, massa! Tank de lord! I'se pleased, I is, massa. Foun' it yer, dough. Dat ar's a seweyside bullet, massa," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, while his eyes rolled liked ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know em! My ole massa he had one cast an' carried it many years. Dey neber kill no one but de fellers dey's made for. Massa John, dough, he didn't git a chance for to use his'n," and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a smile, as he examined the silver sphere. "That's a new idea to me. Why make a special bullet, uncle? I should think one of those deadly enough."

And he pointed toward some of the heavy cartridges belonging to his own pistols which lay on the table near.

"Dey mought miss, massa. Ye know de debbil cares for his own, an' dis bullet is made by his help, at night, in de grabeyard, an' can't miss. I knows 'em massa. I's seen 'em afore." Then, drawing nearer, he whispered, "I's made 'em!"

"And did they do their work?" said Nutting, laughing lightly.

"Dey did, massa."

The officer now opened a drawer in his desk, and took from it an old-fashioned duelling-pistol, which he had picked up somewhere, and fitted the bullet into its rusty muzzle.

"It's just the thing, uncle. Bring me my flask, and I'll load it with the suicide bullet. It's best to have it handy by if I get the blues." He laughed again.

The servant obeyed.

"No use to fix 'im massa. 'Twon't only kill de one who it's made fer, shuah an' ye couldn't shoot yerself wid it, nohow."

"Well, uncle, I'll load the old smoothbore, anyway," said the marshal, suiting the action to the word, "and this afternoon we'll try it at a mark. If I miss a half-dollar at a dozen paces, I'll give up that you're right. If I hit, your "suicide bullet is no better or worse than a leaden one."

"All right, massa, but you won't hit," replied the old darkey.

Just as Nutting completed the charging of the weapon, a visitor called, and it was thrust hurriedly into a pigeon-hole in the desk. His visitor's business detained him from the office until night, and the plan of the morning was forgotten. The dueling-pistol with its silver missile lay unnoticed for months in the desk.

The days and weeks passed, summer came and went, and fall ripened the year. A dozen times had the marshal organized expeditions and scoured the country, seeking the notorious Allen, but each time he had returned unsuccessful. Occasionally a still would be destroyed, or a quantity of liquor seized, but the man himself remained free, and the winter was approaching rapidly. Soon these raids must be dropped for the year. Nutting chafed under his ill success.

One final effort, however, was to be made. Certain information which he knew to be reliable had at last, he felt sure, put the outlaw in his hands, and he looked to his horse's shoes and loaded his pistols with unusual care.

At his orders mounted guards—men on whom he could depend—patrolled all the roads. Upon the morrow at dawn, with a posse of seven fearless mountaineers, he was to storm the very stronghold of the moonshiners, and to-morrow night would find a vacancy either in the government office or the ranks of the illicit distillers. The expedition had thus far, Nutting believed, been kept a secret. Because of this he looked forward with strong hopes of success.

The officer sat at his desk writing. He had a few pages to complete, a letter or two to prepare for the mail, and some memoranda to destroy. He might never sit at that desk again.

As his eyes wandered over the mass of papers, documents and duplicate reports, filed neatly away before him, he suddenly noticed the butt end of his old dueling pistol, half hidden in one of the compartments, and as the remembrance of how it came there flashed over him, he was about to draw it from its hiding-place, when a shuffling step at the door arrested him, and an instant later an aged and bent woman entered the door.

The hour was late, and Nutting regarded the new comer with surprise, as he arose to offer her a chair. She accepted it with a whine of thanks, and sank panting into it. The marshal resumed his seat at the desk.

"Ye are the gov'ment man, I reckon?" said the woman, after a pause, raising a brown and wrinkled face, half hidden beneath an immense hood and a pair of green spectacles, toward Nutting.

"Yes, madam," replied that worthy.

"I've come a right smart piece to see ye, for an old woman. I'm true grit, I am, but a gittin' wore out. These yer mountains are a sight steeper'n they was forty year ago," and she sighed. "But see here, I'm on business, I am. I want to talk to ye. You don't know me, I reckon?"

"I can't say that I do," said Nutting, slowly.

"I reckon not—as ye never see me before. I'm Mrs. Allen—Bethsheby Allen—an' my boy he's Ruloff Allen. Ye've heard of him, mebbe?" and she paused and gazed cunningly into her listener's face.

"Yes, I know him," and the man's brow darkened.

"Wall, now, I'll tell ye. It 'pears yer on a raid arter him to-morrer—ye see I know a thing or two—an' ye've got the boy badly cooped up this time, shore. Not but what he'll fight, an' some on ye'll catch suthin' besides moonshiners. My boy's smart, he is, I tell ye, an' he'll tote ye round consid'ble afore yet gether him in; but he's cooped all the same, an' I'm afeard ye'll catch him or kill him. An' I'm his mammy, ye know."

The old hag paused and wiped her eyes. She was a woman even yet, and Nutting's heart softened toward her.

"What can I do in this matter, Mrs. Allen?" began the marshal. "Your son is a——"

"Never mind what he is—you can save him. He's trapped, catched, cooped. But he's my boy, an' I want ye to let him go. Take his stills an' his whisky, take everything—but let him go, an' I'll give ye my word—it's good, Bethsheby Allen never broke it yit—that in less than three days we'll be—"

"Mrs. Allen, this is impossible. I'll try not to hurt your son, but capture him I must and shall."

"But if he should capture you—what then?"

At these words the green glasses fell, the hood was thrown back, the bent form became straight, and before the eyes of the dazed officer stood Ruloff Allen himself, a look of deadly hatred on his face, a heavy revolver in his outstretched hand.

Silence reigned a moment, as the young man gazed into the deadly tube before him with nerves tense as steel and a face that palled not, although he knew that he was looking into his open grave.

"I came here to give you one last chance and myself the same," half hissed the moonshiner. "That chance is lost to both of us. I go back to the mountains and outlawry—you retire from active service. Can you pray? If so, do it now. In three minutes I shall kill you!"

Slowly Nutting's eye ran about the room. Escape was impossible—help would not come. A single cry meant instant death—he was lost! His heart sank.

Suddenly the butt of the old duelling pistol came within the circle of his vision. Cool as his would-be murderer, he turned to him and said: "Will you let me smoke once more?"

The fellow eyed him sharply.

"Smoke? Yes, one cigar," he said, at length. And lowering the muzzle of his weapon, he thrust it into his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

"I have some here," said Nutting, and like a flash his hand shot upward toward the pigeon-hole where lay the old dueling pistol.

"Down with your hand!" cried Allen.

It was too late. There came a sharp and ringing report, a single cry, a dull and sickening thud upon the floor, and all was over.

And the moon, breaking from between the rifted clouds without, looked through the open window upon the face of the dead, while Nutting, white and trembling, held in his nerveless hand a smoking pistol.

The silver bullet had found its mark and returned to its owner. The United States Marshal was saved!

### Woolen Underclothing.

Among the many means by which we seek to guard ourselves from the effects of chill there is one which hardly, even now, receives sufficient attention—the use of woolen underclothing. The majority of persons of the male sex do indeed, show their appreciation of its wholesome qualities, but there remains a considerable moiety of these, and a far greater number of women and children, who prefer an under suit of smooth but relatively meagre linen. Yet the superior advantages of wearing wool next the skin are easily apparent on reflection. They do not depend merely on its greater warmth and closeness of application. It is further capable, according to its texture and in virtue of its composition, of better adaptation in respect of temperature to the needs of various climates and the changes of seasons than any other dress material. Moreover, whether it be fine or rough, dense or light, woolen clothing, it is evident, exhibits a special facility for absorbing and distributing moisture. It is this property especially which renders it the natural covering of the constantly perspiring skin. If one be engaged, for example, in active exercise of limb, a linen fabric will absorb what products of transudation in can till it is wet, but will leave much moisture unabsorbed upon the clammy surface, whereas a flannel, from its more spongy nature, will rest upon a skin which it has nearly dried and be but damp itself. It is obvious, then, that in the event of an after-chill, and this occurs in summer as in winter, the body is, in the latter case, most favorably disposed to resist it. Flannel is not less cleanly than linen, though it may appear less white; and if the wearer bathe daily it is surprising how long it will retain its purity. The disadvantage of skin irritation to which it sometimes gives rise is usually associated with coarseness of quality or freshness of manufacture, and is with nearly all who have experienced it, a merely transient condition. Women as well as men, we repeat, but above all, children and the aged, who are alike particularly apt to take cold, should certainly adopt a woolen material for their customary under-garment. It is easily possible to adjust the texture to the season, so that it shall be warm enough in winter, and not too warm in summer.

### The Tallest Chimney in the World.

Speaking about large chimneys, the tallest chimney in the world is said to be that at the Port Dundas works, Glasgow, Scotland. Its height from the foundation is 468 feet; above the ground, 454 feet, the foundation being 14 feet deep. The outside diameter on a level with the ground is 34 feet; at the top of it 12 feet 8 inches; thickness at the ground, 7 bricks; at the top 2½ bricks. The internal diameter at the base is 20 feet, which gradually contracts to 10 feet 4 inches diameter at the top. There are no other human structures in the world higher than this chimney except the steeple of the Strasburg cathedral, which is 466 feet above ground, and that of St. Stephen's church, in Vienna, which is 465 feet high.

The most wonderful part of the story of this lofty chimney is, that having been twisted out of the vertical line to the extent of 7 feet 9 inches by a violent wind before the mortar was hardened, human skill reduced it to a perfect perpendicular again. The mortar was sawed out on the windward side so as to allow the chimney to settle sufficiently to restore the perpendicular.

Nearly two millions of bricks were used in the construction of this chimney and it cost $40,000. It is 150 feet higher than the cross on the top of the steeple of New Trinity Church in New York, and 90 feet higher than the cross on the top of St. Paul's in London. The breadth of this chimney at its base is 40 feet, or equal to the space occupied by a large sized house, and it gradually contracts to 11 feet at the top.—*Thomas Pattison, in Railway Age.*

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—Mr. Webster called to see John Adams not long before his death, which occured on the same day with that of Thomas Jefferson, July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Finding him in a comfortable state, and in a more cheerful mood than usual, Mr. Webster congratulated him upon his apparently improved health, and predicted for him years of comfort. "You are mistaken, Mr. Webster," said Adams, "my days upon earth are few and numbered; I am the tenant of a miserable, worn out mansion; *and what is worse than all, the lanlord refuses to make any more repairs.*

## Our Olio.

### The President's Horses.

Just south of the State department, on Seventeenth street, says the Washington *Star*, are the White House stables. The building is a two-story press brick, forming three sides of a square. It is set back a little way from the street, and the stable yard and drive way are paved with asphalt clear to the side walk. The building is reached through an iron gate from the street. A private telephone wire runs from the office of the President's secretary to the stables, so that a carriage can be summoned in a very few minutes. There is nothing remarkable about these stables. In fact there are scores of private stables in the West End far handsomer, more convenient, and healthier. A deep cellar extends beneath the stable portion, and the moisture soaking through its walls is apt to make it unhealthy for the horses. The only interest attached to the stables arises from the simple fact that they are the President's stables. Desiring to know something about their contents, and knowing the antipathy of the stable employes to reporters, the *Star* man sought the kind services of Col. W. H. Crook, the executive clerk, and was accompanied by him the other morning through the stables. The central part of the building in which the horses are stabled has stood, as it now is, for many years, but the wings were extended a couple of years ago to make more carriage room, as President Arthur needs more than former Presidents. The north half of the stable proper is devoted to the President's private horses. There are three large box stalls on one side, and six stalls on the other. The President's riding horse is the occupant of one of the box stalls. He is a sorrel gelding, seven years old, and about sixteen hands high. There is nothing remarkable about this animal. He is simply a good-looking, easy riding horse, his principal gaits being pace and canter. The President frequently takes a ride on summer evenings. He is a fair rider, and is fond of the exercise. He has four carriage horses, two in the box stalls and two in the stalls on the other side. They are all bays, about sixteen hands high. They are very stylish, and are groomed to perfection, and either pair hitched to any one of the handsome carriages, with Albert on the box, makes a very striking turnout. Occasionally they are driven four-in-hand. Two other stalls are occupied by Allan Arthur's buggy team, one a Hambletonian gelding and the other a Black Hawk mare. They are driven a great deal, either single or double, by their owner when he is at home, but while he is at college they receive only the necessary exercise. Allan Arthur is a very daring rider. He not only knows how to ride well but has plenty of nerve, and it takes a good horse to get the better of him.

In one of the remaining stalls stands the little Indian pony which the President brought back from his trip to the Yellowstone country last year. He has not yet made his debut, but is receiving a course of training at the hands of Albert on the White Lot drive. When by patience and careful training he becomes perfectly docile he will be driven by the President's daughter Nellie to a dog cart. He is a cute little thing, with roached mane and banged tail. His color is what is termed in the West as "painted" or "calico," and what the children call "circus"—irregularly marked with white and brown in about equal proportions. He was presented to the President last summer by Sharpnose, an Arrapahoe chief.

The south side of the stable is devoted to the office horses, six in number. The pair of clipped sorrels usually driven in the secretary's carriage are very good travelers.

"A great many people think," said Col. Crook, "that the expense of keeping the President's horses are borne by the government. Such is not the case. The government keeps up the office stable, of course, but all those horses in the north side are the President's own property, and their keeping is paid for by him. There are practically two distinct stables. When Albert needs feed he buys it from a private firm, while the feed for the office horses comes from the quartermaster's department.

"General Grant had very fine horses when he was President," continued Colonel Crook, "and it was very seldom that he was passed on the road. He was a splendid driver. Hayes had only four horses—a pair of grays, and a pair of bays. Garfield had very nice turnouts. He had one pair of bays and a gray and a black. The latter were used mostly for saddle horses, and the boys used to ride them a great deal."

The south wing of the stables is used for the President's carriage, and in the second story live the watchman and his family. The President has three carriages, a landau, a victoria and a brougham. They were all very handsomely finished. President Arthur's coat-of-arms is on the doors with the motto: "Impelle obstantia." Allan Arthur's Brewster trotting buggy is also in this carriage-house. The opposite wing contains the office carriages—a coupe and a six-seated carriage.

Albert, the President's well-known driver, has acted in that capacity for Grant, Hayes and Garfield. He is a faithful servant and a thorough horseman. He is very fond of horses, but he dislikes reporters. If he thinks a question is asked for newspaper purposes, he shuts up like a clam. He never leaves the stables at night until he is certain that he will not be needed any more. In case an emergency should arise and his services be required, the watchman always knows where to find him. He is very dark, but a fine-looking man, and in his handsome livery looks well on the box. Beverly Lomas, a handsome mulatto house servant, acts as footman to the President. President Arthur's turnouts always look well and always attract attention.

### A Big Word.

A very old Welsh name has just turned up, viz: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgertrobwllgerchwyrmyllgogerbwllzantlvsitiogogogoch. This word of seven-two letters and twenty-two syllables, the name of a village in Wales, constituted the subject of a lecture lately given by the Rev. J. King, M. A., at the Museum, Ber Wick, in which he gave an explanation, as follows: Llan means saint or church; fair, Mary; pwll, pool; gwyn, white; gyll, hazel—(St. Mary's White hazel pool); ger, near; trobwll, turning-pool; ger, near; trio, turnig or turn; bwll, pool; gerchwyrnbyll, near the whirl pool; goger, very near, &c. In fact, the word simply means—St. Mary's white hazel pool near the turning pool, near the whirlpool, very near the pool by Llantsilio, fronting the red rocky islet of Gogo.

In Italy and the East the pulp of tomatoes is dried by pressing the fruit through bags, so as to free it from seeds and skins, and then spreading it on boards and exposing it to the sun. Some of our improved fruit-drying apparatus could, no doubt, be used to good advantage for this purpose; and, as the dried pulp is as serviceable for soups, stews, etc., as the fresh fruit, this mode of preserving this excellent vegetable is well worth the attention of tomato growers.

### Walking, Running and Jumping in England.

Four miles an hour is the ordinary standard pace for a good, brisk country walk; what shall we say then, to eight miles in an hour, fair heel and toe? Yet this has been done by W. Perkins, J. Raby, Griffin, and other professors of the art. Perkins, indeed, has walked one mile in 6 minutes and 23 seconds—a rate of progression nearly approaching 9½ miles an hour. On the same occasion he walked two miles in 13 minutes 20 seconds, and three in 20 minutes 47 seconds, both unequalled records. The greatest distance ever walked without taking a rest is 120 miles, 1,560 yards by Peter Crossland, of Sheffield.

The greatest distance ever run in one hour is 11 miles 970 yards, by Deerfoot, at Old Brompton, in 1863—Deerfoot's real name being L. Bennett, Cattaraugus county, New York State. The fastest time in which one mile has ever been run on level ground is 4 min. 16 1-5 seconds, by W. Cummings, of Paisley, in 1881, at Preston; but in 1863 W. Laug ran a mile over a course which was partly down hill in 4 minutes 2 seconds. The swiftest runner hitherto seen is a man named Hutchens, formerly newsboy at Putney Station. In a Sheffield handicap he has covered 131¼ yards in 12¼ seconds, a performance which shows him many yards better than "even time" at 100 yards, and even time is the unattained ambition of the great army of amateurs. (A hundred yards in "even time" means 100 yards in 10 seconds, or a rate averaging 10 yards per second.) And he has performed the prodigious feat of covering 300 yards in 30 seconds, dead, the most wonderful piece of running on record.

In 1873 R. Buttery, of Sheffield, ran a quarter of a mile in 48¼ seconds, which remains unbeaten to this day. George Hazael has run 50 miles in three seconds less than six hours and a quarter, and he has also performed the prodigious task of covering 600 miles in a 6 days' "go-as-you please," a pedestrian journey in which the competitors may run or walk as they prefer.

As to jumping, amateurs who patronize the sport jump without any artificial aid. The records among the latter are both held by the same athlete, P. Davin, of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, who has cleared 6 feet 2¾ inches high, and 23 feet 2 inches wide, both at local athletic gatherings. M. J. Brooks, who in 1876 won the Inter-'Varsity high jump with 6 feet 2½ inches, is said to have cleared an inch more in practice. John Howard, a Bradford professional, more than once cleared a full-sized billiard table lengthways—a feat requiring courage as well as ability, and on one occasion, on Chester race course, he jumped the enormous distance of 29 feet 7 inches! He took off from a wedge-shaped block of wood, raised four inches from the ground, and carried a five pound dumb bell in each hand. In pole jumping—prettiest of all athletic pastimes—the great height of 11 feet 4½ inches has been cleared by the present amateur champion, T. Ray, of Ulverstone.

### Utilizing Old Tin.

The *Philadelphia Record* furnishes the following on the utilization of old tin cans: The tin can and scrap tin, like the old and much abused hoop skirts, have always resisted all attempts to convert them to some suitable use, except as food for goats, and any plan to relieve humanity of their annoyance and turn them to possible good will be hailed with satisfaction. "The empty tin can at last has a mission, and a profitable one, at that. Emptied of its contents of peaches or tomatoes, discarded and thrown out at the kitchen gate, it may soon be seen at the front door or find an honored place in the best room in the house. Thousands of these cans are gathered in Philadelphia every week and made into shining sheets and used to decorate or cover large traveling trunks, and thus get a promotion from the back yard to the boudoir. On the outskirts of the city, within a short time, a number of factories for the conversion of these old buffeted and battered cans and other tin refuse from the ash heaps have sprung up, and the business is a growing one. One of considerable size is on Moyamensing avenue, below Mifflin street, where a large force of men is kept busy day in and day out. The cans are collected in various ways, but principally from the city ash heaps and the hotels and large boarding houses. At the factory the soldered seams are subjected to an intense heat in such a way that the solder is allowed to run into a receptacle, and is carefully saved and sold, the profit from this source alone almost paying for the expense of the gathering and handling of the cans. The tops and bottoms of the cans are melted and turned into window sash weights. The labels on the tin plate are easily taken off, after having been thoroughly soaked in water and the plates themselves rolled out flat by machinery. As the inside of the plates are not much discolored by the contents of the can, they present a clean surface and make excellent covers for trunks, the seams being hidden by the trunk braces, either of wood or sheet iron. Other uses are also made of the tin plates, and there is considerable profit in the business. The process is quite simple, and very little capital is required. One concern in this city rolled out 40,000 of these plates in less than two months, and the industry promises to be largely developed both here and elsewhere."

### Heighth of British Soldiers.

Among the 86,000 non-commissioned officers and men constituting the British home army on the 1st of January, and including all young soldiers, there were under 5 feet 5 inches in height 10,622; between that and 5 feet 6 inches, 11,944; between 5 feet 6 inches, and 5 feet 7 inches there were 15,810, and nearly the same number, or 15,499, 5 feet 8 inches or an inch under; between 5 feet 8 inches and and 5 feet 9 inches there were 12,763. between 5 feet 9 inches and 5 feet 10 inches 8,725; and between 5 feet 10 inches and 6 feet 11 inches 5,373. Above that height there were only about 5,000 men, and one-fifth are in the Household Cavalry, of whom 665 are over, and 378 less than an inch under, 6 feet. In the guards, notwithstanding the lowering of the standard 5 from 5 feet 8 inches, there are but 505 men between 5 feet 7 inches, the new, and 5 feet 8 inches, the old, minimum. In the matter of chest measurement, there were 2,376 under 33 inches and 5,513 between that and 34 inches. For each increased inch above that the respective numbers are 13,796, 16,303, 17,106, and 13,690. Above 38 inches the number are, of course, much less.

A paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall street, and had lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a "bull" or a "bear." He replied, "Neither; I was a donkey."

When two young ladies kiss each other they fulfill a gospel injunction. They are doing unto each other what they would that men should do unto them.