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Poetical.

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THE SONG OF THE MOUNT.

Translated from the German of Schiller
BY G. H. S.

The dizzy path lies 'long the precipice,
And leads between dark death and life:
Those dark grim giants bar the lonely way,
Eternal ruin threatens thee.
Wouldst thou not wake the slumb'ring avalanche,
Then tread this frightful path with silent step?

Above the verge of this terrific depth
There hangs a crystal bridge, high-arched;
It was not builded by the hand of man,
For none would dare to venture it.
Early and late the stream sweeps under it,
Breaks against, yet ne'er destroys this bridge.

But now there opens dark a dreadful gate,
You think you're in the realms of shades—
But lo! a laughing landscape breaks in view,
Where Fall and Spring have joined in one.
Might I but flee to this most happy vale,
Away from th' eternal griefs and cares of life.

Four streams are rushing down into the field—
Their source it is forever hid;
They flow towards all "four corners of the earth,"
Towards Ev'ning, North, Mid-day and Morn;
And as their mother bore them rushing down,
So forth they fly and wander ever lost.

High in the vault of blue, two peaks project,
High up above the forms of men:
Upon these heights, all veiled with golden mist,
The clouds, the heavenly daughters, dance.
But oh! they have a lonely dance; for there
No human witness can present himself.

The Virgin Queen sits there, serene and high,
Upon an everlasting throne;
Around her face she wreathes so wonderful
A precious diamantine crown:
On this the sun is casting beams of light—
He gives 't a golden hue, but warms it not.

The Woes of the Palace.

In our estimate of royalty we are induced to measure kingly character through the medium of political history, and this knowledge comes to us generally from those who are in sympathy with that burdensome and expensive national institution, who cover the mental and moral defects of its incumbents, carefully screening from the world the wicked corruptions and glaring deformities of court life. The hallowed threshold of the palace is not invaded by the footsteps of the vulgar, and the secret misdoings enacted therein are assiduously guarded by the satellites who cater to the sensual pastimes of a monarch. As the great dial hand of the world's human progress moves on, it is being demonstrated that man and government can exist without a king; that man is capable of governing himself, and that the monarchical system is on the decline. From almost every nationality in Europe are coming mutterings of discontent; threats to reverse the existing order of things. Russia's Nihilists had for a time driven the trembling Czar to the inmost recesses of the winter palace, from whence, surrounded by all his regal splendor and gorgeous display of opulence, the uncrowned Czar of all the Russias issued with an unsteady hand his decree and mandates sealing the fate of some suspected Nihilist. No ruler of the present age is subjected to such alarms and

uneasiness as the Emperor of Russia. The absolute disposal of the lives and property of eighty-five millions of people, he knows not at what moment or at what hour he may fall a victim to the power he has inherited. Russia, it has been said, is a despotism tempered by assassination; but the thousands annually exiled from their homes to the barren wastes of Siberia, there to spend a miserable life in the gloomy depth of the mines, fail to justify the assertion. This organization is gaining strength and vitality in the face of all efforts to crush it. The death of the late Czar was the result of their labors and murderous principles. The arrest and transportation of hundreds to the frozen plains of Siberia did not check their efforts. Secret agents acted in the very heart of the palace, presses publishing socialistic views were discovered within a few yards of the same place. The new emperor failed to appear in the streets of St. Petersburg; for eighteen months his coronation was deferred. Each occasion pointed has been postponed on account of threatening letters received warning him that unless certain measures of reform were carried out his life would pay the forfeit. The cruel hand of tyrannical power has relentlessly crushed out all prospect of reform. Among the lower classes the worst state of morals exist, while the aristocracy are not supremely blessed with exalted ideas of government or national pride. There prevails a direful tendency to use the wholesale argument of the assassin, to call into requisition the dagger and the sword, to hurl into eternity at a moment's notice with the secret bomb and powerful dynamite. From along the Rhine, the land famed in legendary lore, come also whisperings of disaffection. Socialism in Germany is gaining in strength and power, restrained for the present by the iron will of Bismarck, and the respect inspired by the name of William, the gray-haired German warrior. The king of Italy and the youthful ruler of Spain are harassed by similar fears. The thrones of Europe are tottering and crumbling before the popular sentiment of the present age, illuminated by increasing intelligence and refinement. Regal pomp and a gaudy display may serve to inspire awe in the breasts of the untutored and ignorant, but the educated masses refuse to yield to the influence of hero worship. The life of a monarch is one of unbounded perils and dangers, subject to the caprice of a ministry which at a moment's warning may desert him, leaving him to the mercy of a jealous and unsympathizing people.

The fate of Charles I is an example, whose principals were the most exorbitantly arbitrary, whose authority while it was obeyed yet ceased to be respected, and whose career culminated on the gallows, leaving his inheritance to a commoner, while his son was an exile in a foreign land. Shakspeare spoke with convicting force when he uttered the sentence "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." For does not the peasant, free and unrestrained to follow the inclinations of his heart, enjoy the pleasures attendant upon his life with more contentment than the habitant of a palace. The rural swain pillows his head

with a feeling of ease and security, and as the hours of the night steal on his slumbers are not troubled with visions of the spectral dagger or the deadly poison. The sad fate of Maximilian the Emperor of Mexico and his beautiful but ambitious Empress Charlotta is contemplated with sincere regret. He was an Archduke of the house of Hapsburg in Austria, living upon his estate at Miramar. When the tempting offer of the Mexican throne was made to him by the Emperor France, he hesitated, but urged on by the ambition of his wife rather than by his good judgment he clutched at the shadowy sceptre. On his way to take charge of this imaginary empire, he passed through Rome to receive the blessings of the Pontiff where he was received with great distinction. Never did a young couple set out upon the dark waters of the Adriatic under more auspicious circumstances. The warnings of the prophetic Pasquin failed to alarm them, who said, "Beware Maximilian! return promptly to Miramar the frail throne of the Montezumas is a Gallic snare, a cup full of froth, he who does not remember the 'timeo danaos' instead of a purple shall find a halter. The prediction of Pasquin did not wait long for its fulfillment. His reception in the new world was not reassuring. The proud Mexican winced under the galling yoke of a foreign potentate whose possessed no sympathy in common with them, and in a short while his authority was overthrown and he paid the penalty of his ambition with his life. The reason of his beautiful young wife gave way while endeavoring to get aid in Europe to retrieve the falling fortunes of her husband, leaving her a wreck of former grandeur, and an object of pity. The humble laborer, the man of small estate, even the Arab of the desert enjoys more of life than the possessor of a jeweled coronet.

"Home hath he none who once becomes a king.
Behind the pillar'd masses of his halls
The dagger'd traitor lurks
His vaulted roofs do mightily echo to the
whisper'd vows of those who curse him."

Masataka Gamanaka.

Rev. Mr. Weber, of the German Reformed Church, has kindly given us the following sketch of the lecture delivered in his church a few weeks ago:

Mr. Masataka Gamanaka, class '85 of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., recently made a visit to our city. While here he delivered his lecture on "Japan, the Civilization and Religion of its People." He first had a gospel lesson in Japanese, after which he began his discourse, in which he described his country, its extent, position, climate, products, &c. An absolute monarchy, the government has at its head a Mikado, whose dynasty began 650 B. C. The language which they speak has no affinity with any of the Western tongues. It is also distinct from the Chinese. It is made up of some forty characters, each representing a syllable, and is written upon the page in a perpendicular line. Before Commodore Perry's visit to their coast in 1854 their country had no relations with any foreign power.

Up to that time little progress had been made in science and art. The most primitive customs in family, state and religion had been observed, but since then progress in all departments has been rapid. Railways have been built, telegraph and telephone lines have been erected, newspapers and schools established, and the improvements of Western civilization generally adopted. Christianity is rapidly replacing their false religion. Temples dedicated to the true Jehovah are taking the place of their heathen shrines.

Christianity is needed, Mr. Gamanaka said in conclusion, to raise the people of the "Rising Sun" to a higher and nobler plane of civilization; its power and life alone can bring to them true conceptions of morality and inspire them with nobler religious and spiritual motives.

Mr. Gamanaka speaks the English language remarkably well, considering the time he has given to its study. He expects again to return to his own people, carrying with him the "glad tidings of great joy," the knowledge of the true God and of the salvation accomplished for man through His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

We wish the young man much success in his literary and theological preparation, and in his subsequent missionary labors.

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How Old They Are.

It may be of some interest to the readers of the GAZETTE to know the age of some of our authors. It is interesting to note how many of them were born in the same years.

The venerable historian Bancroft is 84; Whittier, the Quaker poet, is 77; Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is 72; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Albert Pike were born in 1809; the historian Headley was born in 1814; E. P. Whipple, Thomas William Parsons, Walt Whitman, Julia Ward Howe, J. G. Holland and Timothy Titecomb were born in 1819; Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Susan Warner, Elizabeth Wetherell, the authoress of "Wide, Wide World," and Henry W. Shaw, better known as Josh Billings, were born in 1818; John G. Saxe is in his 68th year; Donald G. Mitchell, better known as Ike Marvel, William Taylor Adams, Oliver Optic, Edward E. Hale, James Strong, James Parton and Richard Grant White were born in 1822; Stoddard is 59; J. T. Trowbridge, "Paul Creyton," was born in 1827, and the Historian Parkman in 1823; George William Curtis and Charles G. Leland were born in 1824; Charles Dudley Warner is 55; Louise M. Alcott, Edmund Clarence Steedman, and David Ross Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby, were born in 1833; James Russell Lowell is 65; Samuel Laughton Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, is 48; the novelist W. D. Howells is 46; Mary V. Terhune, Marian Harland, was born in 1835, and Mary A. Dodge Gail Hamilton, in 1838. Bret Harte and Thomas Bailey Aldrich are each 45; Cincinnati Heiner Miller, better known as Jaquin Miller, was born in 1841; Robert J. Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, is 40.

Modern Languages and History in School.

We are glad to find from the address of Prof. Eliot, of Harvard, delivered at Johns Hopkins University on Feb. 22nd, that while his college will continue to insist on the study of Greek and Latin, he believes that English literature should have a more prominent place in the programmes of schools; that the study of French and German is indispensable to the American or English student, and that, to use his own words, "without these languages he will be much worse off in respect to communicating with his contemporaries than the student of the seventeenth century was who could not read and speak Latin, for through Latin the student of the year 1684 could put himself into direct communication with all contemporary learning. Philologists, archæologists, metaphysicians, physicians, physicists, naturalists, chemists, economists, engineers, architects, artists and musicians all agree that a knowledge of these languages is indispensable to the intelligent pursuit of any one of their respective subjects beyond its elements. Without the knowledge of these two languages it is impossible to get at the experience of the world upon any modern industrial, social or financial question, or to master any profession which depends upon applications of modern science. I urge no utilitarian argument, but rest the claims of French and German for admission to complete academic equality on the copiousness of the literatures and the indispensableness of the languages to all scholars."

Nearly a year ago Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., caused quite a stir in literary and educational circles by a paper entitled "A College Fetish," which he read before the Harvard Chapter of the fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa. While probably too radical in many of his utterances, there was much truth in what he said as to colleges preparing us to play our parts in this world by compelling us, directly and indirectly to devote the best part of our school lives to acquiring a confessedly superficial knowledge of two dead languages. The difference between the conditions of university life in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries is something which ought to receive great consideration, and therefore Professor Elliot is right when he says: "If history says that the staples of education have in fact changed, reason says still more clearly that they must change. It would be, indeed, incredible that organized education should not take account of the progress of knowledge. We may be sure that the controlling intellectual forces of the actual world, century by century, penetrate educational processes, and that languages, literatures, philosophies or sciences which show themselves fruitful and powerful must win recognition as liberal arts and proper means of mental discipline." It seems to us that there has come now a new age of learning, and that men are beginning to see that a uniform system of instruction for all is not possible, simply because, as Prof. Elliot says, in the first place the uniform boy is lacking, and in the second place it is altogether probable that the educational value of any established city, far from being permanently fixed, is constantly changing as new knowledge accumulates and new sciences come into being. Mr. Adams' remarks on this question are most pertinent; "Under existing conditions the process of acquiring the languages is too laborious; the one crowds out the other. In the university it is not so. The two could from the beginning there move side by side; under the elective system they do so already during the last three years of the course. I would put no obstacle in the way of the scholar whose tastes

turn to classic studies. On the contrary I would afford him every assistance, and no longer clog and cumber his progress by tying him to a whole class-room of others whose tastes run in opposite directions or in no direction at all. Indeed, it is curious to think how much the standard of classic requirements might be raised were not the better scholars weighted down by the presence of the worse. But while welcoming the classicist, why not also welcome the modernist? Why longer say, 'By this one avenue only shall the college be approached!'"

One other important point to which Prof. Eliot called attention is the study of history—"the study of the passions, opinions, beliefs, arts, laws and institutions of different races or communities, and of the joys, sufferings, conflicts and achievements of mankind." Nor do we believe that there is any university, either in America or Europe, which gives this subject a more prominent place on its programme of studies than does Johns Hopkins. The origin and growth of free institutions, the similarity of the forms of local self-government in America to those of Thuringia or Northumbria, of Mercia or of Wessex—all this is a study so fascinating that the wonder is that it does not form a part of the education given even in our public schools. To trace the town-meeting of New England back through centuries, to see even in the simplest custom in Maryland the past stand out revived, when we see the farmers on Sunday standing in conversation around some village, to remember that this is a dim survival of the "moot" in England one thousand years ago—all these deal with "the actual experience on this earth of social and progressive man," and after all this is the proper study for the age in which we live. No excuse need be offered for the press taking up this question; it belongs to every-day life, its study will teach us more as to our own land, it will give expansion and growth to communities and will be an instrumentality by which public opinion can be better purified and elevated.—*Baltimore Day.*

A new engine of war is being constructed at the Norwalk iron works. On the floor of one of the rooms lies an iron cylinder twenty-eight feet in length and 16 inches in diameter. It has a bore of four inches diameter. In another department an air compressor is being constructed, which, when completed, will be attached to the cylinder or tube, and what the inventor confidently asserts to be the most tremendous engine of war will be completed. Compressed air, at a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch will take the place of powder, and the gun is expected to throw a ball or three-pound cartridge a distance of three miles. Should the gun prove successful others of a size sufficient to throw 100 pounds of dynamite ten miles will be constructed. The gun now in the works will be tested at an early day.

Old putty can be removed without injury to the sash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits its removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants, forgetting that it, too, like them has its root in the dirt.

When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him up stairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.

Boyish Enthusiasm.

It seems to be a part of the boy's nature to be enthusiastic. From the time when he is first able to stand unsupported on his feet 'till the limit of boyhood is reached, he is a most excitable enthusiast. Let him be taken on his father's knee and told a story of war, and immediately afterwards the same boy may be found with a soldier cap made of a folded newspaper, a rope belt, a wooden gun and a stick for a horse, contenting himself fully in the belief that he is a great soldier, and destined to subdue whole nations. Tell him how his grandfather was a captain on a large vessel and sailed the great ocean, battling the storm and waves, meeting difficulties of all kinds, and finally returning in safety to his own home. Tell him this, and in ten minutes he will imagine himself as hardy a tar as ever sailed the great deep, and with an old tin horn for a trumpet be hailing every moving object with a loud "ship ahoy!"

Let any new game come up, and for a week or two it will have no greater devotee anywhere than the boy. All day long he will find undisturbed contentment, and even reluctantly desist from playing it when his bed time is announced.

As the boy grows older the more trifling things are laid aside, and he takes on the would-be-man enthusiasm, aspiring to do what his elder brother or his father does. If his father chew or smoke tobacco, then the boy feels himself at liberty to do the same thing. This desire he prosecutes with the greatest stealth, managing in all the possible ways his ingenuity can invent to keep concealed the tobacco plug and disinfect the detestable odor from his clothes. But what happens when the parent discovers that his son has taken up this habit? Immediately the man and the boy are closeted together. Nine times out of ten a severe chastisement with the birch rod is the result. O, thou wise father! Every lick you lay upon your boy's back should leave a lasting scar on your own conscience. The day will probably come when every sting of the rod will be correlated with an oath from your own boy's lips, and you shall wish that the tobacco which in your mouth was a loadstone to draw him on the path of evil habits, could have poisoned you.

What effect do the numerous whiskey shops and beer saloons in our large cities, and even in our smallest towns produce upon the rising generation? The boy thinks it the highest attainment, the nearest approach to manly perfection, to enter the saloon, walk up to the bar and call for drinks for his companions and himself. This is at first a novelty, and his enthusiasm stimulates him; thus he continues 'till the tempter has him within its coils, as the snake closes around the victim entwined in its envenomed fangs; and soon the boy is seen to reel from the dram shop, poisoned in mind and soul. Does not the law for minors prevent this? Draw the answer from the bloated face, the haggard look, the shattered mind of many a boy who walks the streets of our towns and cities daily. Would that man would learn to be a man indeed, and fully realize that his every act is observed by the enthusiastic boy, who fashions himself after what he thinks a worthy model!

There is another dangerous enthusiasm to which nearly every boy is a victim. As soon as he is able to read a book intelligently, "trashy" literature seems to present an irresistible attraction for him. He lives and breathes in the sphere of the blood-thrilling fiction of the "five-cent" novel. He becomes a listless youth, without any seeming care for anything, except the pages of his book, where he reads of the most miraculous escapes from the murderous

tomahawk of the barbarous Indian, the wonderful rescue of the heroine, the reunion and marriage of her with her lover. His young blood is fired with enthusiasm, and he paints himself running away from home, encountering dangers almost unsurmountable, fighting the pirate or the cannibal, meeting his destined wife, saving her life, marrying her and then returning home to cheer the heart of his old mother and brighten the declining days of his aged father.

This is a picture wonderfully bright to the youngster who has never had to fight with this world to keep away poverty, or to maintain himself. Examples are not wanting, where this enthusiasm has proven fatal, and the boy has severed the ties of affection which the home fireside strengthened where danger exists, but safety (?) is sure. With these examples of boy's enthusiastic tendency before his eyes, the parent should be careful how his mind is trained. Keeping from his son the tempting novel and imbuing him with a love for the lofty inspiration of good literature. An enthusiasm can be raised for good literature, just as easily as for bad, and the only essential is a proper training. Let the boy have proper cultivation and his enthusiasm can only be of the most exalted, and aspiration of the highest. How much benefit and how many blessings might be conferred upon many a boy, if he only had his enthusiasm within proper limits? W.

What It Is.

The poet laureate can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$65,000. That's genius.

Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet and make it worth \$5,000,000. That's capital.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird," and that's worth \$20. That's money.

The mechanic can take the material worth \$2 and make it into a watch worth \$100. That's skill.

The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents and sell it for \$1. That's business.

A lady can purchase a very comfortable bonnet for \$1, but she prefers to pay \$10. That's foolishness.

A ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for \$2. That's labor.

A young man thinks he cannot get along without tobacco. That's folly.

A young lady thinks every young man with a moustache is "perfectly lovely." That's greenness.

A man thinks it is cheaper to steal than to work. The jail teaches him a good lesson.

A boy thinks it is better to be a druggist's clerk at \$10 a month than to be a farmer, because he can sell the girls soda water. He shows he doesn't know much.

Some men talk about the world as though they could make one themselves. They are worse than the last.—*The School Journal.*

The high-school girl's brother Jim told her a new conundrum yesterday. It is this: "What is the difference between shooting a man and killing a hog?" The answer was: "One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other is killing with intent to salt." When she met Amy she propounded the conundrum to her, but Amy gave it up. "Well, I'll tell you," said Mildred; "one is assaulting with intent to deprive of life, and the other is killing with intent to preserve in brine." And Amy failed to see the point.—*Old City Derrick.*

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

HORRORS.

Ideas of an Idle Mind.

Whenever there is a beginning it must follow there will be an end. There is a limit to all things that are not eternal, and nothing that has a beginning is eternal. The human family had its beginning, according to the accepted doctrine in one man or, according to Darwin, in the monkey. However that may be, the race of man, or monkey, palpably had its beginning in an origin alone or pair. From a Christian standpoint, we must say that Adam was the original man, and that the whole human race must trace its ancestry to Noah. From this beginning, from a single family, sprung the human race which now covers the greater part of the earth with its branches. The increasing of the population has continued from that starting-point like the ripples caused by a stone thrown into the water which get larger and larger until they cover the whole surface of the surrounding element. But instead of getting weaker and undefined as they grow larger, the spreading tide of mankind grows bolder and more prominent as it gets wider. The obstacles to its advance grow fewer and less formidable as the tide grows stronger.

In olden times whole nations perished at a time in battle. Quarter was seldom asked or given and revenge was the battle-cry. The men were as unfeeling and remorseless as the very blades they wielded. That small band of Spartans at Thermopylae, the bravest men that ever lived, were ruthlessly and mercilessly slain. Only one was left alive to carry the news to the rest of the nation, rejoicing in the glory of the tragedy while they bemoaned the loss of the nation. A similar case is presented to us in the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon led his men in hopeless attempts to defeat the opposing armies when to think of victory was ridiculous. And at the close of the contest a ravine on the battle-field was filled with the dead of those "Who rushed to glory or the grave."

Nor was war the only obstacle that opposed the increase of mankind. Other forms even more cruel and horrible were practiced in heathen lands.

In India, that land of sorrow and darkness, thousands were sacrificed every year at the feast of Juggernaut. Three out of every four female children were sacrificed to the sacred monsters of the nation. The mother, in her ignorant superstition, would yield up her helpless and loved babe to the steaming jaws of uncouth beasts or to the relentless waves of the holy Ganges. Realize if you can the tortures of mind she underwent as she saw her darling torn to bits piece-meal, or struggling and strangling in the dark waters. Think of it ye Christian mothers and bless the providence that spared you these things. Press your babe close to your breast and hold it there while you try to conjure up the feelings of that heathen mother.

Neither were such senseless cruelties practised in India alone. Let us see Iceland the land of the Esquimaux and view one of their barbarous ceremonies. What means that solemn procession following that feeble person who is supported on either side by companions or guards? They all look as sorrowful as though they were attending a funeral. So they are, but the subject is not yet dead. He has been ill and his friends said 'twere better that he should die. He is no longer of any service to any one and should be put out of misery. His illness is his only offence but he must die. They follow him with that same mournful resignation that we feel when we consign a friend to the cold arms

of his mother earth. He is placed in a crevice in the ice and his nearest relative is the first to cast a stone with crushing force upon his unprotected head. The picture is too miserable to look upon. Let us leave it.

Battling against all these difficulties and despite all the obstacles thrown in its way with what stupendous strides the population advances. After the flood it was only eight; to-day it is 1,440,000,000. Follow up this growth in your mind and then look ahead and tell me what you see. Every day man continues to increase and every day more rapidly. Centuries have rolled away and centuries will continue to pass. Put on with me the magicians glasses and compare the population of far-distant millenniums with our present populations. We see man literally covering the whole earth. Cities cover the ground as trees stand in a dense forest. Manufactories will then exist which in size and perfection are removed far beyond our utmost stretch of imagination. Where one now exists there will then be millions. The land will be covered with houses and farming land will be so limited that produce will reach fabulous prices and then fall short of the need. The workingman will be forced to live from hand to mouth and will be unable to lay aside a cent for a time of need. He must work constantly or starve. The farming land is filled so he must go to the machine shop and toil. Large as will be the demand for manufactures the supply will exceed them.

There is no trade for the products of the mills and they must close. The discharged will be actually without a place to which they may go for relief. There will be no unoccupied land and game will have been annihilated with the forests to make way for the imperious entree of man. What will they do? Money will be gone. Credit will be unknown and they must regain employment or starve.

Man, gaunt and desperate looking will wander about in the hopeless search of bread. He has no home. What to him was once a joy and a pride is now a link in the chain of misery that binds him down in pits of despair. Where in former times he was wont to go for solace and relief from the world is now a specter that haunts him ceaselessly and drives him to extremities. When he reaches this seat of horror he sees his wife and family and little baby. But ah! what a group they form. The wife greets him with a blank expressionless stare that chills ones very hearts-blood when one meets the gaze. In a listless and despairing manner she tries to comfort the puny child she holds with dumb, feelingless caresses. The poor scrawny little babe looks around with a stare full of the agony it feels but cannot understand. The other children gather around and add to the poor father's misery unspeakable, with their faces and bodies distorted, fleshless from their long siege of starvation. What man could thus stand by and gaze upon the miseries of those so dear to him without being able in the least to help them. It would drive him crazy to remain there. He rushes again into the street and tries to escape his own thoughts and the ever present memory of his family. On every hand he sees others whose condition is exactly like his own. From every house the pinched starved faces of the inmates, stare out at him. The similarity is such a reminder of the scene he just left that he turns down his eyes and hurries away from the vicinity of the tenements of laboring men to where those live whose purse lifts them above the thought of want. But instead of relieving him it only aggravates him the more. As he sees the children of the rich man covered with rich robes that would bring him

a fortune, and giving their poodles food that would remove starvation from his family. When he contrasts the conditions and thinks how little sacrifice on the part of these would save the lives of his children, a great realization of the injustice of the divisions of the fates rushes upon his mind. Why should they, who had never worked a day, live in luxury and comfort, while those who worked from morning till night, day in, day out, should perish for want of a crust. Borne down with a sense of his sufferings he goes to where he knows his comrades and fellow-workmen have assembled. Here as at home, for a long time no one speaks. Each is too full of his own wrongs to do more than brood over them. The only reason they come together is because misery loves company. Their feelings are like an immense body of water backed up behind a dam. All seems quiet but if only a little opening is made in the breast-work that body will tear away the whole work and carry desolation and ruin to all that is before it. A mutter is now heard in the meeting; the breast-work is strained at one of the joints. It grows deeper and more ominous in its tones; one of the logs has given away. Now one is called upon to address them; a stream is pouring through the dam making the opening wider and wider.

He is lead up to one end of the assemblage and stands there for awhile still kept silent by his miseries. Slowly and sadly he begins. One by one he takes up and describes the scenes engraven on the tablets of his memory. He pictures to them the happy days of prosperity. He repeats to them the joy felt at evening when he wended his way homeward and was received with loving words and happy smiles by his wife and children. Then he draws the picture of the existing circumstances, and shows them the desolate fire place and miserable objects we have just seen him leave. Then he tells them of the wasteful indulgence of the rich man; how he lives and what extravagance he practices. This is the stepping-stone from sorrow to rage. "Why should this be, O ye workingmen? Is this justice? Shall we allow our children to starve while these gouty and useless aristocrats have locked up in their elevators ample grain to supply all our wants? Shall we toil and spend our lives in earning a fortune for our employers and the when we can no longer benefit them, be turned out to perish for want of bread while their families waste the hard-earned money in baubles? The money is not theirs. They have no right to spend it. We and we only earned it. By the sweat of our brows we made it and it belongs to us. Our children have a right to it, not theirs. It belongs to us to purchase our lives, not to them to trample under their feet. The period of regrets has passed, and this is the time for action. The world is not large enough for all; some must perish and make room for the rest. And must we submit to be the victims? We have known nothing but hardships all our lives, while they have feasted. We have labored and known nothing but the sorrows of existence, while they have enjoyed its choicest blessings. Listen, men! Shall we drop off without knowing happiness, and let them rejoice at our fate and enjoy our earnings in peace? No, a thousand times no! The working people did take things in their own hands in ancient France. The Reign of Terror shows what they can do when desperate. Let us band ourselves together. Who will follow me against the masters in a battle for food and life? We will tear their hearts from their bodies; their families shall know what sorrow and death mean. They shall suffer as we have, and they shall die." A shout rends the air as

they rush around their leaders. Tremble, ye, pets of fortune; your doom is at hand. The communistic days shall pass and be forgotten in the blaze of horrors that will follow the track of these men, fighting for life and their families, and the number that perish shall be as the leaves of the forest. SAM.

Exchanges.

The Wittenberger is on hand and welcome.

Goodwin's Greek Grammar has been introduced in place of Handley by Professor Zerbe.—*Heidelberg Journal*.

A dude gazed intently at a giraffe for a few moments and sighed, "Oh, if I had a neck like that what a collar I could wear!"—*Ec.*

Our *Journal* comes to hand promptly and is always filled with spicy matter. The original pieces are good, and the clippings show a knowledge of the literature of the day.

We are glad to greet among our exchanges the *Adelphian*, of Furman University, S. C. It is neatly gotten up and is filled with interesting composition.

A POETICAL SCINTILLATION FOUND ON THE FLY LEAF OF A SOPH'S "HORACE."

"Volo hunc librum
Esse in Inferno
Ego mathematicas
Vehementer sperno;
In quibus ullum bonum
Ego numquam cerno"

At Johns-Hopkins University the final examinations of the year are conducted by gentlemen not connected with the University and not acquainted with the students. This makes an examination a severe test; but the plan is said to work well.

We heartily agree with W. H. G. in the *Campus* in his article on Loyalty to the College. Students should each do the best in his power for his College. Every alumnus should deem it his sacred duty, as it is, to help build up and forward the interests of his *alma-mater*.

The *Southern Collegian* is the neatest of our exchanges. The paper is of good quality, the type clear and large and it is in nice form. The matter is worthy of its dress and we read it with great satisfaction and interest.

Franklin and Marshall is to have a \$10,000 Observatory, the munificent gift of a Maryland lady. We congratulate the college on its good fortune. A committee of students of that college are now working to get a pipe organ for the Chapel.

The Chinese Leap-Year.

This is the Chinaman's leap-year, consisting of thirteen months instead of twelve. The manner of determining the Chinese leap-year is peculiar. It comes every three or four years, and is computed by the phases of the moon. The orthodox Celestial insists that the full moon shall appear on the 15th of each month, and when she fails to do so on time the month is reckoned as only twenty-nine days, the other months containing thirty days. This lost day is carefully preserved until thirty of them have accumulated to the credit of a year, when they are thrown together in a bunch and make the thirteenth month of leap-year.

As in this country, Chinese maidens are supposed to be allowed the privilege of opening matrimonial negotiations during leap-year, and the festival at the opening of the year is celebrated with great enthusiasm.

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WILLISON & MOORE, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1884.

In this practical age every institution of learning should adopt as far as possible all the improved methods which tend to increase the practical benefits derived from its course. Why do we go to Colleges? What is the use of devoting the period of our greatest enthusiasm to this side road of the great thoroughfare of life? Is it that we may have a few years of pleasure and diversion before entering the great battle for bread and honor? Where is the benefit derived from thus shutting ourselves off from practical life, when we might be that many years advanced in our chosen pursuit? The answer shows itself plain and simple. The school is, or should be, but a pattern of outside life. There we learn in months the experiences of decades. There we anticipate and solve the problems of life and gird on our armor for the fray. Here leaders gain a competency to direct their subordinates; here men learn to submit to greater genius; here men learn to govern and make laws for themselves. To this last clause we would call especial attention. Its justice is visible in the approbation shown it by all of our learned directors. At every college the authorities encourage and applaud the forming of societies among their pupils. They see that it will increase their ability and self-reliance, and will fit them to form an intelligent part of this great democracy.

They observe this and encourage a sentiment of regard for the *modus operandi* of our government, and yet maintain in their very school a monarchical government. They will teach the students the justice of a republican government in theory, and yet will practically demonstrate their preference for the opposite by refusing to let them have an insight to the judgments passed by the heads of the school government. Some of our highest institutions have recognized the fallacy of this procedure, and have amended it by admitting representatives from their students into the deliberations of their meetings. Why not make this a universal method among our colleges?

From babyhood to youth the child in America is taught to reverence and protect the rights of a free man. From his cradle he hears the eulogies pronounced upon the conduct of our noble ancestors in the Revolution; how they would not be content while they were not allowed to help govern themselves; how gloriously they fought for this right, and how zealously we ought all help to preserve this privilege. Thus a

feeling of resistance to all incomprehensive restraints becomes a part of their being. They wish to see the why and wherefore of a law before they submit to it. By this principal they guide their actions and learn to do all things fairly and above board, and thus they arrive at the proper age for going to college.

Ought our colleges then take upon themselves the unpleasant and unsatisfactory duty of breaking this spirit in their students? Time and disposition will be destroyed in the change. The student will be much longer in completing a course than he would if he were made feel that he is working for himself and not for his teachers. Give them, we say, a part in the forming and executing of the laws, and they will feel the responsibility and appreciate it. This is the true method for this land of the free, and unless our schools pattern their laws from the laws of our republic, they will never fulfill their allotted duty.

We noticed in the Baltimore *Sun* of a short time back this statement: "St. John's College has graduated 53 state students, for which the state has paid \$203,000." These may not be the exact words, but they give the sense. Now a statement of this sort is unfair and ought not to be put before the public in such a responsible organ as the *Sun*. It will mislead persons to think that these graduates were the only persons who received any benefit from the free scholarships. For fear our friends in a similar manner will judge us, we will show them how well every scholarship has been filled, and how fully the "donation" of the state has been merely a business transaction. As soon as there was a vacant scholarship the commissioners of the district were promptly so informed, and if the place was not filled it was not the fault of the Western Maryland College authorities. The appropriation was made in 1878, and below is the record of the county representatives in W. M. C.

Allegany—G. B. Funderberg entered September, 1878; left June, 1881. A. C. Willison entered September, 1881; now at the College in the Junior Class. Scholarship constantly filled.

Anne Arundel—J. J. Kelley entered September, '78; left on account of health December, '78. Miss Hattie V. Holliday entered January, '79; graduated June, '81. Miss Emma Abbott entered September, '81; left March, '82. Miss Alma C. Duvall entered October, '82; now at College in the Junior Class. Vacancy for four months.

Baltimore county—E. L. Gies entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. L. M. Bennett entered November, '82; now at College in Sophomore Class. Vacancy for two months.

Baltimore city—1st District—J. W. Norris entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. J. J. Ross entered September, '82; left February, '83. Has been vacant just one year. 2nd District—W. W. Dumm entered February, '80; graduated June, '82. Whole time of vacancy two years. 3rd District—E. P. Leech entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. H.

N. Penn entered September, '82; left February, '83. Vacancy during one year.

Calvert—E. P. Duke entered September, '78; left June, '82. September, '82, Miss Ida E. Gott entered and is now a Junior. Vacant at no time.

Caroline—Miss Laura J. Bishop entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. E. T. Mowbray entered September, '82, and is now a Sophomore. No vacancy.

Carroll—F. H. Schaeffer entered September, '78, staid until June, '82, on scholarship, and graduated June, '83. F. M. C. Brown secured scholarship September, '83, and is now a Junior. No vacancy.

Cecil—Miss Bessie Miller entered September, '78; graduated June, 1881. Miss Ella T. Wilson entered September, '81; is now a Senior. No vacancy.

Charles—Miss Katie M. Smith entered September, '78; graduated June, '81. Miss Ruth H. Edelin entered September, '81; is now a Senior. No vacancy.

Dorchester—Lynn R. Meekins entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. Miss Eudora L. Richardson entered September, '82; is now a Junior. No vacancy.

Frederick—Charles E. Stoner entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. George F. Landers entered September, '82; left May, '83. Miss Mary E. Nicodemus entered September, '83; is now a Junior. Vacant for nearly two months.

Garrett—Miss Laura F. Stalnaker entered September, '78; graduated June, '81; Samuel A. Boucher entered November, '82; left February, '83. Vacant in all twelve months.

Montgomery—Dixie Isherwood entered September, '78; left June, '78. W. F. Elgin entered September, '79; left June, '82. Harry H. Slifer entered November, '82; is now a Freshman. Vacant two months.

Prince George's—Miss Emma Selby entered September, '78; graduated June, '80; J. D. Gwynn entered September, '80; left June, '83. Dent Downing entered September, '83; is now a Freshman. No vacancy.

Queen Anne's—Miss Kate R. Goodhand entered September, '78; graduated June, '81. Miss Florence A. Trenchard entered September, '81; is now a Junior. No vacancy.

St. Mary's—M. W. Chunn entered September, '78; graduated June, '82. Theo. Harrison entered September, '82; is now a Junior. No vacancy.

Somerset—J. F. Somers entered September, '78; graduated June, '81. Louis C. Wainwright entered September, '81; graduated June, '83. Miss Hattie H. Stevenson entered September, '83, and is now a Freshman. No vacancy.

Talbot—W. R. McDaniel entered September, '78; graduated June, '80. Miss Maud Chaplain entered September, '80; left February, '81. Miss Annie M. Bruce entered September, '83, and is now a Junior. Vacant fifteen months.

Washington—Mrs. Linnie C. Kimler-Hollingsworth entered September, '78; graduated June, '80. Mrs. Bettie R. Braly-Willis entered September, '70; grad-

uated June, '81. Miss Lizzie Swarbrick entered September, '81; graduated June, '83. Miss Becky E. Boyd entered September, '83; is now a Junior. No vacancy.

Wicomico—G. W. Todd entered September, '78; graduated June, '81. J. W. Moore entered September, '81, and is now a Junior. No vacancy.

Worcester—Calvin B. Taylor entered September, '78, and graduated June, '82; J. L. N. Henman entered September, '82; left March, '84. Vacant one week.

Messrs. Henman and Landers received appointments for West Point. Mr. Landers has been there since June, '83, and stands second in department in a class of one hundred. Mr. Henman will enter June, '84. Sixty-four persons in all have had the benefit of the appropriation. Of these twenty-five have graduated. Messrs. Dumm and Chunn are at Yale Seminary, and Mr. Norris at the Westminster Theological Seminary, pursuing a special course in Theology. Mr. McDaniel was for two years a tutor at Western Maryland College, and Miss Katie M. Smith is now assistant in English. Messrs. Becraft, Somers and Todd are at the Medical University at Baltimore. Many of the others are teaching school, and all go to prove how much the State of Maryland has done to aid its people and increase its education.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Talkative Boy.

There are few nuisances more general or more disgusting than a boy that cannot hold his tongue. It is more especially disagreeable if he has a fair amount of talent and genius. He seems to know everything that goes on around him; he seems to know every one else's secrets, and takes a delight in telling them to every one that takes the trouble to listen to him. He never knows when to be silent in company, and will break in upon the conversation of his elders at every opportunity, to the general dissatisfaction of any one. He speaks three times and then thinks once. His talk is consequently about three-fourths senseless or ridiculous. He is present everywhere, and welcome nowhere. His advent places a restriction on the tongues of all, and only commonplace affairs are mentioned in his presence. No one has confidence in him, and no one relies on what he says. He is bound to have something new or startling to tell you, and he does not let truth prevent him from having news. He considers no question fully discussed till he has spoken. If any one else is speaking, and says a certain distance is a mile, he will interrupt them and say he knows that it was only five thousand two hundred and seventy-five feet. If he really has no knowledge of a fact, he will stick to his opinion against authority. In all his actions he is condemned and despised.

Among the extraordinary vows taken by Hindoos is this: The devotee lies on his back, places a handful of earth and some mustard seed on his upper lip and remains absolutely still until the seed germinates, which it usually does in about three days. Some of our stupents might get a moustache this way.

"My son," said a father to his young son, "always mix in bright society," and the son, taking his advice, began going with red-headed girls.—*Philadelphia News*.

College Locals.

Cold!

Warm!!

Changeable!!!

Has been windy.

Time reviewed his actions.

"Bike" stands in the corner covered with dust.

Dislike of Faculty day is wearing off.

The boys are using their old "Derbys," minus brims, for polo caps.

Sh— says that if it were not for the bell he would never go to church.

Willie B. likes graceful people, but blanches and turns pale when he meets the most graceful.

Will some one please turn on the hose, and more than oblige us?

Climax—"Come to your grandma, pet!" Go to Ohrum for an explanation.

"Good Lawd! sich a gittin' down steps I nebba did see." The record was beaten, however, by the "gittin'" up stairs.

Freshman Sl— says he fairly adores hatred because it is an(n)i(e)mosity. Sp(b)ruce up, Harry, and you may reap your reward.

Junior H. is reported to have sent for some beard elixir. He wishes to get dignified before he becomes a Senior.

Junior (reading Naval Academy catalogue): "Any defect in articulation—" Prep. D.: "What! won't they let you enter if you are ticklish?" Oh dear.

A lady Junior caught a mouse an inch long, and then, thinking it might bite, threw it on the floor and stamped on it. After this it became quiet, and she took it to Prof. Simpson to experiment with.

Mr. M. spoke a few days ago of Daniel Clay and Henry Webster. Dicky, my boy, you should never mix anything.

One of our Seniors recently delivered a speech so brilliant that the lamp, which was on the table beside him, became ashamed of its dimness and went out. How is that for oratory?

Freshman Student: "The inhabitants of Asia were impoverished by tax-gatherers and ushers." That's true in one sense; the usurers do generally usher in poverty.

Freshman M. wants to know if the mines do not run into the ground. No, Dick; they are built on trestles and have a canvas spread over them to keep off the rain.

All contributions to the local columns must be written on paper, signed by the contributor, and handed in one week before publication. By order of the fighting editor.

Junior B. tried to prove in Moral Philosophy that it is wrong to build a house on its foundation; but the class were very obtuse and failed to see or accept it.

Our "tall, fair-haired tenor" now wears a polo cap, and is quite a dude altogether. He says that in the dim future he is going to be a "Rear Admirable" in the U. S. Navy.

Mr. R. B. Tippet, class '84, St. John's College, was at W. M. College Feb. 29. He is general agent for *Errors Chains*, published by the Standard Publishing House of New York. He is a good talker and persuaded fifteen from the College and Seminary to take up the business.

One of our lady Seniors went to sleep while saying her prayers a few nights ago and did not waken until after midnight. She had quite a cold next day. Poor girl, she must work very hard to get so tired as that.

The boys looked on with a great envy struggling in their breasts one sunny day

as they watched one of our young professors playing at "Pussy wants a corner" with the ladies out on the lawn. It is not fair to tantalize us so.

Pools generally lie down on the ground, and theologues generally aim high. Our Pool, however, towers high above the College Hill, while the theologue ames low.

Freshman Sl— smiles very frequently at the young ladies, but Juniors obstruct his view. One day the editor's owl was around and saw him come stealthily down, walk into the dining-room, move ye Junior's chair so that he might have a clear view and walk away with a contented smile.

Freshman D. when he heard that the bill to withdraw all appropriations had passed the Senate, immediately packed his trunk and prepared to leave next morning. Not so fast, Freshie; it is not decided yet that the "State students must go."

Junior: "Was the virgin goddess Pallas the goddess of the maidens who did not wish to marry?"

Prof. R.: "No. I suppose it was then as it is now. There were too few of them; so few, in fact, that Jupiter did not think there were enough to have a goddess."

One of our theologues tried to play ghost the other night and crawled under another's bed. The victim smelled a *mice* and forcibly went for that ghost. Try it on some one else Brad. It won't do to hide from any one who carries a head-light.

Dearest Dent,— "Oh, I can hardly express my love for you. I had waited so long in suspense to hear you call me your darling; and when I received your sweet letter it seemed that my heart would take wings and fly. Write soon again, to your owney own,

Junior M. was coming up street the other day and saw a splendidly-shaped lady approaching him. She had a veil on, and not loath to take advantage of a chance to flirt, he tipped his hat. She immediately raised her veil and showed a face shining and black as ebony. He at once put on a *niggardly* look and walked on.

One of our Freshies had a talk with a young lady and was so affected at what she said that he had to be carried to his room by a companion. He says he fell over a stone pile; but he lost his appetite and did not limp in the least.

Will our subscribers please put on their thinking-cap, and under that magic influence, as they wander in the paths of long ago, try to remember where in the forgotten past they paid their subscription for the GAZETTE? We cannot keep a paper going on promises and good wishes, much as the latter help us.

One of our Juniors was overheard in the following conversation:

Junior: "Kiss me, darling."

Lady: "O that won't make you love me any more."

The Junior says they were rehearsing a dialogue. That might do if our knowledge stopped here; but later in the evening our owl heard the fair one say: "Don't muss my hair; they'll see it." Pull down the curtain.

Two Freshies, one town student and one boarder, were busily occupied at galloping through Sallust. After a wearisome ride of a half hour or so they discovered a slight discrepancy between the Latin and the English. One of them looked at the pony's back and saw there—"Xenophon's Anabasis, Literally Translated." A look of intense disgust crossed his usually mobile countenance, and he "literally translated" it through the air against the wall.

A drama was advertised to appear in town some time ago and the editors were handed a programme. It was headed "Hearts of

Stone," and among other things the editors read the following phrases: "Influence brought to bare; a terrible realization; separated; barbarious treatment; strait jacket; wrong never made wright; continuol; phenomenn; we cannot enumeate; Madame Le Roy is recommend by; one happy echo's of laughter; most talentest." We did not go.

Several of our young ladies challenged an equal number of boys to have an eating match at one of the meals. The challenge was accepted, and the battle waged fierce and long. The boys vacated the table first amid the applause of the ladies, but say that the girls were the first to stop eating. The next evening the contest was renewed and the boys were forced to throw up the sponge. Two of the ladies ate respectively eleven and twelve pieces of bread and other things in proportion.

TAKE NOTICE.—The April number of the GAZETTE will be one of great value to every person interested in the College. We will publish a chronological record of the College and its actions, the localities represented in her catalogues, the number of students each year and the yearly average, the dates of organization and actions of the Irving, Webster, Browning and Philomathean Literary Societies, honorary degrees conferred, and when conferred, and every item of interest connected with the Western Maryland College from its incorporation to the present date. Persons wishing extra copies must let us know at an early date, so that we may have enough printed.

JOINT EXERCISES.—The joint exercises were held in the College Chapel on Friday, February 29. Misses Price and Roach played "Jolly Little Players" on the piano, during which the participants arranged themselves on the stage. Mr. J. A. Melvin opened with a recitation, "Soerates Snooks." He was followed by a reading by Miss Ida E. Gott, "The Lighthouse-Keeper's Daughter;" reading, "Mark Twain's Watch," Miss Lenora Stone; instrumental duet, "Amarillis," Misses Mary E. Nicodemus and Minnie Stevens; recitation, "Angels of Beuna Vista," Mr. R. Moore; reading, "Deacon Monrae's Story," Miss Madge Slaughter; recitation, "Jimmy Butler and the Owl," Mr. Paul Kuhns; vocal duet, "The Fishermen," Misses Alma Duvall and Julia Newman; reading, "The Burning Prairie," Miss Lulu Bell; recitation, "Rienza's Address to the Romans," Mr. B. A. Dumm; recitation, "The Ghost," Miss Sadie Kneller. The persons who deserve special mention are Mr. Dumm, for his dignified and earnest delivery; Mr. Kuhns, who couldn't have had a better brogue if he had been an Irishman, and Miss Sadie Kneller. This young lady is becoming well known "in all the country round" for her elocutionary ability. The whole exercises show the prowess of Miss Nannie Davis in music and Prof. Austin H. Merrill. Prof. Merrill is raising the elocutionary exercises from a mere form, and is bringing out the abilities of the students in that line.

The Webster Literary Society held their thirteenth anniversary at Odd Fellows' Hall, Friday evening, February 20. After music by the orchestra Mr. Mowbray delivered a short but very neat and appropriate President's Address, after which the following programme was given: Anniversary Oration, "The Utility of the Ideal," W. C. Rhymer. Mr. Rhymer is taking a theological course in the Seminary, and although he has been here but five months is a great favorite. His oration was splendid. Reading, "The Soda Fountain," C. H. Wright. Mr. Wright was very amusing and the audience applauded his reading. "Daniel Webster's First Plea," W. H. Woods; reading, "Old Jack in the Well,"

A. H. Billingslea; debate: "Resolved, that the present strike system is productive of more evil than good." Affirmative, Messrs. Wright and Warfield; negative, Messrs. E. J. Wilson and F. T. Benson. The whole was interspersed with music from the Westminster Orchestra.

PARLOR NIGHT.—The February Sociable was the most pleasant ever held at the College. The young ladies were masked during the first part of the evening and conducted the Sociable in leap-year style. You would be taken gaily along by Little Red-Riding Hood when suddenly the shades of Night would be upon you, only to be driven away by bright smiles of Morning, then you would hear the tinkling of shells and coral bells and the beautiful Sea Nymph would bear you away. After the masks were taken off the ladies became once more bashful and the gentlemen's dream of ease was o'er. At nine the committee invited them to what was supposed to be a surprise. All flocked to the dining room where they found a feast such as made them all think of home. They were proffered these delicacies by the committee and all ate and were satisfied, but the table looked (to the committee, who had not partaken) as though "there was a famine in the land." The committee were Miss Carrie V. Roach, "Morning," Miss Mollie R. Stevens, "Maid of Athens," Miss Jennie Wilson, "Girl of the Period," and Messrs. J. L. N. Henman, Kindley and Willison.

Mr. R. "I think that—" Young man: "I agree with you perfectly Mr. R."

One of the members was heard, after he had been talking with a lady for nearly four hours, singing "The half has never yet been told." Be reasonable man, be reasonable.

Mr. Be— spent several days in the perusal of Little Red Riding Hood.

Mr. Do— kept repeating softly, "Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep."

Mr. Sl— kept at it day and night until he finished "Days of Bruce."

Soph Bu— tried to commit suicide, but his revolver was rusty and wouldn't be cocked.

Mr. W— spent a sleepless night and rose at 3 P. M. He was pretty well fagged, but a note of twelve pages revived him.

Freshman. "Do you think it will snow?"

Lady. "I don't know."

F. S. "What number shoe do you wear?"

Ominous silence. Look out Freshie you "rush where angels fear to tread."

Mr. Bu— is reported to have pounded his head against the brick wall from sheer vexation when he heard one of the Committee in the dining room singing, "Jenny my own true loved one."

St. John's College Notes.

In view of the hostility of the present Legislature to educational institutions, St. John's College has very little chance of getting an appropriation. There has not been a time in the last ten years when the College deserved an appropriation more than she deserves it at present. There have been great improvements made in every department, and if the State withdraws her aid, all this has been done to no purpose, as the college is not self-supporting and has no church to back her.

Prof. Munroe's lectures have been attended largely. They will continue until some time in April.

One would think from the way the college boys stick about the State House that they are all going to run for the Legislature next time. The way they can chin a member, in order to get his cushioned chair, is too bad.

The Athletic Club is beginning to crawl out of its winter quarters, and will soon be in working trim.

Personals.

E. H. Norman is at Bryant and Stratton's Business College in Baltimore. He is the sixth of our students there.

Mr. Lawless, one of our theologues of last year, has returned to finish his course at the Seminary. We welcome him.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins '82, has been for sometime on the editorial staff of the Baltimore American. He was detailed to accompany the Fifth Md. Regiment delegation to the New Orleans Mardigras.

Although we are very sorry to part with him, we are pleased to announce the appointment of J. L. N. Henman as Cadet to West Point by Hon. Mr. Covington. Jack was an Irving and one of the editors of the Gazette at the time of his appointment. He was a general favourite among the boys and even more so among the ladies. We wish him complete success in his life and look forward to the day when we will say with great pride, that we were once schoolmates of Mr. John L. N. Henman.

Sandy Mount Church, on Wednesday evening, February 13, was filled with relatives and friends who had assembled to witness the marriage of Mr. Dennis A. Smith, of Westminster, and Miss Susie M., daughter of Mr. William Miller, of Woolery's district. The ushers were Messrs. H. M. Miller, brother of the bride, Joseph Smith, brother of the groom, Ed. Hoppe and Thomas Zile. Rev. W. D. Litsinger read the ritual of the M. P. Church for such occasions, the responses of the groom and bride being given in a distinct and clear tone. During the marriage ceremony the organist, Miss Alverda Lamotte, '82, rendered a soft strain. The bride was attired in blue ottoman satin with natural flowers, and the groom in black with satin tie. In addition to those from Westminster and the immediate house of the bride, there were persons present from New Windsor, Baltimore, Reisterstown, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Martinsburg, West Virginia. Mr. Smith is an old Irving, and in the name of the Society we wish him happiness.

On Tuesday, February 26th, the M. P. Church was filled with people who had come together to witness the marriage of Mr. William M. Gist, '82, and Miss Alice A. Fenby, '73. Many of the students were present, and I. L. Society, of which both are ex-active members, attended in a body to witness the vows. At 4.35 P. M., the deep peals of the organ signaled the arrival of the wedding party and every head was turned in expectation. The bride was attired in a dress of dark green. The groom was dressed in a neat suit of black. Rev. J. D. Kinzer ministered to them the solemn rites, and at 4.40 P. M. pronounced them man and wife. Miss Florence Hering, '83, presided at the organ. Both are of old families in the State. The groom is a direct descendant of Gen. Mordecai and Col. Joshua Gist of Revolutionary fame, and the bride a great-granddaughter of Judge Thomas Jones, son of Philip Jones who surveyed Baltimore city. They left on the five P. M. train for Florida where they will reside.

The Somerset Herald, published at Princess Anne, Md., in its issue of February 19, says:—The reception given Mr. and Mrs. Joshua W. Miles at the residence of the bride's parents, in this town, on Wednesday evening last, was an affair that deserves more than passing mention. The guests commenced to arrive about 9 o'clock, and a steady stream of richly attired and fascinating ladies, and gentlemen who had evidently done their best to make themselves handsome, continued to flow into the parlors until 10 o'clock. The first to greet you and make you welcome on entering the reception room was Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P.

Rider, whose cordiality made you feel happy and at home, at once. Then you passed on to the centre of attraction—the bride and groom, who stood on the opposite side of the room facing the parlor door. Congratulation after congratulation was extended until about seventy persons had arrived, and were chatting merrily and happily. Everybody seemed aglow with love, and we were convinced that "Friendship was more than a name;" that it was a "something" as enduring as time itself. Friend had met friend and each endeavored to make the other happy. Thus passed the evening until twelve o'clock, when refreshments were announced, and the happy company filed into the spacious dining room, where we beheld a handsome and tastily arranged table. It is needless to say that the company had an appreciative appetite and did justice to the preparation made. After refreshments, the dining room was cleared of tables and the younger portion of the guests were summoned again to the dining room by the enlivening strains of the violin, and indulged in the terpsichorean art until nearly three o'clock, when a kind adieu was said, and the splendid entertainment came to a close.

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Tidings.

Yale has an attendance of 1,092 students.

The endowment fund of Wofford College has been increased \$15,000 by the efforts of its president, Dr. Carlisle.

Prof. Cyrus Northrup is to leave Yale College to take the presidency of Minnesota University.

Madison University has 279 students.

Mr. Philander Smith, of Little Rock, Arkansas, has given \$10,000 to the Methodist Board for the purpose of establishing a medical school at Nankin, China.

Julius Hallgarten, of New York, has left \$50,000 to Dartmouth.

John Hutton Balfour, F. R. S., Prof. of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, died February 13th, 1884.

Isaac Todhunter, M. A., P. R. S., the well-known and distinguished mathematician, is dead.

The sister of Gov. Cleveland, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, has been delivering a course of lectures on Early French History at Elmira College.

Dr. Hans Larsen Mortensen, the distinguished Danish theologian and preacher, died February 4th, 1884, in the 76th year of his age. He was Bishop of Sealand, the highest dignitary in the Danish Church, and Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the University of Copenhagen.

Six new colleges are to be established in Dakota.

The Swiss naturalist, Arnold Guyot, Ph. D., L. L. D., died on the 8th of February, in his 76th year. He was Blair Professor of Geology and Physical Geography, and Senior Professor of Princeton.

The late James F. Clark bequeathed \$27,000 to Oberlin College.

The Lutheran University of Dorpat, on the Baltic, has 1443 students.

Rochester University, New York, has 165 students.

Newspaper Duns.

A writer in the Harrisburg (Penn.) Patriot truly remarks: We presume that some people think newspaper men are persistent duns; let a farmer place himself in a similar position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose that he raises one thousand bushels of corn and his neighbor should come and buy a bushel, and the price was only the small sum of one dollar, or less; and the neighbor says: "I will pay the amount in a few days." As the farmer does not want to be small about the matter he says, "all right." Another comes in the same way until the whole of one thousand bushels are trusted to one thousand different persons, and not one of the purchasers concerns himself about it, for it is a small amount they owe the farmer, and of course that will not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away his large crop of corn, and that its value is due in a thousand little dribbles, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors treat it as a little matter.

It is pleasant just now to see a woman show a man how snow should be shoveled. She puts a shawl about the size of a napkin on her head, takes a little fire shovel, opens the door, closes her eyes, throws about three shovelfuls off the stoop, rushes back into the kitchen, stamps the snow off her feet, and declares that men never know how to do anything, anyhow, and that if it were not for the women everything would go to the dogs.

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MAKING LOVE IN THE CHOIR.

She sat on the steps of the organ loft
Just after the second hymn,
And through nave and choir to the cool gray spire
The sounds rose faint and dim.
As they settled themselves in the church below
For the sermon that followed next,
And I seated myself at the alto's side
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek,
And the gleam of her golden hair,
The snowy kerchief 'round her neck,
And her throat all white and bare—
A throat so white that indeed it might
An anchorite entice.
And I faintly heard the parson's word
As he preached of Paradise.

My arm stole gently around her waist
Until our fingers met,
And a flitting blush made the tender flush
Of her cheek grow deeper yet.
Snowy and fair the hand beneath,
And brown the palm above,
And the brown closed softly over the white
As the parson spoke of love.

Ah, who is wise when deep blue eyes
Meet his and look coyly down?
Who would but drink, nor care to think
Of envy's jealous frown?
Twas but to bend till I felt her breath
Grow warm on my cheek, and then
My lips just softly touched her own
As the parson said amen.—Puck.

How a Professor Retained an Audience.

An amusing story reaches us from Munich. During the past year the Professor of Aesthetics in the University, whose lectures are proverbially wearisome, delivered his lecture (as usual) to a somewhat exiguous audience. There were five students in all, who week by week melted and grew "beautifully less," until at last but one was left. This solitary individual, however, seemed to concentrate in his own person all the diligence, application and punctuality of the frivolous fellows. At the conclusion of the last lecture of the course the Professor approached him and praised him for these admirable qualities, and proceeded to inquire of him: "What is your name, my young friend?" No answer. "What country are you from?" Absolute silence. The matter was soon elucidated, for it was discovered that the patient and persevering disciple was a poor deaf-mute, who had taken refuge from the severe cold of winter in the warm lecture-room of the University.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Quoting Bible on Them.

On one occasion three students of Georgetown College, Kentucky, saw the famous "Raccoon John Smith" coming at a distance and arranged that they would walk about twenty yards apart, and as they passed him the first one was to say: Good morning, Mr. Abraham," the second to call him "Mr. Isaac," and the third "Mr. Jacob." So the first called him "Mr. Abraham," and the old gentleman only seemed a little surprised that anybody there should not know him. The second one called him "Mr. Isaac," and the old gentleman evidently suspected something. His familiarity with the Bible made him anticipate what the third one was going to say and he got ready for him.

"Good morning, Mr. Jacob," said the third student.

"Stop, young man," said the old gentleman, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob; I am Saul, the son of Kish, in search of my father's asses, and behold I have found three of them."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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