Maryland Journal

TOWSON, MD.

Saturday, August 10, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

For Chief Judge of the Third Judicial Circuit of Maryland (composed of Baltimore and Harford Counties,)

DAVID FOWLER,
of Baltimore County.

Election, Tuesday, November 5th, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY MEETINGS —AND— COUNTY CONVENTION.

ELECTION FOR STATE AND COUNTY OFFICERS.

At a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee held at the Court House, Towson, on Wednesday, July 10th, 1889, to call primary meetings for the election of 5 delegates from each District to a County Convention to nominate county officers and members to the House of Delegates, the following was transacted:

On motion of Samuel Brady, Primary Meetings were called to be held on

Friday and Saturday, September 13th and 14th, 1889,

From 2 o'clock P. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., (each District to select upon which day they would hold them,) for the purpose of selecting 5 Delegates from each District to a County Convention, to be held at Towson,

Monday, September 16th, 1889,
At 11 o'clock A. M.,

To nominate candidates for
SHERIFF,
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
COUNTY TREASURER,
COUNTY SURVEYOR, and
SIX MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

The voters of said Primary Elections will also elect 3 persons from each District to serve as members of the Democratic Executive Committee for two years.

The Primary Meetings will be held as follows:

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1889.

Dist.	Prect.	Place of Meeting.	Hour of Meeting.
9	1	Cold Spring Hotel	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	3	Ady's Hotel, Towson	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	5	Cooper's, Mt. Washington	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
11	1	Boarman's, Wright's Stand	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	2	Thomas Carney's	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	3	Nichols' Tavern	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
12	1	Chas. Jones', O'Doneil st.	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	2	Waters'	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	3	Gardenville	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	4	Purty Hill	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	5	H. P. Mann's, Orangeville	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	6	Grange Hall	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1889.

Dist.	Prect.	Place of Meeting.	Hour of Meeting.
1	2	Newberg Hall, Catonsville	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	3	At Joseph Merkle's	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	4	Wetheredville	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
2		Randallstown	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
3	2	Walter's, Arlington	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	3	Running Pump	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
4		Reisterstown, (Hiteshue's)	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
5		Jackson's White House	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
6		Merriken's, Middletown	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
7		At Parkton	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
8	1	Cockeysville	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	2	Cockey's, 10-Mile House	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
10	1	Slade's Hotel	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	2	Dorsey's	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
13	1	Baughman's, Annap. Rd.	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.
	2	Hellman's Store	2 P. M. to 7 P. M.

The Primaries will be held under the following regulations:

No one to be allowed to vote at said primaries but a Democrat and who shall be a registered voter of the District and Precinct at the time said primaries are held as shown by the certified copies of the Poll Books.

Where a difference exists among the members of the Executive Committee of any District as to the appointment of Judges and Clerks of Election at said primaries, then, in that event, the minority of the Committee of such District shall have the right to appoint one Judge and one Clerk of Election in each Precinct or District.

The following be a list of the Judges and Clerks for the Judicial Primaries as far as has been reported to the Chairman of the Executive Committee:

JOHN H. FOWLER, Chairman.

Attest:—THOS. R. JENIFER, Secretary.
July 13.—tm

RETORT COURTEOUS.

"While thanking the (Baltimore *Sun*,) of (Baltimoretown,) for the interest it takes in relation to the (public roads of Baltimore county;) it may be appropriately suggested that the (county) government is competent to manage its own affairs, that this matter of (our public roads is one which only remotely incidentally affects our respected lunatic asylum,) and we are able to make and mend our public roads without interference from it."

In about this style our esteemed neighbor, the *Sun*, lectured the JOURNAL last week because it very justly referred to the wretched manner in which the city government has been, and still is, operating the "Belt" since it threw the black pall of masterly inactivity over it. The paying of the employees, the firemen, lamplighters, garbagemen, and others, is the least of its bounden duty to that eldorado. The *Sun* and its orators promised prodigious things to transpire immediately after the election, none of which have yet come to pass.—They then promised bread, but gave them a stone. The "Belt" is now in a wretched condition, worse than it has ever been under county control, as a walk through it will reveal. It even got so bad that the firemen who made a night's rest there at all safe and pleasant; the lamplighters who furnished light so that the people could get about without sticking their finger in their eye to make it starlight; the garbagemen who removed festering stench from before the nostrils of its residents, were compelled to take "certificates of indebtedness" as pay for salaries and have them cashed at a ruinous discount in order to feed their families! And this by this great, big, over-grown metropolitan city of a "claimed" half a million of population!

And in view of this state of facts, this big city, which, through the *Sun* and its orators and his honor, Mayor Latrobe, was going to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, has the supreme gall to lecture Baltimore county people about her roads; that the "importantest" question before the people of the county in the approaching election is a new road law, etc., etc. The *Sun* is again threshing over the old road-law chaff for a purpose. Our people are not moving now for a new road law. When they want one they will not ask the *Sun* for it. "It may be appropriately suggested that the county government is competent to manage its own affairs" as to public roads, or anything else, without interference from the *Sun*. Nearly every time our road law is tinkered at it gets worse. And now here comes the *Sun* with its pot of fire, solder and soldering irons and wants to tinker a little more.

No, no, neighbor, "it may be appropriately suggested that the county government is competent to manage its own affairs." In its issue of Tuesday 6th the *Sun* reads a big indictment against our public roads and officials by saying:

"The one great blot upon the county is its roads. Next to the schools the heaviest tax the people of the county have to pay is the tax for roads and bridges, and year by year the money expended on the roads has been literally squandered, for every year the work done upon them has to be done over again, and on occasions of heavy and prolonged rains has several times to be renewed. The present season the roads are in worse condition than they have ever been in before. On the levels they are washed into ruts and holes, or are so deep with mud as to be almost impassable. On the hills they have either been washed into gullies or the dirt that covered the roadways has been carried off by the rains, leaving exposed the loose rocks and boulders beneath. With the exception of the few turnpikes and short stretches of local road put by to the best order by private property holders, all the roads in Baltimore county are dirt roads, mended with dirt, which every rain either converts into a thick mud or washes off into the side ditches."

"Bless your life and soul," neighbor, we know our roads are dirt and mended with dirt; we have little else to mend them with but dirt; dirt they are and with dirt must they be mended. If our neighbor means that we are to mend our roads without dirt, when it says they are dirt roads, we are at a loss to know where the material is to come from, and what its character must be. If it means that the money of the people of Baltimore county should be taken to make paved roads so as to make the approach easy to where our neighbor's possessions lie, we beg to say, "we don't take sugar in our'n."

The *Sun* also makes a pretty sweeping assertion, in fact it utters a slander, when it says—"*year by year the money expended on the roads has been literally squandered.*"

By whom?

Then a twinge of conscience strikes it as it reflects that it has slandered some one when it says: "We bring no charges upon the Road Supervisors." Ah! Then *who* "literally squanders the money?" Come, neighbor, are you not violating the Decalogue?

We are somewhat astonished that, in view of the tremendously wet weather of the past months, our prudish contemporary should find fault with our Supervisors, that as soon as they mend a road what they haul or throw upon it is again washed out. Our Supervisors are not able to restrain "those immoderate rains," which not only wash out public roads but wash away even towns and cities, and thousands of human beings, involving the loss of millions and millions of dollars, in addition to the precious lives lost.

"The time has now come when the principal roads of the county must be so improved and rendered firm and permanent that they shall be no longer a scandal and a disgrace. There can be no shirking the matter any longer."

Ah! indeed! And where is the money to come from to do these desirable things which shall prevent our roads from being "longer a scandal and a disgrace, and which cannot longer be shirked?" Why, our neighbor would say, "from the pockets of the tax-payers," of course. These "firm and permanent" roads that our contemporary wants us to build for its delight, would swamp every tax-payer in Baltimore county. But, no matter, the *Sun* says "the time has now come" when *it must be done*. This would entail a vast debt upon us; but that don't matter, our neighbor has now one of those "blessings" of its own so graphically described by one Jay Cooke, a few years back; and as "misery loves company," our esteemed neighbor would like a fellow-sufferer to suffer with him whilst undergoing his involuntary money-letting to supply the city coffers at the rate of $1.90.

So, "whilst thanking the Baltimore *Sun* for the interest it takes" in the welfare of our public roads; that we must have a new road law in order that our roads be "no longer a scandal and a disgrace," "it may be appropriately suggested that the county government is competent to manage its own affairs."

We suspect, however, that the object of our neighbor in threshing over the old chaff about roads and a new road law is to direct public attention into some channel other than that of the disgraceful manner in which it now treats the "Belt." If any county road in Baltimore county is half as bad as those now about Woodberry and Hampden, we will acknowledge the corn.

Neighbor, don't throw stones—you live in a glass house.

OUR HEAD STILL FAST.

Our metropolitan neighbor, the *Sun*, is hereby informed that we are not in the mental condition of King Charles the First, our head is still fast, and the cutting off of the "Belt" in no wise interferes with or hampers Baltimore county in the least. The *Sun* and Mayor Latrobe have an elephant on their hands. They are whistling to keep up courage as to their bargain. Both jumped for joy when Mr. Bernard Carter, City Counsellor, helped them out of the difficulty when he informed them it was his opinion that as the City Councils had consented to the appointment of firemen, lamplighters, garbagemen, and others, the city government was bound for their salaries. The *Sun* cackled like a vociferous rooster who thinks he laid the egg.

The *Sun* evades the question the JOURNAL propounded to it last week to point out the specific provision of the Constitution of Maryland which would give the City Council the power to levy a tax of $1.90 on the $100 upon the Sun Iron Building, and only 60 cents on the property of the Messrs. Abell in the "Belt." We know they try to extract that power from the Annexation Act; but we respectfully submit again that the Legislature cannot pass a law granting a power not expressly implied by the Constitution. If such power exists, let the *Sun* show it, not talk about King Charles the First's decapitated noodle. The Constitution of the United States recognizes this principle that, the power to levy taxes over a given district or State must be equitable to every taxpayer amenable under that power—*the rate must be the same to one as to the other.* The Constitution of Pennsylvania, we believe, confers the power upon the city of Philadelphia, which annexed all of Philadelphia county, to make what is known as a municipal tax and a "farm tax." But the Constitution of Maryland does not confer any such power.

We did not forget the decision of the Court of Appeals referred to; but, with all due respect to that body, it is as liable to err as are other human beings. The Judges are not infallible. At one time the Constitution is liberally, at another time scantily, construed.

Constitutional or unconstitutional, this power to tax the people of the old city limits at a rate of $1.90 and then the "Belt" annex at a 60 cent rate until 1900, is unjust and inequitable, for the reason that the "Belt" district is to receive *all the benefit*. The balance of the city receives but the empty benefit that the population of the city has been added to about 24,000. That is all. What the "Belt" needs beyond the 60 cent tax levy, 40 per cent., must come from that portion of the city within the old boundary.

If the *Sun* wishes to hear some buzzing let it send one of its most gifted attachees among the business men, the taxpayers, and interrogate them upon the subject. It will soon change its tune. It will find out that those taxpayers will say, "Let the 'Belt' take care of itself the same as we do. It receives all the advantages."

It is impossible that the "Belt" can prosper, as she wants it, on a 60 cent tax allowance; she wants the other 40 cents; she must have it, and will get it, and it must come from the pockets of the already overburdened taxpayer in the old city limits.

APPOINTED ASSOCIATE JUSTICE.

On the 8th inst. Gov. Jackson appointed Mr. N. Charles Burke, Associate Justice of the 3d Judicial Circuit of Maryland, made vacant by the resignation of Judge Fowler, appointed Chief Judge. If Mr. Burke accepts, the Judges then appoint some one as State's Attorney to hold office until January 1st, 1890, at which time a newly elected State's Attorney would qualify to hold office for the remainder of the term to which Mr. Burke was elected, or until January 1st, 1892.

Judge Fowler qualified as Chief Judge before Gov. Jackson on Thursday 9th, having previously qualified before Mr. John W. Shanklin, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Baltimore County.

☞ Lieut. General John C. Underwood, Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., was in Baltimore on Friday 9th and constituted "Canton Baltimore," composed of the members of the old Encampment Drill Association, 47 members enrolling their names. The new Canton will be one of the best in the Department of Maryland, as the members are well drilled. The Grand Sire paid the new Canton a high compliment by coming all the way from Columbus, O., to muster it in. Canton Monumental, Capt. Geo. W. Godman, was present and escorted Grand Sire Underwood from the Carrollton Hotel to the Hall. The Chevaliers handsomely entertained the Grand Sire.

A BRAVE EDITRESS.

Mrs. Belle Wolfe, widow of Prof. J. E. Wolfe, proprietor and editor of the Shippensburg (Pa.) *Chronicle*, (and daughter of Mr. John F. Heisse, of Monkton, Baltimore county,) whose death occurred about two months since, bravely went to work after the death of her husband to conduct the affairs of the office, and has succeeded admirably. With no previous training she daily attends to the regular publication of the paper, which maintains its usual excellence. It is a rare talent for a lady, and she deserves the highest credit for the ability she exhibits. Her numerous friends in Baltimore county wish her ample success in her new vocation.

☞ The JOURNAL is indebted to Hon. J. Fred. C. Talbott, for Vol. 23, Part 2, of the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion."

[Correspondence of the MARYLAND JOURNAL.]

OUR BALTIMORE LETTER.

A Sunday by the Sea—The Meeting of the Tides—Surging Crowds of Humanity—What the Wild Waves are Saying—Sea-Side Christianity—A Good Day for Business—Some Sights for Beholders—A Lurid Reflection.

BALTIMORE, August 9th, 1889.

Last Sunday was the great day of the season at Atlantic City, where so many of our Baltimore people are now spending a portion at least of their summer vacation. The season there, as at most other summer resorts, has been an untoward one this year, on account of the liquid weather which has kept everything in soak, everywhere, for months past. But last Sunday, on the Jersey coast, was an ideally grand and glorious day, from the early hour when the sun lifted his great red face up from his ocean bed, until the eventide when he sank down again into it, quite bewildered with all the marvelous scenes he had been beholding on the sea-shore, through the long course of the delightful summer day.

Just how the managers of affairs there acquired their information, has not been disclosed, but they seem to have foreseen, by some means, the charming weather that was in store for them, and so made ample preparations for entertaining the greatest crowd that Atlantic City had ever seen, and they were not disappointed in their hope of having an immense crowd of visitors, in addition to their regular guests. As early as five o'clock in the morning there arrived a monster train of nineteen cars packed with excursionists from Washington and Baltimore; and the tide of people that flowed in all day to meet the ocean surges, made a very creditable showing in the surging business, even in comparison with the powers of old Neptune himself.

To the lovers of the sublimely beautiful there has always been a fascination about the performances of the old ocean, that has kept up its thunderous poundings upon the shores of the world, ever since the first day when the dry land was lifted up, and the seas rolled down into the depths beneath. Whether the sea is jealously ambitious to ascend to the same heights as those reached by the lofty mountains, or whether it is only affectionately knocking at the earth's portals for admission to those realms from which it has been shut out, the pathos of its persistent action ought to touch our hearts, and teach us some valuable lessons. And whether we can formulate any reasons for it or not, the fact remains that "old ocean's grey and venerable wastes" have an irresistible attraction for all grades of our complex humanity.

At any rate, all sorts and conditions of mankind streamed into Atlantic City last Sunday. From early till late the streets swarmed with comers and goers, in this populous summer town that seems to be made up of capacious hotels, and fanciful cottages for boarders, and the busy stores that supply the inhabitants with sustenance. But the most marvelous display of numbers was upon the apparently interminable boardwalk, that extends out over the waves, along the sea-front, and upon which endless throngs of all sorts of mortals are wending their way in both directions, all day long, with the steady tramp as of marching armies, while the pavilion pier running out into the ocean are full of seated spectators taking in the doubly suggestive scenes, of the two very different sorts of ebbing and flowing tides; and comparing, if they choose, the characteristics of the inanimate and the conscious elements, which, though so very different, have so many points of resemblance, and so much between them in common.

There is the hoary-headed old ocean, that ought by this time to be always calm and staid, running wild like a savage, and prancing around like an infuriated ghoul, shaking its grey locks in a childish, unseemly rage, and dashing itself in useless impotence against the senseless shore; and then crawling away like a senile infant, and purling and playing about the sands, and finally rolling out to sea again, to gather a new fury from the depths, and then come back again to repeat its insane performance. Year in and year out, it repeats the same program, ever chanting the same strains and telling the same story, until the endless iteration of its meaningless refrain would drive us stark mad, but for the wonderful power of this old maniac's breath, which sweeps the rank miasms out of our souls, and fills our physical frames with a new life and vigor which seem to partake of his own immortality.

So, too, the endless tides of humanity, that rise, and swell, and rage over the world; that dash and break upon the shores of Time in silly stupidity, or the fury of horrible wickedness, would drive us into a dismal and hopeless insanity if the breath of eternal life did not blow across the restless ages, dispelling the clouds that gather over our way, and inspiring us with a new strength, and an ever fresh hope for humanity's future. It is well for the world that nothing can ever destroy that. Though wave after wave of life may waste itself vainly upon the beach, or be shattered against the spiles which evil has driven along the shore-line to check hope's advances, there is always a new wave ready to roll in, no matter how many of its predecessor's have been washed back to sea in a state of utter collapse and exhaustion.

It is well for us, too, that we have something to remind us, at this juncture, of the vigorous ability of hope to spring eternal in the human breast; for a Sunday at Atlantic City is rather calculated to shake one's faith in the advancement of our modern society along some lines of progress; and especially to lead us to inquire whether we are really Christianized to the extent we imagine, or are drifting back, like a spent wave, into the old sea of heathenism. For though the regular guests at that seaport represent the eminently respectable, and most highly cultured residents of our cities, while the throngs of transient visitors were from all classes of people who could raise funds to purchase an excursion ticket from anywhere, yet there was very little to be seen indicative of the fact that the town is located in a Christian country, and inhabited by people who would object to being considered heathen.

If there is one thing that marks a distinctively Christian civilization, it is the observance of Sunday as a day of rest from ordinary occupations, and the performance of some sort of devotional exercises, or religious worship. For even in Europe, where morals are most lax, the people still consider it a binding duty to be present at religious services in the morning, if even they do think themselves justified in indulging in amusements and recreations afterwards. But in this beautiful Christian town the vast crowds seemed to give themselves up, the whole day long, to sightseeing, and feasting, and spending money, and junketing generally.

It is true that in a quiet and retired neighborhood there are a few little churches that might suffice for a village population; and that several of these were well attended by devout and elegant congregations; but twenty times this small number of church-goers would not have been missed out of the great population that swarmed in the hotels, and on the boardwalk, besides the thousands who disported themselves in the breakers, or paddled about the beach, or lounged in hammocks and awning-chairs, down on the sands. As to the occupation of the loungers, many of them slept soundly, stretched out at full length, and might have done worse; but the majority of the occupied were reading, of course; and in this case, the ubiquitous newspaper divided the honors with the paper-covered summer novel. And though, to be sure, paper covers do not make literature sinful, yet, on the other hand, it must be admitted that Rider Haggard and Amilie Rives have not concocted very edifying manuals of devotion.

Then the stores, on the thoroughfares, for the sale of provisions, appeared to be doing business; while those selling fruits and confections had their wares openly displayed; and all the eating houses were open, of course, and the laundry wagon went rushing about the streets. And down along the boardwalk there was a mile or so of the booths of venders of curiosities, and toys, and trinkets; of ice cream and all sorts of edibles, including much saltwater taffy; of light literature and photographs; with all sorts of catch-penny contrivances which the festive youth could not resist; and there were posters advertising various amusements at night; and places for the hire of all the paraphernalia of the beach, which did a rushing business all day, as was testified by the fact of the thousands of bathing suits hung out to dry by the several establishments, after the bathing hours. In fact, the business people said in the evening that there had been more business done in the town on that one day, than there had in the whole of this season before.

The people who fed the vast crowds must have laid the foundations of fortunes on that memorable day, albeit the fare was not only good but abundant, for eating seemed to be one of the great pastimes of the people. It was a sight to see them come streaming up from the beach whenever a mealtime drew near. One would have supposed that at the foot of every avenue leading up into town a Beecher, or a Talmage, or a Spurgeon, had just dismissed an immense congregation; though some of the bathers did not appear in a quite orthodox trim. The young women with a great towel pinned by one end around her neck, and hanging down her back, with her abundant hair spread over it to dry in the sunshine, for instance; or the lady wearing a man's cloth coat, with her richly embroidered robes looking like she had been fished out of a mud puddle, either. But people only stared at such sights in an amused sort of way, and hurried along to their dinners.

Besides this doubt about our Christianity, however, the modern excursion caste a lurid reflection upon our present brand of civilization, as well. For such scrambling and rudeness, such an ill-mannered rush of the masculines for places, such a stampede of crowds as nearly swamps ferryboats, and such a smoking of villainous tobacco all night in the cars among ladies, as are practiced in this age by ungovernable gangs of well-dressed people, would be an everlasting disgrace to the wildest of striped-blanketed savages. There must be a screw loose somewhere in the culture that can tolerate such coarse, ill-bred selfishness.

CHELYS.

[Correspondence of the Maryland Journal.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, August 5th, 1889.

Mr. Blaine must not be as vindictive in punishing his enemies, large and small, when he gets an opportunity, as he has been credited with being, or else he has lately allowed that eternal vigilance, which is the price of keeping track of your small-fry enemies, to go into innocuous desuetude. A man who was dismissed by Gen. Black was reinstated in a clerkship in the Pension Office a few days ago. He is one of the bitterest men against Blaine that I have ever met. Just before the meeting of the last Republican National Convention this man was for a short time the editor of a weekly Republican paper in this city, and wrote and printed in the editorial columns of that paper the following paragraph:

"Mr. Blaine has not said he would not accept if nominated. He just said he was not a candidate, and then winked to his henchmen who boost him up the tree. Isn't it strange Mr. Blaine's friends are such warm friends? Can you recall one of his ardent admirers who has not stolen something, or who has not placed the Republican party in an embarrassing position."

If Mr. Blaine allows the writer of that paragraph to remain in office I shall hereafter always defend him from the charge of being vindictive.

Mr. Harrison has been treated to a revival of his experience during the early days of his administration since his return to the White House Thursday. The office-seekers have made a grand rush knowing that this would be their last chance until fall, and the President is to be pitied. He has appointed a large number of Postmasters, and three Louisiana men have captured good prizes—ex-Gov. Warmouth, Collector at New Orleans; Mr. John F. Patty, (a negro,) Naval Officer at New Orleans, and the notorious J. R. G. Pitkin, Minister to the Argentine Republic.

There is little excitement here on account of the seizing of the Canadian sealing vessel Black Diamond in Bearing's Sea by the U. S. Revenue Cutter Rush. No serious trouble is likely to grow out of this or any other similar seizure. While the idea of our claiming exclusive jurisdiction over Bearing's Sea is not at all palatable to England, her commercial interests in the sealskin industry are too great to allow her to kick up a row. The fact of the matter is that England is just as much interested in having the illegal taking of seals stopped as is the United States, and the Canadians may howl all they please, but her majesty's government will not get excited over this question. The law under which this seizure was made was passed by the last Congress as the result of an investigation made by a committee of the House. It was among the last bills signed by Mr. Cleveland.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner has answered the charge of favoritism in making applications special by giving out a statement showing the entire number of such cases to have been 952. These applications were represented by 317 attorneys, the largest number represented by a single attorney being 98.

The hotel corridors filled up as if by magic on the day the President returned from Deer Park. After to-morrow, when he starts for Bar Harbor, they will resume their usual August quietness.

A delegation of Ohio Republicans have told Mr. Harrison that unless he places certain patronage at their disposal they might as well give up all hope of carrying the Legislature. It is not known what answer they receive.

Ex-Postmaster-General Hatton, editor of the *Post*, and Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt have been indulging in a wordy warfare in the columns of the newspapers.

The Interior Department has sent a Commissioner to France to learn as much as possible about the irrigating methods in use there in order that the knowledge obtained may be used to devise some way of irrigating the enormous tracts of arid lands in the West.

A. W. Lyman for years the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, has purchased the Helena (Montana) *Daily Independent*. Mr. Lyman will make the paper follow the *Sun* in its political course. He will support Hill for the next Presidential nomination.

Ex-Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, says Harrison, by his appointments in that State, has thrown away what little chance the Republicans had of carrying the Third Congress District. He also intimates, rather strongly, that the Lousiana delegation in the next Republican National Convention will oppose the renomination of Harrison. All of which is very interesting, but the fact should not be forgotten that Kellogg has a very sore head.

The age limited for the appointment of letter carriers in non-civil service post offices has been extended from thirty-five to forty years.

More than forty Democrats were discharged from the Government Printing Office last week.

[Correspondence of the Maryland Journal.]

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug., 1889.

Editor JOURNAL—*Dear Sir*:

As your popular JOURNAL has a large number or readers in our city, I will be much pleased if you can find convenient space in its columns for the following views of an old Democrat in reference to our coming municipal election.

We have had several plans of reform recently suggested to "re-construct" our good old Democracy in Baltimore, but I think that in the words of the wise old adge, "It's no time to swap horses while crossing a stream." The radical changes proposed should be the result of gradual growth, and the deliberate action of public sentiment. I have an abiding faith that the grand old Democratic party contains within its own organism ample power to right all wrongs, to reform all abuses, to secure pure and honest elections, and, finally, to lead us on, as it has so often done in the days of old, to a brilliant victory; and two of the most important requisites to secure those results are, first, that the officers selected to properly conduct our elections shall be men of unquestionable character and good standing in the community; and secondly, that every good citizen shall regard it as his solemn duty to attend his primary, and use his utmost efforts to secure thoroughly honest and capable nominees; and, in view of the foregoing, would it not be the wiser course for all good Democrats, for the present, at least, to "let well enough along?"

As regards the most available Democratic nominee for Mayor, the fact that the incumbent has been repeatedly called by the popular voice to the responsible office he now occupies, affords the best evidence of his fitness for the position. Some "unco good" people who, although human beings themselves, would seem to expect everybody else to be an angel, urge it an objection against Mayor Latrobe that he is a *politician*. Very true; and it is also true that politicians have their own peculiar mode of tactics which we may charitably and reasonably believe to be, to a great extent, forced upon them by their peculiar surroundings and old established political methods; and yet, outside of his "political tactics," as far as relates to an honest, faithful and thoroughly efficient discharge of his official duties, I think it may be truthfully said that the record of our Baltimore Mayor will compare most favorably with that of the Chief Municipal Magistrate of any other large city in our country.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

[Correspondence of the Maryland Journal.]

THE CHIEF JUDGESHIP.

TOWSON P. O., August 8th, 1889.

Editor MARYLAND JOURNAL:

Dear Sir:—I have been told by several persons it is reported that I have promised to make certain appointments if I am elected Chief Judge of this Circuit. Will you kindly allow me to say, through your paper, that I have not, directly or indirectly, promised to appoint any one to any position, or to make any appointments in the interest of any person, nor do I intend to make any such promise. All reports that I have done so, or intend to do so, are absolutely untrue.

Yours Very Truly,
WILLIAM S. KEECH.

OUR JOHN L. AND GOV. LOWRY.—Gov. Lowry of Mississippi now has John L. Sullivan in jail at Jackson. On the way down the friends of the big boy gathered at several of the railroad stations and cheered him as he went along.—When the train arrived at Jackson, John and the officers went to a hotel and had dinner. During the time they were at the hotel John "received," and a large number of the faithful shook John's paw. When Gov. Lowry found it out he ordered the officers to take Sullivan to jail, saying he did not intend to allow a prisoner charged with a serious crime to be holding a levee and making a farce of justice. John L. said he knew it was not right for him to do so, but the Governor out to excuse him as his friends made him do what he had done, and he was sorry it had happened.

PATENTS GRANTED.—Patents granted to citizens of Maryland during the past week and reported for the JOURNAL by O. A. Snow & Co., Patent Lawyers, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., are as follows:

From Baltimore: E. D. Moore, letter box; L. S. Springer, lathe tool holder; L. A. Tarring, extension joint or splice.

☞ Ex-Senator Ross, who stood by President Johnson during his impeachment trial, is now working as a printer in a Santa Fe newspaper office.

THE RIVER OF HOT WATER.

The great Sutro Tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock Mines at Virginia City, Nev., of the vast quantity of hot water which is encountered in them, affords an outlet to twelve million tons every twenty-four hours. Some of the water, as it finds its way into the mines, has a temperature of one hundred and ninety-five degrees, while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and thirty-five degrees. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapor as such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a tight fume made of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is utilized for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is carried off by a tunnel one thousand, one hundred feet in length, which serves as a waterway. Leaving the waterway tunnel, the water flows to Carson river, a mile and a half distant. This hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby one thousand acres belonging to the company are being irrigated. It is proposed to carry the hot water through iron pipes beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of thousands of frust trees which are to be planted, and in similar manner give necessary warmth to a number of hot-houses to be used for propagation of early fruits and vegetables.

TEARS ON TOMBSTONES.—Tears on tombstones tell the same tale as the lachrymatories of the ancients; and if they tell it after a simpler, rougher fashion, I cannot see that their mode of expression is a whit more absurd than the one which classic association has taught us to regard with gravity. Throughout Normandy it is usual to find black tears painted on the white grave crosses, and white tears on black ones; for tears must surely be signified by the Prince Rupert drop-shaped figures which are placed under, above, or about so many memorial inscriptions. No niggard weeping indicated thus, and not modern altogether is the symbolism. There are tear-like figures in the Bayeux tapestry, on the bed where the defunct confessor lies. "Celui-ci," says the Abbe J. Laffetay in his pleasant historical and descriptive notice of the needlework "ditto dela Reine Mathilde," "celui-ci est couche sur un lit parseme de larmes." I am much mistaken if I have not sometimes seen spots intended to represent tears on that curious material crape which, both in this country and in France, seems to be indispensable to the outfit of a complete mourner. Some time ago I remember reading in a newspaper that in Pere la Chaise Cemetery there is a monument in the form of a tear. The monument was erected by a husband to his wife bore the inscription, "Judge by that how I loved her." I unfortunately do not remember the name of the paper or the date.—*Notes and Queries.*

JOHN S. WISE WRATHY.—The redoubtable John S. Wise, of Virginia, was in a wrathy condition at the White House on Saturday 3d inst. upon the occasion of a visit, or, an interception of the President. Mr. Wise made the call to complain to the President that the agreement with the Mahone faction, that a man named Grubb should be appointed Postmaster at Richmond, had not been kept. Mr. Wise having learned that the President would not appoint Mr. Grubb, his indignation swelled him up, and when he began to let off steam it is said inelegant language was used.

THE PRESS.—It was Chapin who summed up the power of the types in the following neat manner:

"I like the click of the type in the composing stick of the printer better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and surer aim, which will hit its mark though it is a thousand years ahead."

The press has never been used to destroy but rather to build up, and therefore has none of the crimes of the destruction of life to answer for.

FIRE AT SPOKANE FALLS.

A great fire at Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, on the 4th inst. destroyed twenty-five blocks of buildings, a majority of them brick and stone, involving a loss estimated at $10,000,000. The city contains about 20,000 inhabitants. Nearly the entire business district was burned.

☞ The President and Secretaries Windom and Proctor and Private Secretary Halford left Washington on the 6th for Bar Harbor. The President will remain with Mr. Blaine for two weeks, and will then return to Deer Park and go from thence to Indianapolis for one day; then return to Washington.

☞ Abraham Lincoln was the tallest President in this country, being 6 feet 4 inches.—Benjamin Harrison is the shortest, as his height is only 5 feet 5 inches. The difference between the two men, however, doesn't stop here.

☞ The Republicans of Virginia are trying to patch up the rupture which has occurred between the two factions. Mahone is a crafty politician, and as hard a fighter in politics as he was in the Confederate Army.

☞ Mr. W. H. Vanderford, Editor of the *Democratic Advocate*, of Westminster, Md., rescued two ladies from drowning in the surf at Atlantic City on Thursday, 8th inst.

☞ The Grand Jury of Baltimore city is still pitching into the saloons reported to it as violating the Sunday laws by recommending that no licenses be issued to them hereafter.

Died.

There is a Reaper whose name is DEATH,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

SHEALEY—At Spring Grove Asylum, on August 8th, 1889, WILLIAM S. SHEALEY, formerly of Towson. His remains were interred in the old family burying plot in Towson on Friday, 9th.

ELPHRING.—At Waverly, on August 3d, 1889, WM. H. ELPHRING, aged 42 years.

KERNS.—At Calverton, on August 3d, 1889, MARY A., aged 55 years, beloved wife of John F. Kerns.

MCCUBBIN.—At Mt. Washington, on August 4th, 1889, AMELIA, aged 70 years, wife of Wm. McCubbin.

LAWDER.—At Lutherville, on August 5th, 1889, ALAN, infant son of B. Frank and Helen Lawder.

ISAAC.—At Ellicott City, on August 5th, 1889, MARY ROACH, in the 79th year of her age, wife of Zedekiah M. Isaac, and mother of William M. Isaac, of Towson.

HITCHCOCK.—In Baltimore, on August 5th, 1889 ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK, in the 84th year of his age.

MYER.—At Roland, Baltimore county, on August 6th, 1889, MARY M. L. MYER, infant daughter of William S. and Norah Laurenson Myer.

STREET.—At Jarrettsville, Harford county, on August 6th, 1889, SAMUEL STREET, in the 64th year of his age.

The Markets.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

THURSDAY, Aug. 8th, 1889.		
FLOUR—Howard Street Super...	$ 2.50 @	$ 3.15
" " " Extra...	3.25 @	4.10
" " " Family...	4.25 @	4.75
" Patapsco Extra...	5.25 @	0.00
" " Family...	5.50 @	0.00
RYE FLOUR...	2.75 @	3.10
CORN MEAL—City Mills...	1.10 @	1.20
WHEAT—Southern Red...	84 @	86
" Western Red...	86 @	86
CORN—Southern White...	45 @	49
" " Yellow...	45 @	46
" Western...	44 @	45
OATS—Western...	29 @	35
" Southern...	30 @	35
RYE...	50 @	53
MILL FEED—Per ton...	13.00 @	14.00
PROVISIONS—Shoulders...	5¾ @	7¾
" Sides...	6¾ @	07
" Hams...	18½ @	19¾
POTATOES per bushel...	25 @	30
BUTTER...	16 @	18
EGGS...	14 @	15
WHISKEY...	1.25 @	1.28

Reported for the JOURNAL *by N. B. Merryman, Eastern Hay Scales, Greenmount Avenue:*

TIMOTHY HAY per ton...	15.00 @	18.00
" " (new) per ton..	7.00 @	11.00
CLOVER HAY per ton...	11.00 @	12.00
" " (new) per ton..	7.00 @	8.00
STRAW—Wheat...	8.00 @	9.00
" Rye...	10.00 @	12.00
" Oat...	9.00 @	10.00
Corn per barrel...	2.80 @	2.90

☞ TOWSON MEAT MARKET. ☜

STILL AT
THE OLD STAND,
York Road near the Post Office.

We are selling to our customers and the public who may favor us with a call
BEEF, VE