

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.
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ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

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JOB PRINTING,
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets, AND ALL KINDS OF Plain & Fancy Job Work Executed with neatness and dispatch and at the lowest rates.

WHEN WHAT IS GREEN.

When wheat is green in furrowed fields,
And forest lanes are lined with leaves,
And pastures upon pleasing yields,
And every meadow laden greives
For lack of love, at such a time
My pleasure will be in its prime.

The clouds, that keep away the sun,
And cover up the moon at night,
Before the March wind will run,
And leave the heavens blue and bright;
The sun will shine upon the sea—
The moon will light the wood for me.

And then, ah! then! O dearest days!
Laboring branches, thick with bloom,
Will throw their gold on garden ways,
And kiss the window of my room;
And then the day! How will it be
To live in such felicity!

My love with blossoms will be bound,
And from my fears I shall be free;
O'er time, bring quickly round
The merriest month of all for me!
That I may hear the church bells ring,
And on my finger see the ring! Temple Bar.

How small a cloud it takes to hide
The sunshine, and how little it takes
To poison the soul! Bish was galloping
around in his usual breezy style, a red
ribbon waving from his button-hole, when
in walked a beetle-browed stranger, and
as he leaned over the railing of the desk
he inquired:

"Did you have 'em bad?"
"Have what?" replied the old man.
"Rather hard to break off, isn't it?" asked
the man.

"Are you talking to me?" answered
Bish, seeming bewildered.
"Yes, sir, I am. I wanted to know
whether you saw snakes or rats. Some
see one thing and some another, you
know. Well, I'm glad of it. It used to
make my heart ache to see you hanging
to the lamp-post."

Bish put him out, of course, and of
course, everybody knew that Bish is a
sober man, but the poisonous seed took
root and the old man hung his red ribbon
on a nail in the corridor.

Nevertheless, let the good work of re-
form go on, and the beetle-browed man
will sooner or later meet his deserts.

"As I understand this case," said his
Honor, as old Mr. Klief came out, "you
yesterday decided to clean up your back
yard. Laboring under the idea that it
was about time for cabbage seeds to
sprout, you took off your coat and began
throwing ashes, bottles and cans into
your neighbor's yard?"

"Dot is shust zo," replied the prisoner.
"And your neighbor began throwing
them back?"

"Shust zo, Shudge."
"And that brought on a row, of course.
The woman hit you with a bottle and
you hit her with an old boot, and you
had run around into the alley for bricks
when a blue-coat sailed and picked you
up. Now, then, have you any de-
fense?"

"I haf more defenses as you ever saw,"
replied Mr. Klief.
"Well, what can you say?"
"I can say five thousand things."
"Ho you any witnesses you want
sworn?"

"I haf one honored witness, Shudge."
"Where are they?"
"Some are in Shackoon, and some more
in Doleo."
"See, here, Mr. Klief," sharply contin-
ued the court, "I believe you are guilty."
"Zo do I!" replied Mr. Klief.
"And I believe I'll fine you five dol-
lars."
"I shust belif dot, too!"

"Well, that's the sentence, and as you
pass out the greenbacks please remember
that spring hasn't come yet and your
neighbor's rights must be respected as
well as your own."

"I shall do zo, Shudge," replied Mr.
Klief, and he took over the money and
passed under the rope.

"Is this William Baine?" asked the
court of the next.
"Am."
"Well, William, why do you persist in
getting drunk when all the rest of us are
for reform?"

"—Judge, feel bad," replied William,
breaking down of a sudden.
"It's natural that you should feel bad.
You got drunk, the boys felled you
around in the alley, and you were almost
frozen when brought down here."
"Judge, I have a mother!"
"Well, most of us have had one."
"She's a dear old soul," gasped William
Baine, "and she's all alone in this tough
world. This thing will break her heart,
Judge."
"You ought to have thought of that
yesterday."
"I wish to Goshen I had, but I didn't.
I can see the old soul now, as she stood
in the door yesterday morning and said
to me: 'William, it looks to me as if
Hayses would be counted in.' That's
what she said, Judge and if you send me
up she'll have to go to the poor-house.
I'm the breaker between her and star-
vation."
"I don't believe any such nonsense!"
exclaimed his Honor.
"Would I lie to you, Judge?"
"I think you would. I think you are
a loafer, and I don't believe you have
a mother in town."
"Isn't there some one here who knows
my mother?" asked the prisoner as he
turned to the audience.
No response.
"Dreadful ailence."
"Tisn't that colored woman what
peddles pop-corn, is it?" asked one of
the boys from behind the stove.
More silence.
"Give me the street and number and
I'll send a carriage for her," remarked
the court.
"—Judge, I've been lying to you!"
stammered the prisoner. "I was under
the impression that I had a dear old
mother, but you have convinced me that
she died in Owego in 1862. Don't be
rough on me, Judge."
"It was bad enough to get drunk, Wil-
liam Baine, and put a bold lie with it,
and the affair looks serious for you."
"Judge, I'll rise above party prejudices
if you will, and will call this thing all
right. I'll sign the pledge or leave town,
and you can go right on as before."
"March—April—May," mused his
Honor, counting his fingers. "You will
come out about the time the roads get
settled."
"Judge, can I speak to you in private?"
"No, sir."
"Can I write you a letter?"
"No, sir."
"Can't I soften your obdurate heart?"
"You get your obdurate heels into the
corridor, Mr. Baine, or I'll change the
sentence to six months."

John Scofield could remember of
drinking nineteen glasses of lager, a glass
of whisky and another of punch, but yet
he thought his case didn't come under
the head of drunkenness. He had stretched
out in the middle of Woodward avenue
for a short nap, and was trying to fit his
back to a hole in the pavement when an
officer came along and suggested that
such a position didn't become him.

"Do you own this town?" inquired
John through the darkness.
The officer acknowledged that he didn't
own half of it, but insisted that the pri-
oner get up. Prisoner insisted that he
wouldn't. Fight. True merit always
wins. Prisoner taken down a peg or two.
Also taken to the station.

"Are you prepared to meet your doom?"
inquired the court as he looked down
upon the man from Indiana.
"Judge, don't lay up no grudge on me,"
replied the man. "I'm a feller who has
had a heap of trouble. I've been married
four different times, and I've just run
away from my fourth wife. I've had
three good horses die of the bots, lost
two cows by pizen, and everybody and
everything seems to be down on me."

"Well, I don't see how it helped your
case any to get drunk," observed his
Honor.
"It didn't help it any—of course it
didn't, but I felt mean and low spirited
and I kinder drifted into it. I'm about
gone up, Judge. I've got palpitation of
the heart, rheumatism, fever and ager and
a lame back, and I want to get out in
the country and peacefully and quietly
expire."
"You do, eh?"
"Yes, I do. I'll leave town and die
under some budding tree by the wayside,
and I don't ask for any gravestone or
obituary notice in the papers. I'm a
used-up man, and I want rest."

"I'll let you go," said the court, after
considering the case. "Take one of the
highways leading to the interior and
make tracks. If you should be picked
up in town within the next two weeks,
you are to put where the price of straw-
berries would cause you a single
anxious thought."
"Judge, I believe you. You don't look
like a man who says one thing and means
another. There is a resemblance between
you and an uncle of mine, and—"
"Don't wait here one second longer!"
interrupted the court, and John hurried
out.

"I was looking around to see if naviga-
tion was open," observed James Welch,
as he stood before the desk.
"The route to the House of Correction
is always open," softly replied his Honor.
"I don't want to sail in that craft,
Judge. I didn't mean to get tight, and
I'll tell you how it was. I found a bottle
of something in lumber yard up the
river. I didn't know what it was and so
I tasted it. It tasted so good that I
drank all of it."
"It might have been poison—how did
you know?" asked the Court.
"I didn't know, your Honor, and that's
the reason I tasted. I thought it wouldn't
be right to leave any such thing around
where some innocent-hearted boy or some
poor old man might accidentally get
hold of it."
"Well, it turned out to be second-class
whisky, didn't it?"
"No, sir, it turned out to be the nicest
catnip you ever saw! If I'd only had a
slice of cold meat I'd have been nicely
fed, but as long as I didn't have any
meat, I made the best of it."
"Do you pretend to say," began the
court, after a long and painful pause,
"that catnip intoxicated you?"
"It must have been that, Judge. It
was in that bottle, I drank it, and this
officer says he found me drunk."
"Well, we'll have a catnip law and a
catnip decision. I send you up for thirty
days."
"I think I'll appeal to the Supreme
Court," said the prisoner.
"Very well. I'll make the warrant 'A'
for appeal, and you'll please enter the
sitting-room and chalk your back with
a figure '1' to secure a front seat in the
Black Maria."
JESS SO, JUDGE.

When Mr. Gardner was walked out he
was discovered that he was a real nice,
fat man, with feet a trifle smaller than
Bijah's, and a bald head.

"Jess so, Judge," he remarked, as he
came to a halt. "I own up that I was
overcome for the time being, but then, it
was the first time in seventeen years, and
you can afford to let me off."
"You ought to be ashamed to go
staggering around when all Detroit is
excited over the temperance cause," said
the court.
"Jess so, Judge—I feel as if I could
sink down through the floor. This will
be a great and lasting lesson to me."
"The officer says you were very noisy."
"Jess so, Judge—don't doubt his word
in the least. When a man gets about
three-fifths intoxicated his great and ear-
nest desire is to yell about four times
as loud as a whole tribe of Indians. Now
that you call my attention to it I remem-
ber of thinking it was my duty to yell.
Jess so, Judge, Jess so."
"You ought to set a better example,
Mr. Gardner."
"Jess so. I feel that I had, Judge, and
I will. I'll commence this very hour to
set a good example."
"You think you can keep sober after
this, do you?"
"I know I can. I'll do it if I have to
drink thirty gallons of ice water per
day."
"Well, you can go, and I hope you'll
keep your word like a man."
"I will, Judge. Good-by—jess so."
And his Honor remarked to the audi-
ence that it was always better to be
kind and gentle with a bald-headed man.
—Detroit Free Press.

A California schoolmaster who was
out of employment and fast losing his
sight went into a shooting gallery in
San Francisco on February 13, and tak-
ing up a large revolver fired two shots
at the target, missing each time. Appar-
ently annoyed at his poor shooting he
strode half way down the gallery and
tried again with the same result, and
then to the amazement of all present,
placed the pistol to his ear and pulled
the trigger. Before the bystanders could
prevent him he put the muzzle of the re-
volver in his mouth and fired again.
Upon his persons found the following
note, written in pencil on a scrap of letter
paper: "Thomas Biggs, L.L. D., disap-
pointed and weary of life, eyesight utterly
failing, will soon be blind."

Prof. A. Graham Bell, the inventor
of the telephone, comes from the staid old
city of the witches—Salem. He is profes-
sor of "vocal physiology" in the Bos-
ton University. About five years ago he
first began to think about the possibility
of the transmission of sound by telegraph,
and the idea took possession of him com-
pletely. His invention had so far taken
form eighteen months ago, that with the
assistance of a practical electrician, Mr.
Thomas A. Watson, he began to experi-
ment, using for the purpose of wire be-
tween Boston and Cambridge, about two
miles long. The success of the invention
was to him from the first only a question
of time. He had "got it down fine," as
the boys say, and the successive experi-
ments were only so many steps toward
rendering the instrument practical for
general use.

The first time the practical success of
the telephone was demonstrated to the
satisfaction of others was on Oct. 9, 1876,
when an experiment was made over the
private wire of the Walworth Manufac-
turing Company of Cambridge. The tele-
phone then spoke for itself, and the
conversation of the operator in Cambridge
could be distinctly heard at the Boston
end of the line. An interesting dialogue
between the speakers talking in their
ordinary key. The experiments were
continued almost constantly. Prof. Bell
and Mr. Watson conducted their opera-
tions in the fifth story of a lodging house
in Exeter place, in this city, and were ex-
ceedingly careful when they admitted to
their rooms. I found my way up there
to-day, and had an interesting talk with
Mr. Watson, who seems to be a bright
young man, and is very enthusias-
tic concerning the telephone. He said
that Prof. Bell was the sole inventor of
the instrument, and no other human
being had ever tackled the idea. The first
patent was taken out about a year ago,
and several had been obtained subse-
quently. Mr. Watson gave an interest-
ing account of the recent experiments
with the machine, most of which have
been over the Eastern Railroad Company's
wire between Salem and Boston. The
time selected for these experiments is
generally the Sabbath day, because
there is then less probability of the wire
being in use.

One of the experiments, which occurred
on Jan. 21, was very gratifying in its
results. Not only over words spoken
in Boston, but even the tones and in-
flexions of the several voices were accu-
rately transmitted and readily recognized
by those at the Salem end of the line.
Other experiments demonstrated the fact
that a lady in Malden could sing "The
Last Rose of Summer," and every note
could be heard in the room at Exeter
place, Boston, with the quality of the tele-
phone. The sound was perfectly
clear, and had about the same effect as if
the listener were at the rear of a concert
hall, say 100 feet away from the singer.
Subsequent trials showed that laughter,
applause or instrumental music could be
equally well transmitted. In the case of
the latter, not only the key notes of the
music, but also the quality of the music,
A violin could be distinguished from a
violin-cello.

The greatest distance that has been
vanquished by the telephone is 143 miles
—from Boston to North Conway, N. H.
The most recent improvements made on
the instrument do away with batteries
altogether, and permanent magnets are
used in transmitting the electric wave
generated by the voice itself. This is re-
garded as a very important step in ad-
vance, as the bother and expense of keep-
ing batteries in order has been the great
drawback to the employment of the in-
strument for private purposes. The honor
of having received the first newspaper
dispatch ever sent by means of a tele-
phone belongs to John Lubbock, a friend
of a lecture by Prof. Bell in Salem
was transmitted verbally to it last
Monday night. This lecture was about
the telephone, and in the course of the
evening a series of remarkable experi-
ments was made in the presence of the
audience. Songs and brief speeches were
sent from Boston, and the speaker, which
greeted their reception in Salem, as dis-
tinctly heard in Boston. Imaginative
in a hall and hearing a man, eighteen
miles away, sing "Hold the Fort."

"I haven't the slightest doubt," Mr.
Watson said to-day, "that in a few months
things will be so that a man can make a
lecture here in Boston and be heard by an
audience in any part of the country."
"Do you expect that the telephone will
entirely supersede the present system of
telegraphing?" I asked.
"Yes, we expect it will, eventually. A
company is now forming for the purpose
of manufacturing and introducing the
instrument. In time it can't fail to re-
place the old dot and line alphabet, and
will be used mostly by means of a tele-
city business. It will probably take the
place of the present district telegraph
companies and the like, as it will be es-
pecially convenient for that class of
business."
"Won't the receiving operators have to
learn shorthand?"
"Yes, I suppose they will. In our ex-
periments, I noticed that the receiver
said a sentence, so that the receiver
had time to write out in long hand."
Mr. Watson remarked that the intro-
duction of the telephone would probably
have the effect of increasing the telegraph
business to such an extent that it would
hasten the time when the wires would
be laid underground instead of being
hung in poles. A propos to sing-
ing by telegraph, I asked if it would not
save a good deal of expense to our Amer-
ican opera managers. "An American
audience could hear Nilsson, Patti, or
any European prima donna, without
bringing them across the Atlantic," I
suggested. "Just place the receiving ma-
chine in the Boston Music Hall, for in-
stance, and let the songsters put her
mouth close to the mouth-piece in Paris,
London, Vienna or St. Petersburg, and
the effect would be the same as if the
prima donna herself were present in the
hall."
"Certainly," said Mr. Watson, smiling,
"and it would be curious to observe what
effect the presence of the voice and the
sense of the person would have on the
critics. Homely singers would probably
advance in public esteem, while some of
the beautiful cantatrices might suffer a
corresponding set-back when their voices
were judged on their merits."
No trial has yet been made, however,
of the transmission of sounds to so great
a distance as across the Atlantic. Mr.
Watson said that as far as they had been
able to ascertain, there seems to be a
limit to the distance over which the
sounds could be made to travel; but he

expressed himself as confident that in
due time any given distance could be
annihilated. "We have, in fact," he
added, "talked through a wire arranged
to give an artificial resistance equal to
40,000 ohms, which is more resistance
than the entire length of the Atlantic
cable would offer. But there are other
obstacles to be overcome in order to
transmit the sound of the voice correctly
to such a distance as that. Prof. Bell
and I are constantly at work here perfect-
ing the system, you see. When a favor-
able opportunity offers, we shall try and
have a practical test over one of the trans-
atlantic cables."
The wonderful little instrument of
whose future value to civilization the in-
tellectual sound of the voice correctly
to such a distance as that. Prof. Bell
and I are constantly at work here perfect-
ing the system, you see. When a favor-
able opportunity offers, we shall try and
have a practical test over one of the trans-
atlantic cables."

The following is a copy of a letter
written by Daniel Webster to his manag-
ing farmer, John Taylor, dated:
WASHINGTON, March 17th, 1852.

"I am glad you have chosen Mr. Pike
representative. He is a true man; but
there are in New Hampshire many per-
sons who call themselves Whigs who are
no Whigs at all, and who are no better
than Disunionists. Any man who hesi-
tates in granting and securing to every
part of the country its just and constitu-
tional rights is an enemy to the whole
country. John Taylor, if one of your
boys should say he honors his father and
mother, and loves his brothers and sis-
ters, but still insists that one of them
shall be driven out of the family, what
is no real family love in him? You and
I are farmers; we never talk politics; our
talk is of oxen. Now remember this, that
any man who attempts to excite one part
of this country against another is just as
wicked as he would be who should at-
tempt to get up a quarrel between John
Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. John
Sandborn, or his other neighbor, Captain
Burdick."

"There are some animals that live best
in the fire; and there are some men who
delight in heat, smoke, combustion and
general conflagration. They do not fol-
low the things that make for peace; they
enjoy only controversy, contention and
strife. Have no communion with such
persons, either as neighbors or politi-
cians. You have no more right to say
that slavery ought not to exist in Vir-
ginia than a Virginian has to say that
slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire.
This is a question left to every State
to decide for itself, and if we mean to keep
the States together, we must leave to every
State the power of deciding for itself."
"I think I never wrote you a word
before on politics. I shall never write me
another word on politics. Give my kind
remembrance to your wife and chil-
dren, and when you look from your
eastern windows upon the graves of my
family, remember that he who is the author
of this letter must soon follow them to
another world."
"DANIEL WEBSTER."

—Not content with having destroyed
some traditional beliefs on the subject of
bees, Sir John Lubbock is now attacking
the reputation of the ant. According to
Sir John, it would appear that the differ-
ent species of ants—and there are about
150—vary in their habits and "charac-
teristics." Some are distinguished by
bravery, some by cowardice, some are
industrious, some are strikingly idle.
They are too lazy even to feed themselves
or clean themselves, and Sir John Lub-
bock found that to keep them alive it
was necessary to put a few slaves for an
hour or two every day into the case in
which they were confined, in order that
their domestic arrangements might be
regularly attended to. They are said to
be very stupid with regard to locality. Sir
John Lubbock has tried putting a store
of food to be reached by passing over
little cardboard bridges, and he found that
slightly shifting a bridge baffled them.
They never tried to push the bridge, or
even to make use of a supply of force,
but were ready to help them fill the
gap. They "craned" at a jump about one-
third of an inch, and preferred going
a circuit of eighteen feet, just as a cau-
tious rider to hounds might make a de-
tour of several fields to take advantage
of a line of gates. It is a mistake, too,
to suppose that ants will take care of a dis-
tressed friend. Sir John Lubbock tried
putting an ant with much where
many were sitting and reposing. Not
one took any notice of him. They have,
however, a singular power of recognizing
each other, as was tested by placing
thirty intoxicated friends in company
with thirty intoxicated strangers together
in a nest. The ants were at first much
puzzled with the sight, and several
of the party of the friends were taken
to the nest, five were thrown into the
water, and the others neglected. On the
other hand, twenty-four of the thirty
strangers were thrown into the water at
once, and of the six taken into the nest
by mistake, four were afterward found
to be strangers, and were then taken out
and thrown into the water also.

—The Denver (Colorado) News says:
A bad story comes from Deadwood about
an old Denverite—D. Tom Smith. The
writer says Tom has been behaving
beastly for some time past "threatening
to kill his wife and several other people
in town. Recently, on a certain night,
he was in a saloon where the Mayor, City
Marshal and two others were engaged in
a game of "freeze-out." He pulled off
his coat, took a corner from which he
could cover the players and the bar-
keeper and then "pulled his gun," cocked
it and held it at present upon whoever
made a motion to rise or change his po-
sition. He told them that he came in there
for murder, and meant murder, but they
might go on with the game. The game
did go on with a great deal of solemnity.
The writer says, "It was probably the
most solemn game of freeze-out ever
played in the hills." No one of the five
present wanted to be a martyr. But the
City Marshal kept working his chair
around, and at last suddenly struck his
head and made a spring for D. Tom. At
that instant the latter "turned loose" his
battery. The shot passed through the
crown of the Marshal's hat, out through
the side, through the rim and twice
through the back of his coat. But the
Marshal got Tom before he had time to
pull again, and now he has gone to
Yankton for confinement and trial.

—Mohammedanism is making very
rapid strides in many of the distant pro-
vinces of China, says a French missionary.
Not only so, is the religion itself spread-
ing thus suddenly and swiftly, but the
Chinese followers of the prophet seem
ripe for an insurrection, and it is feared
that the entire provinces of Kansuh,
Shensi, and Kweichow may ere long
be in a condition of open revolt. It is re-
ported that the "Taiping" or their Govern-
ment is in severe straits, and threatens to
resign his command unless he receives very
considerable reinforcements without delay.
Tso is a man of great ability, courage-
ous as a soldier, an excellent tacti-
cian, and fully competent to direct mil-
itary operations. He labors, however,
under the disadvantage of having his
troops equipped with condemned rifles,
explosive firearms, and almost non-explo-
sive gunpowder.

—A party of robbers boarded a loco-
motive at Long Point, Ind., killed the en-
gineer, set the engine in motion, and
drew an Adams Express car away to a
convenient place for rifling. This was
done a few days ago five men and a
woman were arrested as the robbers. The
woman is Jennie Osgood, and it is said
that she not only planned the crime, but
was a leader in its commission. She wore
men's clothing and a false moustache,
and was one of the two killed the engi-
neer.

—Before we were married," said he to
a friend, "she used to say, 'by-by' so
sweetly when I went down the steps."
"And now what does she say?" asked the
friend. "Oh, just the same," exclaimed
the man—"by, by, by!" "Ah! I see," said
the other; "she only exercises a little dif-
ference 'pell' over you!"

Professional.
JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Will Practice in Howard, Anne Arundel
and the adjoining counties.
Special attention given to Collec-
tions, and Remittances made promptly.
Office—In the Court House, ELLCOTT
CITY.
[Jan 6, '72-ly.]

J. D. McGUIRE,
Attorney at Law,
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
Office Two Doors West of Lohs's
Store,
Oct 7, '70-ly.

I. Thomas Jones,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore,
Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and
Howard and adjoining Counties.
Can be found at the Court House in
ELLCOTT CITY, on the FIRST AND THIRD
TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.
Dec. 12 '74-ly.

Wm. A. Hammond,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, ELLCOTT
CITY, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF
EACH MONTH.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lex-
ington, Baltimore.
July 27 '72-ly.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27 '69-ly.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-ly.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 St. Paul Street,
BALTIMORE,
Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the
U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection
of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
[Jan. 29, '70-ly.]

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City
and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and
will be at the Court House in ELLCOTT CITY
on the First and Third Tuesday of every month—
(Grubbs' Court days).
Mar. 6 '75-ly.

J. Harwood Watkins,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.
Office—At the Court House.
Sept 12, '74-ly.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at
ELLCOTT CITY, is prepared to practice
his Profession in this City and County,
at all hours, except when professionally en-
gaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3 '69-ly.

DR. W. C. WATKINS,
Near CLARKSVILLE, Howard County,
Respectfully tenders his Professional Ser-
vices to the citizens of Howard
County.
He will be found at his office
when not professionally engaged.
May 1, '69-ly.

DR. E. CRABBE,
(Graduate of the Baltimore College of Den-
tal Surgery.)
DENTIST,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE MAIN ST., 3 DOORS BELOW J. H.
LEISEHAR'S STORE,
Particular attention paid to the
preservation of the Natural Teeth.
Jan. 3-74-3mo.

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Notary Public,
Real Estate and Collection
Agent, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected
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and Sales of City and Country Property
effected, Property Leased, Money
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Lowest Rates.
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Desks..... 10 " 100
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Leg Rests..... 1 " 10
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Parlor Suits..... 60 " 100
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March 29, '73-ly.

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