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ELLIOTT CITY TIMES

VOL. VIII.

ELLIOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877.

NO. 32.

JOB PRINTING, Handbills, Circulars, Bill-heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets, AND ALL KINDS OF Plain & Fancy Job Work

Professional.

I. Thomas Jones, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore.

Wm. A. Hammond, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Can be found at the Court House, Elliott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.

JOHN G. ROGERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Wm. Practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.

J. D. McGUIRE, Attorney at Law, Elliott City, Md.

EDWIN LINTHICUM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

HENRY E. WOOLTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

C. IRVING DITTY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 31 St. Paul Street, BALTIMORE.

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 Elliott City on the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days), mar. 6-7-5-ly.

J. Harwood Watkins, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY, 137 OFFICE—AT THE COURT HOUSE, Sept 12, '74-75.

DR. JAMES E. SHREVE, DENTIST, (Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery), Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crable, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE, ELLICOTT CITY, MD, Having permanently located himself at Elliott City, is prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.

DR. W. C. WATKINS, Near CLARKSVILLE, Howard County, Respectfully tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Howard County.

WILLIAM B. PETER, Notary Public, Real Estate and Collection Agency, and GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected, Money procured on Securities, Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property collected, Property Leased, Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, etc., etc., etc., Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on first Class Securities, in Sums from \$1000 to \$10,000, June 24, '71-72.

Baltimore.

PERSONAL, NOAH WALKER & CO., THE CELEBRATED CLOTHIERS OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, announce the introduction of a plan of ordering

CLOTHING & UNDERWEAR BY LETTER, to which they call your special attention. They will send on application their improved and accurate RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT, MEN'S and full line of samples from their immense stock of

CLOTHING, CASSIMERES, COATINGS, SUITINGS, &c., &c., thus enabling parties in any part of the country to order their clothing and shirts direct from them, with the certainty of getting perfect fits.

READY-MADE CLOTHING always on hand, together with a full line of FURNISHING GOODS, including all the latest Novelties in demand at POPULAR PRICES.

BOYS' & YOUTHS' READY-MADE CLOTHING from three years up a specialty.

Francis W. Plummer, BALTIMORE, MD, April 1, 1874.

Good Wood, Smooth Work, Fine Finish! PRICES TO SUIT ALL!

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE!

WALNUT, OAK, ASH, POPLAR!

Books, Chamber Suits, Deaks, Library Tables, Leg Rests, Patent Rockers, Parlor Tables, Bedsteads.

S. S. LINTHICUM, LUMBER DEALER, Cor. Pratt & Green Sts., BALTIMORE, MD.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL, Lumber, Shingles, Palings, Laths, &c.

DOOR FRAMES, SASH, BLINDS, &c., Furnished at Manufacturers' Prices.

JOHN NICKLAS, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, 339 W. Baltimore St., cor. of Paca, BALTIMORE, MD.

Offers for sale, at Reduced Prices, Gold and Silver American and Swiss Watches, a well selected Stock of fine Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver Ware, Triple Plated Ware, Clocks, Table Cutlery, &c., &c.

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At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted rooms; everybody here witnessed the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard there, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there. They provided themselves with a good supper, and loaded pistols. The ghostly sounds were heard, and soon brother laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep.

The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events. A while a noise roused him from a reverie to which he had fallen, and raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signified to him to follow. He rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room, where a ball was going on.

As he continued to follow, a strange, sharp, clicking sound, like the noise of castanets, bewildered and dazzled by the sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses; but he was shocked into sobriety by perceiving that these gayly-dressed ladies and their bright and polished cavaliers were skeletons and the curious sound that had impressed him so strongly was the clicking of their fleshless jaws!

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—Human nature and brute nature are much more alike than people generally imagine, and if we were to apply the same general rules in the government of animals which actuate us in the control of children and grown persons, our success would be far more agreeable, to all concerned. If we desire a wayward child to do this and so, we do not take a rawhide and lash him, but we simply indicate our wishes in an intelligent manner, and point out the reason why certain proclivities must not be indulged in.

As soon as the child clearly understands, ten to one it is ready to obey. It is precisely the same with colts and horses, only as we cannot indicate plainly by words what we desire, we should resort to ingenious devices to make our wishes understood. The whip is the parent of stubbornness in a high spirited animal, while gentleness will win obedience, and at the same time, attach the animal to us.

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moments saw that this gauzy mist seemed slowly advancing up the room. He called out, "Who is there?" No answer was returned, while the mist slowly, steadily advanced, and a sensation of intense cold, like a sharp wind, appeared to precede the progress of the cloud. "You do not answer," he said; "then I will cut my dog on you. At him, Bob!" Bob rushed at the cloud, but had no sooner reached it than he suddenly retreated to his master, his tail between his legs, and whining with fear.

"The count thought this curious, but was not alarmed. The cloud advanced, the cold increased, and a second time he made the dog dash at the unknown adversary, though with manifest reluctance on the part of the animal to leave his master's side. Again Bob ran whining back, his hair standing erect with fear and his tail between his legs.

"And still the white cloud glided toward him, and the sensation of cold became intense. The dog would not stir, so the Count took him by the neck and threw him at the appearance. The third time he rushed back, shaking with the vehemence of his terror, crouched under the furthest side of the bed. The Count was now fairly frightened, so he jumped into bed, pulled the covers over his head, and while the last thing he saw was this cloud close upon him, and he was conscious of a deadly cold that chilled him to the bone."

"Well," said the American lady, "is that all? What else did he do?" "My dear young lady," said the Russian, "that is all, and in the Count's place, you would probably have considered it amply sufficient to give what you Americans call a realizing sense of a ghost. He lay still till the morning, and confessed to me that he never before or since had passed so uncomfortable a night. The terror came upon him suddenly, and was overpowering; his reputation for bravery was well enough established to allow him frankly to confess that he had been horribly frightened."

"I don't attempt to account for anything in the story, but simply relate it as my friend told it to me. If you feel so disposed I will give you another, which a friend assured me was a personal experience of his own."

"We were unanimous in requesting another dose of horrors, as we were beginning to feel the orthodox shivering that makes a ghost story so effective and half induces one to believe that a phantom is standing by one's side invisibly."

"This story is not very terrible," he said, "but is curious as being a sort of warning."

"Captain R—off was a gay Russian officer, who had no particular religion, but went to the Greek Church, because in St. Petersburg certain observances are expected of the army. He was intimate with Captain K—, who, though by no means a religious man, was more strict, and occasionally endeavored to persuade Captain R—off to pay more attention to the rules of the Church. Some quarrel in a cafe over a game of cards with an Austrian officer led to a duel on K—'s part and R—off was one of his seconds. K— fell, mortally wounded, and expired on the field. As he was dying he gave his watch to his friend, saying, 'This is my last gift to you, dear R—off, and I beg you to keep it with extreme care, not only for my sake, but for your own. Let nothing persuade you either to sell or to give it away, and if you should be so unfortunate as to lose it you must watch your actions with fear and trembling for the twenty-four hours immediately following the discovery of the loss. Let me tempt you to do this, and commit the slightest sin during that time, and be careful not to run into any danger, because— Here the blood bubbled up into poor K—'s mouth, and in a few moments all was over."

"It—off took the watch, and for the sake of his friend kept it with much care, though he did not attach any importance to the talismanic character given it in his dying injunctions. It was a good timepiece, handsomely set with jewels, but there was nothing in its appearance to remind him of the solemn warning attached to its possession, or, I should more properly say, its loss; and so as time slipped away the circumstances had nearly faded from his memory."

"Years passed on, either in the light frivolities of a St. Petersburg winter or the sterner realities of a campaign in Circassia; but no incident of interest brought serious thought to his mind. After some time of active service he obtained a permission to travel, which carried him, after some wanderings, to Milan, where he stayed at a friend's chateau near the city. One morning he started as usual to ride into town, intending to pass the day there, dine, and attend in the evening a Jewish wedding to which he had been invited."

"The sound of a horse's hoofs close to him made him turn his head to see who was the rider; but he found himself entirely alone in the centre of a broad road, with nobody within sight. He went on, but still the tramp continued, and in some mysterious way his mind was impressed with the conviction that this invisible companion was his friend K—, who was riding by his side, but always opposite to that on which he was riding."

"This persuasion, by a very natural succession of ideas, induced him to feel for his watch. To his dismay, it was gone! He instantly rode back to the chateau, and instituted a most thorough search for it, but it could be found nowhere. During the excitement and confusion incident to the search for the missing watch, Captain R—off was led to speak of the curious and painful circumstances under which it came into his possession, and the earnest injunction to abstain from sin for twenty-four hours after discovering its loss. The mistress of the chateau, to whom he related this strange story, exclaimed, 'What a wedding this evening!' 'Absurd!' rejoined the Captain; 'I shall most assuredly go.' The lady, however, was very earnest in pleading that, as, according to the rules of his Church, it was not lawful for him to attend the religious ceremonies of any other faith, he was committing a sin in going to this wedding, and that a slight sacrifice to make—and, great or small, she, as his mistress, begged him to give up his intention. Overpowered, though scarcely convinced, he ceded the point and refrained from going. You may imagine his feelings when he heard the next morning that the floor had given way at the very end of the gallery in which the wedding was being celebrated, and that he had been violently precipitated one upon the other, and out of 120 people present

eighty were killed outright, and another eighty were seriously injured; not a single one escaped unhurt. This is an historical fact, and, as such, easily verified. The adventure of the watch in connection with it was generally known in Milan."

"You believe it then?" said the American lady who had spoken before. "I certainly cannot disbelieve it," replied the Russian. "The story was told me by Captain R—off himself, and who was greatly changed after his remarkable description of it is natural to conclude that had he been present at the wedding, he would at least have been seriously injured if he had not been killed outright."

"If you care to hear another story of ghosts," said the English lady, "I will tell you something that really took place in my husband's family, and was related to me by my mother-in-law, herself the heroine of the tale. As it occurred in America, it may be rather interesting to you."

Like Oliver Twist, we were anxious for more, and the lady was begged to make no delay in giving us her story, which was as follows:—"My husband's father was a British officer and took part against America in the war for independence. What the English army executed New York he was among the officers withdrawn. During his stay in New York, however, he had fallen in love with a pretty American girl, married her and had two children. Family circumstances, not bearing on this story, made him leave her behind while he returned alone to England, keeping his marriage a secret from his relations. The wife would have bitterly opposed such a connection. He was of a strict Catholic family, and while the children were still very young, almost babies, he wrote her a command that she was to take them to Montreal, where the boy was to be placed with some priests and the girl in the Ursuline Convent, where the lady Superior who was his relation, would train her according to her father's belief. This was very hard for the forsaken Protestant wife; but in these days husbands held to the strict letter of the law, which enabled them to claim obedience as their due, and she did not dare to withhold compliance. And if there were moral impediments to her journey, the physical ones were just as great. There were no railroads then, and even very few beaten roads through the State of New York. Passengers who went from New York to Montreal could not start at their own pleasure, but were forced to wait till a certain number should be made, when they hired a conveyance and engaged an Indian to guide them through the great forests that lay between them and their destination. In this way my mother-in-law started. A very severe winter had set in, and after some days' travel a blinding snow storm came on, so that, after a few hours, the Indian was forced to confess that he could no longer distinguish the track or the marks on the trees, and they were obliged to wait till the morning to continue their route. The thought of passing the night exposed to this storm in a strange place was, naturally, terrible to this young mother, who feared that her little children might perish with cold. After some agonized uncertainty the travellers' hearts were rejoiced by hearing the bark of a dog; they eagerly bent their steps toward the sound and found themselves at a comfortable farmhouse belonging to substantial farmers, who readily acceded to their request for food and shelter. The farmer's wife was much taken with the children and their sweet young mother, to whom she said: 'We do not keep an inn; but we are often called upon to accommodate stray travellers in this way, so I have always some clean rooms to give; but you shall not fare like the rest. I will put you in a large spare chamber that we keep for our relations when they visit us.'

"The room was, indeed, as comfortable as possible, and justified the housewife's praises. She put her children to bed, and, weary and thankful lay down beneath the repose she so much needed. It was a large four-poster, with white dimity curtains, running with brass rings on an iron rod. Here she lay quietly for a little while, when the sound of the curtain slipping on the rod made her open her eyes. At the foot of the bed, between the half-opened curtains, stood an old man in a long, white flannel gown, with gray hair streaming over his shoulders. He immediately spoke her, saying that if she would obey his directions she would be rich and independent for life. On the left hand of the fireplace, in the second row of stones, she would find one that had the corner broken off. This she must raise, and keep what she found beneath. Here he ceased, and passed out of sight, closing the curtains. She was half dead with fright, and shut her eyes in dread to see him again. After sometime she succeeded in persuading herself that she had been asleep, and this was only a dream, at which it was very silly to be alarmed. So she reasoned herself into calmness and undisturbed, and was just sinking quietly to sleep when the noise of the brass rings aroused her to new terror. She opened her eyes, and there was the old man again, this time with a reproachful expression. He upbraided her for not following his directions, which he repeated with great minuteness, adding that if she neglected them, she would repent it for the rest of her life. This time she could no longer resist herself into compliance. She shut her eyes, drew the cover over her face, and lay there until the farmer's wife came to rouse her for the early starting of the travellers. It was only 4 o'clock, they dressed rapidly by a single candle, but before she left the room she took the light toward the fireplace, and there, on the left side, in the broken row, was a stone with the corner broken off! The sight quite upset her, and she hurried from the room, but said not a word of her strange visitant to the hosts."

"The remainder of her journey was prosperous and without incident. She reached Montreal in safety, placed the children according to her father's orders, and returned alone to New York."

"On her way home she stopped according to promise, at the farm house where she had her strange adventure. The farmer's wife, delighted to see her, said she should again have the best room. 'Not for worlds!' was the exclamation that broke from her, and she was obliged to give an explanation. When it was made, the hostess was quite overcome, saying more than once, 'Why did you not tell us? Oh! if we had only known! But now it is too late.' On being pressed for the evident distress, she said that a few nights after the departure of my mother-in-law a large number of related travellers had asked for shelter, which was given them.

UNCLE JEMES' REVIVAL HYMN. What shall we do when the great day comes? What shall we do when the trumpets are blown? How many poor sinners will be caught out late? An' how many will be left to wail? No use for to wait 'till to-morrow! The sun mustn't set on yo' sinner! Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier! An' de Lord's fatch ez a bamboo brier!

When de muskams ar de church is stannin' an' an' singin' Who's de white de cloth for ter war de gown? Who's de gown for ter stan' still-kneed an' an' an' answer to der name at de callin' ny de roll? You better come now, if you comin'! Old Satan is kon an' hummin'! De wheels ny distressin' is a hummin', O, come along sinner, if you comin'!

De song ny salvation is a mighty sweet song, An' de Paradise will blow for an' blow strong! An' Abraham's bizzin' is safe an' its wily, An' dat's de place whar de sinner oughter hide! No use to be stoppin' an' a-lookin'. If you fool wad satim you'd git kilt now, You'd hang de neck on de gallus tree! If you keep on a stoppin' an' a-lookin'.

De time is tight now an' de here is de place! Let de salvation sun shine upon' in de face! Fight de battles ny de Lord, fight sun an' fight hate! An' yo' fatters here is a-atch on de golden gate. No use for to wait 'till to-morrow! De sun mustn't set on yo' sinner! Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier! An' de Lord ter fatch ez a bamboo brier.

—Albion Constitution.

Rather Ghostly. We were four travellers of different nations, sitting around a fireplace on