

# The Ellicott City Times.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 6.

ELICOTT CITY, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.—SUPPLEMENT.

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ing. Respectfully yours,  
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GINS AND CIGARS.

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and always on hand. Bottled Beer for  
family use.

## HER REWARD.

A throng of women who had served the Lord  
waited before heaven's gate for their reward.  
Each shining soul had her fair crown bright  
Of glorious service for the Master wrought.  
One gentle one, whose life was full and long,  
With her great pen had slain a giant wrong.  
With starting children this one's life was spent;  
To countless others hope that presence lent.  
For dwarfed and stunted souls those labored well,  
And left love's blessings in the prison cell.  
For poor humanity, sin-cursed and lost,  
They gave their lives, and counted not the cost.  
Oh, they were bright and beautiful to see,  
Earth's fame has crowned them with a happy name.  
But one there was who lone and trembling stood  
Among this throng of women great and good,  
To whom the recording angel, speaking, said,  
"What doest thou here among the blessed dead?  
Bearing no reward? Here thou nothing dost  
On earth where those their crowns of glory won?"  
To whom she, weeping, said: "Let me return  
To that dear earth for which I surely yearn;  
"The hearts that loved me all my service got;  
Not my service for the Lord I wrought."  
"Life was too short for me; when Death had come  
I had but made on earth a happy home.  
"Alas! I have seen, then, well loved and blest  
Daughter of heaven, go in among the host,  
"The hearts that loved thee thou shalt have again;  
None may return, but thou shalt lose thy pain."  
"For thou shalt breathe in heaven thy native air  
And in thy glorious mansion, great and fair,  
"To the familiar all thy joys shall come;  
Heaven is what thou hast, a happy home."  
—FRANCIS ELIN ALTON, in the Chicago Interior.

## THE WHITE LACE FAN

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



ticket which hung to the elegant fan  
upon the counter.  
"Ten dollars! Oh, dear! Then of  
course I can't afford it."  
And Nina laid down the pretty  
trinket, and walked slowly out of the  
store.  
She was a sparkling, black-haired  
brunette, with great, languid eyes, a  
mouth like wave wet coral, and a shy,  
bewitching way, which gentlemen  
called charming, and ladies couldn't  
appreciate at all. And Miss Philippa  
stared just about to be married, and Miss  
Philippa had asked Nina to be her  
second bridesmaid, and the other  
bridesmaids had given such elegant  
wedding gifts—and Nina, girl-like,  
had no wish to be left behindhand.  
"That white lace fan, with the lavender  
silk lining, and the pearl settings,  
would have been the very thing," said  
Nina to herself. "Oh, dear, what a  
wretched life it is to be poor! And  
what will Mr. Fortescue think, if I  
give Nellie nothing but a fan? It is  
quite as much as from her affection  
for the bride-expectant, sprang her de-  
sire for the white lace fan, with the  
lavender silk lining, and the carved  
mother-of-pearl settings. For Alice  
Fortescue had given a gold watch with  
chain, and Esther Ames a silver  
smelling bottle, with a diamond-  
studded stopper.  
"I must give something decent,"  
said Nina, compressing her cherry  
lips together, and she went home to  
her gin, old grand-uncle.  
"Uncle Leopold," said she, "can  
you spare me ten dollars?"  
Uncle Leopold turned upon her  
with a sharp and withering glance.  
"I know you, child, I know," said he.  
"Money isn't so plenty with the Car-  
rolls that ten-dollar bills flutter  
through the air like sparrows. I gave  
you five dollars day before yester-  
day. It is all I can give you now."  
"But, uncle, here is a bill lying on  
the desk—a ten-dollar bill!"  
"Humph!" and Uncle Leopold  
slugged his shoulders. "You're wel-  
come to it if you want it. It's a  
counterfeit—a dead loss, so far as I  
am concerned. I don't know where I  
could possibly have taken it in."  
"But it looks good, Uncle Leopold."  
"Of course it does, else I shouldn't  
have been so ready to give it to you,  
child—take it away! It's not pleasant  
to be reminded of one's folly by the  
perpetual witness lying there before  
one's eyes."  
And so, with a sigh, Nina put the  
money in her pocket-book and went  
away.  
"I don't believe it's counterfeit,"  
said she to herself, a sudden idea  
springing into her mind. "I dare say  
it is a good bill, only some old fogey or  
other has refused to take it from me."  
At all events, I mean to try  
the experiment. It certainly can't do  
any harm, and I do want the money  
so much!"  
"Miss Carroll!"  
"Oh, Mr. Fortescue, is it you?"  
Nina colored scarlet. She was a lit-  
tle vexed that Mr. Fortescue should  
have overtaken her just on the thresh-  
old of Newton & Taxley's great fancy  
store; and yet why should she be an-  
noyed?  
"Am I in the way? May I accom-  
pany you?" he asked in an off-hand  
sort of manner.  
"Oh, certainly—I shall be delighted!  
I—I was only going to buy a wedding  
present for Nellie Philippa."  
"Ah! Then I shall be interested,  
too. May I venture to inquire what it  
is?"  
Nina's heart pulsated a degree or  
two more rapidly as she advanced to  
the counter and addressed a shy, pretty  
girl who stood there.  
"I was looking at a white-lace fan  
here yesterday. Will you show it to  
me again?"  
A bright look of intelligence came

over the girl's face. She remembered  
the young lady's interest of the day  
before.  
"Oh, yes, ma'am," she said. "White,  
with pearl sticks and a lavender lining  
here."  
"Ten dollars, I think you said the  
price was?"  
"Yes, ma'am—ten dollars."  
"I will take it. Please pack it very  
carefully in the box."  
"I shall send it, ma'am."  
"No, I am in a hurry—I will take it  
myself."  
And half-conscious that she was do-  
ing wrong, yet unwilling to deny her-  
self the luxury, and resolutely per-  
suading herself that no harm was  
done, Nina Carrol handed over the  
counterfeit bill in payment for the  
glittering and scented trinket.  
"The store girl took it without a  
word and presently a little papered  
packet arrived.  
"I am ready now," said Nina, turn-  
ing to Mr. Fortescue, who had stood  
leaning against the counter, with ex-  
emplary patience, during the whole of  
the transaction.  
"Side-by-side they left the store.  
"Do you think Nellie will like it?"  
Miss Carroll asked, as soon as they  
were safe out on the pavement.  
"I am sure she will!" Mr. Fortescue  
answered with enthusiasm. "It is a  
gift alike worthy of the giver and of  
the recipient."  
Nina smiled and flushed up. Praise  
from such a source as this was very  
sweet.  
She looked at the fan with delight,  
when she reached home.  
"What a beauty it is!" soliloquized  
she. "What a ridiculous idea it was  
of Uncle Leopold's that the bill wasn't  
good!"  
But she kept the story of her pur-  
chase to herself.  
"Which of the girls was it who took  
in this ten-dollar bill?"  
Mr. Fortescue's little black eyes glit-  
tered like gems behind his  
moony glasses of his double-convex  
spectacles. The doubtful bill quivered  
in his indignant fingers like an  
aspen leaf upon its stem.  
"The boy who gave a gold watch with  
chain, and Esther Ames a silver  
smelling bottle, with a diamond-  
studded stopper."  
"I must give something decent,"  
said Nina, compressing her cherry  
lips together, and she went home to  
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too. May I venture to inquire what it  
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two more rapidly as she advanced to  
the counter and addressed a shy, pretty  
girl who stood there.  
"I was looking at a white-lace fan  
here yesterday. Will you show it to  
me again?"  
A bright look of intelligence came

my strange address." Amy interrupted,  
with a little, hysterical laugh. "But  
the bill she paid was counterfeit, and  
it has cost me my situation."  
And she told the simple story of her  
tribulations.  
Mr. Fortescue listened with the  
deepest interest. It was one of na-  
ture's gentlemen, he said to his  
honored. He would have helped an old  
fishwoman across Broadway, or stopped  
to pick up the tattered shawl of a  
hand-organist's wife as readily as the  
embroidered handkerchief of a Flora  
McFinnsey; but it is only natural to  
be interested in the tears that obscure  
china-blue eyes, and the words that  
flow from lips that are like a cliff  
chimed.

"It seems scarcely possible," said  
he, "that Miss Carrol would give you  
a counterfeit bill. It must be a mis-  
take."  
"It may be," said Amy, simply.  
"But I know the money she got here  
out of my place; and if she knew—"  
"Will you go with me to her  
house?"  
"If you think it will do any good."  
So they went together.  
The street was in his study, and  
Nina was copying out of some paper  
or other for him, when the two visitors  
were shown in. Nina rose to her feet,  
coloring hot carmine. She knew the  
sweet face of the store girl, and she  
and something told her that her secret  
was revealed.  
"Nina," said her granduncle, turn-  
ing short around, with a heavy frown  
darkening his brow, as Amy Charrock  
told her simple story. "It is possible  
that you could be so devoid of princi-  
ple as to use that bill, after I had  
plainly told you it was a counterfeit?"  
"I did not know, I thought per-  
haps," stammered poor Nina.  
"But you saw the money she had  
given," interrupted Mr. Carrol. "Let  
it be a lesson to you, I must see  
Tasley fellow at once. This poor girl  
must be reinstated in her place with-  
out delay!"  
"And must I send back the fan?"  
cried Nina, bursting into tears of  
mortified pride.  
"Pardon me," said Mr. Fortescue,  
interposing here. "Let me have the  
pleasure of seeing this little account  
for Miss Carrol."  
"No!" said Uncle Leopold, brusque-  
ly. "We are poor; but we are no  
beggars. My niece can afford better  
to send ten-dollar fans now, to allow  
others to have them for her."  
And so Nina had to fall back upon  
the linen cambric pocket-handkerchief  
her friend's monogram.

"I wish I had the ten-dol-  
lar bill now," she cried, in the  
bitterness of her soul, the week after  
the wedding, when she heard that Mr.  
Fortescue had actually engaged him-  
self to one of Newton & Taxley's pretty  
store girls.  
So that, according to the usual say-  
ing, "one wedding made another."  
And Amy Charrock thanked God for  
the great goodness that had bestowed  
upon her such a gift as Henry For-  
tescue's love.—Saturday Night.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

At Toulon, France, recently the bed  
of the sea was lighted up from a bal-  
loon attached to a tug, in the hope  
that a lost torpedo would be detected.  
The experiment was successful.  
The magnetization limit of iron has  
been found by Henry Wilde, P. E. B.,  
to be 422 annals per square inch,  
with no gain in the power of magnets  
by the double-pole or horse-shoe form.  
Röntgen rays have proved of great  
assistance to the surgeons of the  
British Army in dealing with gunshot  
wounds among the troops engaged in  
the luckless expedition on the Indian  
frontier.  
The total foreign patents issued  
from the earliest times to 1890 are es-  
timated by the United States Patent  
Commissioner at 233,108; since 1870  
the average has been at \$19,120. The  
United States patents for the same  
periods numbered 120,573 and 463,  
725 respectively.  
Detachable pneumatic tires are be-  
ing made in England which require  
no special rims to hold them in place,  
the edges of the outer cover being  
stiffened by interlocking metal bands,  
which have projections to engage the  
wooden rims when the tire is inflated  
and keep it from twisting.  
Nervous folk may be relieved to  
learn that Dr. Fabry's prediction of a  
collision of the earth with Tempel's  
comet on November 13, 1899, resulted  
from an error. Dr. F. Bisechof, of  
the Vienna Observatory, calculates  
that the nearest approach of the comet  
in 1899 will be 11,000,000 miles.  
The Ternoite mounds of Australia  
are quite as wonderful examples of in-  
sect architecture as the more familiar  
nests of the African white ants. Mr.  
W. Saville-Kent describes three dis-  
tinct types of the large mounds. The  
largest and best known are doubtless  
the buttressed columns "termitaria."  
Improved methods of signaling will  
be an important feature of future polar  
exploration. The apparatus of E. S.  
Bruce, as described at the London  
International Institute, includes a small  
capillary balloon lighted inside by in-  
candescence lamps, and this is to be  
fixed to the ship or taken away by an  
exploring party, in either case serving  
as a beacon that under favorable cir-  
cumstances could be seen eighty  
miles or more. Such balloons can be  
inflated with compressed hydrogen  
carried in steel cylinders.  
Father Tacchini, Director of the  
Royal Observatory at Rome, has re-  
cently published a resume of his ob-  
servations on sun spots for the first half  
of the present year. From this it ap-  
pears that the surface of the sun is be-  
coming more and more quiescent as  
the minimum of the sun-spot period  
approaches. "I have observed no  
eruptions during six months," says  
Father Tacchini; and he adds, after  
speaking of other indications of lack  
of activity, "One might therefore al-  
most affirm that the constitution of  
sun-spots has undergone a change!"  
In his report on the reindeer in  
Alaska, Commissioner Harris thus de-  
scribes the useful qualities of the animal:  
"Providence seems to have  
adapted the reindeer to the peculiar  
conditions of Arctic life, and made  
him at once the best helper man in  
the transportation of supplies, the  
surest source of animal food, and the  
producer of the warmest clothing.  
His horns and hoofs furnish the best  
material for the making of glue,  
and on account of his extreme light-  
ness, is the best for use in the con-  
struction of life-saving apparatus, and  
he also furnishes the possibilities for  
large and wealth-producing indus-  
tries."

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

As to the morals of this little past  
master of song, the truth must be  
told, he has no respect for the eighth  
commandment. He is a thief, a can-  
diding lawyer, an unscrupulous "con-  
vener" of other people's property,  
Peaches, grapes, strawberries, figs,  
Japan persimmons, Surinam cherries,  
Cattley guavas, are to him legitimate  
prey. With the exception of the  
oranges, bananas, pineapples and  
ordinary guavas, which he never  
touches, nothing is safe from his de-  
predations. Scarcely ever does he even  
admit his sin when he has made up his  
mind to commit a crime. He is a hard  
judge, too, and always selects the  
largest, ripest and most juicy speci-  
mens for his repast. No economic  
considerations trouble him either.  
He takes a bite here and a nibble  
there, and ruins twenty times as much  
as he consumes. Bagging fruit is no  
protection, for he only tears the bags  
to pieces and helps himself. Even  
vines and fig trees incased in mos-  
quito netting are no security; the lit-  
tle master will get in somehow, and  
complacently take what he wants.  
Yet, in spite of all this, the benefits  
received by the south land from this  
cunning little giver of sweet sounds  
and lover of sweet fruits vastly out-  
weigh all the damage that he does,  
however vexatious it may be. Bugs  
and worms and creeping things swarm  
here the year round. The mocking  
bird is essentially insectivorous. His  
"sturdy diet" consists of the enemies  
that the horticulturist and the fruit  
grower have most occasion to dread.  
He takes his fruit by way of dessert,  
and has fairly earned it like a good  
boy eating first a substantial dinner.  
Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

## NEW YORK DIRECTORIES.

The first City Directory was  
published in 1786 by Carl Francke.  
This was all sufficient until 1793, when  
Hodge, Allen & Campbell produced a  
new one, accompanied by a map of the  
city. From this time on there has  
always been an annual directory.  
The first of the present series was  
1793, 1794 and 1795, and John Low  
in 1796. David Longworth and his  
son Thomas next undertook the work,  
and kept it up until 1843. John Dog-  
gett succeeded them, and carried it  
along until 1851, when he took a part-  
ner named Role, and Doggett & Role  
were the publishers. In 1852 Town-  
send published his first directory, and in  
1853 Charles K. Role, who succeeded to  
the entire business of Doggett & Role,  
was his competitor.

Not a single complete collection is  
at present in existence, so far as is  
known. The "Trow Company" file lacks  
five numbers; that of the City Library  
is missing numbers 17, 18, 19, 20, 21,  
22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31,  
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