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DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS, (LATE OF BALTIMORE). Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.

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The Modern Course of True Love.

BY WALTER CAREY.

They met amid the ball room's glare, And only this had either noted, That he was dark and she was fair, When breathless in the waltz they floated.

To him her spirit seemed divine, Though still she talked but commonplace; Her accents breathed the tuneful Nine, Her face and figure all the Graces.

So when they danced it seemed to each Their bliss had brimmed its fullest measure; And when they sat in tender speech, Life held for them no equal pleasure.

He brought her bouillon on the stair, He brought her sandwiches and salad, With here a hint of deep despair, And there a snatch of woful ballad.

He squeezed her hand, she blushed and sighed, Her lips said "Oh!" but not her glances; He told of lovers that had died, Of oaf-made in old romances;

He clasped her waist, he stole a kiss; Her eyes still followed her lips! "How dare he!" They dropped cold "Mr.," formal "Miss," And he was frank and she was Mary.

With kisses, tears, and vows to meet "They parted—and Love's *How dare he!*" Next day she cut him on the street, And he, the false one, never knew it!

Historic Houses of America. WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN.

On a beautiful afternoon in September, 1848, I journeyed by railway from New York to Morristown, among the hills of East Jersey.

It was late when I arrived at the then pleasant village, situated upon a table-land sloping two ways. It was not too late, however, to allow me to climb, before sunset, with the editor of one of the village papers, to the summit of Kinball's Mountain, two hundred and fifty feet above the town, and to visit the site and remains of Fort Mifflin.

After viewing from the eminence one of those gorgeous sunsets which charm the eye in the Middle and Northern States in early autumn, I descended to the village, supped, and passed the evening with the venerable Judge Gabriel Ford, then in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

He was the owner and occupant of the substantial mansion, built of brick and covered with plank, which Washington occupied as his headquarters during the winter of 1779-'80, and through the spring of the latter year. It is yet well preserved, and stands almost three-fourths of a mile eastward of the centre of the town, on the old Newark and Morristown turnpike.

As I rose to depart, he urged me to stay, saying: "If you will lodge under my roof to-night, you shall occupy the same room, with the same carpet upon the floor, which General Washington and his lady used more than sixty-eight years ago."

An invitation with such conditions could not well be refused, and from the southern window of that consecrated room, I watched, at about midnight, an almost total eclipse of the moon. As I observed the gradual obscuration, and

then the enlightenment as gradual, it seemed to be a fitting symbol of the cause of the American patriots at the time when Washington reposed in that room, and saw the same moon wandering among the stars. The orb of Hope was then almost obscured. The finances of the Revolutionary government were never in so low a condition. The promise of a French army as allies in the struggle was unfulfilled, and so deeply within the penumbra of British power and oppression did the revolted colonies seem to be passing that only a faint curve of light was seen upon the disk of Faith. But thenceforward the brightness increased.

The Ford mansion was built in the year 1774. The views from it, in almost every direction, are very pleasing. With rare good taste the Ford family preserve the form and features of the house which it bore in the year 1780; and we have a guarantee that it will be so kept for an indefinite time, for patriotic New-Jersey men lately bought it for the purpose of so preserving it, and for the use of the New-Jersey Historical Society. On the 25th of June, 1873, it was sold at auction, when the Hon. Theodore P. Randolph, Hon. George N. Halsey, General N. N. Halsted, and Mr. William Lidgerwood, purchased it, for the purposes above mentioned, for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. Then it passed out of the possession of the Ford family, in which the estate had remained during seven generations.

On the 1st of December, 1779, Washington became the guest of the widow of Colonel Jacob Ford, who had commanded a regiment of the Morris-County militia when the American chief retreated with his dwindling army before Cornwallis across New Jersey, three years before. The campaign of that year had been almost fruitless of favorable results for either of the belligerents. The most active operations were then in the Southern States, and a great portion of the Continental Army were encamped near Morristown, where they shivered in tents until St. Valentine's Day, when they went into comfortable log-huts. The general and his military family occupied the whole of the Ford mansion excepting two rooms, one on each side of the great passage, which were reserved for the widow and her family. The apartment immediately over the dining-room was Washington's sleeping-chamber when Mrs. Washington was at headquarters. On each end of the house he caused two additions to be made of logs, the one on the east end for a kitchen, and that on the west end for an office, which was occupied by the commander-in-chief and Colonel Hamilton and Tighman, of his staff.

That was a season of great severity. It was known for half a century as "the hard winter." The snow was from four to six feet deep. The bay of New York was so firmly frozen over that British troops and cannon were moved across it on the ice to Staten Island. The sufferings of the troops at Morristown, in their tents in January, was appalling; and at headquarters there was great discomfort. Late in that month Washington wrote complacently to General Greene, the quartermaster general, that his log-kitchen was not completed. That of the mansion seems to have been the most comfortable room in the house, and around its roaring wood fire the shivering inmates gathered.

"Eighteen of my family, and all of Mrs. Ford's, are crowded together in her kitchen," wrote the commander-in-chief, "and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught."

In the meadow, a few rods from headquarters, Washington's life guards were housed in about fifty log-huts. That corps, formed in 1776, then consisted of about two hundred and fifty men, picked with care from different regiments, and commanded by William Colfax, grandfather of ex-Vice President Schuyler Colfax. These were always ready to act at a moment's warning for the protection of headquarters, the official papers and money-chest of the army, and the person of the commander-in-chief. Several times during that cold winter their slacidity in service was tested. Sentinels were posted at regular intervals between the camp and headquarters, with pickets thrown out toward the Hudson and the Raritan. Sometimes the firing of a gun at a remote point would give an alarm. This would be answered by discharges along the whole line of sentinels to headquarters and to the camp. On such occasions, Judge Ford informed me, the life-guard would immediately rush to the house of the general, barricade the doors, and throw up the windows. At each window five soldiers, with their muskets cocked and brought to a charge, were usually placed, and there they remained until the troops from camp marched to headquarters, and the cause of the alarm was ascertained. These occasions were very annoying to Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Ford, for both were obliged to lie in bed, sometimes for hours, with their rooms full of soldiers, and the keen winter-air from the open windows piercing through the drawn curtains.

Mrs. Washington usually spent the winters with her husband at headquarters. She arrived at Morristown late in December, riding a spirited horse, and escorted by a guard of Virginia troops who were stationed at Trenton. For two days she had braved the perils and discomforts of

a heavy snow-storm, and reached headquarters in time to exchange New-Year greetings with officers and their wives, then in camp, and to avoid that terrible storm, vividly described by Dr. Thacher, which began on the 3d of January. "It was one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever remembered," the doctor wrote. "No man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life. Several marksmen were torn and blown down over the officers' heads in the night, and some of the soldiers were actually covered while in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were aroused from sleep by the calls of some officers for assistance; their marquee had blown down, and they were almost smothered in the storm before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards distant, and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. We (the officers) are fortunate in having a supply of straw for bedding; over this we spread our blankets and our clothes, and with large fires at our feet, while four or five are crowded together, preserve ourselves from freezing. But the sufferings of the poor soldiers can scarcely be described; while on duty they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of the storm and severe cold; at night they now have a bed of straw on the ground, and a single blanket to each man; they are badly clad, and some of them are destitute of shoes. We have contrived a kind of stone chimney outside, and an opening at one end of our tents gives us the benefit of the fire within. The snow is now from four to six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions. For the last ten days we received but two pounds of meat a man, and we are frequently for six or eight days entirely destitute of meat, and then as long as that without bread. The consequence is, that the soldiers are so enfeebled from hunger and cold as to be almost unable to perform their military duty or labor in constructing their huts. It is well known that General Washington experiences the greatest solicitude for the sufferings of his army, and is sensible that they, in general, conduct themselves with heroic patience and fortitude."

This great storm continued for several days, and the officers were compelled to release the soldiers from command and permit them, in great numbers together, to get food wherever they might find it. The inhabitants of the neighboring country were kind and self-sacrificing. "Eat what you want," said a woman to some soldiers; "you are engaged in a good cause, and we are willing to share with you what we have so long as it lasts." That was the spirit of the patriots of New Jersey; and when, on the 8th of January, Washington wrote a touching appeal "to the magistrates of New Jersey," their willing response brought from the inhabitants salvation for the American army. "The present state of the army," he wrote "with respect to provisions, is the most distressing of any we have experienced since the beginning of the war. For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing from want. They have been alternately without bread or meat the whole time, with a very scanty allowance of either, and frequently destitute of both. They have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation and ought to excite the sympathy of their countrymen. But they are now reduced to an extremity no longer to be supported." Twelve days afterward the commander-in-chief wrote: "All the counties of this State that I have heard from have attended to my requisition for provisions with the most cheerful and commendable zeal."

Such were the sufferings and sacrifices of the soldiers at the headquarters of the American army at Morristown, in the winter of 1780—sufferings which secured for us the blessings of the free institutions which we now enjoy. Every soldier of that war has disappeared from the earth, but the gratitude of their children will keep their memory green through all future ages.

Judge Ford gave me an interesting picture of the domestic habits of Mrs. Washington while she was at headquarters at his mother's house. She was an early riser, and always presided at the table with grace and dignity. She was a notable house-keeper, and the apartments occupied by herself and husband were carefully swept and dusted with her own hands every morning. With her own busy fingers she arranged the ruffles of her husband's shirt bosom and sleeves, and during that winter she made three shirts for the general, and knit for him two pairs of stockings. On one occasion, some of the leading ladies in society in Morristown and its vicinity agreed to visit the wife of the commander-in-chief. They obtained from her a notice of the time when it would be convenient for her to entertain them. As they were to visit a great lady, rich and honored, they thought it would be proper to appear in their best dresses. They accordingly attired themselves in silks and ruffles, and every appliance of art to make themselves appear elegant. And, so prepared, six of them were introduced to Mrs. Washington. She received them with great courtesy, and they would have felt perfectly easy in her presence, had they been plainly dressed and brought their knitting-work with them. They found her dressed in a very plain manner, wearing a speckled apron,

and engaged in knitting. After the usual compliments were over, she resumed her needle, while the fingers of her guests were perfectly idle. She entertained them with pleasant conversation, and once during the afternoon she remarked, as if half apologetically for her attention to her knitting, that it was important for the women of America, of every class, in a time like that, to be patterns of industry, and, while their husbands and sons and brothers were struggling for liberty in the field, they should assist by the needle, the spinning-wheel, and the loom, in acquiring a real independence of Great Britain, by doing without what the Americans would not make themselves. The idle ladies felt the rebuke, though it was not given in the form of rebuke, and the example and the words of Mrs. Washington made a deep impression on their minds, and led to better habits. "There we were," said one of these ladies, "without one stitch of work, and sitting in state, while General Washington's lady was knitting stockings for her husband!"

Late in February the soldiers were huddled, and food became more abundant; and, when the spring opened, good news from France revived the hopes and spirits of all at headquarters and in the camp. That good news was a royal promise of speedy and efficient aid from that kingdom, which Lafayette had procured. It was supplemented at the middle of April by the arrival at headquarters of the Chevalier de Luzerne, the French minister, and Don Juan de Miralles, the diplomatic agent of the Spanish court, who had been in the country about a year. These gentlemen remained at headquarters for some time, and during their sojourn no efforts were spared to make their visit agreeable. The Baron Steuben, then Inspector-General of the Continental Army, exhibited the discipline and tactics of the troops by a grand review; and a ball was given, in honor of the guests, at the Morris Hotel, which was attended by Washington and his wife, the officers and their wives, who were then in camp, and the elite of Morristown society. "I was permitted to accompany my mother," said Judge Ford, "and never had I seen any thing half so attractive as that brilliant array of beauty, dress, and movements of the dance. Pompey, a slave belonging to my mother, with his pockets full of money, and his stomach full of goodies."

Public affairs were in such a critical situation in the spring of 1780, that Washington called to headquarters several distinguished officers and civilians for consultation. Lafayette had arrived from France, where he had been on a successful mission in search of military allies, and he and eminent officers, American and foreign, were guests at Washington's table. The unbounded confidence which the Congress reposed in the commander-in-chief made him more circumspect in the assumption of responsibility, and as preparations were to be made to receive and dispose of the expected allies from France, he felt a strong desire for the immediate co-operation of the civil power. He asked for a small committee of Congress who should have the executive powers of that body delegated to them, and in a communication on that subject he took occasion to say, "There is no man that can be more useful as a member of that committee than General Schuyler." The committee was appointed, and Schuyler, who was then a member of the Congress, was placed at the head of it. For several weeks he was occupied with duties divided between Congress Hall and headquarters at Morristown. At the latter place he hired a modest house, and there enjoyed the company of his wife, and his daughter Eliza or Elizabeth, a charming girl about twenty-two years of age. Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Washington's favorite staff-officer, had been smitten with the charms of this young lady while in Albany some time before. The acquaintance was now renewed, and the gallant young West-Indian became the accepted lover of Miss Schuyler. His evenings were usually spent with her at her father's house, and not many months afterward they were married. Judge Ford, who was a favorite of Hamilton, spoke of several interesting incidents in the courtship of this young couple. I will relate only one:

Colonel Hamilton, by permission of Washington, often gave young Ford the countersign for the night, that he might return from play at the village after the guards were set. On one of these occasions he was returning home at about nine o'clock in the evening, and had passed the sentinel, when he recognized the voice of Hamilton behind him, in a reply to the soldier's demand of "Who comes there?" He stepped aside, and waited for the colonel to accompany him to the house. When that officer came up to the sentinel's presented bayonet, to deliver the countersign, he had quite forgotten it. "He had spent the evening with Miss Schuyler," said Judge Ford, "and thoughts of her had undoubtedly expelled the countersign from his head." The lover was embarrassed, and the sentinel, who knew him well, was indelible in the performance of his duty. Hamilton pressed his hand upon his forehead, and tried hard to recall the lost word, but in vain. Just then he recognized young Ford in the gloom. "Ay, Master Ford, is that you?" he said, in an undertone, and taking him aside, whispered softly in his

ear, "Give me the countersign." The lad did so, and Hamilton, stepping in front of the soldier and his charged bayonet, gave him the word. The faithful sentinel had observed the whole movement, and supposing the colonel was testing his fidelity, kept his bayonet unmoved. "I have given you the countersign," said Hamilton; "why do you not shoulder your musket?" "Will that do, colonel?" asked the soldier, in reply. "It will for this time," answered Hamilton; "let me pass." The sentinel reluctantly obeyed the illegal command, and Hamilton and his young companion passed on to headquarters.

Limited space will not allow me to relate other interesting incidents which occurred at the headquarters at Morristown, and I will close with a notice of a single example of the carefulness and justice of Washington in even small matters. When he took up his residence at the house of Mrs. Ford, he made an inventory of all articles which were appropriated to his use during the winter. When he withdrew he inquired of Mrs. Ford whether every thing had been returned to her. "All but one silver table-spoon," she replied. He took note of it, and not long afterward she received from him a spoon bearing his initials—G. W. That spoon was in the possession of Judge Ford at the time of my visit.

The Ludicrous Sides of Life. The dexterous leap of thought, by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma, is worth all the vestments of dignity which the world holds. It was this readiness in repartee which continually saved Voltaire from social overturn. He once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan." "Oh," he replied, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

Again, you must have heard the anecdote of the young gentleman who was discouraging very dogmatically about the appropriate sphere of woman. "And pray, sir," screamed out an old lady, "what is the appropriate sphere of woman?" "A celestial sphere, madam." Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, "what'll never bring you, sir—too much brain!" A rapid change from enthusiasm to nonchalance is often necessary in society. Thus, a person once eloquently eulogizing the angelic qualities of Joan of Arc, was suddenly met by the petulant question, "what was Joan of Arc made of?" "She was Maid of Orleans."

A Yankee is never upset by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mists of Niagara. One of this class sauntered into the office of the lightning telegraph, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington. "Ten minutes," was the reply. I can't wait with his rejoinder. Sheridan was never without a reason—never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon afterward, however, interrupted him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for me, but not enough for *tee*."

It was this readiness that made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the "Therapist of Congress, a tongue-slubber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he, one day in the Senate, "that the noble bull-dogs of the Administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order.

The following table, prepared for reference, shows the political sentiments and the date of the inauguration of each President, the length of time he lived after that event, and his age at the time of his death:

- 1. George Washington, Independent, inaugurated 1789; lived 10 years; age, 63.
2. John Adams, Independent, inaugurated 1797; lived 29 years; age, 90.
3. Thomas Jefferson, Democrat, inaugurated 1801; lived 25 years; age, 83.
4. James Madison, Democrat, inaugurated 1809; lived 27 years; age, 55.
5. James Monroe, Democrat, inaugurated 1817; lived 14 years; age, 73.
6. John Quincy Adams, Whig, inaugurated 1825; lived 23 years; age, 81.
7. Andrew Jackson, Democrat, inaugurated 1829; lived 16 years; age, 78.
8. Martin Van Buren, Democrat, inaugurated 1837; lived 4 years; age, 80.
9. W. H. Harrison, Whig, inaugurated 1841; lived 1 month; age, 68.
10. John Tyler, Vice President, Independent, inaugurated 1841; lived 21 years; age, 72.
11. James K. Polk, Democrat, inaugurated 1845; lived 23 years; age, 51.
12. Zachary Taylor, Whig, inaugurated 1849; lived 16 months; age, 66.
13. Millard Fillmore, Vice President, Independent, inaugurated 1850; lived 21 years; age, 71.
14. Franklin Pierce, Democrat, inaugurated 1853; lived 16 years; age, 65.
15. James Buchanan, Democrat, inaugurated 1857; lived 11 years; age, 77.
16. Abraham Lincoln, Republican, inaugurated 1861; lived 4 years and 12 months; age, 55.
17. Andrew Johnson, Vice President, Independent, inaugurated 1865; lived 10 years; age, 67.
18. U. S. Grant, Republican, inaugurated 1869.

Tyler and Fillmore were elected Vice-Presidents as Whigs, and Johnson as a Republican. Their "Independence" followed their inauguration as Presidents. QUEEN ORIGIN OF WORDS.—"Jet" derives its name from the Gataks, a river in Lycia, where was found the black stone which the French call gatair, or jact, which we abbreviate into jet.

Pamphylla, a Greek lady, who compiled a history of the world in thirty-five little books, has given her name to "pamphlet." "Punch and Judy" are the relics of an ancient mystery play, in which the actors were Pontius Pilot and Judas Iscariot. "Dollar" is from the German thaler, which is derived from that of the Valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, where the silver works were situated that made this coin. "Bigot" is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conqueror of Spain has been handed down to infancy. "Dumbug" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news" was in Germany a proverbial expression for false political rumors. "Exhort" and "yeast" are from the same root, which signifies something boiling or overflowing. "Gas" and "gust" have the same parentage. "Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made. Silk was first made at Damascus. "Tabby-cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manu-facturers of silken stuffs, called Atabi, our taffety, the waving markings of the watered silk resembling pussy's coat.

How WOULD IT WORK?—Some sprightly woman suggests that we need a genuine woman's newspaper. It would be published and edited entirely by women, and women should do even the reporting. The unique feature of this journal would be, that it would look at the world wholly from a woman's point of view and present an antithesis to every other paper ever heard of. To use the lady's language, "instead of telling what men think and do, and how women dress and look, it should be devoted mainly to telling how men dress and look and what women think and do." A paper of this kind would certainly make a sensation for a time.

A beautiful young heiress in Moscow has married a beggar eighty-six years old. It has a queer look at first, but nothing could be more natural. The young girl—she is only twenty-two—could not enter into possession of her fortune until she was married, and the young men whom her guardians introduced to her were empty headed creatures, to whom she was unwilling to bind herself for life; so she resolved to marry an old beggar and get the money without sacrificing her independence. The old man was one of her pensioners, and readily consented to marry her and then keep out of her way, relying on a comfortable allowance. All the beggars in town feasted and made merry on the wedding night. —It is a sad sight to see an intoxicated person on the street. How much more so is it to see a dull and sickly baby rendered so by the use of dangerous opiates? Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup contains nothing injurious and may be given to the most delicate baby. Price 25 cents. —An Iowa base-ball club calls itself "The Oong," because it always gets beat.