

ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
J. THOMAS CLARK,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS—\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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containing 6 lines, \$1 for one insertion, \$1.50
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6 lines charged as squares. Advertisements
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ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

NO. 31.

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.

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY.
OFFICE—At the office of "The Elicott
City Times," in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. HEUSLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78.

J. D. MCGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
&c., and practice generally before the Depart-
ment in Washington.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FREDERICK P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, MD.
March 29, '78.

J. 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 Elicott
City on the First and Third Tuesday of every
month.

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

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69.

W. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Elicott
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each
month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27, '74.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICIT-
OR IN CHANCERY,
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and
the adjoining counties.
Special attention given to Collections, and
Remittances made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Elicott City.
Jan. 6, '72.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City
and the Circuit Court for Howard County,
and will be at the Court House in Elicott City
on the First and Third Tuesday of every month
(except Court days).
Mar. 6, '75.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in all the Courts of the State; in
the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-
ruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
Jan. 29, '70.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at El-
licott City is prepared to practice his profes-
sion in this City and County.
He may be found at his place of business at
all hours, except when professionally engaged.
Sight calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3, '64.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).
Having located at Clarksville for the prac-
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the community.
May 18, '78.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 16, '78.

DR. JAMES E. SHREVEE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental
Surgery).
Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.
Coble, I tender my professional services to
his patients and the public generally at the
office formerly occupied by him.
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD
COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's
Store, Elicott City.
Feb. 16, '78.

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
effected. Property Leased. Money
Invested in Ground Rents,
Mortgages, &c., &c., &c.
Free of Charge. All
kinds of Property Insured at
Lowest Rates.
MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first
class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
June 24, '71.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasure still in many a dream,
They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear,
And lightning speed, and thunder sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Not this alone—for many a mile
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
In summer's glory gay;
The chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depth excludes the day,
We're born away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race!

The wayside inn, with homelike air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land zone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet regret we with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no fear,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherished nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'TIS ME AND MINE,
A ruddy, but a welcome chain
To bind us in a world, whose ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
But here may try in vain.
To bring us near home many an art,
Stern fate employs to keep apart.
—Dublin University Magazine.

Dead Cities in Maryland.
[From the Baltimore Evening Bulletin.]
The solitary Arab, wandering in the
burning wastes of the Syrian desert, comes
suddenly upon a walled town, built com-
plete of pink granite and marble and por-
phyry. Temple and tomb are there as well
as house and palace, fortress and granary,
but the roofs and windows are gone, and
the city's gates have long ago been un-
latched. The city is deserted; and has no
inhabitants at all but the foxes that lurk
under the fallen archways and the owls
and bats that flutter beneath the darkened
vaults, and the Bedouin flees from the spot
in dread, invoking imprecations upon it
as the abode of Sheitan, a place accursed.

It is indeed a city that has been dead per-
haps two thousand years, and the desert
contains many such weird spectres of the
populous past.
So the voyager in tropical seas, as he
coasts by islands which the earthquakes
have rent, but which betray no signs of it
in their glowing beauty, may sometimes
look down through the clear waves and
see there below him, at the bottom of the
diaphanous depths, the roofs and spires
of a sunken city, forty fathoms under the
wave. Such is Savannah la Mar, which,
with its ten thousand people all at their
occupations and pleasures and devotions
went to the bottom one quiet summer's
day, and has rested there ever since, the
sea-ooze mantling its palaces, and urchins
and polyps the citizens of its voiceless
streets.

There are dead cities, however, which
have not only been abandoned, but them-
selves have disappeared as completely as
Babylon—vanished like the basaltic fab-
ric of a vision that leaves not a wreck
behind—and Maryland herself has fur-
nished the site of more than one of these
phantom boroughs, of which scarcely even
a tombstone remains to mark the spot
where their former inhabitants were
buried.

For instance, there is the venerability
of Saint Mary's, the capital of the Prov-
ince of Maryland, where all the old time
dignitaries used to gather during the ses-
sions of court and Assembly and hold
high levels in their velvets and laces. Is
it not an odd trick of fortune that both
Jamestown and Saint Mary's, the original
capitals of Virginia and Maryland, should
have vanished so utterly from the face of
the earth that the distinct traces we
now have of them is the mellow tith and
the darker color of the waving grain
over the places that once were populous?
Saint Mary's was a city of great expecta-
tions. Baron Caecilius had such hopes of
it that he esteemed a town lot within its
limits the best present which he could
make to his friends and favorites. Who
would own a town lot in Saint Mary's
now? The potential element was too
strong for it; the planting interest pre-
ferred the stronger lands of the Patuxent;
the centre of population moved rapidly
up the bay, and an irreverent Assembly
suddenly decided that the capital should
be removed to "Anne Arundel town upon
the Severn." The poor people of Saint
Mary's sent up a quaint and pathetic peti-
tion to the Assembly not to destroy them.
They offered to make roads; to establish
a ferry at Drum Point; to run a stage
line from the Patuxent. They got down
on their knees to the Assembly almost, but
without avail. The fiat had gone forth;
the capital was transferred, and Saint
Mary's, with its State House and all, crum-
bled up to an indistinguishable ruin.

Another city that was expected to be-
come the Eastern Shore rival of Saint
Mary's and later of Annapolis, and which,
it was thought, could not fail to become
a great commercial emporium, so slightly
was it situated, was the town on Tred-

A South Africa Diamond Mine.

From whatever direction one comes
from the surrounding plain, the most
prominent sight is the lofty range of
sand mounds, rising up from out the
center of the town, and over-topping eve-
rything. These are composed of earth
from the original thirteen surface areas of
the Kimberly mine, and thrown up
around the edge of the gradually deepening
pit, just as the ant on a smaller scale
piles up a circular ridge around its hole.
By diamond "mine" in Africa, is meant a
pipe of several acres superficial area and
unknown depth, running straight down
through stratified layers of shale. Each
pipe, and there are only four, is filled in
to the level of the general surface of the
plain with sand, tuff, and a diamond-
bearing breccia or soft rock. The Kim-
berly pipe or mine has now been excava-
ted to a depth of about two hundred and
fifty feet. Most of the streets of the town
converge to it. We walk to the edge of
rock which surrounds it, called the "reef,"
and before and beneath us extends an
abyss—a huge oval-shaped cauldron—
open full to the skies. Over its edge lies
a sheer descent of two hundred and fifty
feet, across it, from side to side, a stretch
of a thousand feet, or a fifth of a mile.
Coming even as one does from the life
and stir of the town, the first look into
the mine is a fascinating and bewildering
one.

Little by little the facts unfold
and steal upon the attention. One talks to
his neighbor as to a deaf man, for a steady
hum or roar fills the air, chiefly made up
of human voices and the whir of buckets
ascending and descending on their wire
ropes. Ten thousand men are working
below and around us, in the pit and
around its edge. All is in plain sight,
for there is no burrowing under ground.
Far below, little black pigmy men—so
they seem in the distance—are moving
about, but not singly or at random, for
closer observation shows that they are
working in groups, each group upon a
certain well-defined square patch of solid
earth, at which it is picking and delving,
or walking to and fro over it, carrying
little buckets of loosened soil. In their
midst sits or stands a white overseer, or
the master himself.

Spreading over the whole excavation or
pit, cauldron, pot or basin, whichever
conveys the clearest idea, like a spider's
web on a dewy morning, run innumera-
ble little white threads, so they seem as
they glisten in the sun. Follow one such
thread to our feet, and it will be found to
be a shining wire rope, worn white with
constant use. And here on the edge or
brim, called us, we know, the "reef," we
find a scene of life and labor even more
animated than below.

All around, but chiefly on two oppo-
site sides, is erected a strong frame-work
of timber called the "staging," estimated to
have cost \$250,000. It is built in
three tiers, like a three-story house, and
each tier is floored to afford standing-
room for laborers. Firmly set all along
each tier of this staging are hundreds of
wooden wheels, about four feet in diam-
eter, with a crank on each side, to be
turned by four Kaffirs. The iron ropes
run from every part of the circumference,
but differ greatly in length, some ex-
tending vertically down the reef, some
far out into the center of the mine, and
others to varying intermediate distances,
but each to its own claim. Such a rope
is stretched from the bearings of each
wheel on the staging to its corresponding
claim below, where it is made fast to a
post sunk firmly in the ground. Thus, a
wheel, a wire rope and a "claim," be it
only a sixteenth, are inseparable, and
equal in number. On these wire ropes
the "blue stuff" is hauled in buckets by
aid of the windlass, up out of the mine.
The modern discovery of diamonds
came about in this wise. In 1867 a cer-
tain John O'Reilly, trader and hunter, on
his way from the interior, reached the
junction of the rivers and stopped for the
night at the farm of a Dutch farmer
named Van Niekerk. The children were
playing on the earth floor with some pret-
ty pebbles they had found long before in
the river. One of these pebbles attracted
O'Reilly's attention. He said, picking it
up, "That might be a diamond." Niekerk
laughed and said he could have it; if it
was, there were plenty around there.
However, O'Reilly was not to be laughed
out of his idea, and said that if Niekerk
didn't object he would take it down with
him to Cape Town and see what it was,
and if it proved to be of value he would
give him half the proceeds. On the way
down, a long journey, he stopped at
Colesburg, at the hotel, and showed the
pebble, scratching with it a pane of glass.
His friends laughingly scratched glass
with a gun-flint and threw the pebble out
of the window, telling O'Reilly not to
make a fool of himself. However, O'Reilly
persevered, got it to Dr. Atherstone,
near the coast, who announced that it
was in truth a diamond of 231 carats. It
was sold for \$2,000. I am glad to say
that O'Reilly divided fairly with Nie-
kerk. The latter remembered that he
had seen an immense stone in the hands
of a Kafir witch-doctor who used it in
his incantations. He found the fish-
man, gave him 500 sheep, horses, and
nearly all he possessed, and sold it the
same day to an experienced diamond-
buyer for \$56,000. This was the famous
"Star of South Africa." It weighed 833
carats in the rough and was found to be

A Girl's Chances of Marriage.

A very sweet young lady of the West
End, who has evidently been giving the
subject serious reflection, gives the fol-
lowing table as showing a woman's chan-
ces of marriage between the ages of four-
teen and forty years. Of one thousand
women, taken without selection, it is
found that the number married at each
age is as below. Or if (by an arithmeti-
cal license) we call a woman's chances of
marriage in the whole course of her life
1,000, her chances in each two years will
be shown in the table:

Age	Chances	Age	Chances
14	32	28	45
15	29	29	42
16	26	30	39
17	23	31	36
18	20	32	33
19	17	33	30
20	14	34	27
21	11	35	24
22	8	36	21
23	5	37	18
24	2	38	15
25	0	39	12
26	0	40	9
27	0	41	6
28	0	42	3
29	0	43	0
30	0	44	0
31	0	45	0
32	0	46	0
33	0	47	0
34	0	48	0
35	0	49	0
36	0	50	0
37	0	51	0
38	0	52	0
39	0	53	0
40	0	54	0
41	0	55	0
42	0	56	0
43	0	57	0
44	0	58	0
45	0	59	0
46	0	60	0

We hardly think it a fair thing for our
lady friend to stop at the age of thirty-
nine, as there are very few ladies who
have arrived at that age of single-blessed-
ness from whose hearts have been extin-
guished hopes of ever seeing the chosen
one. No, indeed; so long as there is still
an old bachelor left, we say give the old
maid a chance, and don't blame them for
still clinging to hope. —Oincinnati En-
quirer.

—Two young men were out fishing the
other day, and on returning were going
past a farm-house and feeling hungry,
yelled at the farmer's daughters: "Girls
have you any buttermilk?" The reply
was gently waived back to their ears:
"Yes; but we keep it for our own calves."

—The silk manufacturers of the United
States, in spite of a "protection" ranging
from 60 to 120 per cent., do not thrive.
They were valued in 1873 at \$21,014,874;
in 1875 at \$27,158,860, and last year at
only \$21,411,496. This is not progress.

The Happy Wife.

There is always a great deal of good
advice floating around the world for those
who need it. The difficulty is to bring
the advice and the needing person to-
gether at the proper moment, that the
one may take hold of the other in a way
that will do the most good. Few people
are so much in need of good counsel pro-
bably as the man who is selecting a wife,
and a large number are doing this all the
time. For the benefit of this ambitious
and hopeful class, some philanthropist
has set about some excellent suggestions
about seeking women who are happy in
preference to those who have only beauty
or talent or style. The complete sound-
ness of the advice may be understood from
the philosophical summary that "the
sweetest wives are those who possess the
magic secret of being happy under any
and every circumstance." This ought to
dispose of the matter but we fear it
doesn't. It is necessary to draw upon
the imagination for a woman who can be
happy under all circumstances. There
have been such in novels and poetry, and
once in a while a man's second will get a
great deal of information about his first
wife having been of that kind, but we
do not see them these days; those that we
hear of are all dead. A man may marry
a happy woman; it is easy indeed to do
that, because nearly every woman has the
good sense to be happy at marriage, and
she has a vague sort of idea, doubtless,
that she will always be the same. But
she will not, because no human being ever
has been, and in half a dozen cases out of
twelve, she will have a good cry and
threaten to go back to her mamma before
the honeymoon is half over. When she
thought how happy she would be she
never contemplated the picture of a hus-
band coming home as cross as a bear, and
going to bed without speaking to her;
she had never thought of the long even-
ings when he wouldn't come at all; or his
bringing some one home to dinner with-
out warning or preparation; of his awful
profanity over so trifling a matter as the
gas bill. She had no idea, in fact, that
there could be anything but happiness in
married life, and she had determined to
be happy and to distribute her happiness
to those about her. It is not often her
fault if she doesn't succeed.

A happy wife is worth more to any
man than a fortune of gold, but the man
who understands the value of a cheerful
wife is comparatively rare, and rarer are
those who care so much for her as for
gold. It requires a constant and a great
effort to possess property and be secure
in its value in the midst of constant com-
mercial changes. The cheerfulness, the
happy, hopeful character which every wo-
man displays at the beginning of mar-
riage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it
requires but a small share of the attention,
and yet so often does not get that little
share. It is impossible to go on through
life with never a shadow across the path,
but there is nothing dangerous in a sor-
row that is not nursed and encouraged.
The man who cannot turn from the pursu-
ing shadows and threatening clouds of his
business life to a heart giving cheerfulness
at home, must, in ninety-nine cases
in a hundred, count his human nature a
failure; he is a deplorable wretch, indeed,
for he has doubtless himself hung his
home with clouds, and driven out, not
only from his heart, but other hearts, the
sunshine of happiness that he ought to
have even aided to gild.

Advising a man in search of a wife to
select a happy woman is a good enough
suggestion on one side; but it may as
well be accompanied by a little advice to
young women in search of husbands—and
to beware of a man who doesn't know
enough about cheerfulness to understand
its value in daily life. Such a man would
improve the first opportunity to grind the
cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten
a sunbeam into a shadow, and then won-
der what the deuce is the matter. Such
is no better than no husband at all, and
when you want a husband, go find some-
body else, somebody who will give you
at least some chance to be happy far into
the life beyond the honeymoon.

To be Read by Men Only.

[From the St. Louis Post.]
The following is not intended for the
ladies. We call particular attention to
this fact in order to avoid any misunder-
standing that might arise if any of them
should accidentally peruse it. We know
they will all skip it now, after we have
invited their attention to the matter, and
thus we are relieved of a great responsi-
bility:

BEWARE, LADIES—DON'T READ.
"I don't know how you can read it if
you are a lady," said a young man to a
young woman who was reading a book.
"I don't know how you can read it if you
are a lady," said a young man to a young
woman who was reading a book.

—Fruits gathered in the afternoon are
less acid than when gathered in the
morning, because fruits are ripened by
the conversion of the acid they contain
into sugar, and, since this requires the
aid of light and heat, the intervening
hours between morning and afternoon
produce the difference in their ripeness.

—A new book by Mary Cecil Hay is
called "Reaping the Whirlwind." She
will probably write a companion
volume entitled, "Threshing the Cy-
clone," or "Plowing the Tornado."

—It was in a New Jersey Sunday school.
The superintendent approached a youth of
color, who was present for the first time, and
inquired his name, for the purpose of plac-
ing it on the roll. The good man tried in
vain to preserve his dignity when the
answer was returned, "Well, massa calla
me Cap'n, but my maiden name is Moses."

Going Courting.

One of the compensations of a woman's
life is found in the fact that she don't
have to "go a courting." It must be con-
fessed that in these days the modern belle
does her share of the wooing; but she
does not have to dress up in a stiff collar
and pair of boots a size too small for her
and walk up to the cannon's mouth of her
immortal's family, consisting of father,
mother, grandmother, a maiden aunt and
perhaps a dozen brothers and sisters, and
inquire in a trembling voice:
"Is Miss Arabella at home?"
Whenever a man goes a courting every-
body seems to know all about it. His
demeanor tells the observant spectator the
business he is intent upon. He might as
well placard himself, "I'm going court-
ing." Everybody is cognizant of it, and
looks knowingly, and asks him if the
"Northern lights" were bright last night
about one o'clock, and how the market
is for kerosene at "Dady Brown's," and a
score of other questions out of place.

We know a young man who is deeply,
and we trust successfully, engaged in
going courting, and our warmest sym-
pathies have been extended towards him.
When Sunday afternoon arrives it is plain
that something is about to happen. He is
fidgety and non-communicative and
cannot sit in one place half a minute at a
time; he is continually interviewing his
watch and comparing it with the old
eight-day, coffin-shaped clock in the cor-
ner. He looks in the glass frequently, and
draws his forward locks back and puts
them down, and is dissatisfied with the
effect throughout.

The smell of bay rum and bergamot
is painfully apparent. When he shakes
his handkerchief, musk is perceptible.
His boots shine like mirrors, and there is
a faint smell of cardamom seeds in his
breath as he yawns. He smooths his
budding mustache with affectionate pats,
and feels his invisible side whiskers con-
tinually to make sure they are there, a fact
which is not established to outside ob-
servers by sense of sight. He tries on his
neck ties without fading just the thing
he wants. Then he has spasms of
brushing his coat, that commence with
violence and last until one grows nervous
for fear the broadcloth will not be able to
stand the friction.

He declines soup that day at dinner.
He says it is because he is not hungry, but
we know it is because there are onions in
it, and onions, as every one knows, do not
sweeten one's breath to any great extent.
If spoken to suddenly he starts and
blushes and looks as guilty as if he was
stealing something, and directly if one
does not speak to him he goes back to the
delightful occupation of staring at nothing
and waiting for the hour to creep
around to seven.

"Girls," said a worthy old lady to her
granddaughters, "whenever a fellow pops
the question, don't blush and stare at your
feet. Just throw your arms around his
neck, look him full in the face, and com-
mence talking about the furniture. Young
fellows are mighty nervous sometimes. I
lost several good chances before I caught
your fond, dear old grand-father, but I
learned how to do it after awhile."

—A man who was arrested in a New
Jersey town a few days ago on a charge
of carrying concealed weapons. On
searching his person a bowie-knife was
found in each boot-leg, a seven-shooter in
his hip pocket and a slug-shot in his
side coat pocket, a cavalry sword slid
down his back, a "billy" in each coat-tail
pocket and a dagger up each coat sleeve.
That was all. He was discharged when
he explained that he was on his way to
Princeton College to enter the Freshman
Class, and had merely taken some pre-
caution to protect himself from the at-
tacks of the Sophomores.

—It was in a New Jersey Sunday school.
The superintendent approached a youth of
color, who was present for the first time, and
inquired his name, for the purpose of plac-
ing it on the roll. The good man tried in
vain to preserve his dignity when the
answer was returned, "Well, massa calla
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