

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, Elllicott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH.

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

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

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

HENRY E. WOOTTON, 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 Elllicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).

J. Harwood Watkins, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY. OFFICE—At the Court House, Sept. 12, 74-11.

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

DR. W. S. HARBAN, DENTIST, (A Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery), Desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he will be at JAS. HARBAN'S, 17th, 1877.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE, ELLICOTT CITY, MD., Having permanently located himself at Elllicott 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.

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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.

The wool clip of the United States for 1876 was about 200,000,000 pounds; of England, Ireland and Scotland, about 102,000,000, mostly coming of the Continent of Europe, about 163,000,000; of Australasia about 350,000,000, of Buenos Ayres and River La Plata, about 297,000,000 pounds. These are the principal wool growing countries of the world, and produce 1,382,000,000 out of the estimated 1,419,000,000 produced on the entire globe.

BUSINESS IN MISSISSIPPI.

Why, howdy, Mah's Johnny! Is you gone to keepin' store? Well, sah, I'm surprised! I ncher heared of dat afore.

I know'd you would! I alluz tells de people, 'white an' black, Dat you's a nigger 'man, an' dat's de libid' fac'.

Look here, sah; don't you want to buy some cotton? Yes, you do; Dat's de one parties wants it, but I'd rader sell to you.

Now, what'd de good ob gwine dar an' when you trades wid us, dew alluz gits a 'hans' sale!

I ain't no hon' for cheatin'; I believes in actin' 'fairs'.

Sho' nuber mine de anger! 'tain't a bit ob use to bore, De bawls all de same as dis heah place de 'gaggin' store;

It spects de beauty of de—What, sah! rocks in de way, you say?

Rocks in dat 'ar cotton? How de debil 'sa dat be?

I packed dat bale myself. Hol' on a minute, 'le me see—

My stars! I ma's be crazy! Mah's Johnny 'dis de libid' fac'!

'S gone an' haule my brudder's cotton in 'stead ob mine!

Letter from New Mexico. The Fourth of July in the Apache Country. SILVER CITY, July 5, 1877.

Well is the writer aware of the many ways the good people of Howard county desire to enjoy themselves on the nation's birthday.

It is impossible. While mingling with strangers and sharing their particular enjoyments, my mind would often dwell upon the more natural pleasures of a Maryland life.

Union was attacked by rebellion and "the glorious galaxy of States almost torn asunder."

"But the blue and the gray are friends to-day," which seemed to afford the Dr. much consolation, as it should. Of this territory he said: "We have chosen New Mexico as our home—that land of mystery and shadow. We love the dust and stones on her arid plains more than the green swards of other lands."

Very appropriate we thought, as a passing whirlwind would impartially diffuse particles of sand over the audience every few minutes. The Dr. closed amidst a storm of applause (and dust), with the words—"and may internal insurrection or other causes never prevail to tear asunder the flag which now triumphantly waves above our heads."

I hoped he would tell us whether Tilden was fairly elected, but was cruelly disappointed. The almost vertical sun had reached the meridian, and the thundering voice of 35 guns burst upon our ears.

I thought 37 enough, for why should Colorado be honored with as much powder as New York, when the counting of her three votes gave a half way plausible excuse for the "counting out" of our elected president?

Our stomachs naturally suggested dinner, which was served on three long tables in the hall way of the hospital. All seated around the table, a good chance is obtained to observe the characteristics, etiquette, &c., of our "select" selves.

Among the number were several Mexican ladies. They would like to be called "Spanish," but the peculiar hue of their complexions would ever suggest the horrid word "Mexican."

Also when speaking how finely such and such an officer looked on his horse, the styles commonly call that gentle animal *co-cio* in lieu of the Spanish *caballo*, (pronounced *kah-bah-yo*), 'tis a pity such natural inconvenience will exist to spoil the wish of the deserving (?)

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Captain Kate.

I had just told Fred Goram, my elum and companion, that I had determined to leave town that afternoon. I am going down to the Lake shore, where it's more quiet and quiet, and where I ncher work, nor think, but do just as I please."

Fred looked blank. "Don't go this afternoon," he said; "I wanted you to go with me to Madame W.'s to-night and be presented to Captain Kate, the new belle."

"Thank you," I responded; "but no more girls of the period for me if you please. I had rather be excused."

"Oh, but you must see Captain Kate!" he went on; "that's what they call her, because of the followers she has; she's worth seeing."

"I know the style," I said, with a majestic wave of the hand. "Bold eyes—full, perhaps, black probably—rather blue, immense oblong, laughs and cracks like like a trouper, and never says a word of sense. I repeat it, my friend, not any for me!"

"But just wait—," began Fred, and I interrupted, with another wave of the hand: "My friend, I shall leave town this afternoon for the Lake; should like your company, but if you choose to stay, I go alone. I want nothing of this Kate, or any other woman."

"Pon my soul!" cried Fred, widening his blue eyes. "What has come over you, the king of male flirts! Been bitten, eh?"

"No, simply disgusted," I answered, loftily; "I'm tired of work and women, and am going to leave both. Will you go?"

"Not till next week, then I'll follow," he said. "All right," I said, and we parted. "King of flirts," Fred had called me, and that term needs some explanation, for I should regret having any of my friends think me that most detestable affair, a man-butlerly.

I was, then, a man-butlerly, and a well-to-do young lawyer, possessed of a nice little property. I had a due appreciation of women—liked most of them extremely well, loved none; paid them some harmless compliments, chatted, walked and drove with them. But as for flirting—why, I spoke no word of love, gave no fair lady any reason for thinking me a flirt, and so forth. Mrs. Grundy gave me the appellation of "Male Flirt." Well, never mind; I didn't.

I went down to the Lake shore that afternoon, and engaged rooms at a private dwelling. "We have three boarders now," the pleasant little lady said, "and expect one more to-morrow afternoon—a young lady relative from the city—and there are just rooms for one more."

Those I engaged, and domiciled myself immediately in my quarters, but not at all pleased with the prospective young lady. There were two already; but harmless individuals, I mentally observed at table; one a studious damsel who wore spectacles, and looked at the ceiling; the other an indolent and idle girl, who gave 20 yards of silk to the male. His horse didn't look as though he had much "bottom," but strange to say no one would take the old man up. The male race afforded much amusement, some of them "bucking" and making big gaps in the crowd on either side the track. The prize, \$5, was won by a Cincinnati, who said something about getting a "Maid" to ride on his back. The crowd became excited over the wheelbarrow race, participated in by three colored gentlemen—very colored—who were soldiers. They ran 200 yards, blindfolded. One curved around and was going back, another dived into the crowd with his wheelbarrow, running over a boy, while the third, a son of Kentucky, keeping the track admirably, pocketed the \$5. Much laughter, reminding one of mule's bray, was engaged in during the "sack race." Two colored soldiers and a white soldier near the contestants. Getting in a large sack, holding it up to the waist and getting along the best you can in the manner of this race. The white man, England's own child, ran just about the cross, the colored man, who mistook the "sack" for the "wheelbarrow" chumpion was again the victor. When the shaved and greased pig was about to be let loose for 10 year boys to catch, the successful one to claim the "porker," it was really touching to observe weather-beaten frontiersmen bending over their scant progeny, (who, with hands in their little pockets, were eager for the race) charging them "to be sure and catch him by the leg—don't try to hold him by the tail." It was a long race, finally ending by a boy grasping the pig's leg and adroitly seizing him by the ear with his teeth. A pig is a big thing in these parts. Our stomachs were again filled with "dishes," whereof the life was never seen. Night and darkness had arrived and the flag-staff was illuminated by a display of fireworks. A select apartment had been decorated and chosen from a selection of select rooms for the select purpose of conforming to the select ideas of this selection of very select persons. The ceiling and walls were entirely covered with bags, while arranged forms of guns and sabres were fastened to the walls. Gilt letters announced the companies stationed at the post. The effect intended, was a military one, which, from the surroundings, was forced upon the mind. This was the ball room where the light fantastic toe was tipped until late in the morning following: So, the 4th of July in the country redeemed from the Apache.

LETTER. —The education of Queen Victoria's grand-children is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into the family. Particularly is this true of the children of the Crown Princess of Germany. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have punctually to perform their duties and to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of their education. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Accomplishments, such as riding, dancing, and skating, receive the same attention as art and science. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands, and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of maids.

the opening page to the "Fins," his books are gardens of delight to me. He interests you in his meanness character, and I confess your sympathies are not with one, but with all. He is infinitely, but in income poor. Others may, in their style, be as interesting but to me there are none like him."

A deeper flush had come into her cheeks, and her eyes grew wider and darker. "Decidedly pretty now," I informed myself, "and really quite an intelligent little person."

After that, Miss Whiting and I were quite sociable. I sought her society, and she did not avoid me, but treated me precisely as she would a younger brother. Not just that either, for she was a little more reserved; and yet we had some very pleasant chats together. She could talk sense, and I prided myself on my abilities in that line, and so almost a week slipped by before I knew it.

"I think I should find it very dull here but for you," I said to her one day. "Oh, too, when I dreaded your coming so."

She looked up wonderingly. "Dreaded my coming?" "Yes; I feared you would be one of the slashing kind, and would dress to kill, and talk me wild, and give me no peace."

"What gave you that idea?" "I don't know, unless it was being bored to death by my elum, Fred Goram, about a Captain Kate, the belle of the season, and I thought you might be her style."

"And did you ever see this Captain Kate?" asked Miss Whiting, lifting her calm, lustrous eyes. "No; but I can imagine her," I answered. "And what do you imagine her like?" "Thereon I gave her a description, very much as I had given Fred, and closed by saying: "Now, that style of girl I cannot tolerate, and bearing you were one of them, I wonder I dreaded you."

"Then you do not consider me at all like Captain Kate?" she queried, archly. "Not at all," I said decidedly. "As I told you in the beginning, but for you I should feel stupid and dull. Your society renders it very pleasant, and you are in all things the opposite of my fears."

"Thank you, thank you," she said, and I caught the hidden meaning of her words, but she was reading, and her face was calm as usual. The next day Fred came. I was standing at the gate when he came up from the hotel, and after the greetings, Fred brought his hand down on my shoulder. "So, Ben, my boy, you jumped from the flying-pigeon nest, didn't you? He! he! good joke. How'd you like it?"

I turned in amazement. "Like who? what do you mean?" "Why, Captain Kate, of course." "I haven't seen Captain Kate, thank you," I replied with dignity. "What don't Miss Catherine Whiting board here with her step-aunt Mrs. Dearden?"

"I jumped at least three feet into the air. "You don't mean—," I began, while Fred interrupted, coolly: "As a jumper, you are a success. As a stupid blockhead, you also excel. Yes, Miss Whiting is Captain Kate."

"But, Fred," I said, helplessly, "she is so innocent and childlike, and barely half as tall as I am." "All put on," said Fred, shaking his head gravely. "She is a regular flirt, and those are her arts. She's weaving her net around you, I see, successfully."

The emotions of my heart I should find difficult to explain. But I found Miss Whiting in the arbor, half an hour later, after Fred left, and I lifted my hat with a flourish, and knelt at her feet. "All honor to Captain Kate," I said, in mock humility. She closed her book with almost a yawn. "So you've found out," she said; "who told you?"

"Fred. And shall I ask pardon for remarks I made yesterday?" she said sweetly. "You had never seen me then." "I began. "We are to spend several weeks together here, and report calls you a terrible flirt."

"So it does you," she interrupted. "I heard of you before I left town." "Very well," I continued, "the more need of my proposition, and I let me enter into a league to have a grand flirtation, each knowing that there is no danger of a broken heart on either side. Thus, we have nothing to fear, nothing to guard, and can be very happy."

ago, and has never been heard of since. You needn't put that in thought; just say we went there, and I am the only heir."

"I assured Fred that I would do so—just as well as not," I said. "Will bring your perfections all to light, and say nothing of your failings." Fred thought me warmly, and we parted.

"Captain Kate was in the garden when I returned. She was dressed in a blue, thin gauze stuff, and a frill of lace at her throat and wrists. She looked exceedingly pretty, and I told her so."

"Good!" she cried, bringing her shapely hands together. "I dressed purposely to make you pay compliments, and have succeeded. Am I really and truly pretty?" "Really and truly, I obeyed."

"And my eyes are not bold, and I do not seem like a trouper?" "Your eyes are the sweetest in the world, and you seem like an angel."

"She breathed a long-breath. "How nice! Now where have you been?" "To see Fred—the finest fellow alive. Got a rich uncle in India, somewhere, and is heir."

"Does that constitute his fitness?" she said, a little scornfully. "According to a woman's idea, yes. But that is not all. He's a splendid fellow, cool, intelligent, steady."

"Rather a pleasant fellow," she acknowledged, "and he waltzes like an angel." "Are angels proficients in that accomplishment?" "Well, I suppose so," she retorted. "You call me an angel, and I waltz beautifully."

"I could never have recognized Miss Whiting for the girl I had known before. She dropped her quiet calm, childlike self, and assumed the gay, dazling, witty mask of Kate. She dressed becomingly and elegantly, yet with no show of glare of color, else it would not have been becomingly. She studied my taste in all things, and fairly dazzled me with her wit and beauty. Yet, I think I missed Miss Whiting sorely, for a few days after her departure, and Captain Kate's advent. We walked, we sat, we drove, we talked together. Fred occupied all her spare moments, and few as they were, he seemed very hopeful; for Fred was always hopeful about all things, though he never succeeded in anything. He had had his usual attention, some to three young ladies, at different times, and been certain of success, and each time failed. He was not cast down, however, but was now looking confidently forward to his union with Captain Kate. "You have helped me a great deal, Ben," he would say, "and I thank you heartily for your kind words. When I am settled, consider my humble thanks."

"Certainly," I would respond, "I will, Fred." "So three weeks slipped by, and in two more I should depart. Our flirtation continued unabated. Kate was bewildered, and I sometimes trembled for my own safety. Once when standing very near to her, my lips somehow came in contact with hers, and had never felt quite safe since that day. "Kissing provoketh love," I said, "and I will avoid that hereafter."

"So I did, and we sailed, and rode, and flirted deliciously through the remaining two weeks; and one morning I rose with the uncomfortable feeling upon me that it had all come to end, and I was to leave on the afternoon train. I also arose with another knowledge, and that was, that much love with Captain Kate; yes, decidedly, irrevocably in love. I had an odd feeling, too, that it was just what Captain Kate had intended; and I determined to keep my secret locked safe in my breast. So I complimented her in the old mock way, through the morning, and was conscious that under all her gaily there was a looking into my eyes, and that she had never felt quite safe since that day. "Kissing provoketh love," I said, "and I will avoid that hereafter."

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—Everybody knows that in spite of high taxes the financial condition of the city of Baltimore is thoroughly sound. Although the debt is nominally \$33,343,241.73, this is offset by \$18,633,961.25 of interest-paying securities and by securities held by the sinking fund amounting to \$8,018,877.35, leaving the actual non-productive debt at \$6,690,403.13. Against this is the value of the city property and the Western Maryland Railroad bonus, which may some day be sold at par. Persons who have money to invest can find nothing safer than Baltimore city stock. Although the interest is only five per cent. per annum, the stock is free from State and city taxation, which to a Baltimore capitalist makes a difference in his favor of two per cent. per annum.