ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
JOHN R. BROWN, Jr., Editor and Proprietor.
TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

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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.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Nov. 27'69-1y.

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OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
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Nov. 27, '69-1y.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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☞ OFFICE—At the Court House.
Sept 12, '74-tf.

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Ellicott City, Md.
☞ Office Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.
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☞ Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
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Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.
☞ Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.
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☞ Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland. [Jan. 29, '70-1y.

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Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
mar.6-'75-1y.

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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,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77-1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD,
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City, is prepared to practice his Profession in this City and County
☞ He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3 '69-tf.

Dr. W. C. WATKINS,
Near CLARKSVILLE, Howard County.
Respectfully tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Howard County.
☞ He will be found at his office when not professionally engaged.
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JOHN NICKLAS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER
389 W. Balto. St., cor. of Paca,
BALTIMORE, Md.
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER.
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.
☞ Particular attention paid to the Repairing of Watches and the Manufacture of Hair Jewelry.
April 16,70-1y.

A CARD
FROM
J. MONROE MERCER,
OF "FONT HILL,"
Rehester Post Office,
Howard Co., Md.

To the Farmers of Howard County:

Having long felt the need of some FOOD FOR CROPS more lasting and valuable than any of the popular fertilizers of the day, I have watched with interest and sought diligently to discover a manure which would combine in *large* proportions, regardless of cost, those elements which would restore permanent fertility to the soil.

Having been a farmer for many years myself, with large opportunities for observation of the effect of many different fertilizers, I have never seen altogether satisfied with any until I tried

The Popplein Silicated Super-Phosphate of Lime.

On an indifferent piece of land I have raised with this manure two corn crops and an oat crop, all very large, in three successive years; the last of these crops (corn) planted *June 7th* of this year, being now from 10 to 14 feet high, with large stalks and ears, rapidly maturing, which I will take great pleasure in showing to my neighbors.

To insure the introduction of this most valuable manure into our county, I have consented to be made sole agent for its sale in the county, and offer it to my friends and the public at the unprecedented low price of $38.00 per ton.

Address communications and orders to
J. MONROE MERCER,
Rehester P. O., Howard Co., Md.
Aug. 11, '77-tf.

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 and a full line of samples from their immense stock of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
COATINGS, SHIRTINGS, &C., &C.,
thus enabling parties in any part of the country to order their Clothing and Shirts direct from them, with the certainty of receiving garments of *the very Latest Styles and most Perfect Fit Attainable.*
Goods ordered will be sent by Express to any part of the country.
As is well known throughout the Southern States, they have for *forty-three years excelled* in all departments of their business, which is a substantial guarantee as to the character of the Goods they will send out. A large and well assorted stock of
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.
When goods are sent per Express C. O. D. There will be no collection charge on amount of $20 and over.
Rules for Self-Measurement, Samples of Goods and Price List sent free on application.
The attention of the Trade is invited to our WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT which is always kept up to the highest standard.
NOAH WALKER & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Mens' and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Goods, either ready-made or made to order.
165 and 167 Baltimore Street,
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April 1, '70 tf.

Francis W. Plummer.
Good Wood, Smooth Work, Fine Finish!
PRICES TO SUIT ALL!
SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF
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Bookcases	$25 to $100
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Lounges	7 " 75
Library Tables	8 " 18
Leg Rests	3 " 10
Patent Rockers	15 " 50
Parlor Suits	60 " 100
Parlor Tables	3 " 30
Bedsteads	3 " 60

49 Hanover St., Baltimore.
March 29, '73-1y.

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.
ALSO
DOOR FRAMES, SASH,
BLINDS, &C.,
Furnished at Manufacturers' Prices.
☞ All orders promptly attended to, and delivered at Depot free of charge.
July 18, '74-tf.

Dick's Divinity.

One beautiful day last October when the Centennial Exhibition was in full blast, I was walking through the British Gardens, in front of Horticultural Hall. The weather was in a rare, ripe, mellow mood, common to that season of the year; the time was between 3 and 4 P. M., and I had just been having a delicious lunch at the California Buffet in Agricultural Hall. Elegantly-dressed ladies passed me in velvet and lace, queenly-lookly maidens gleaming in the sunshine, slender young girls, ornamented with cardinal bows and with the flutter and gush youth in their harmless chatter, in the flirt of their trains and in the toss of their dainty heads. After wandering down the broad avenue that led by the Japanese Bazaar, I paused on the bridge and leaned over the railing; the music came in waves from Landsdowne ravine, the chimes lazily boomed out "Maryland, my Maryland." Looking around, I found the changing crowd was still sauntering on and no one near me except a woman.

She was a graceful, willowy-looking woman, dressed in a dark grey suit with the skirt hanging in artistic folds from her waist to the ground instead of being stretched out over one of those ugly things called a bustle, but which looks to me more like a window-awning than an article of dress; a neat little black hat crowned her luxuriant hair, simply coiled around her head as a woman's hair should be. "She is a lady," I said to myself as I eagerly watched her, my suddenly awakened interest growing with every movement. With this figure in the foreground the scene was complete and the pleasant afternoon was invested with a new attraction. The last note of the chimes was dying out when the woman in grey picked up her parasol and turned to go; her face was towards me and she gave a glance, but in that moment I saw the loveliest eyes I had ever met in my life—dark, bewildering eyes that gave me an appetite to see them again. She launched out into the surging throng and passed from view, but not from mind, for I thought of her again and again, dreamed of her at night, and the expectation of meeting her was with me no matter where I went.

The Centennial year breathed its last breath, and then 1877 took the stand and gave us the prospect of another great fair. My place of business was in New York, and the firm in which I had figured for several years concluded to make a display in the Permanent Exhibition. So I was sent to Philadelphia to look after its interests. This was the very thing for me, and I could not help entertaining the expectation of meeting my dark-eyed divinity again.

The 10th of May was a wearisome day to me as I searched among the thousands of faces to find hers, but all in vain, and then I laughed at myself for supposing I should know her again after seeing her face but once, and that only for a short moment. Of course she would not be dressed the same as she was then, a gray dress could not last forever, and the fashion in hats changes; I had not noticed a feature of her face, so I could not tell her by that; and as for her eyes, two out of every five women we meet have dark eyes, so I tried to persuade myself that it was all a forlorn hope.

On the next day after the opening, while wandering around through the quiet aisles—but here I may as well commence to quote from my diary, which I commenced to keep that very day, by reason of an important event which occurred.

May 11th. Eureka! I've found her at last! I went to look at the siege of Yorktown to-day, and there I met her. While she gazed at the beautiful view, I feasted my eyes on her. She was dressed in black with no jewelry, except a plain gold pin at her throat.

I don't think she is rich, but her hands are too graceful to have done and hard work. I followed her until she went out and got into a car, but she never noticed me. I will live on hope and look for her again.

May 15th. The mills of the gods may grind slowly, but they are certainly favoring me, and not keeping me waiting for it either. To-day as I stepped into the elevator to go up and get a breath of fresh air, there in the shadow of the winding stairs sat the woman who is haunting my mind day and night. Together we ascended and together we came down. So much gained, but I don't think she even saw me.

May 18th. Another step gained. I feel jubilant. She and two other ladies got into a Market street car to-day. I gave her my seat, and in a little while got one opposite to her, which afforded me a fine chance for studyidg her. Her features are not good, bur she has a pleasant smile; and then her eyes make up for all else. One cannot be beautiful in everything, and I am sure she is intellectual and has attractive conversation powers. Oh, what lovely eyes! Their color is a bluish black; the eyebrows were slightly arched, with long, curling lashes to shade their lustre and keep a fellow from being overwhelmed by their first glance. And their expression! As she talked and laughed with her friends how it varied with her thoughts!

May 22d. Again my dark-eyed divinity shone across my path. What a lovely, womanly woman she is, and how the sight of her makes my heart palpitate. Surely Richard is not himself!

June 10th. I have not seen her for nearly a month. Will she never come! I look for her every day only to be disappointed. What a fool I was to let such opportunities slip without getting acquainted with her. If I ever see her again I'll break my seven ribs sooner than let her vanish without a word. If I ever see her again, I say; but what shall I do if I don't?

June 22d. She came this evening—she was listening to the music; it must have been delightful by the way she looked, but I was conscious of nothing except her. Fernley came up and rallied me on my dullness, asked if were well, and then said something about the moon being full. His remarks irritated me, and I did not care whether he ever spoke to me again or not; he was just about leaving me when the music ceased, and she looked toward us, bowed and smiled; he raised his hat and started to go to her; I caught him by the coat-tail, the perspiration broke out all over my face, my hands trembled—"Great Scott, Dick, what is the matter with you?" he asked in astonishment. I opened my mouth and stammered, but was so overcome that I had not a word to say.

"What is it? Where is it? I'll get you some peppermint drops. Can you walk?" and he was just about to hurry me off to the medical department when I wrenched myself from his grasp and said: "Who is that lady? Introduce me, quick, before she goes." He stared at me in blank amazement, and then laughed a laugh so loud that I fancied it echoed all through the building.

In the next moment we were introduced, and then after a short interval Fernley excused himself and walked away. My self possession came to the rescue. I talked with ease; exerted myself to be entertaining, and in fact I think I never showed to a better advantage. But she—I did not catch her name—"is all my fancy painted her," good, pure, refined, honest, frank—to sum up all in one word—charming Richard is himself again.

June 23d. Met her again to-day. Had a delightful talk. Don't know her name yet. Forgot to ask. It doesn't make any difference, for here on this paper I can call her my dark-eyed divinity.

She had a little girl with her whom she called Nellie. She grows sweeter and sweeter, and I think by the kindly expression in her beautiful eyes that I too am growing in favor. She looked glad when we met, but left me so abruptly that I forgot again to ask her name.

July 9th. Misery, misery everywhere! Is it worth while to write another word? Yes, I will go through with it; as I commenced this diary with the sweet delusion I will write it out, and then I will never keep another fool's record as long as I live. What idiocy it is to put down one's thoughts, hopes and feelings, and then see them vanish into ashes like a cigarette. I was talking to Fernley when I happened to see her standing by the Indian encampment. "What's her name?" I inquired, thinking of but one woman in the world.

"Who?" he asked.

"The lady over there dressed in black."

"Which one? There are two in black."

"Why, that one. You know whom I mean. The one with black eyes; she is fanning herself."

"Oh, she?" and he looked at me with a curious twinkle on his face. "That is—Mrs. —— Bloom. A very fine woman. I know her father, old Billy Bloom—no, I mean her father-in-law; many a time he chased me off his cellar door."

I gasped for breath, and with a mighty effort said: "What does her husband do?"

"He keeps a green grocery."

I thought I saw a smile wrestling with the corners of his mouth, but I would never let him know how badly he had sold me. Fernley always had the reputation of being a practical joker.

"She comes out here pretty often," I replied.

"Yes," he replied, "I believe so. She don't have much to do at home, for they have only one child."

"Is it a girl," I eagerly asked.

He looked at me in a questioning manner, and then said, "It seems to me it is."

"Is her name Nellie?" was my next inquiry.

"Shouldn't wonder, for that's her own name. Buy why do you ask? Do you think of boarding there?" How I left Fernley or how I got home, I don't know. Oh, the perfidy of women! Why did she look at me so sweetly and speak to me in such winning tones? And yet she is not to blame. It is that wretch Fernley. He has no heart or soul himself, and thinks no one else has. He must have mumbled through her name the first time on purpose, because I seemed so interested. And now if he knew how much I had learned to love her, he would laugh and call it a good joke, hang it all! What is the use in being so miserable about a woman? I'll never look at her black eyes again. Here endeth the first chapter. Richard is not himself at all.

July 19th. Wonders will never cease. To-night at the telephone concert, I saw Fernley come in with Mrs. Bloom on his arm. Her lovely eyes were turned toward him, and she was smilling at something he was saying. The beautiful sinner ought to have been at home selling onions and cucumbers. I wonder if all dark-eyed women are such charming hypocrites.

July 20th. This afternoon Mrs. Bloom and her little girl were looking at Gillender's glass works, and, like the moth that loves the destructive candle, I could not resist wandering around, and once as I walked near her in the crowd I heard the little girl say, "Aunt Nellie, do they blow the glass to make it cold?" I wonder what it means? The little girl would not call her mother aunt? Could Fernley have made a mistake? I would give all I owned if he had. I loved that woman, married or single, and could not help it if I were to be hung for it. Fernley is anxious about my health, and says I ought to go to the seashore.

August 1st. Fernley came in to-day with Mrs. Bloom, and before I could dodge them or slip around a corner he was introducing her to me as Miss Nellie Hamilton and saying: "Dick, I could not endure the sight of your forlorn face any longer. I have had my little joke, but it lay on my conscience at night like a pig of lead. You did not catch her name in the first place, and then afterwards I saw my chance for some fun. Explain all else between yourselves. Good evening, Mrs. Bloom. Ta, ta, Dick." And then he walked quickly away.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"That is what I want to know," she replied.

"Who is Mrs. Bloom?"

"I never heard of her before."

"Who was that little girl with you the other day?"

"My niece, Nellie Rand."

"And your name is?"

"Nellie Hamilton."

"Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes, sir."

Just then Hassler's Band struck up the "Mulligan Guards," so we went out into the park, and there on a shady seat I told her all, from the first time I saw her standing on the bridge.

And so I told the old, old story, not very eloquently or grandly, but my sincerity must have been better than either, for when I begged for a reply she raised her lovely eyes to mine, and in the flood of new, sweet light that shone from their depths I read a better answer than words could give. For propriety's sake, I suppose, she said I must see her mother; but that matters little to me, for I know she loves me, and before another October comes around my dark-eyed divinity shall be my wife. Richard is himself again.

—A curious story comes from Dog Prairie, St. Charles county, concerning the manner in which the house of Mr. T. J. McAtee has recently become infested with bats. McAtee lives in a double log house, the outside of which is weather-boarded. About two weeks ago he noticed a large number of bats flying in the direction of his house and concealing themselves in the corners of the windows and under the weather boarding. He immediately began an onslaught on them and in a few minutes had killed seventy, this number being all that he could reach with such weapons as he then had at hand. Next morning none were to be seen, but at twilight they returned in such vast numbers as to appal him. His attention was first directed to the neighborhood of his front gate, at which point he heard innumerable flitting noises like a storm in the distance. Looking that way he saw what at first he took to be a black cloud approaching, but as it got nearer he realized that it was a horde of bats. As the swarm neared the house it lowered, as if making ready to alight, and McAtee instinctively retreated from the formidable enemy, rushed through the front door, closed the shutter and lowered the window sashes. By some means a considerable number found entrance into the room, and McAtee and a hired man succeeded with brooms in killing about one hundred. On the outside could be heard a tremendous commotion, as if the bats were swarming and fighting among themselves. After the bats that had gotten into the room had been disposed of McAtee went through the back door into the back yard and around to the south side of the house, where the horde had congregated. The scene at the window is described by him to have been of the most extraordinary character. The air was filled with myriads of bats, flying and circling about in all directions and darting against each other with audible force. A huge and writhing mass had settled on the window sill, and the entire frame, as well as the wooden part of the sash, was covered with them. The weather boarding for at least five feet on each side of the window and from the lower logs to the top of the house was covered with the black throng. A bright light shone through the window panes and everything on the outside was plainly visible. Though the greater part of the invaders showed a preference for this window, a general inspection showed that they were distributed over the entire premises. Hearing a great uproar in his henhouse Mr. McAtee rushed in that direction and found his entire fowl yard, in which were 150 fowls, including chickens, turkeys and guineas, in the most extraordinary state of perturbation. An army of bats had made their way through the crevices, and were indulging in such desperate demonstrations of flitting and circling that every feather inhabitant had been frightened from its roost, and the disturbed chanticleer, the cackling hen and the shrill guinea made night hideous with their notes of alarm. Every outhouse on the place was either invaded or surrounded. In the stable, where three horses were munching their evening oats, there was a dread pawing and whinnying, and an examination revealed the fact that every stall and trough was infested with bats, and McAtee deemed it a matter of prudence to turn the horses loose in the pasture. The dogs—of which there were six on the place—went around howling in dismay at the strange spectacle. As McAtee walked through the yard the air was thick with bats, and he had to keep up a continuous fighting with his hands and arms to keep them from striking him in the face.

Overcome and confused by this phenomenal visitation McAtee at first did not know what to do, but finally conceived a plan which resulted in the capture and death of at least a very large number of them. An hour had passed away, and the pests were as numerous at the south window as they were at first. He proposed to his hired man that they raise the sash and let the bats in, then close the window shutters from the outside, and having thus trapped the game proceed to despatch it in the most expeditious manner. This plan was at once put into execution. As soon as the window sash was raised thousands rushed in, and in five minutes there was not a vacant spot on ceiling, wall, floor, table, bed-post, bureau or chair. The window was closed and McAtee and his hired man began the work of destruction. Some of the bats seemed to realize the dire fate to which they were doomed, and made desperate efforts to find egress through the window panes. Others made war on the assaulting party, and the hired man was bitten once on his face and twice on his left hand. The two men were armed with ax helves, and they made fearful havoc among the foe. The slaughter continued an hour and a half, many of the bats being perched at points of the ceiling difficult to reach. The result, by actual count, was 4,103 dead bats, and their carcasses filled a large barrel which holds over five bushels. Though this onslaught greatly diminished the number of invaders there were still hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of them left, though, owing to the darkness, it was found impracticable to make further war on them. Next morning when McAtee awoke not a bat was to be seen, all the survivors having disappeared as mysteriously as they came.

It seems, however, that the bats were determined to make McAtee's house their haunt, and the following night they swarmed as formidably as on their first visit, and over three thousand were killed. They still persist in coming, and up to this time there have been upward of seventeen thousand slain, and, though there is a visible and gratifying falling off in the number of invaders, they yet infest the premises in sufficient numbers to be very troublesome. Where they come from and why they have selected that particular place as a resort are two mysteries which have not yet been fathomed. It is believed that they come from an immense thicket about ten miles up the Missouri River, where they breed in countless quantities. It is known that this thicket or swamp is thickly infested with them, and still hunters have often found them so numerous in certain spots that they could not make headway without great annoyance. McAtee considers the visitation a serious calamity and is carrying on a relentless war of extermination. The invading bat is of the common insectivorous species, quadrupedal and with a body much like that of a mouse. The story is certainly an extraordinary one, and its truth is vouched for by several reliable witnesses.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Sept. 3.*

—There are four great carboniferous coal fields in the United States. The first and most important, in all respects, is called the Appalachian, or more properly the Allegheny, and is of continental dimensions, being 875 miles in length, extending through important parts of seven States, in a northeast and southwest direction, from 30 to 180 miles wide, and producing a great variety of the best qualities of coal. It covers the western part of Pennsylvania, the eastern part of Ohio, the western corner of Maryland, nearly all of West Virginia, the eastern part of Kentucky, crosses Tennessee, and ends in the central part of Alabama. It is quite remarkable, however, that several of the largest producing regions are mere outliers, or detached island-like fields on the borders of this great coal region. The northeastern fragments are the anthracite basins in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania, the smallest in area, but the most important and productive of all. Also, along the eastern borders of the field, are the Blossburg, Clearfield, Broad Top (Pennsylvania), and Cumberland (Maryland) basins, and there are similar productive detached basins on the northeast, on both sides of the line between Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Pittsburg and Westmoreland district produces the largest quantity of bituminous coal, but this appears to be, at present, the only very productive region in the main body of this great coal territory.

The second coal field occupies the central part of the State of Michigan, and, although spread over a large surface, is inferior in importance to all others, having only a thin seam of coal of a poor quality.

The third great coal field is of enormous dimensions, covering two-thirds of the large State of Illinois, the western part of Indiana, and the western part of Kentucky. The best coal from this field is found in Indiana, and, although none of the coal it produces, with this exception, is equal in quality to the best Pennsylvania coal, yet it affords a great abundance of very cheap and valuable fuel.

The same remark applies to the fourth coal field, which covers the southwestern part of Iowa, the best portions being along the Des Moines river. It also extends southward over a large area in Northern Missouri and in the eastern part of Kansas, the seams of coal being generally thin in all these States. Although it runs into the southeastern counties of Nebraska, it is feared the coal, if there be any, is there too thin for mining.

The only other carboniferous fields in America, in addition to those enumerated, are those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the latter is of no practical importance. Pennsylvania is at present the great producer, and, speaking in a general way, may be said to supply the United States with coal. Maryland sends annually to tide-water a little more than 2,000,000 tons of coal; West Virginia about 250,000 tons; Ohio ships from Cleveland annually about 500,000 tons, besides a large home consumption. With these exceptions, and the supplying of St. Louis from Illinois, no other State sends any considerable quantity of coal to market, outside of its own boundaries, but a few of them produce quite largely, for their home consumption, in localities too remote to be reached by Pennsylvania coal. Of these Illinois has probably the largest production; that of Ohio is rapidly increasing, as is also that of Indiana. Pennsylvania mined, consumed, and sent to market in 1871 about 24,000,000 tons of coal, of which 15,000,000 tons were anthracite, and 9,000,000 tons were of the various kinds of bituminous coal. This State, therefore, indisputably, stands pre-eminent in respect to the production, as well as for the variety and unequalled quality, of its coal.

Taking a general view of the mountains, we find the portion of them where the coal fields are situated has only three broad or flat-topped mountains, according to Professor Lesley's topography, viz: The Broad Mountain, five miles wide and fifteen miles long, which separates the Pottsville and Mahanoy basins; the Beaver Meadow Mountain, eight miles wide and fifteen or twenty long, on top of which lie side by side the numerous but important Lehigh coal basins; and the Nescopeck Mountain, between the second and third coal fields, which is crossed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and merges itself eastward to the great Pocono table land.

For the sake of convenience, these anthracite regions are divided into three coal fields, or districts; the first, the Southern, or Schuylkill coal field, is one continuous and almost unbroken basin. The second includes the Shamokin, the Mahanoy, and the Lehigh basins. The third is the large, unbroken Northern or Lackawanna and Wyoming regions.

The total area of all the anthracite coal basins is as follows:

1. Southern or Schuylkill basin	146 sq. miles
2. Shamokin (50), Mahanoy (41), Lehigh (37) basins	128 " "
3. Wyoming & Lackawanna basin	198 " "
Total area of all anthracite basins	472 " "

It is sometimes difficult to make people believe that all the anthracite or common hard coal of America, which is used everywhere, of which more than 19,000,000 tons are annually mined, and which is sent for use almost all over the Western world, really all comes from this one small locality in Eastern Pennsylvania.—*Pottsville Miners' Journal.*

—Our New York detectives will probably go out in a body and hang themselves for pure spite when they hear of the grand hit made by one of their brethren in England. Not many months ago, it appears, a foreign minister in London invoked the aid of one of the smartest Scotland Yard detectives to find a young girl who had inherited a fortune of a quarter of a million. At the end of six weeks the detective returned and gave in his resignation. "Well," said his chief, "that's all right; but where is the girl?" "Oh, I found her a month ago in a dressmaker's shop." "Well?" "Well, I married her yesterday, and began drawing on her quarter million to-day, that's all."

—Garibaldi has advised the demolition of the famous old Castle St. Angelo, which commands the bridge of the same name over the Tiber at Rome. It was formerly used as a papal fortress, but since 1870 the secular authorities have held it with only a corporal's guard for firing off the traditional midday gun.

—Originally horses were only used in war for the purpose of bringing the chiefs fresh into action, and this was affected by means of chariots, from which the warriors descended and fought on foot. Even when cavalry proper first came into use the horsemen did not charge in organized bodies or engage in hand to hand encounters, their arms being bows and arrows, or javelins. In fact, the first cavalry were but mounted skirmishers. When Xerxes invaded Greece the Persian host comprised cavalry who were accustomed to charge in regular formation and fight hand to hand with the enemy. Alexander the Great was apparently the first among the Greeks to understand the proper use of cavalry and to derive full advantage from their momentum. His cavalry were of three sorts; heavy, with coats of mail, helmets and brazen greaves, swords and short spikes; light, with lances sixteen feet long, used mainly for outpost duty; and dimachi, genuine dragoons, accustomed to fight either on foot or horseback. Alexander organized his cavalry in troops two hundred and fifty strong, with eight ranks. Between the troops he placed light infantry, a practice which has found favor with commanders who lived two thousand years later. The early Roman cavalry used neither saddle nor stirrups, wore no cuirass, and had only a shield and helmet. Their arms were light lances, javelins and swords. They sat on a pad, kept in place by a girth, a breast-plate and a crupper. The Roman cavalry, as such, were for some time only used for reconnoitering purposes, and to pursue a beaten enemy. As late as the battle of Cannæ the Roman knights leaped off their horses to fight. Hannibal introduced great improvements in the Carthaginian cavalry and the Romans, ever ready to learn from an enemy, followed his example, and raised the mounted branch to a pitch of efficiency.

The Germans formed their cavalry in double order, with sometimes as many as sixteen ranks. Their method of fighting was by riding up to the enemy without charging, and upon arriving within range of their pistols, they fired two pistol shots each and then the front rank wheeled to the right or left and unmasked the second which took up the fire while the leading rank were reciring to the rear, where they formed up in reserve and recharged their pistols. Each rank did this in turn until the whole force had discharged their weapons. A practice arose among the French cavalry of charging at full speed, sword in hand, and the result was always the overthrow of their opponents. Yet gradually the French adopted the vicious practice of the Germans, and soon all over Europe the lance and sword were abandoned for a pistol, and the pace of the charge reduced to a trot. Hence, for some time, cavalry was of little use in war. Gustavus Adolphus was perhaps, one of the greatest military reformers that ever lived. He reduced the depth of cavalry to three ranks, retained only the cuirass and helmet in the heavy cavalry, abolished defensive armor altogether for the light cavalry, and ordered the cavalry to charge at speed and after a single discharge of pistols of the first rank, to dash in with the sword. His successes caused his practice to be adopted all over Europe. Frederick the Great improved on the lessons of Gustavus Adolphus, and brought the tactics, the organization, the drill and the individual instruction of his cavalry to great perfection. The Austrian regular horse still depended much on their fire and were cumbrous in their movements. The French either attacked, without squadron intervals, at a trot, or at speed, in dispersed order.

—"Eliza," said a fond mother to her offspring on Saturday, as that offspring was about going forth in a tow of a young man who worships the very side-walk she walks upon, "Eliza, go the bread-box and eat a good big crust of bread before you go out." "Why, maw," replied the blushing girl, "I don't feel the least bit hungry. We've only just had tea." "I know it, but you will be hungry before you get back, and when Adolphus takes you into a restaurant you'll eat ice-cream, and sponge-cake, and ham-sandwiches, and oysters enough to scare him out of a year's growth. You silly girls don't think of this, but we experienced women do. I was once young and giddy myself, and but for sixty-five cents' worth of maccaroons—a cake for which I have ever since entertained the most profound contempt, your paw would have been a congressman, with an aquiline nose and Hyperion's curls. Beware how you sit down on the building flame of Cupid. Of course, Adolphus will spend the money you save him on billiards and things, but that makes no difference. When he asks you to go in and have some oysters, even if you are hungry, don't. Say you do not approve of girls wasting the money of their future husbands on idle trifles, when it might be applied toward furnishing a house. Point out that for the cost of an oyster stew you might purchase a couple of towels, now that toweling is so cheap, and that a saddle-rock roast is the equivalent of a silver fork—plated, of course, but not easily distinguishable from solid silver—or a glass sugar-bowl. This always takes the young men; it sets them to thinking of housekeeping and matrimony; it makes them believe that you are the incarnation of economy, and would make an excellent wife; and so they often say things which give you a hold over them, or are effective before a jury." Eliza treasured up these sagacious counsels of the authoress of her being, and acted upon them with such earnestness and effect that when she came home she was an engaged woman.

—Interesting personal item from India: The following gentlemen are appointed to the magistracy: Mr. Bhalchandra Trimbuk Bapat, Special Mamlatdar of Taluka Tasgaon; Azam Chintoo Mahadoo, Head Karkun of Taluka Tasgaon; Azam Ganesh Parshram, Head Karkun of Taluka Walwa; Azam Govind Bhashkar, Mahalkari, Peta Shirala, Taluka Walwa; Mr. Naro Vinayek, Acting Mamlatdar of Taluka Khanapur; Mr. Gunesh Ramkrishna, Acting Mamlatdar of Taluka Man.

—A Democratic majority of forty in the Legislature of California is the first fruits of the election of 1877. It is ominous of good. Thanks are also due to Messrs. Hayes, Schurz and key for not having taken their circus to California before this election. If they had been there, the anti-fraud majority would have become inconveniently large.