Alice Cary's Sweetest Poem

- Of all the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall,
- Is one of a dim old forest
 That seemeth best of all;
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
- Dark with the mistleton; Not for the violets golden
- That sprinkle the vale below ; Not for the milk-white lilies That lean from the fragrant hedge,
- Coqueting all day with the sunbeams, And stealing their golden edge; Not for the vines on the upland
- Where the bright red berr'es rest; Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip, It seemeth to me the best.
- I once had a little brother
- I once had a little brother
 With eyes that were dark and deep—
 In the lap of that olden forest
 He lieth in peace asleep;
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
- We roved there the beautiful summers, The summers of long ago; But his feet on the hills grew weary,
- And one of the autumn eves I made for my little brother A bed of the yellow leaves.
- Sweetly the pale arms folded My neck in a meck embrace,
- As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face; And when the arrows of sunset Lodged in the tree-tops bright, He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
- Asleeb by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

The Light in the Window.

"I'll keep the light burning in the window for you until you come back," said I think, for there's a storm coming up, anxiety. and the moon's gone already. You'd better stay at home, Will."

And she looked anxiously into her found it hard to resist, and it was hard to fixed itself upon her. tell what might happen in some of those wild moments which followed his drink-

But now, sober and steady, he turned and looked into her eyes with the old smile that had won her heart.

"I'll be back soon, Katie," he said. "I'll remember you and the light." And then he kissed her, and she listened to his firm step going down the

road until it died away in the distance. somewhere in a loving woman's heart, she sat at her sewing, building pretty castles in the air.

William was to leave off drinking en tirely and they were to prosper as they cheerful hands.

They would put by a penny for a rainy day, and when they were old, Will and But what did the shore line she would be a nice, cozy, church-going old couple, with their children and grandchildren about them. Other children would come, though

their only little one lay in the church vard, and then a tear fell upon the work the mother held in her hands. It was once when Will had taken too much that he would dandle the child,

and let it fall and hurt it. She knew he had killed it, though he loved it as much as she did; he never guessed it, and he never should know. Poor William! he had only one fault,

and that-oh, yes, he would rid himself of that, and all would be well. So she stitched and thought and

thought and stitched, until the candle, sinking in it, socket, warned her how time had flown, and, turning to the clock, she saw that it was three hours since William had left her.

Saddened, but not terrified as yet, the wife set a new candle in the socket and bound back the curtain, that none of the light might be lost from the road. Then she folded her work and sat wait-

ing and watching. Alas! she watched the night away,

William never came at all. He had been in good company at the inn, and he had been urged to drink until his senses left him, and when dawn broke, was staggering arm in arm with another as senscless as himself amongst the docks and wharves of the seaside town which was the nearest to his home.

Ho v it happened he never knew any more than how it was that he let his baby fall, but he had shipped himself for a year's voyage, and when he came sufficiently to himself to remember home and Katie, he was out at sea, and to those about him the tale was nothing but a

He wrote to Katie a penitent letter, ending with a vow to return to her sober man; but she never got it. Perhaps it was lost, as a letter is now

and then. However it was, it never gladdened the poor wife's aching heart. All she knew was that her husband had disappeared-where, no one knew; why, no one guessed.

The other men at the inn were not more sober than he, and the man who served them had his hands full. That he was drowned seemed to be the

popular belief, for the water was very near, and drunken men had walked into it before. But at last a word fell on Katie's car that gave her one straw to hold

The miller, who had been at his work when he might, had been at the mill that Men had passed his gate, and he "be-

lieved he heard Muller's voice." "And I saw one of 'em, Mrs. Muller," he said, "and he was a sailor-with one of them wide collars turned down. He was a sailor, and they were going to the

Then Katie began to hope. She bad heard of men thus carried off to sea on long voyages. Not every man desired to be a sailor, and crews were sometimes "William will come back," she said;

and at night, when clouds overcast the sky, she put her candle in the window as she had on the night he left her with a kiss. If he ever came he should know she had waited for him.

She found some work to do-sewing, at which she could earn her bread, and people were kind to her, and she owned

the little cottage and its acre of ground. There was no danger of starving, at least her body was in no danger, but her heart-her aching, anxious heart-how hungry that was! Of all the world she loved but one being. Her kindred were all dead. Her babe lay under the wil

ELICOTT CTY TIMES

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877. VOL. VIII.

That letter would have been so much! She could have been patient with that in her bosom; but the fates had not spun it

her portion. She was always looking out for her husband. of the window for William, always fancying his figure in that of anyone at-all near his height or shape, and always be-

truth of those tales of clairvoyance that to one in such anxiety as that which op-

way to be a sober man for life.

He also was sad and remorseful; but than the woman's. Action sustained him and he knew the

limit of his anxiety. She had but that window with sun

ail her life would only be watching for girl, who was as pretty as a doll. Her him. And thus born, not so much of priva- name was Polly Lum, only seventeen years

smile, but was not-the deadliest omen on cooking dinners, tending babies, doof all.

By consumption had her father died, her mother, who was his own cousin, her little sister, her brother.

The disease seemed to shun her until now, and even now she had not guessed Then with the hope that always hides her fate. She was weak; but she had from his wife, who afterwards became innever been very strong. She did not feel well; but how could she, with William away?

flourish; the home grow pretty under her could see the shores. Once William

Nothing. were not the kind of birds that whisper gait of the old-time sailor was his as long

had left as he had left her-the light of always dressed very mean and shabby life in the sweet eyes, the heart beating as was cold and stern and vulgar, and his a year before.

be back soon.

Well, it was over-it was all right

flat and uninteresting as a landscape.

condle-a candle set in his own window. 1848. Katie's hand had set it there, and indeed

eat it, but her appetite was gone.

candle, and wondering at her own weakness - for she had staggered as she crossed the room - had set it in the window. "If he should come to night," she whispered to herself, "he would be so glad to

Then the remembrance of the many for him to come to her.

eyes and down her cheeks. She did not wipe them away. Her cheek dropped against the win-

It was at that moment that her husband, running homewards along the years of age, they are to be bound out to road, grew certain that the blurred yellow light was that of a candle bis wife had set into the window to guide him is shown in his will, where he says, "No

hand that held it-Katie's own.

through which the arm shaped itself so

wife had at least never been sullied by such a step at variance with the will of any thought of another woman. "Katie! darling! I'm here. I've come home Katiel"

no answer. He shook the door.

How still she was! how wan! how pale.

it's your William come back to you." But Katie would never waken again.

been in vain. She was dead. Perpetual waiting and watching was the light in the window burned brightly

Centennial taiks about Stephen Girard. we hear, it is that such power ever comes | They knew something of him before, but because they only read of him they did not feel much interest. He was a French-Could she have had a vision of that man, and was born in the year 1750, in ship in the Northern seas, and of the face Bordeaux. His parents were very poor of her husband as he paced the deck and and not able to send him to school much, thought of her, it might have saved her, and his education was very limited. He for the discipline of vessel had been a could only read and write. He never thing for William, and he was in a fair acquired the English language readily, always blundered in his commonest speech There had been no chance to write to and if he became excited he resorted to his mother tongue entirely.

When they parted from the ship by When he was ten years old he shipped which the lost letter had been sent, they as a cabin boy on a vessel bound to the went alone into the wilderness of water, East Indies. Afterwards he sailed from and the world might have been empty of New York in the same humble capacity all human beings save the crew of that He was a trusty lad, and so faithful in the one black vessel, for all that they could interest of his employer that a few years later the master of the vessel gave him command of a small craft, and the young now much happier was the man's face man Stephen made several trips to New Orleans and other ports.

He was so successful in all his undertakings and so frugal with his earnings, that in a little time he was enabled to befalling through it by day and candle come one of the owners of the vessel that

settled in Philadelphia, and before he If William never came back, she knew was twenty he married a poor servant husband's face, for she knew that there tion, though her life was hard, as of sor- old, the daughter of a poor man who rewas one temptation at the ing that he row and yearning, the doom of her race paired vessels, a caulker by trade. We suppose Stephen, while waiting to have Her eyes shone brighter, her skin was his craft tinkered up, cast his eye upon

ing chamber work, etc., for the marriage proved a very unhappy one. The young husband's temper was unmanageable -- he was hard and stern and cold, and exasperating, in his broken French and English, and the final result was a divorce sane, and for the last twenty-five years of her life was an immate of a lunatic asylum.

She died in 1815. They had no children except one, and

was short and thick and as unshapely as The seabirds flying about the vessel a butter tub. The swaying, swinging as he lived. He had one wall-eye, which He hoped-as men will hope and be- in itself was blemish enough to spoil a lieve-that he would find the woman he handsome face; was deaf in one car, living hearts beat - Katie just as she was whole exterior, coupled with his miserayear before.

How good he would be to her; he forbidding object. There was nothing would never cause her heart a pang favorable in his appearance whatever. He talked but little; he did not like to talk As he stepped ashore, with his wages on any subject but business, and then as in his pocket he could hardly walk fast little as possible.

Oh, had he but the wings to fly to her. clock work. Aside from the business of The sun was setting, the sky was dull and gray, as it had been that evening when he had kirsed ber and promised to vines. He was a Catholic in his religious

At the time of his death, in 1831, his estate was valued at twelve millions of He strode out of the town and through dollars, and by his will was all devoted the village. He passed the inn with a to educating destitute children, and to shudder. He turned into the long count he relief of the poor and distressed. As try road, dotted here and there with farm | is too often the case in important matters houses and barns -- a low-lying country, of this kind, prolonged litigation was one of the deplorable results.

he knew his way well, and at last, just for constructing the Girard College; the where he knew his home stood, he saw a size, form and the kind of materials to be blur of yellow light. Nearer and nearer used. The building was commenced in to it, as he now began to run, he saw a the summer of 1833, but not opened until

All day long Katie had been very weak | thirty-four columns, each six feet in dia basis of cleven white marble steps. The building is ninety-seven feet high,

one hundred and sixty-nine feet long. On the hearth she had kindled a little The halls and stairways and roof are all fire, and, when night fell she had lit a white marble. The entrances are on the north and south fronts, each having doorways thirty-two feet high, and sixteen feet wide. On each of the east and west sides are thirty four windows.

the place where rests the remains of the founder of this college. They are buried and are covered by a marble statue of Girard himself. The cost of erecting the building was not less than two millions

Provision was made in the will for supporting as many orphans as could be accommodated; first, the orphans of the city of Philadelphia; secondly, those of fourthly, of New Orleans. Generous provision was made for these poor children between the ages of six and ten years, and when between fourteen and eighteen learn trades or follow useful occupations.

ecclesiastic missionary or minister of any lege, nor shall any such person ever be The trustees are very watchful lest the will be violated or broken, though years "Katie," he cried, with joy, with hope, ago they decided to introduce the Bible with love that seemed new-born, for his for the use of the pupils, not deeming

She did not stir. His voice brought at our elbow, who very recently has be- husbands and wives, had coffins delivered

"Katie, wake up," he cried. "Katie him up before a carping, critical, scrutinizing public, always ready to detect

It is gratifying to know that the prewatching, waiting and praying had not sent President of that noble and humane institution is the President of the American Bible Society, an LL. D., and a man of unblemished Christian character.

it an' may peace go with ye!"

The donor was glad to get away without any broken bones. Girard swore and sputtered in villainous English the wrath hat boiled over indignantly. Ministers of the gospel are not even

of polished marble, and for this reason the utmost watchfulness is preserved. One time a party of students visited loving fellow, wore a snow-white cravat. and put on the very demurest of clerical faces. At the door the warden very politely bowed, and looking keenly at the white cravat, said, "I am sorry, sir,

"What the devil is the reason I can't go in?" said the student, with a great show of mingled indignation and sur-

but indeed you cannot be permitted to

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I was mistaken," said the suave warden, with a wave of the hand that signified an abundant welcome. - Ohio Famer.

-It was some time before we could disinguish the speck, rising and falling with the sea, which had attracted the old whaleman's attention. Soon he pronounced it a "fish," and after putting us on the other tack to run down partly to the leeward of it, went below to bring up the irons. When we had worked perhaps a mile before it, we lay to for our final instructions, the skipper took the wheel to "keep her head on if yer can," and the one who held the air-tight barhim over with it.',

with all the strength of sinewy arms. The the role of midnight robber." iron sinks deeply into the sleeping fish; there is a mighty surge, the line flakes overboard as quickly as thought, the float splashes as it disappears beneath the water, then all is still. We luff and wait. Presently up bobs the boat. The fish finding the strain of the air-tight barrel too severe is coming to the surface. Now the water bubbles and boils just under our ruptly. lee, and the swordtish breaches himself savagely, and swims at lightning speed for the barrel. He strikes it again and again with his sword, but it rests so lightly on top of the water that he cannot injure it. Then he stops, looks at us an instant, and darts toward the boat. We have got time to bring her head around, and if he strikes it will be amidships. The pilot comes quickly aft, bringing his long-handled, three-cornered spade, and, as the fish comes within striking distance, aims one swift, unerring blow full at his forehead. The terrible sword drops

harmless, the upper muscles at its base are severed, and he passes under us, jarring the boat and splashing us with water as he sounds. Again the float goes under and is out of sight a longer time than before. Again the fish throws bimself out of water, showing his sword down at an angle of forty-five degrees. He swims once or twice around the barrel, then starts to windward at too furious a speed to last with the float ploughing behind him. When we beat up he is feebly fightning ten taken it out in fine condition while

it. He sounds for a short time, but comes up exhausted. Once or twice he rolls over on his side, but recovers himself and to get at in the middle of winter, with the swims on in short tacks. We press him surface of the ground as hard as adamant. too closely, and he charges us again, but A much more convenient way of storing we make no effort to avoid him, knowing a small quantity is as follows: Knock that now he is powerless to injure us, nor out both heads of a barrel, and sink it does he try to strike, apparently realizing about three-quarters in the ground, vertithat his weapon is useless, but goes under, coming up on the other side.

And so he sounds and swims, fights packing the roots closely together as pos-

and runs, until at last he succumbs to ex. sible. Draw up the carth in a bank haustion and lies still. We work up around the outsides of one-fourth of the along-side, and as we luff the pilot puts a barrel that is above ground to keep out lance into his very life. There is a shud- the frost; throw a little light litter over der along his whole body, his fins work the celery, and increase the covering of convulsively a moment, and then he lies litter as cold weather increases. Finally, motionless and dead. We rig a tackle to before the snow falls, put over the whole our mainmast, and after considerable la- any convenient covering of boards, old bor get him aboard, where we can exam- carpet, oilcloth, &c., to keep out snow ine at our leasure his peculiar shape, and admire his graceful "clipper build." Our a very easy matter to go out and lift your Nantucketer estimates his weight at between 500 and 600 pounds. His sword of litter (free from snow or ice), take up is over three feet in length, its broken point and nicked edges proving that its litter and covering. A barrel will hold owner was an old as well as a fighting from sixty to seventy live plants. - Coun-

Our fish is on board, and after reserving a few choice cuts, turned over to our pilot, who asks that we run into Martha's Vineyard that he may dispose of him before he spoils. And so we set gaff and jib topsails, haul off before the wind, and lay our course northward .- Forest and

-Celia Fiaherty is a Rochester girl of so humorous disposition that her inclination to play jokes amounts nearly to a mania. She ordered coal to be sent to persons who did not want it, dispatched sketch at the suggestion of a little lady anonymous letter to excite the jealousy of come interested in all that related to this at silk folk's houses, and had physicans singular man. We ask her if the marble to make night searches for imaginary pastatue of Girard was fine looking. "Not tients. At length the police resolved to

-A war correspondent write: "Comedy goes side by side with tragedy here as everywhere, and even at a time like this men can laugh. A Jew, who has come down from Eski-Saghra, is in a condition of much perplexity about the means to be adopted for the recovery of a stolen coat. Anticipating evil times in A very homely man once stepped up to Eski-Saghra, the Jew had sewed up his Girard and handed him a huge old jack- money in the lining of his heaviest fur knife, saying, "That knife was gi'in to me, overcoat, and with this held himself reas ranger, for being the humliest man 'at dy to leave town at any moment. Some anybody ever seed, but gor a mity! take how when the dreaded time arrived he missed the coat, and had to come down here without it. Walking about the streets of Adrianople, he described the very coat upon the shoulders of a big Carcassian, with whom he entered into humble parley for its recovery, professing allowed to visit this institution -to step to have taken a great fancy to it, and their unballowed feet over princely sills offering a most un-Jew like price for it. While he pretended to examine and admire the fur, he ascertained by touch that his money remained undisturbed. The the college, and one of them, a jolly, fun- Circassian declined to sell, and the Jew then put in a claim as owner of the coat, and succeeded in bringing the Circassian

--The Fort Worth (Texas) Democrat says: "Marshall Courtright, of this town, thought of joking with his wife. Arriving at home at a late hour, he entered the front gate, carefully closing it. Cautiously groping his way thither, what was his surprise to see the right hand of his wife lying on the sill of the window. On her finger she had two gold rings one of which he proceeded to take off. It rel war told "When y're sure I've struck little trouble, and succeeded in the operation without waking her up. The re-He was as cool as a cucumber, as he maining ring was a much tighter fit, and took the harp on and cutting spade for in his efforts to extricate it, his wife ward, coiling the line (one end of which awoke, finding her hand grasped from was last to the harpoon, the other to the without by some one whom she at once barrel) carefully on deck, with the cau- concluded was a robber. Quickly pulling tion: "Ware when it flakes out," and tak- | her hand away, she was about to scream, ing only enough with him to his roost on but thinking of a convenient six-shooter the bowsprit end to give him ample elbow under her pillow, she placed her "jeweled" room. His station reached, he fixed the hand on the sill, which was grasped by spade in the support ready to receive it, the supposed burglar, and with the other laid the iron in front of him across the she quietly reached for the pistol and cage, waved his band, and we filled rising suddenly, brought it to bear on her asleep, in the trough of the sea. Now the proud of possessing a wife so fearless and pilot is almost over him: slowly he raises brave. His narrow escape has completely the iron, braces himself, and hurles it cured him of any further desire to play

hunter of the coat."

-- "Augustus Peralto," said his Honor, at the !Police Court, yesterday, "you are have you to say?"

"You are drunk," shouted the Court ab-"Certainly," said Augustus with great politeness, "there's my card." "I don't want your card. How did you

happen to get drunk?" Bologna," replied Augustus, smiling. "Bologna," said his Honor, "that's a new intoxicant. How old are you?" "Eighteen hundred and seventy-two,"

"Where did you get your liquor?" "In Italy, your Honor." "You were taken to the station-house

in a cart, were you not?" "Yes, sir, we had a stormy voyage; if ook us four weeks." "Well," said the Court with a smile, how long do you think I ought to give

"Sergeant," said his Honor, "send this man down stairs and get some one to in-

the winter in trenches; in fact, I have ofspading up my garden for spring planting. But it is often not so convenient to and rain. In midwinter it will be found board or carpet, pull out a handful or two what celery you wish, and replace the try Gentleman.

- From impure air we take disease; A man may not be truly happy here

without a well grounded hope of being

happy hereafter. There is but one way to heaven for the learned and the unlearned. Did men govern themselves as they ought the world would be well discip

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March 29, 173-1y.

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-A synagogue has been erected in Bologna, in Italy, and Jewish journals make the fact the occasion of recalling the sad fortunes of the Hebrew race in that city. For two centuries no Israelite was permitted to live there. In 1593 they were expelled, 9,000 in number, and carried away the bones of their ancestors to bury them in Piave di Cento. Prior to that the city had at one time possessed sixteen synagogues, all of which were destroyed. After the accession of Pius IX. a few Jews returned to Bologna and settled there: by any means," she replies with a shudder. catch her at her pranks. A detective ligh Bible, prepared by Canon Girdleston, the city had at one time possessed sixteen "His head was flat where veneration opened a correspondence, and begged her should have been, and his countenance to give him her picture. She sent a phot- and Foreign Bible society. The prose After the accession of Pius IX. a few Jews "She is as seep, he cried, "but I can not was not at all prepossessing. He was life ograph of the back of her head, supposing portions are paragraphed according to returned to Bologua and settled there; bize, and I didn't see his white wall eye, that it could not be recognized; but he the sense. The poetic parts are arranged but not until the city passed beneath the

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Office. - Nearly opposite the Court House,

Nov. 27'69-1y.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Nov. 27, '60-1y. J. Harwood Watkins,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY. OFFICE-At the Court House.

J. D. McGUIRE,

Attorney at Law,

Office Two Doors West of Leishear's Oct 7, '76-tf.

(Graduate of Baltimore Collegs 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,

April 21, '77-1y. DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,

Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City, is prepared to practice his Profession in this City and County. at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to. Oct. 3 '69-tf.

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He will be found at his office when not professionally engaged. May 1, '69-1y.

WILLIAM B. PETER, Notary Public,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, ELLICOTT CITY, Ma.

The long days were full of miserable feats; the long nights full of terrible

into their web for her.

ing disappointed. If anything might make us doubt the

the poor woman again.

see or hear to the contrary.

the wife as she went to the door with her burning in it by night, the dull routine had been entrusted to his management. husband. "It's all the light you'll have, of her daily life, and an illimitable

> clearer, her teeth more pearly. She grew the pretty girl-the tinker's daughterthinner and thinner, and her face fixed it- lost his heart and married her. self into an expression that seemed a But pretty Polly had better have gone

The year had passed. The ship was coming home. With a glass the captain that died in early infancy.

enough, he was so anxious to reach her. His habits were precise, and regular as

There was neither moon nor star; but In his will, Mr. Girard gave directions

and ill. She could not sew as she usually ameter, and fifty-five feet high, resting on A neighbor had dropped in with a gift of some delicacy, and she tried in vain to one hundred and eleven feet wide, and

nights that she had spent in watching | beneath the center of the lower vestibule "I shall never see you again, William," she said, "never!" and she began to weep, the tears rolling heavily down from her of dollars.

dow-pane nearest to her. She had not cosened her hold of the candlestick yet, Pennsylvania; thirdly, of New York, and and her arm rested on the sill. After awhile she gave one long, shuddering sigh, and did not move again.

He came on towards it faster and faster | sect whatever shall ever exercise or hold yet. He saw not only the candle, but the any station or duty whatever in said col-He saw her face lying against the admitted within the premises appropane - the sleeve of her worn gown, priated to the purposes of said college."

"Katie!" Still no reply.

He pressed his face against the pane.

Katie would never know that all her

Her light had gone out forever, though

Stephen Girard. Nearly every person who went to the

When he was nineteen years of age he

belief.

The form is that of a Corinthian temple, surrounded by a portico having

Visitors at the Exposition were shown

The eccentricity of the man's character

the founder. We write this crude biographical

before the governor of the town. The governor declined to consider the Jew's claim proved, and that hapeless Hebrew is now following the Carcassian like a second shadow, beseeching him with persecond shadow, beseeching him with perpetual iteration to strike a bargain. It rests on Rochefoucauld's authority that a man can always enjoy the misfortunes of his friend, and the friends of this especial Hebrew seem to find some consolation for their own sorrows in watching and laughing at the countless types and many part of the country.

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 ing at the countless ruses and maneuvers with which Jewish ingenuity inspires the

being rather loose, he experienced but begged that he might look through it.

"My wife is there, captain," he said "and I am anxious about her."

But what did the shore line tell him?

"And I am anxious about her."

But what did the shore line tell him?

We have seen him, because the was recognized as a rich man. People who have seen him, concur in the statement that he was the homeliest man they ever looked upon. He

Nothing Good Wood, Smooth Work,

> charged with being intoxicated; what Augustus put his hand over his ear and said, "What ?" in a loud tone.

said Augustus.

you on the Island for this offense?" "Thirty-two years, sir." form him that he is fined \$10." --- Celery can be perfectly kept during

from bad company vice and imperfec-

lined. The Germans have this good proverb, That thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; nor prayers hinder any work. To believe in another man's goodness is no light evidence of your own. -The long-expected paragraph Eng-

lows within the white palings of the church-yard. She had no love gossip or tea drinkings—no heart for talking things over. Her hopes were blighted, her heart was crushed.

And he set his strong shoulder against the door and bursted it open.

The poetic parts are arranged that it could not be recognized; but he studied the hair closely, and then walked in the same manner as modern poetry. In the same manner as mode

Baltimore.

母 Special attention given to Collecions, and Remittances made promptly.

Wm. A. Hammond,

OFFICE-29 St. Paul St., near Lex-Ington, Baltimore. July 27 '72-tf.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore,

Edicott City, on the * 33T AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EVERY LONTH. Dec. 12'74-tf.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of tryland. [Jan. 29, '70-1y. ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,

ELLICOTT CITY, Md. HENRY E. WOOTTON,

OFFIGE-Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Sept 12, '74-tf.

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