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# ELLIOTT 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.

## Allice Cary's Sweetest Poem

Of all the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
I love the one that shows  
A little girl with curls  
Not for its smiling golden  
Dress, but for the smile  
That speaks the vale below  
Not for the milk-white lilies  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Climbing all round the gate,  
And stealing their golden glow  
Not for the vines on the upland  
Where the bright red berries rest;  
No, the picture that I love  
Is that of the sweetest cowslip,  
It scents me to the best.

## The Light in the Window.

"I'll keep the light burning in the window for you until you come back," said the wife as she went to the door with her husband. "It's all the light you'll have, I think, for there's a storm coming up, and the moon's gone already. You'd better stay at home, Will."

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. Then with the hope that always hides somewhere in a loving woman's heart, she sat at her sewing, building pretty castles in the air.

William was to leave off drinking entirely and they were to prosper as they had never done before; the farm would flourish; the home grow pretty under her cheerful hands.

They would put by a penny for a rainy day, and when they were old, Will and she would be a nice, cozy, church-going couple, with their children and grandchildren about them.

The long days were full of miserable fears; the long nights full of terrible dreams.

That letter would have been so much! She could have been patient with that in her bosom; but the fate had not spun it into their web for her.

Perpetual waiting and watching was her portion. She was always looking out of the window for William, always fancying his figure in that of anyone at all near his height or shape, and always being disappointed.

If anything might make us doubt the truth of those tales of clairvoyance that we hear, it is that such power ever comes to one in such anxiety as that which oppressed Katie.

Child she have had a vision of that ship in the Northern seas, and of the face of her husband as he paced the deck and thought of her, it might have saved her, for the discipline of vessel had been a thing for William, and he was in a fair way to be a sober man for life.

There had been no chance to write to the poor woman again. When they parted from the ship by which the letter had been sent, they went alone into the wilderness of water, and the world might have been empty of all human beings save the crew of that one black vessel, for all that they could see or hear to the contrary.

He also was sad and remorseful; but now much happier was the man's face than the woman's. Action sustained him and he knew the limit of his anxiety.

She had but that window with sun falling through it by day and candle burning in it by night, the dull routine of her daily life, and an illimitable anxiety.

It was William never came back, she knew all her life would only be watching for him. And thus, torn, not so much of privation, though her life was hard, as of sorrow and yearning, the doom of her race fixed itself upon her.

Her eyes shone brighter, her skin was clearer, her teeth more pearly. She grew thinner and thinner, and her face fixed itself into an expression that seemed a smile, but was not—the deadliest omen of all.

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

The disease seemed to shun her until, and even now she had not guessed her fate. She was weak; but she had never been very strong. She did not feel well; but how could she, with William away?

The year had passed. The ship was coming home. She had the captain's coat that he might look through it. "My wife is there, captain," he said. "And I am anxious about her."

"Katie, wake up," he cried. "Katie, wake up. Will come back to you." But Katie would never waken again. Katie would never know that all her watching, waiting and praying had not been in vain. She was dead.

## Stephen Girard.

Nearly every person who went to the Centennial talks about Stephen Girard. They knew something of him before, but because they only read of him they did not feel much interest. He was a Frenchman, and was born in the year 1750, in Bordeaux. His parents were very poor and not able to send him to school much, and his education was very limited. He could only read and write. He never acquired the English language readily, always blundered in his commonest speech and if he became excited he resorted to his mother tongue entirely.

When he was ten years old he shipped as a cabin boy on a vessel bound to the East Indies. Afterwards he sailed from New York in the same humble capacity. He was a trusty lad, and so faithful in the interest of his employer that a few years later the master of the vessel gave him command of a small craft, and the young 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 become one of the owners of the vessel that had been entrusted to his management.

When he was nineteen years of age he settled in Philadelphia, and before he was twenty he married a poor servant girl, who was as pretty as a doll. Her name was Polly Lane, only seventeen years old, the daughter of a poor man who repaired vessels, a caulker by trade.

Suppose Stephen, while waiting to have his craft tinkered up, cast his eye upon the pretty girl—the tinker's daughter—lost his heart and married her.

But pretty Polly had better have gone on cooking dinners, tending babies, doing 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 from his wife, who afterwards became insane, and for the last twenty-five years of her life was in an inmate of a lunatic asylum. She died in 1815.

They had no children except one, and that died in early infancy. The young Girard had not long entered the West India trade before he 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 was short and thick and as unshapely as a butter tub. The swaying, swinging gait of the old-time sailor was his as long as he lived. He had one well-kept, which in itself was a thing to be proud of. He had a handsome face; was deaf in one ear, always dressed very mean and shabby; was cold and stern and vulgar, and his whole exterior, coupled with his miserable broken language, rendered the man a forbidding object. There was nothing favorable in his appearance whatever. He talked but little; he did not like to talk on any subject but business, and then as little as possible.

His habits were precise, and regular as clock work. Aside from the business of money getting he cared for nothing but his big trees and shrubbery and grape vines. He was a Catholic in his religious belief.

At the time of his death, in 1831, his estate was valued at twelve millions of dollars, and by his will all his property was divided among his children, and to the relief of the poor and distressed. As is so often the case in important matters of this kind, prolonged litigation was one of the deplorable results.

In his will, Mr. Girard gave directions for constructing the Girard College; the size, form and the kind of materials to be used. The building was commenced in the summer of 1833, but not opened until 1845.

The form is that of a Corinthian temple, surrounded by a portico having thirty-four columns, each six feet in diameter, and fifty-five feet high, resting on a basis of eleven white marble steps.

A war correspondent writes: "Comely goes side by side with tragedy here as everywhere, and even at a time like this you can laugh. A Jew, who has come down from Eski-Sagra, is in a condition of much perplexity about the means to be adopted for the recovery of a stolen coat. Anticipating evil times in Eski-Sagra, the Jew had sewed up his money in the lining of his heaviest fur overcoat, and with this he himself ready to leave town at any moment. Some how when the dreaded time arrived he missed the coat, and had to come down his without it. Walking about the streets of Adrianople, he described the very coat upon the shoulders of a big Circassian, with whom he entered into humble parley for its recovery, professing to have taken a great fancy to it, and 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 Circassian declined to sell, and the Jew then put in a claim as owner of the coat, and succeeded in bringing the Circassian before the governor of the town. The governor declared to consider the Jew's claim proved, and that hapless Hebrew is now following the Circassian like a second shadow, beseeching him with perpetual iteration to strike a bargain. It rests on Rochefoucauld's authority that a man can always find the misfortune of his friend, and the friends of his special friend seem to find some consolation for their own sorrows in watching and laughing at the countless ruses and maneuvers with which Jewish ingenuity inspires the hunter of the coat."

—The Fort Worth (Texas) Democrat says: "Marshall Courtwright, 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 being rather loose, he experienced but little trouble, and succeeded in the operation without waking her up. The remaining ring was a much tighter fit, and in his efforts to extricate it, his wife awoke, finding her hand grasped from without by some one whom she at once recognized as a robber. Quickly pulling her hand away, she was about to scream, but thinking of a convenient six-shooter under her pillow, she placed her 'jeweled' hand on the sill, which was grasped by the supposed burglar, and with the other she quietly reached for the pistol and rising suddenly, brought it to bear on her husband; but for his presence of mind in quickly calling her, she would have shot him dead. Mrs. Courtwright displayed great presence of mind, fortitude, and courage, and Marshall should be proud of possessing a wife so fearless and brave. His narrow escape has completely cured him of any further desire to play the role of midnight robber."

—Augustus Peralto, said his Honor, at the Police Court, yesterday, "you are charged with being intoxicated; what have you to say?"

Augustus put his hand over his ear and said, "What?" in a loud tone.

"You are drunk," shouted the Court abruptly.

"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," said Augustus.

"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; it took us four weeks."

"Well," said the Court with a smile, "how long do you think I ought to give you on the island for this offense?"

"Thirty-two years, sir."

"Sergeant," said his Honor, "send this man down stairs and get some one to inform him that he is fined \$10."

—Celery can be perfectly kept during the winter in trenches; in fact, I have often taken it out in fine condition while spading my garden for spring planting. But it is often not so convenient to get at in the middle of winter, with the surface of the ground as hard as adamant. A much more convenient way of storing a small quantity is as follows: Knock out both heads of a barrel, and sink it about three-quarters in the ground, vertically; lift the celery carefully, and place it in the barrel in an upright position, packing the roots closely together as possible. Draw up the earth in a bank around the outside of one-fourth of the barrel that is above ground to keep out the frost; throw a little light litter over the celery, and increase the covering of litter as cold weather increases. Finally, pack the snow falls, put over the whole any convenient covering of boards, old carpet, oilcloth, &c., to keep out snow and rain. In midwinter it will be found a very easy matter to go out and lift your board or carpet, pull out a handful or two of litter (free from snow or ice), take up what celery you wish, and replace the litter and covering. A barrel will hold from sixty to seventy-five plants. —Country Gentleman.

—From impure air we take disease; from bad company vice and imperfection.

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 disciplined.

The Germans have this good proverb, "That thefts never enrich; aims 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 English Bible, prepared by Canon Girdlestone, is passing through the press of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The portions are paraphrased according to the sense. The poetic parts are arranged in the same manner as modern poetry. The psalms are divided into strophes and stanzas, and where they are acrostic or alphabetical the fact is indicated by the Hebrew initials.

## 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. 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 years exercised 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 Furnishings, either ready-made or made to order.

**165 and 167 Baltimore Street,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
April 1, '70.

**Francis W. Plummer.**  
Good Wood, Smooth Work,  
Fine Finish!

**PRICES TO SUIT ALL!**  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF  
**FURNITURE!**

**WALNUT, OAK, ASH, POPLAR!**

Bookcases..... \$25 to \$100  
Chamber Suits..... 30 " 300  
Desks..... 10 " 100  
Lounge..... 7 " 75  
Library Tables..... 5 " 15  
Leg Rests..... 2 " 10  
Patent Lockers..... 15 " 50  
Parlor Suits..... 60 " 160  
Parlor Tables..... 3 " 30  
Bedsteads..... 8 " 60

40 Hanover St., Baltimore.  
March 29, '73.

**S. S. LINTHROUM,**  
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.

**JOHN NICKLAS,**  
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER  
350 W. Baltimore 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 Plate Ware, Clocks, Table Cutlery, &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to the Repairing of Watches and the Manufacture of Half Jewelry.  
April 16, 70-1y.

## Professional.

**JOHN G. ROGERS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND SOLICITOR 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, Elliott City, (Jan 6, '72-1y.)

**Wm. A. Hammond,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Can be found at the Court House, Elliott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH.

OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore,  
July 27 '72-1y.

**I. 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 Elliott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.  
Dec. 12 '74-1y.

**C. IRVING DITTY,**  
ATTORNEY AND  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 31 St. Paul Street,  
BALTIMORE.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.

Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.  
(Jan. 29, '70-1y.)

**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 Elliott City on the FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY of every month—(Orphans' Court days).  
mar. 6-75-1y.

**EDWIN LINTHROUM,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLIOTT CITY, Md.  
Nov. 27-70-1y.

**HENRY E. WOOTTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLIOTT CITY, MD.  
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

**J. Harwood Watkins,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLIOTT CITY.  
OFFICE—At the Court House.  
Sept 12, '74-1y.

**J. D. McGUIRE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Elliott City, Md.  
OFFICE Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.  
Oct 7, '70-1y.

**DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,**  
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, '75-1y.

**DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,**  
ELLIOTT CITY, MD.  
OFFICE Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.  
Oct 7, '70-1y.

Having permanently located himself at Elliott City, I am 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 '69-1y.

**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.  
May 1, '69-1y.

**WILLIAM B. PETER,**  
Notary Public,  
Real Estate and Collection Agency, and  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,  
ELLIOTT 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 by Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on first Class Securities, in Sums from \$1000 to \$10,000.  
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