

Professional.

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OFFICE—At the office of "The Elicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

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13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78.41.

J. D. McGUIRE,

A T T O R N E Y AT L A W,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishar's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, etc., and practice generally before the Department in Washington.
Oct. 7, '76.41.

JOHN WARFIELD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FLORENCE P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, MD.
March '80, '78.41.

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 Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
Dec. 12, '74.41.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69.41.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27, '69.41.

WM. A. HAMMOND,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Can be found at the Court House, Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27, '72.41.

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, Elicott City.
Jan. 6, '72.41.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Elicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6, '75.41.

C. IRVING DITTY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.
Jan. 20, '70.41.

T. R. CLENDINEN,

A T T O R N E Y AT L A W,
No. 52 W. FAUETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78.41.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,

ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at Elicott 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, '69.41.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,

(DATE OF BALTIMORE).
Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.
May 18, '78.41.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND

Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, '78.41.

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 LEISHAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77.41.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,

AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Elicott City.
Feb. 10, '78.41.

WILLIAM B. PETER,

NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
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Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected; Money advanced on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and County Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c., &c. Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

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'77-78.

BARBARA'S FOLLY.

I.

We never could have dreamed such a thing of Barbara! she was only twenty-two, and so clever! We thought her, indeed, almost a genius, though it must be admitted that we were rather late making the discovery. As a child, she was exceedingly lonely, and so shy and awkward that we thought her dull. Her mother, a Threelit of Quemper Hill, who had been a belle, and was still a beauty, confessed, with a sigh, that she was ashamed of her offspring, she was so far inferior to her cousins, the Threelits and the Barthers, "seven in number, and every one of them beauties, my dear."

Still, we Threelits had no idea of repudiating Barbara; our family pride was too strong for that; but we really did not know what to do with her. Her father, John Featheredge, Esq., of Chippenshaw, was dead, and she had neither brothers nor sisters, so we rather looked upon Barbara as belonging to the family in general, and we treated her accordingly—her mother being, like some other Threelits, more beautiful than wise. We did our best by Amelia's uppromising daughter, more through a fear that she might bring discredit upon the Threelit family, than through any great affection for the child; but then she was unquestionably very unassuming, and very discouraging. The more we strove to improve her, the more shy and awkward she grew; and we were forced to console ourselves with the reflection that we could not expect the perfection of a Threelit from so complete a Featheredge.

At last, when Barbara was thirteen, Miss Margaret Featheredge, her father's aunt, sent for her. We were almost afraid to let her go. She had expectations from this relative, and we dreaded that she might make an unfavorable impression. However, we, the mother, aunts, uncles, and cousins, after an anxious debate, decided to hand our black sheep over to her aunt Featheredge without reserve. It was the wisest thing we could have done. Miss Featheredge immediately adopted Barbara, and we saw the child no more until she was nineteen, when, her great-aunt being dead, she returned to us.

We found her a new creature in every respect; not handsome, indeed, according to the Threelit estimate, but quite presentable. She was no longer shy and awkward, and she proved a perfect treasure to us, whom the cares of fashionable life did not permit to be thorough in literary attainments. In matters of dress, etc., we were sufficient to ourselves, but on all other topics Barbara became our authority, and great was the comfort we took in her extensive and varied information.

Gradually it dawned upon us that our Barbara was an accomplished and brilliant woman. We began to ignore the fact that she was a Featheredge. We called her a Threelit; but she was the only Threelit that had ever spoken four languages (and/or compels the confession that some of us could not speak one, perfectly); she was the only Threelit that had ever been able to perform Beethoven's compositions; and, though we were all great talkers, old Judge Gregory had heard to declare that she was the only Threelit worth listening to.

We became very proud of our Barbara, and we made no secret of it. Our seven beauties, aware that the dear girl had prominent eyes, a large nose, a sallow complexion, and a figure irredeemably thin, forgave these acquired advantages which, after all, rendered her rather formidable than attractive to the young beaux. But Barbara was not dependent upon the young beaux for attention. People of distinction sought her acquaintance and, as men of acknowledged ability sometimes quoted her opinions, we began to suspect that she must be a genius. We had never had a genius in the family before, and we were, therefore, a little timid at first about declaring our belief that Barbara was one; but we asserted the fact boldly as soon as we found others ready to agree with us.

Having established her reputation by our tact, we had a right to expect that our young relative would distinguish us before the world by the exercise of her talents. But months after months elapsed, and Barbara discovered no intention of shining on "Fame's eternal bead-rod." Beyond exerting her remarkable conversational powers, she accomplished nothing but a little sketching, a little practicing on the piano, and a vast amount of reading. We grew impatient, and tried to spur her ambition; but alas! we were forced to the reluctant admission that this brilliant girl of ours had no ambition. Nevertheless, we had her interests too sincerely at heart to allow her to sink into obscurity for want of proper self-appreciation. We were ever on the alert for a career in which she could display her gifts to advantage, and when the rheumatism compelled Job Horrowell to resign the post of organist at St. Stephen's, we persuaded Barbara to take his place.

The choir was in a very demoralized condition, to say the least; but Barbara wrought a wonderful improvement in less than a month. It was entirely her own work, too, for the Elmer girls withdrew in undignified haste when they learned the new appointment. Barbara deplored their loss, but for once we

Threelits entirely approved the course of the Misses Elmer. They were the daughters of Rufus Elmer, the owner of the iron-mill, between whom and the Threelits a bitter feud had long existed, concerning the title to a piece of ground called the Grange corner-lot. The Elmers and Threelits did not speak, and under the circumstances Sophia and Charlotte did well to leave the choir. It would have been gross presumption in us to attempt to vie with our Barbara. St. Stephen's soon became widely noted for its music. The church was crowded every Sunday, and we Threelits felt our importance when strangers turned deliberately to stare at our St. Cecilia, although we knew that such conduct showed very bad taste, and we never did such a thing ourselves.

And yet—after a most triumphant career of six months' duration—indeed! as it may seem, Barbara suddenly retired from the choir! Great was our consternation, and great our distress; but there was no opportunity to remonstrate, for the deed was done before we knew that it was contemplated. So we raised the old wail about her want of ambition. We made our Barbara's life a burden to her for many days; but at last Uncle Joseph, the old bachelor, came to the rescue.

"Do you not understand," said he, "that no genius ever had common-sense?" This reminder consoled us. We reflected that possibly our gifted Barbara might be the best judge of her true vocation, and that it would be the part of wisdom to leave her to the intuitions of genius.

Soon we found that there were other ways in which she could win distinction. The Industrial Association of our town offered a gold medal for the best original oil painting to be executed by a resident of the county. No persuasion was needed to induce Barbara to contend for this prize. She chose for her subject Red Riding Hood, resting by a spring, and went to work with such eagerness that we were sure the restless genius had at last found the path to renown.

Her success was certain. Drusilla and Judith agreed that they had never seen the true Red Riding Hood so perfectly reproduced as in Barbara's picture. And yet the unaccountable girl abandoned her work before it was half-finished! In vain we remonstrated; Barbara was inexorable. She turned her canvas to the wall, and the prize was awarded to Lawrence Hackett, a self-taught youth, who sent a thing he called "The Miller of Dee."

We now became disheartened about Barbara. It was not possible to doubt her ability to achieve greatness—we had every day such proof of the prodigality of her talents; but we began to realize the truth of Uncle Joseph's insinuation that there was a screw loose in the Featheredge family, and, though we claimed Barbara for a Threelit, there was no denying that she was a remarkable likeness of John Featheredge, of Chippenshaw.

When the people of Quemper Hill and Lother Avenue proposed a Dramatic Club for charitable purposes, we scarcely dared to hope that Barbara would join the enterprise; but she did. The zest with which she entered into the performances almost made amends to us for the disappointment about the picture. Her dramatic talent elicited encomiums from competent judges. The intensity of feeling she could throw into a character was perfectly thrilling. At that time we might even have consented for Barbara to go on the stage, so assured did we feel that she would prove a second Siddons. But what is the use of dwelling upon our short-lived rapture? Barbara quitted the club at the height of her triumph, in a fit of disgust. Those Elmer girls were the cause, and our mortification was aggravated by Barbara's absurdity in defending them. A coolness sprang up between our incomparable niece and ourselves, and for a long time we left Barbara to her own devices.

Our old aspirations, however, suddenly revived upon the accidental discovery that our Barbara wrote poetry! Nothing she had ever done gave us such ecstatic pleasure as those stray "Lines to a Wounded Wasp" which Clementina rescued from the waste-basket. We could have wished the subject less commonplace, but we gladly accepted the wail as an augury of future fame. We grew poetic ourselves, and could not refer to Barbara without introducing "halos." "Dim vistas of the future," etc. We expected that she would write poems at least equal to Mrs. Browning, of whom one hears so much; and we even dared to hope that she might surpass Mrs. Norton, or our favorite L. E. L. We forgave her every thing when we saw her pursuing her solitary way toward Owlet's Hollow with the black portfolio in her hands. We were careful never to intrude upon her, and we long abstained from all allusions to her new pursuit, for fear of startling the sensitiveness of genius; but, when we found that she was actually corresponding with publishers, we decided that it was time to speak. The dear girl, we said, must not be allowed to venture upon the sea of literature without our sympathy and support.

By dint of much maneuvering, Barbara was drawn into the family assemblage to receive our congratulations, and our valuable advice about a business in regard to which we had, indeed, no experience, but a great many opinions. Bar-

bara came, when we invited her, the dignified, unconscious simplicity of genius in her mien. We felt its spell, and our hearts beat high with hope and pride. One after another, we rose and kissed her. She looked a little surprised, but, as we were an affectionate and demonstrative family, her surprise was of short duration. She returned our caresses cordially, and took the seat we offered.

"My dear niece," then said one whom we had appointed spokeswoman, "we have respected your secret; but we can no longer refrain from offering our sympathy and assistance in your present undertaking."

Barbara started from her seat, coloring highly, but immediately sat down again, and laughed rather nervously.

"My dear aunts, my dear uncles, and cousins," she stammered, "how very kind! Forgive me. I did not mean—but you see, really, I was afraid that you might disapprove, and I wished to make sure of success before confiding in you. But if you all smile so kindly upon my efforts, I must succeed, and it will be so delightful to have you participate in the—the—"

Barbara's meekness took her handkerchief from her eyes, and kissed her daughter, murmuring, at the same time, something about "true nobility of genius," which made Barbara blush.

Uncle Joseph, being a man, scorned to approach the subject by delicate degrees. He came immediately to the point with the exordium: "These publishers are so expensive!" Barbara looked puzzled, the dear innocent.

"Private subscription"—she began, but Uncle Joseph interrupted: "But! but! child, my purse is at your command; I'll see you through."

At this Barbara brightened visibly. "Dear Uncle Joseph!" she cried, "it will be your work, after all. Perhaps—it may grow into an institution, and be called by your name."

This speech was rather enigmatical to us, but we supposed that it referred to a dedication, and Uncle Joseph, on account of his wealth, did seem the most appropriate person; but why could not Barbara express herself more coherently? We waited for some tangible evidence of her right to future renown.

"Barbara, quickly. I wonder who had the absurdity to rescue it from the waste-basket?"

"Then, in the name of pity," we exclaimed, "what was the meaning of that portfolio you have been carrying for the last six weeks?"

"Do you think," said Barbara, with flashing eyes, "that I was wasting my time writing mediocre verses? I was teaching poor Martha Payne to draw. She has extraordinary talent, and needed only a little instruction. I never did any thing in my life so satisfactory to myself."

"Then you mean what you say about those iron-mill boys?"

"Of course I do."

Mrs. Featheredge wept outright; Uncle Joseph cleared his throat ominously; we all remonstrated loudly; but Barbara sat silent in a way we had come to understand meant total defiance.

"The scheme is utterly impracticable," Barbara said Clementina. "It would be enormously expensive to do the thing in style." (We Threelits believe in style.)

"You haven't counted the cost," said Judith, grimly.

"Yes, I have," said Barbara. "I have lain awake many a night counting the cost."

"It is time, I think, that that old enemy died out; but I don't suppose that the Elmers themselves would accuse me of intending them a good turn when I open a reading-room for the iron-mill boys."

"Of course not!" cried Wilhelmmina. "Not they! I declare, Barbara, you are waiting in proper pride. I should think the very fact that those boys are the employees of the family enemy would deter you. You can't be in earnest."

"But I am in earnest," said Barbara. "I will carry it out though every one of you oppose me."

"Hm!" said Uncle Joseph. "Even Uncle Joseph," added Barbara, boldly; but she glanced at him timidly as he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

We felt that Barbara had committed a dreadful offence. Mrs. Featheredge sobbed piteously.

"If this turns out ill, as it is sure to do," said Judith, "Barbara can never say that she was not warned sufficiently."

"Such lawless, dirty creatures!" said Clementina, with a shudder. "Always in some disagreeable scrape," said Wilhelmmina, scornfully.

"La! yes!" said Georgina; "utterly abandoned, you know."

We might as well have talked to the wind.

"By thinking, and then by working, sir," said Barbara.

"Oh, ay, no doubt; but how did you happen to think of it? Begin at the beginning, please. As a friend of the family, I feel obliged to take notice of so erratic a proceeding."

"Thanks, Judge," said we Threelits. Barbara seemed disposed to hesitate, but Judge Gregory fixed those determined eyes of his upon her, and she was forced to a full confession.

"I happened," she said, "to overhear a conversation between two of the iron-mill boys. I was returning from a walk, and I passed them, sitting on Lowther's stile. They had a book apparently full of pictures; I think it was a dime novel. They were criticizing the work; but it is not necessary to repeat any of their remarks, except the one that made such an impression upon me. The larger boy, whom I recognized as one of the most lawless of all, said, with an oath, that the best thing he had ever read was 'The Hustering Barber of Battle Alley.' I thought about it all the way home, and I had the curiosity to get the book, but it was so full of ghastly horrors I could not read it."

"The judge laughed. 'So,' said he, 'this reading-room is, in reality, the work of the 'Hustering Barber, eh?'"

We applauded, for we thought this sally a particularly good hit at Barbara; but she did not seem in the least disconcerted.

"You see, sir," she continued, "it seemed a dreadful thing that the poor boys should have nothing better to read than horrors so demoralizing as that book contained; and I felt that something ought to be done. The more I thought of it, the more imperative seemed the necessity of supplying the lads with a purer and healthier literature; and I could not dispense myself of the conviction that this was the work designed for me."

"Well!" said the judge, as Barbara hesitated and colored.

"Circumstances," continued she, somewhat reluctantly, "finally impelled me to venture alone upon the undertaking; but I knew that 'great oaks from little acorns grow.'" The good judge smiled incredulously, we thought, as he asked: "And how was this poor little acorn planted and sprouted? How did it fare in the beginning?"

"I rented a room of the Widow Barje," said Barbara, cunningly abstaining from any allusion to our opposition. "It was not exactly such a room as I desired, but it was the best I could get, and it has the advantage of a small yard in front, which I mean to beautify in the spring."

"The dear old judge turned and nodded at us, which encouraged Mrs. Featheredge to remark that Barbara was certainly demoralized.

"Though the rent is low," continued Barbara, with more animation, "the building was very much out of repair, and I should have been much straitened for means had I not met with help most unexpectedly. Mrs. Barje would not charge me anything for cleaning the room; and the carpenter employed would not receive payment for his work. It was a good cause, he said, and he was glad to help it on. And he did help it, as I was careful to tell him, for he left me just that much more to spend for books. Then Martin, the cabinet-maker, gave me two benches; one gentleman gave some maps, and the photographer sent three or four pictures. All these were voluntary contributions; I asked nothing."

"But, pardon me," said the judge, "how did you raise the money to start with?"

"By pinching and stinting herself to a shameful extent!" cried Mrs. Featheredge, eagerly. "Barbara has not had a new thing this winter. See how shabby she is!"

The old judge looked through his spectacles at the plain alpaca Barbara wore, and said, with a profound bow: "Barbara, I never saw you look so pretty. The dress is wonderfully becoming."

But Judge Gregory was so polite that he would have said the same if her dress had been even shabbier than it was.

"I don't find it becoming," said Mrs. Featheredge, in an injured tone. "I long to see her in a polonaise like Drusilla's, and a hat like Wilhelmmina's."

We thought this speech very ill-advised, for, though Mrs. Featheredge had not applauded our resolve to make Barbara no presents while her infatuation lasted, she had acknowledged the wisdom of it. But that woman, notwithstanding she was a Threelit, had very little discretion.

"But you do not possess the purse of Fortunatus, my young friend," said the judge, properly ignoring Mrs. Featheredge's remark; "how is the thing to be kept up?"

"Heaven only know!" sighed Mrs. Featheredge.

"I am trying to make it partly self-sustaining," said Barbara, "by exacting a small fee weekly, which I collect myself every Thursday evening."

"And they pay up promptly, eh?" said the judge.

"Oh, yes," Barbara answered; "it is only five cents."

"Poor child!" laughed the judge. "Barbara!" cried Clementina, angrily.

"You may well ask that," said Mrs. Featheredge, ruefully.