

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLIOTT CITY.

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

CHARLES W. REUBEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
15 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78-1c.

J. D. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLIOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.

Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
etc., and practice generally before the Depart-
ments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '76-1c.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 St. Paul Street, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Elliott City on Orphans' Court
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every
month.
March '80, '78-1c.

J. 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.
March '80, '78-1c.

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

EDWIN LANTIERUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLIOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27, '69-1c.

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, '72-1c.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLIC-
ITOR 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, '72-1c.

ALEXANDER H. ROBBS,
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 Elliott City the
First and Third Tuesday of every month—
(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6, '75-1c.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 21 St. Paul St., BALTIMORE.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in
the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-
ruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
Jan. 29, '70-1c.

T. R. CLENDENEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. Fayette Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78-1c.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLIOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at El-
liott City is prepared to practice his profes-
sion 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. 8, '64-1c.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).

Having located at Clarksville for the prac-
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the community.
May 18, '78-1c.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-1c.

DR. JAMES E. SHREVE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental
Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.
Crahan, 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, '77-1c.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Elliott City.
Oct. 12, '78-1c.

JAMES L. MATTHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD
COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Pant's
Store, Elliott City.
Feb. 16, '78-1c.

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 Bonds, Stocks, and
Mortgages, etc., etc., etc.
Free of Charge. All
kinds of Property Insured at
Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at low rates, on first
class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
June 24, '77-1c.

THE ROMANCE OF MY YEARS.

BY FATHER BYAN.

Some reckon their age by years.
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of their
tears,
And their life by the means of their heart.

The bliss of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of our years,
Few or many they come—few or many they
go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our
way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care

On the forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the rim of our earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are sometimes old,
Though their brows are bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm and their heart
Is cold,
O'er them the spring time—but winter is there.

And the old are sometimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sang,
And they laugh, for their eyes were light.

But heed by head I tell
The rosary of my years:
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis well!
And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the bark home;
It reaches the haven through tears.

And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

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A LAND OF SNOW.

A party of gentlemen lounging over
their wine at Delmonico's, and ponder-
ing how they should kill the intervening
hours between dinner and the late or
early period assigned for sleep, found
sleighing indispensable—a precious be-
cause extremely rare springing of snow
upon the Avenue must be enjoyed. The
only question was, how best to enjoy it.

"How would it do," said young
Brown, "to go for the country material—
three feet of the solid, you know—no
grinding over dirt and stones, or flush-
ing through mud and mire—just a regu-
lar old-fashioned sweep through a cloudy
landscape, the trees and tops of the
hedges dressed all in white for us, and a
nice little glint of rose color in the even-
ing sky? Eh? How about that boy?"

"And stop at a comfortable inn," said
Smythe, "with gables and sloping roof,
the out-houses painted a glowing red,
wherein our panting steeds could rest
and partake of home raised oats, while
we, perchance, within the hospitable par-
lor, might trip the 'light fantastic' with
some beautiful child of nature, innocent
of rouge or pearl powder, where a felici-
tous sentence might bring forth the *vera
avis* of a veritable blush? Eh? What do
you say to that?"

But Robinson dallied with his glass,
now held it to the light, then put it down
unwashed, or sipped a little from its brim.
"Not any for me," he said at last. "I've
been through all that, and exhausted it."
Brown and Smythe looked at each
other significantly.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask when
and where?"

"I will tell you the story, gentlemen,"
said Robinson, "because it has a moral."
"Hear! hear!" they cried, and tapped
upon the table with gentle irony.

"It was a land of snow," began Rob-
inson, "where the houses were scattered far
and wide, and many an acre loomed be-
tween, with scarcely a landmark to guide
the weary pilgrim on his way. The trees
were mostly of pine and fir, their scraggy
branches half hidden in avalanches of
snow. The whole landscape was waste
and sterile and unutterably sad. How
and when and where I found myself on
that wild night, wrapped in robes of fur
and buffalo skins, a pair of noble grays
bearing me over this artificial surface of
the earth, it matters not, or has ought to
do with my story.

"At last I reached this veritable inn of
which you spoke, with gables and peaks,
dormer-windows and quaint turrets, and
wide open doors through which I passed
with great thankfulness, and a sense of
infinite rest and ease.

"After a substantial supper I went out
to the stables to see how my travel-spent
beasts were faring, and found that there
had been some new arrivals. A rude and
almost gigantic sled upon heavy oxen
runners barred my passage, and on all
sides I found a variety of home-made ve-
hicles, of all sizes and shapes, filled with
blankets of white and scarlet wool, home-
spun coverlets, and sheep-skins.

"An old French hostler busied himself
in dextrously untying the leather thongs
that constituted most of the harness.

"There fell upon my ear a faint twang-
ing in the distance, suggestive of a
stringed instrument.

"Dancing!" I exclaimed to the hostler.
"But yes," he replied, "in truth, it is
the dance."

"Within there?" I perceived, pointing
to the house.

"Without doubt," he answered, and I
hastened in the direction of this phan-
tom music. Making my way through a
dimly lighted corridor, with many a sub-
tle turn and tortuous declivity and height,
guided alone by the now distinct scrap-

ing of a violin, I at length found myself
in a spacious low-ceiled apartment im-
mediately under the peaked roof, of the
whole length and breadth of the hostelry.
A quantity of candles in tin sconces cast
a flickering light upon the scene, and
moving hither and thither in the mazes
of a singular country-dance were about a
score of rustic, of a class of humanity al-
together strange and new to me—a race
of Titans, strong of limb, with muscles of
iron and sinews of steel, a bovine cast
of feature, mild and ruminating, with eyes
wide apart, straight noses, expanded nos-
trils, and lips carved like those of a Gre-
cian statue.

"I watched them for a time move slow-
ly and with a rude dignity through an
intricate dance, which left one couple al-
most hidden in the darkness of a far cor-
ner. Suddenly this couple came swiftly
down to the centre of the group, and
stood almost directly before me.

"It is with these we have to do, gen-
tlemen. One of them—the lady, if I may
call her thus—was the most beautiful
creature I ever saw. So young she seemed
to me. I involuntarily smiled upon her as
I would upon a child. She wore a sim-
ple bodice over a blue petticoat. Her
arms and neck were covered by a chemise
puffed and starched, and white as the
snow it was bleached upon. Her hair,
only bound by a chain and silver arrow,
fell far below her waist. Its color was
glare of defiance, but seemed, in the smoky
light of the candles, a yellowish creamy
white.

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
like little mice, stole in and out.

"And oh, she danced in such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Was half so fine a sight."

"Yes, gentlemen, she was a theme for
poet. I watched her with mute but ex-
pressive admiration, so that when her
eyes met mine I fancied there grew a gen-
tle recognition in them. She looked up
to her Titanic partner, and smilingly
drew his attention to me. I can not de-
scribe to you the benevolent patronage of
his manner when, as it taking pity upon
my loneliness, and apparently pleased
with my evident appreciation of the love-
ly being that seemed in some way to be-
long to him, he brought her to my side,
and with noble hospitality left her, as he
said to beguile the time of the stranger.
Good fellow that he was, I hope this
kindly trust betrayed did not impair his
simple faith in humanity.

"Her name is Lulu," he said, "and
mine Jean."

"And while I cast about for something
to say to this little maiden in the patio
of her country, she began herself, in a
voice sweet, low, and sonorous:

"It is, then, your sleigh in the stable
below? How beautiful it is! It is shaped
like a wild-geese, and so light I can lift
it, even I! And the skins they frighten-
ed me, they were so like pretty crouching
animals; one of them had eyes, in
truth, and mocked me as I peeped into
the sleigh. And the horses they are like
deer, so small are their heads and so slim
their legs. Jean laughed at them. He
said they were good for naught but to
take in one's arms and pat like a kitten."

"There your Jean is wrong," I said,
quickly, not overpleased at this simple
irony. "They are good to get over these
dreary wastes of yours, and I wish you
could just once enjoy a ride behind them,
and know what swiftness means."

"I wish I could," she said, "under the
pretty skins, and all the lovely silver
bells jingling."

"Why can't we?" I pleaded, coaxing-
ly pressing the little ungloved fingers in
my own. "We could get back again be-
fore our friends would find out we were
gone, and then you could tell Jean how
wrong he was."

An arch smile moved her beautiful
lips and brightened the depths of her
soft black eyes; her foot tapped upon the
sanded floor, and her white hand danc-
ed in mine. It was the sweetest mo-
ment of uncertainty with which I had
ever ought to do.

"Come, Lulu," I whispered. "You
don't know how happy it would make
me."

"And I too," she said, looking up in
my face with innocent candor. "I also
would be happy."

"It was probably the first temptation
offered to this child of nature. She
yielded to it with guileless enthusiasm.

"Shortly after we were bounding over
the snow with the speed of the wind.
My gallant grays, rested and refreshed,
and seemingly conscious of the lovely
burden they bore, so swiftly flew along
that at times we were lifted from the sur-
face of the earth and drawn in mid-air,
while I toggled at the reins and en-
deavored to restrain their ardor.

"Lulu's eyes shone like lambent stars;
her hair floated out on the night wind.

"Are you happy, Lulu?" I said.

"But yes," she replied, quickly. "And
you?"

"Ah, Lulu," I began, a hundred deli-
cious pleadings for utterance; but in that
supreme moment of joy I was checked by
a group of fir-trees that rose before me,
immediately barring our further progress.

"They were strangely unfamiliar. A far
in the distance I saw the shadowy out-
line of a forest. I reined in the panting
animals. My heart grew cold within me.
An icy dread paralyzed for a moment even
thought and feeling. I had mistaken the
way. We were lost! And to be lost in
this Canadian waste was simply death in
a slow, torturing, terrible form.

Anecdotes.

General Clingman, of North Carolina,
in speaking in relation to the use of an-
ecdotes, said: In 1844 I attended a Whig
barbecue at Knoxville, Tenn. The morn-
ing speeches had been made by Hon John
Bell and myself, and the large audience
had partaken of the barbecue. On our
return to the stand a gentleman of high
position spoke for nearly 3 hours in such
a manner as to keep us in excellent humor,
and created almost incessant laughter, and
we broke up in the best spirits. On the
next morning, Senator Speaker Jennings
spoke for 2 hours to a very attentive audi-
ence, without, however, even causing a
smile in the vast assembly. After he
concluded a prominent Tennessee politi-
cian said to me, referring to Jennings:
"He is the man to whom we owe the revo-
lution in East Tennessee." I asked, in-
quiring if the gentleman who had spoken
the evening before did not help also. He
replied, "No; he is a good man for a rally,
but he never makes us vote."

In 1850 I was present at a barbecue at
which a young gentleman occupied most
of the day. He possessed a good memory,
and had learned almost all the campaign
anecdotes that were retailed during that
campaign, and rehearsed them amusingly.
After he had finished in the evening an
intelligent gentleman remarked to me,
"This day has been completely lost to us."

He was right in his view. Had a good
bard played pleasant airs the assembly
would have been as a highly entertained,
and just as decided a political impres-
sion would have been made on it.

In 1872 I had an amusing illustration
of the downward tendency produced by
the fashion now so much in vogue. A
young man whose opportunities to acquire
an education had been limited, but who
had commenced the study of law, said to
me, "General, I wish to know how you
great Senators used to do in the Senate.
I wish particularly to hear about Mr.
Webster; he was not a mighty man on an
anecdote?" The question struck me as
so ridiculous that I found it difficult to
avoid laughing. A moment's reflection,
however enabled me to understand how
he came to possess such an idea. [A speech
abounding in anecdotes had a few
weeks previously been made in that re-
gion, and some of the papers stated that
this was the greatest speech that had been
made since the days of Clay and Webster.
Genuine wit is a highly intellectual and
important faculty. It has been well said
that no one ever laughed aloud at a thing
really witty. The great English debater
Charles James Fox was pronounced the
wittiest man of his day. His wit was
most strikingly shown when in course
of his powerful arguments, he so exposed
the positions of his adversaries as to make
them appear supremely ridiculous. Mr.
Webster, in a less degree, sometimes ex-
hibited this quality—Wholly unlike, and
most demoralizing to the public taste, is
that counterfeit, a species of buffoonery,
which consists in retailing anecdotes, af-
ter the fashion of Christy's Minstrels or
the circus-clown, who delivers his jokes
around at his successive performances.

Age of Animals.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years. A
dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty, a
fox fourteen or sixteen years. Lions are
long lived. One has been known to live
to the age of seventy years. Rabbits ser-
en. Elephants have been known to live
to the age of four hundred years. Alex-
ander the Great, having conquered Purus,
king of India, took a great elephant, who
had fought valiantly for the king, and
named him Ajax. He dedicated him to
the sun, and let him go with the inscrip-
tion:—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter,
hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." The
elephant was found with this inscription
three hundred and fifty years afterwards.
Pigs have been known to live to the age
of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty.
A horse has been known to live to the age
of sixty-two years, but average from twenty
to thirty years. Camels sometimes
live to the age of one hundred years.
Stags are long lived. Sheep exceed the
age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years.
Cutler considers it probable that whales
sometimes live for a thousand years. A
Swan has attained the age of two hun-
dred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tor-
toise has been known to live to the age
one hundred and seven. Insects, as a
general rule, are short lived, though there
are many exceptions to the rule.

Somebody has brought out the fol-
lowing interesting reminiscence: "When
Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began
to study philosophy, and soon became
fond of applying technical names to com-
mon objects. One evening, when he had
mentioned to his father that he had swal-
lowed some cephalopod mollusks, the old
man was much alarmed, and suddenly
seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs.
Franklin came with warm water, and the
bored man rushed in with the garden
pump. They forced half a gallon down
Benjamin's throat, then held him by the
belee over the edge of the porch, and shook
him, while the old man said: "If we
don't get them things out of Benney he
will be pizened sure." When they were
out, and Benjamin explained that the ar-
ticles referred to were oysters, his father
frowned him for an hour with a trunk
strap for searing the family. Ever after-
wards Franklin's language was marvel-
lously simple and explicit."

The New Leaf.

JAN. 1. FEB. 1.

New Year, Feel queer—
Seventy-eight, Ill at ease—
No beer— One beer—
Water straight! If you please.

No joke— Don't care
Mighty true! If I do—
Wont smoke, A cigar!
Never chew! Yes, I chew.

Don't care Beer's thin—
What they think— Weak stuff!
Wont swear, Whiskey skin
Never drink! Good enough.

"I think," says Dr. John Brown, of
Edinburgh, "that every family should
have a dog. It is like a perpetual baby,
and then it betrays no secrets, never sulks,
asks no troublesome questions, never gets
into debt, never comes down late to
breakfast—and it is always ready for a
bit of fun."

Arab Women.

I have only yet alluded slightly to that
which makes one of the great charms of
Algiers. I mean the picturesqueness and
variety of the costumes, especially in the
old town. At first it was impossible to
distinguish the different nationalities of
the wearers. But by degrees we learned
to tell them almost at first sight.

The most picturesque are the Arabs *pur
et simple*, with their tall, erect figures,
straight features, magnificent carriage, and
dark eyes. There is one peculiarity about
them, and that is that they always have
their heads covered, the white head-dress
or capote of their burnouses being bound
round the head with a thick cord of
camel's hair wound round six or seven
times. Their wives are shrouded from
head to foot in white hanks and burnouses,
the only sign of difference of rank being
shown in the exceeding fineness of