

Medical.

HELMHOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

Buchu.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

Helmhold's Buchu

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMHOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALLED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

- Rheumatism,
- Spermatorrhoea,
- Neuralgia,
- Nervousness,
- Dyspepsia,
- Indigestion,
- Constipation,
- Aches and Pains,
- General Debility,
- Kidney Diseases,
- Liver Complaint,
- Nervous Debility,
- Epilepsy,
- Head Troubles,
- Paralysis,
- General Ill Health,
- Spinal Diseases,
- Sciatica,
- Deafness,
- Decline,
- Lumbago,
- Catarrh,
- Nervous Complaints,
- Female Complaints, &c.

"HELMHOLD'S BUCHU"

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE, Or Six Bottles for \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

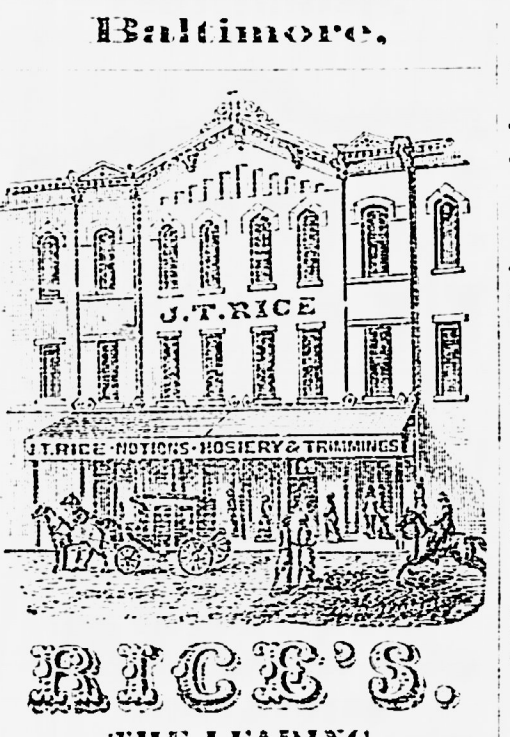
H. T. HELMHOLD,

Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each Bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Largest and Most Select Assortment! Lowest Prices! Polite Attention!

I keep a Buyer at All the Auction Sales! AM DAILY IN RECEIPT OF Auction and Job Lots AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

Our Marvelous 5 Cent Counter.

WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING! MIRACULOUS! Containing Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery; Linen Handkerchiefs, Rubber Dressing Combs, Tack Combs, Bandanna Handkerchiefs and thousands of other articles. Every article for 5 cents. Orders by mail enclosing stamps or P. O. order promptly attended to.

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PIANOS,

THE BEST NOW MADE.

Every Instrument Guaranteed for Five Years.

NOSE BUT THE BEST MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP ARE USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THESE INSTRUMENTS.

Parties contemplating the purchase of a Piano will do well to apply FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH REFERENCES.

Wm. Heinckamp,

373 W. BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SHIRTS.

SHIRTS

These are my best SHIRTS, and are equal to the very best made in New York or Europe. I will add still the elegant Finish and Style I have always put on my SHIRTS. The material will be, as heretofore, the very highest cost.

My Future Motto, as in the Past: Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed in every particular in all my orders for SHIRTS.

E. S. Goldsmith,

Fashionable Shirt Maker & Furnisher S. E. Corner Balto. & Charles Sts. BALTIMORE, MD. Aug. 10, '78-11.

S. S. LINTHICUM,

LUMBER DEALER, GREEN ST., BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND SARATOGA, GEORGE'S OLD STAND, 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.

CHARLES P. STEVENS

FURNITURE.

NO. 2 S. CALVERT ST. BALTIMORE. March 1, '79-15.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each Bottle.

Professional.

EDWARD NORRIS,

Baker and Confectioner.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND FRESH BREAD, MARYLAND BISCUITS, PIES AND CAKES.

Together with a good assortment of Confectionery, Fruit, &c.

Weddings and Parties furnished at Short Notice.

All the famous brands of Flour from the Patapsco Mills for sale at Mill Prices. Jan. 1, '78-11.

DR. JAMES E. SHERREVE,

DENTIST, (Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. C. Cable, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him, MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS BELOW LEIDEN'S STORE. April 21, '78-11.

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, Ellicott City, Feb. 16, '78-11.

J. D. McGUIRE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY, MD. OFFICE—AT COURT HOUSE.

Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Department in Washington. Oct. 7, '96-11.

JOHN WARFIELD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month. March '79, '78-11.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND

Offers his professional services to the public.

OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County, March 16, '78-11.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,

LAND SURVEYOR, OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City, Oct. 12, '78-11.

CHARLES W. HEISLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 15 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD. March 9, '78-11.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY. OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

Valises That Look Alike.

HOW HE PROVED THAT HEN'S WASN'T HEN'S.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousand of valises exactly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court-house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named William Macarty and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barret House the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him, and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied firmly, "it is mine. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus, and asked:

"Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveler, "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady, "he has mine, and I'll have it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see. On the very top of everything lay a big flask, half full of whiskey, a deck of cards and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.

ONLY A GLASS OF WINE.

"Only a glass of wine?" And the red lips prettily pout, As the jeweled fingers, white as fair, The juice of the grape pour out.

Alas! maiden, did you but know What was in the wine cup hold, You would cast it into the ocean deep, Though each drop were molten gold.

"Only a glass of wine, Sparkling, rosy and bright; Drink for I kissed its crystal rim, And dream of me love, to-night."

Oh! woman has power to bind The noblest hearts of earth: "Only a glass of wine" was quipped, Ah, God! would that were all.

Only a wretched form Staggering through the night, Leaving on wife and child a mourn A withering, deadly blight.

"Only a glass of wine," at first: Ah! me, what a potent spell! I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him, MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS BELOW LEIDEN'S STORE. April 21, '78-11.

Only a drunken brute Found in the gutter dead, While a famished wife and new-born babe Are dying from lack of bread.

"Only a glass of wine?" No! no! Away with the tempter's thrall! For wine is a demon dire that robs Of God, and manhood, and all.

Names of States.

THEIR ORIGIN—FROM WHENCE DERIVED.

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. Popular name, the Lumber or Pine Tree State.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1620, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Popular name, the Granite State.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, Jan. 16, 1777, from the French *vert mont*, the green mountains. Popular name, the Green Mountain State.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learnt" said Roger Williams, "that Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills." Popular name, the Bay State.

Rhode Island was so called in 1661, in reference to the Island of Rhodus, in the Mediterranean. Popular name, Little Rhody.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mohegan word, signifying long river. Popular name, the Nutmeg or Free Stone State.

New Jersey was so called in 1661, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted. Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn. Popular name, the Keystone State.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la Ware, who died in this bay. Popular name, the Blue Hen, or Diamond State.

Maryland was called in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Popular name, the Old Dominion or Mother of Presidents.

A Tall Industry.

THE INTERESTING PROCESS WHEREBY SHOT IS MADE.

A correspondent has been to the top of the shot tower (212 feet) in Chicago, and describes the process of making shot:

I had a dim idea that lead was melted below; that this molten stuff was hauled to the top of the tower, and that this molten lead will not make perfect globules, it is necessarily "tempered." This temper is prepared by the addition of ingredients, of which arsenic is the main property, below; run into bars convenient, say, 2nd with the pig-lead hoisted to the very top of the tower, where both are melted in proper proportion together.

Mr. Gates and myself, back to back, and very much humped, entered the small, though powerful elevator, not over three and one-half feet by twenty inches in size, and went up, up, up, with a horrible din, rattling all about us. At the very top are two little circular rooms, not over eight or ten feet in diameter, one about twelve feet below the other, and each containing two huge kettles in which the pig lead and the temper are melted. In the busy scenes these are run at night, and the flame, away up there in the darkness, reminds one of signal-torches upon towers in the feudal days.

From one or the other of the two kettles in both rooms—as each room has a separate shaft—streams of shot are constantly flowing. At the bottom of each kettle the molten stuff pours into square pans perforated at one side. These perforations are large or small, according to the size of shot desired, and separate the mass into distinct, delicate, gleaming streams which, in turn, as they are cooled in the air, immediately separate into perfect globules, or shot, which are cooled in their two hundred feet journey and the water into which they fall below.

But now come what, to me, were still more interesting processes. Out of the shot-pit, up through the water, an endless belt, with cups attached, carries the wet shot, depositing it in a large revolving wheel, where the shot is cooled and thoroughly dried. From this they pass out upon a descending series of slightly inclined tables, the lower edge of each one being a few inches above, and distant from, the succeeding table. The perfect globules, from their specific gravity, go bounding over these spaces; but the imperfect shot are gradually forced along until they reach them, when they fall into receptacles, and being remolten, go over the same journey again.

From these sorting tables the shot are carried to a series of sizing sieves, with perforated sheet-brass bottoms. Moved back and forth by machinery, the shot of a smaller size pass through these perforations, larger shot of different sizes, from the motion of the sieves, and from their weight, gradually sorting themselves into absolute perfection. From the sorting sieves the shot pass into polishing barrels, containing a preparation the main constituent of which is plumbago, and emerging from these, burnished like silver, find their way into repositories in the story below, to the mouth of each of which is attached a delicately adjusted automatic scale, which will discharge precisely twenty-five pounds of shot into the bags beneath. Each bag, however, is tested, and, after being sewed up, these shot, which have arrived at their absolute perfection of form and finish, seemingly, through much of their own act and volition, are ready to be sent forth to the hunter and sportsman on their death-dealing mission.

Infant Oysters.

A note was received recently at the Johns Hopkins University from Prof. W. K. Brooks, now at Crisfield, bringing the interesting news that he had seen oysters only one minute old.

And even younger ones than this; for his note reads as follows: "I succeeded this morning in artificially impregnating oyster eggs. They finished segmentation in about four hours, and in six hours from the time I took them from the water they had developed into active, free-swimming, ciliated embryos." Pretty quick time for this making young oysters. Only six hours required for one to pass through all the changes in that part of its life-history passed within the egg, and it is ready to swim out and enter upon its active life. At this stage it is a very simple structure, very minute and entirely without a shell. Characteristics which are almost the opposite of those belonging to an adult oyster, for the latter has a complex structure, is not of minute size, has a well-developed shell and does not swim free. So there must be important changes for this active, microscopic young oyster to pass through before it becomes a quiet hatched adult. We have not heard of the exact size of these microscopic embryos, but as Prof. Brooks sent them to me, we infer that great numbers of them may live comfortably and have swimming room in a single drop of water. Prof. Brooks is the "advanced guard" and director of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins University, conducted this year with the cooperation of the United States and Maryland fish commissions. The professor's special mission to Crisfield was to work out thoroughly and completely the life-history of oyster from the egg to the adult, and he seems to have already insured his success by securing in the first few days these early stages which are the most difficult of all to obtain.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells. She is the steady light of her father's house; she is the brightness of his evening sun. The grace, the purity and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty way which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with his eyes, come to mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows a weariness which he does not find in profane against the brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly tries to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

Poets of One Song.

There is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great author's names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have sung one song and died. They saved them a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his production have found a judgment in our minds.

Henry Carey—God save the King.
Hopkins—Hail Columbia.
Key—Star Spangled Banner.
John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.
Charles Wolfe—Burial of Sir John Moore.
Charles Kingsley—The Three Fishers.
E.gar A. Poe—The Raven.
Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.
John Wardlaw—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Brete Harte—The Heathen Chinee.
The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, The Song of the Shirt, was the work of an evening, but was rejected by three of the leading journals of London.

The Old Oaken Bucket was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. It was suggested by the remark of a friend referring to a well on returning from the fields on a sultry day.

Mr. Kingsley's song of The Three Fishers was not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of men who worked and women who swept, while he was a boy in the fishing village of Carvelly.

Cowper's great Hymn of Providence, too, was a history. He wrote it after those two sweet devotional gems, O for a Closer Walk with God, and There's a Fountain filled with Blood. A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentiment grew deeper; the clouds gathered fast. He even meditated self-destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while those black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightnings into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:

God moves in a mysterious way— His wonders to perform, He plants His footsteps on the sea, And rides upon the storm.

THE CELLULOID MARVEL.

A capital example of those numerous industrial revolutions of which we have spoken, and which are so peculiarly characteristic of America, is furnished by the new article, celluloid. Although it was invented nine or ten years ago (by two brothers named Hyatt), its perfect manufacture has been regularly in progress for only about five years, and is considered to be only in its infancy, yet immense quantities of the substance are produced. It is converted into a wonderful variety of forms, and new modes of applying it are discovered almost daily.

This composition of tissue paper, camphor and certain chemicals is already used for billiard balls, combs, backs of brushes, hand-mirrors and other toilet articles, whip, cane and umbrella handles, every kind of harness trimmings, foot-rests, chessmen, handles of knives and forks, pens, pencils, jewelry of all kinds, pocket-books, moustache-pieces for pipes, cigar-holders, musical instruments, dolls' heads, porcelain imitations, hat-bands, neckties, optical goods, shoe tips and insoles, thumb-nails, emery wheels, shirt cuffs, collars, etc. Its use as a substitute for ivory has already exercised a world-wide effect upon the ivory industry, the falling off in the demand having been felt in the remotest regions of Africa.—*Exchange.*

THE QUEEN OF ALL.

—Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy tresses on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which kissed many a hot young soldier when he came home, and they are the sweetest in the world. The eye is dim, yet it grows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any one upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she can not see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms, and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with devotion.

A CRUEL HOAX.

—Last evening, just before sundown a gentleman who was sitting by his window on North B street, casually remarked:

"There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on."

His wife, who was in the back room getting supper ready dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby, and ran like a quarter-horse, with:

"Where? where? tell me quick!"

"The one with the long cloak—just at the corner."

"Then the woman at the window said in a tone of deep disgust:

"Yes, that's Brown's wife."

"Why, exactly," remarked the brutal husband quietly.

Then the disappointed woman went back and got the supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.

—A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go South, where they were, and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from going to hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business!" said Mr. Phillips.

—A Sunday school teacher asked what was meant by pumps and vanities of the world. "The answer was rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

—Young man, in a walking match you "go-as-you-please" but in a courting match you please as you go.

—A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery, and as she received the prize asked, "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

CHARLES LAMB TO YOUNG MEN.

—The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths could I be heard, I could cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered Paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about him the piteous spectacle of his own ruin. Could he see my fevered eye—feverish with the last night's drinking and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry, hourly with feeble outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mounting temptation.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

—The *Altoona, Pa., Tribune*, of September 16, says:—Diphtheria is as much of a terror to the household as fever, and anything that will tend to mitigate its ravages or cure the malady itself, will be hailed with satisfaction. Mr. J. F. Krause, of this city, had a four year old daughter that was desperately ill of diphtheria so ill, indeed, that the

will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stock holds out. Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think at carefully over fast, and then set down and marry.

—Mother to her daughter just seven years old:—"What in heck you look so sad, Carrie?" Carrie looking at her baby-brother three weeks old—"I was just thinking that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entering company and having beaux, that brother of mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."

—Somebody's coming when the dew-drops fall," she was softly humming, when the old man remarked, "An' you bet yer sweet life, Maria, that he'll think a thunder-storm's let loose when he gets here."

—A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inquired: "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

—"I have a love letter," said a servant girl to her mistress. "Will ye read it to me, and here's some cotton to stick in yer corse while ye read it?"

—"Keep a reliable friend always at hand," said Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has eminently proven itself to be. Thousands of testimonials. Try it. 25 cents.

—"When the corn is waving," means, when a superabundance of grain, in a liquid state, causes the sidewalk to oscillate.

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