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# The Ellicott City Times.

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Every person will wonder where to get the best goods at the least money. Do not forget to call at the  
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We will show you a large stock of MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, made in quality, low in price and outstanding in make. We have the latest styles in Men's, Boys' and Children's.

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The attention of stock owners is called to our Sale and Exchange features.  
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No Adulteration. Thoroughly Fermented.  
Well Brewed.  
A wholesome, strength giving beverage, these BEERs have no equals. Delivered in bottles, kegs and bottles.

**BALLAD OF A JESTER.**  
When beads were brown that now are frayed,  
Above my head I used to wear a crown,  
Now, as life's feast, I am no more  
Than a poor dog that turns the spit.  
I could go mad to think of it,  
Although forever in mine ears  
Lingers an old rhyme that once was writ,  
"For a jester in his day,  
When fagons with Rhine wine ran o'er,  
And tongues wagged fast, and lamps were lit,  
I set the table in a roar"  
With many a daff of wanton wit:  
The king would cry in boisterous fit,  
"While walls and roof free rang with cheer,  
"Cool count, cutters, heed the hit,  
"Twill matter naught in fifty years."  
I loved a maid in days of yore,  
And thought to win the saucy child,  
Despite the "motley suit" I wore;  
(Alack, how far my fancy hid)  
The damsel cared for me no whit,  
And lo! I sought but japes and jeers  
That cut me like a scythe on a hill,  
"Twill matter naught in fifty years."  
Head weary am I and heart sore;  
I meet old woes again, and submit  
Like him that has not paid his score,  
The tapper will no more admit.  
Life's ravelled threads the fates unknit,  
Like him that has not paid his score,  
And cap and bells I shall be quit;  
"Twill matter naught in fifty years."  
Friends, though the grave gapes like a pit,  
And bravely what the heavens permit,  
Bear bravely what the heavens permit;  
"Twill matter much in fifty years."  
—J. Redfern Williamson in Temple Bar.

**JAS. R. WEER,**  
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Furnishing Undertaker, Funeral Director  
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Having permanently located in Sykesville, I am prepared at the shortest notice to make all arrangements for and attend funerals in Howard, Carroll and adjoining counties. Being a  
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and having a thorough knowledge of the business in all its details, I guarantee satisfaction.  
**PERSONAL ATTENTION**  
at and attendance at all funerals. Latest style hearses, and appointments  
**STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.**  
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Every modern facility with full roller process. THE ONLY ROLLER MILL IN HOWARD COUNTY. Comparison invited with any established mill in America. Our specialty, ANCHO PATENT.  
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PEARL PATENT EXTRA  
MADE from the choicest wheat available. For sale by all merchants. Every implement offered the trade. One trial of flour from the DORSEYVILLE MILLS ensures the future use of no other brands.  
**MEAL, FEED AND HOMOINY.**  
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**A CLOCK ON A STRIKE.**  
IT WAS WORSE THAN AN INFERNAL MACHINE IN EFFECT.  
A Devoted Brother Has an Interesting and Exasperating Experience with a Queer Going Timepiece—What Was the Matter with the Clock.  
This is a story about a clock which made a great deal of trouble for two people and gave the same two people very poor opinions of each other. The brother says that no woman in the world save his sister could have had such an amazing ignorance about clocks in general, and this one in particular, while his sister declares that only her brother, of all men on earth, could have allowed a little bit of a clock to make a fool of him before a carload of strangers.  
The trouble with the clock was that it wouldn't keep time. There was no reason in the world why it wouldn't; it just wouldn't, and that was all there was to it. This was painful to the young woman for several reasons. It is only necessary to mention one; the timepiece had been given to her by her betrothed. He thought it was a little gem of a clock, and that it would please her. She agreed with him as to the beauty of the delicate little affair, and was pleased for a time. This was all of course because the thing would not go, and because she feared he might think she had broken it, or, worse still, as she herself confessed between time, that she hadn't sense enough to make a clock go, while her irreverent and impertinent brother suggested sweetly that he was more likely to think that it was her clock which had stopped a clock.  
The family were in the country when the clock was received, and when the time drew near for the arrival of the betrothed clock giver affairs began to be desperate. The young woman declared that the clock had to go, and the hands simply wouldn't. She would wind it up—it would always wind without the slightest resistance—but it would not go. She shook it, she turned it upside down, she coaxed it, she hid it on its face and then on its back, and the hands were still frozen to the face of the clock. "Albert," she said to her brother, "you must take this clock over to town and get it repaired. It must be repaired; it must go."  
Now town was ten miles away, and Albert did not see why any one should make so much fuss over a clock, and such a little clock, too, as that was. But when arguments and pleadings could not move him he yielded to tears, and, chucking the timepiece under his arm, he headed the train and started for town. In the car he placed the clock on the seat beside him and rested his hand on it. Then more trouble began. That clock began to strike. It went into the striking business in a calm, determined way.  
It struck right along, up grade and down grade, around curves and on straight tracks. The brother felt a fainting around his heart. The people in the car who had first been amused began to be annoyed. The young man's face got red, it got warm; his hair be- came lathered with dampness, but he clung to the clock like a Trojan. He had an idea that he might be able to hide it or smother it, or close it, he didn't know which, and so he kept his hand tight on the dial.  
And all the time that infernal machine just "sawed wood." It had struck a gait which it liked, and it kept it up without a break. It showed no signs of getting tired or of running down. It was striking about a 2 1/2 o'clock when the train reached the town. It continued to strike when the brother made his escape from the car. It went on striking up the street until the brother wanted to throw it over a fence and then commit suicide. No longer alarm was ever more persevering than that clock. No clanging fire engine ever made more noise and caused more excitement. The clock was striking away industriously and cheerfully when the brother ran into a jeweler's shop and threw the thing down on a counter.  
"For heaven's sake stop it!" he cried. But it had stopped. There it lay on the counter as dumb as an oyster and as silent as a tomb.  
"Well, it's banged," said the brother breathlessly. "What's the matter with it, my dear?" he asked, looking at it as if it were a dynamite cartridge.  
The jeweler picked it up. "Look out!" cried the brother. "That thing will start up again if you touch it."  
But it didn't. It never made a sound, only in a minute came a gentle and rhythmic ticking.  
"There's nothing the trouble with it," said the jeweler, setting the hands and then examining the little infernal machine. "You see," he added with a sympathetic smile, "this is a repeating clock. You can make it strike the last hour by touching this spring. You have been winding up the repeating sounder, but not the clock. And you must have held your hand on the spring until the clock was striking. It's all right now. All you want to do is to wind the clock more and the repeater less."  
"Oh!" said the brother with a gasp—and that was all.  
Now the brother says that any woman who doesn't know enough to wind a clock doesn't know enough to live. And the sister says—well, every brother knows what sisters can say.—New York Tribune.

**Cold Water Injures Plants.**  
Guard against the application of cold or hard water to the roots of plants, and especially in the winter, when there has been a heavy fall of snow, hail or cold rains. The water in the tanks then becomes very much too cold. This may not be noticed in the ordinary course of things, and the plants are sure to suffer a check at the roots that, in the course of time, will have to be quite sufficient to cause bud dropping. I am always very careful that the water in our tanks is a few degrees warmer than the house in which the plants are growing. This is very important in successful fruit raising.  
We are apt to say sometimes on beholding a sickly plant—one mildewed or with rust on the foliage—that it must have been subjected to a draft or current of cold air, whereas the probable cause was the use of cold water, which paralyzed the roots. Proof of this may easily be seen by giving one or two applications of cold water to winter cucumbers or kidney beans when setting their pots.—Exchange.

**Ordering His Own Tombstone.**  
A countryman called on a sculptor in Tilsit and ordered a tombstone in the shape of a cross, and gave full instructions as to the lettering and the date of the decease and promised to fetch it away himself. He had, however, to turn up at the day appointed, and the sculptor wrote to remind him of his promise. The other day the man turned up at last, but said that he wanted the date erased. On being asked his reason for this request the countryman answered: "He's a cyprian man had told him that he would die on the day which he had ordered to be inscribed on the cross; the prophecy had not, however, come true, and he now wanted to take away the date, but without the date."—Deutsche Warte.

**Paving Streets with Cork.**  
A material which is being satisfactorily introduced for paving streets is composed of cork. The cork is broken men pressed into blocks, and which are laid like bricks or wood paving, the special advantage secured being that of elasticity. In roadways it furnishes a firm foothold for horses, and at the same time does not break and does not litter the streets with broken pieces. The noise which commonly accompanies city traffic. In Australia this method has been resorted to with excellent results.—New York Sun.

**An Action Disproved.**  
Is the whole always equal to the sum of all its parts? A German beggar thought it doubtful.  
"Here I am," he said as he looked at himself in a pocket mirror, "when I am wearing the boots of a bank manager, the trousers of a landed proprietor, a harem's coat and vest and a count's hat, and in spite of it all I look like a tramp!"—Exchange.

**The Boy Knew Tompion.**  
A Freshwater boy was once asked if he knew Mr. Tompion. "He makes pots for the queen," said the boy. "What do you mean?" said the inquirer. "I don't know what they mean," said the boy, "but policemen often see him walking about naked, carrying a bag under the stars."—New York Tribune.

**Women Who Work.**  
It seems that 25 per cent. of the women of England earn their own living, but one would scarcely believe that there are nearly 350 female blacksmiths in England, which, however, sounds no stranger than the statement that women may now be seen driving cabs in New York.—Chambers' Journal.

**A CLOCK ON A STRIKE.**  
IT WAS WORSE THAN AN INFERNAL MACHINE IN EFFECT.  
A Devoted Brother Has an Interesting and Exasperating Experience with a Queer Going Timepiece—What Was the Matter with the Clock.  
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Now town was ten miles away, and Albert did not see why any one should make so much fuss over a clock, and such a little clock, too, as that was. But when arguments and pleadings could not move him he yielded to tears, and, chucking the timepiece under his arm, he headed the train and started for town. In the car he placed the clock on the seat beside him and rested his hand on it. Then more trouble began. That clock began to strike. It went into the striking business in a calm, determined way.  
It struck right along, up grade and down grade, around curves and on straight tracks. The brother felt a fainting around his heart. The people in the car who had first been amused began to be annoyed. The young man's face got red, it got warm; his hair be- came lathered with dampness, but he clung to the clock like a Trojan. He had an idea that he might be able to hide it or smother it, or close it, he didn't know which, and so he kept his hand tight on the dial.  
And all the time that infernal machine just "sawed wood." It had struck a gait which it liked, and it kept it up without a break. It showed no signs of getting tired or of running down. It was striking about a 2 1/2 o'clock when the train reached the town. It continued to strike when the brother made his escape from the car. It went on striking up the street until the brother wanted to throw it over a fence and then commit suicide. No longer alarm was ever more persevering than that clock. No clanging fire engine ever made more noise and caused more excitement. The clock was striking away industriously and cheerfully when the brother ran into a jeweler's shop and threw the thing down on a counter.  
"For heaven's sake stop it!" he cried. But it had stopped. There it lay on the counter as dumb as an oyster and as silent as a tomb.  
"Well, it's banged," said the brother breathlessly. "What's the matter with it, my dear?" he asked, looking at it as if it were a dynamite cartridge.  
The jeweler picked it up. "Look out!" cried the brother. "That thing will start up again if you touch it."  
But it didn't. It never made a sound, only in a minute came a gentle and rhythmic ticking.  
"There's nothing the trouble with it," said the jeweler, setting the hands and then examining the little infernal machine. "You see," he added with a sympathetic smile, "this is a repeating clock. You can make it strike the last hour by touching this spring. You have been winding up the repeating sounder, but not the clock. And you must have held your hand on the spring until the clock was striking. It's all right now. All you want to do is to wind the clock more and the repeater less."  
"Oh!" said the brother with a gasp—and that was all.  
Now the brother says that any woman who doesn't know enough to wind a clock doesn't know enough to live. And the sister says—well, every brother knows what sisters can say.—New York Tribune.

**A New Hope.**  
The outside bearing surface of ordinary steel wire rope is often confined to a single firm in each strand, causing excessive wear of the exposed wire. A Birmingham firm has produced an improved form of rope in which the strands are flattened. This shape considerably increases the wearing surface, making it possible to use much smaller wire, and give greater flexibility to the rope with diminished brittleness of the wires while in use.—Ohio State Journal.

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\$10.00 Will buy a Fine Light Color Overcoat, Silk Lined, with a Soft, Shiny Lining.  
\$10.00 Will buy an Extra Fine Imported Fancy Worsted Double Coat, Cords, or Wide Wale Suit, Sack or Gaiter.  
\$11.33 Will buy a Good Serviceable, Child Suit, age 10 to 14 years.  
\$5.00 Will buy a Child's Fine All-Wool Dress Suit, an unequalled assortment, all Shades, 4 to 12 years.  
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