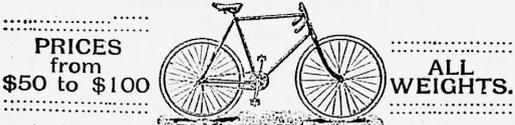


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GET OUR PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

THE TIMES and "Farm News" or "Womankind" one dollar one year.

IN THE SUMMER EVENING.

When we tended the fields of the happy old farm,
The hours would travel so slow!
The sun seemed to pause by some wondrous charm
That Joshua knew long ago!
But after awhile came the shades from the hill:
Then the sunset and glowing moon,
And onward we trudged to the musing-bird's trill.
When the time to cease working came on,
The whippoorwill dreamed in the thicket so late,
And the cricket chirped out by the wheat:
The cattle stood lowing beside the farm gate,
And a milk song rose low and sweet,
The summer air full of the roses that grew
And glowed in the twilight, so sweet;
And neither would meet us in welcome, we knew,
When the time to cease working came on.

When the time to cease working came on,
We are toiling on still, yet in different ways
From the ones where we labored when young,
And not with the pleasure we knew in the days
When hope all her angles sang.
The hours are longer, it seems, than then,
But the toiling will sometimes be done,
And peace once again will be ours as when
The time to cease working came on.

—Will T. Hale.

THE IDEAL HEAD.

HELLO! What's this? John Ainsworth picked up a gold cross which was lying on the sidewalk outside his office door. Being intent on his morning duties, he put it in his waistcoat pocket without further thought, for he was a busy man, the editor of a great daily paper. Why, then, did he suddenly notice which was not spent in the sanctum of his office was devoted to his snug rooms in a large apartment house; it was there that he gained what little rest and pleasure his busy life afforded him. John Ainsworth was in every way a man of culture and refinement, with very little fondness for society. In fact, he had studiously avoided the other residents of the house, and, perhaps, it was for that reason that he scorned the elevator, preferring to bound up the marble stairs to his cozy rooms on the fifth floor. "What a splendidly amused his young brother, Elliott, who shared his home and any other comforts that the gods or John provided. Elliott was a happy-go-lucky artist, whose profession had not as yet brought him an income.

John was astonished to hear his name from her lips and to have her refer to the sketch she had made of him as an "ideal head." "It is a great pleasure for me to have been of any service to you. I am only sorry that I should have unwittingly kept it from you so long."

"Oh, that is all right, Mr. Ainsworth. I hope now that we have met we may be friends. Your brother and I often met in the elevator, and, though we only nod and smile, I feel that we are old acquaintances."

"Yes; let us be friends."

Two months later at the spring exhibition of water-colors the persons stood before a painting which was catalogued as an "ideal head."

"It is very like—yes, very like," said the elder of the two young men. "There is only one thing lacking—the golden cross—for that, you know, is what brought me my wealth."

"Hush, John, dear, who is the girl who looked so like the picture?"

"All right, old fellow, I'll put in the cross; you always get everything you want," the younger man said, rather wistfully, as he moved on, apparently much interested in a large painting nearby, leaving the other two standing close together, each with more beautiful pictures in each other's eyes than ever hung on any wall.

Meat of Small-nerf Cake.

Small-nerf cake has been found, especially in Russia, one of the best auxiliary foods. As early as the year 1863 about 100,000 cwt. of small-nerf cake (oil of the seeds of Helianthus annuus) were manufactured in Russia, and its amount has increased year by year, it being esteemed as a very palatable alimentary food. It was formerly obtained by hydraulic means; the resulting cake is harder than any other variety of cake, and for this reason apparently it has not found a wider application. Denmark and the northern countries import large quantities annually, as do also the eastern provinces of Germany. The small-nerf cake is a most nutritious and easily digested food, and has been successfully sold by several manufacturers there. It is still unknown in Southern and Western Germany; now, however, that it is put on the market in the form of meal it will doubtless soon find a general application, suited, as it is, both on account of its composition and pleasant taste, for fattening cattle. The percentage of proteid varies between about thirty to forty-four per cent, the fat between about nine to eighteen per cent. It is possible to prepare two qualities, one rich in proteid and fat, and the other rich in fat and poor in proteid. When, for example, the somewhat flinty ground meal is sifted, employing a mesh of 1 mm., that which passed through is much richer in proteid and poorer in fat than the original, while the reverse is true of that which remains in the sieve.—Scientific American.

Willard \$1000 for her Carrol.

Widow Mary Jean Bradford, of Boston, was a devoted lover of her parrot. The widow has lately died, leaving a will, dated January 1, 1891, which was probated yesterday, and which contains this curious provision: "I give \$1000 in trust to G. H. Pierce, to be invested in good mortgage or mortgages, and the income thereof to be paid to the person who may take care of my parrot, and the bird shall be the best of care and be kindly treated; must not be put into a store or public place."—Hartford Times.

blantly as he manufactured this weak explanation. "You remember last night must have been too much for you, then? I should have supposed you would have slept off the effects. At my rate, as this is a fine morning, let us walk on down town. I'd like to take you in to see some water colors at Brown's."

"Speaking about water colors, what are you making out with that heat? You won't sell it, will you?"

"Will I? Won't I, if I can find any patron of art who appreciates it to the tune of \$100 or so? This art for art's sake is all very poetical, but the time is coming, my boy, when I must earn my living."

John looked at his brother in surprise, but Elliott continued: "You know, I can't always expect to live on your bounty, Jack. You may be wishing to marry some day yourself."

"I don't know about that. We are all liable to tubercular, but don't let that head of Brown's anyway. I want it, and if I take it you can show it at the spring exhibition, and perhaps gain glory, if not wealth. And I'll supply the funds, old chap, till your pictures bring your own price, which will be very gratified if you ever than you think if you can make more ideal heads like this last one."

The subject was settled in John's way, which was always the best way, though Elliott really wondered a little at John's fancy for the ideal head.

QUEEREST OF FOLK.

WONDERFUL NEW MEXICAN CITY OF ACOMA.

Probably Built Centuries Before the Discovery of America—Peculiar Construction of the Houses.

THE most wonderful city of the world is in New Mexico, only a few miles from Acoma, or Laguna, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. It had been in existence hundreds of years when Columbus discovered America. Acoma, for such is its name, is perched upon the level summit of a great rock, whose perpendicular sides are nearly 400 feet above the surrounding country, and reached by some of the most difficult paths ever trodden by man. The feet of generations have worn the narrow six inches into the solid sandstone.

The Acomas now number 600 souls. Upon their seventy acres of rock they have six communal houses, each three stories high, besides a church of enormous dimensions. The inhabitants have cut out of the toilsome trails every article of the daily life, from which the buildings were constructed, and besides this the graveyard consumed forty years in being completed by reason of the necessity for bringing earth from the plain below. All supplies at the present day, even to the water, are brought in the same way.

The architecture of Acoma is as strange as its location. The houses are all terraced, so that they resemble flights of stone steps, or Egyptian pyramids on a small scale. In each dozen feet back from the front of the town, thus leaving a broad stair to walk the whole length. The third story is similarly placed upon the second. There are no doors on the lower walls of the houses, nor stairs inside. To get into the first story one must first climb to the top of the rock, and then descend to the second-story room, and a trap-door in its floor and back down another ladder.

All these houses are of stone masonry, in spite of the fact that the builders had no metal tools for dressing the stone. Instead, they chose rock which broke naturally in a very sharp desired, and laid it in a very durable mortar made from mud. So neatly was their work done that the outer faces of the buildings are as smooth as a board.

The rafters are straight pine sticks, stripped of their bark, and above them is a roof of smaller sticks of straw and clay. The combination is perfectly water-tight. The windows are very small, and until glass was introduced the panes were made of translucent gypsum. The finishing touch is to add a clay and whitewash with them with a preparation of gypsum. This whitewash gives a pearly tinge to a distance the appearance of being built of marble.

Acoma is simply a type of twenty-six inhabited pueblo towns now existing in New Mexico and Arizona, and containing a population of 30,000 souls. The nineteen pueblos of New Mexico are scattered up and down the Rio Grande Valley from Taos, the most northern, to Isleta, which is just south of Albuquerque. Then they extend westward, along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, to near the Arizona border, the last of these in this direction being the far-named Zuni. The seven pueblos in Arizona are close together in the northern part, the inhabitants being collectively called Mogons.

The origin of the Pueblos has never been explained. A profound interest has been taken in them. But one thing is well settled—they and the cave or cliff dwellers are one and the same people. The latter have not vanished as was once supposed. Their descendants are with us to-day.

The ancestors of the Pueblos were probably the earliest inhabitants of this continent. The remains of their forts, towns and stupendous irrigating canals are thickly scattered over New Mexico and Arizona, and indicate that the population was teeming.

The Pueblo Indians now live in much the same way as did their forefathers when first discovered by the Spaniards, 350 years ago. Years ago their lands, which they hold in common, were granted them by Mexico, and at the close of the Mexican War these grants were confirmed by the United States. They are quite self-supporting and should receive credit being but themselves be blessed from the earth they would jog along without concern.

The basis of society is not the family, as with us, but the clan. The number of clans in a pueblo town varies from six to sixteen, every individual belonging to one. A man cannot marry a woman of the same clan; he must go outside.

Still stranger is the law of descent. With civilized people it is from the father; with Pueblos from the mother. Children take the name of their mother. Furthermore, the house is in charge of the women exclusively, and everything within it, the men, clothing and weapons excepted, he, belonging to the housekeeper. If once housed, the crops are hers. As long as they are in the field the man may consult the women on any matter of the common household, but in the same manner. Only when the man kills game when out alone is it his.

The Pueblo woman is an excellent housewife, and her home is a model of neatness. Her men are usually made up of blankets, of her own making, and are not unknown, but often the blankets will be neatly folded and laid in a corner in the daytime and spread upon the floor at night. Nearly every room has its dome-shaped fire-place, in which a fire of wood or brush is kept burning. These fires are much larger, and are frequently placed out of doors.

The cooking fireplaces must not be confused with the estufa, which are found in every pueblo. The estufa is a circular structure, rising a few feet above the ground. Like the upper part of a sunken cylinder. Its flat top is reached by rough steps of

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

What Turned Her Head—Sheriff Will Wipe Out the Gang—An Indignity—The Unhappy Groom, Etc.

She had a lovely neck,
And everybody said—
Who, indeed, might doubt it?
That that's what turned her head.
—Detroit Tribune.

SHERIFF WILL WIPE OUT THE GANG.
"You say the desperados came in and cleaned out the town?"
"Yes; and now the town people are out scouring the country."—Kansas City Star.

A REWARD OF MERIT.
"Goodluck has had his salary raised; was it for extra work?"
"Yes. He always listens when the proprietor tells his baby's smart sayings."—Trib-Bits.

SHE WOULD NOT BE FLATTERED.
Gent.—"Mademoiselle looks more beautiful every day."
Lady.—"You have been telling me so for a good many years; what a horrible fright I must have been to start with!"—Illustration.

THE KING OF CONQUEST.
"It is the King of Unquiquy ever invited us?" asked Great Britain.
"Never," replied the warrior.
"Well, go out and irritate him a bit. He's got some ground that I'd like to own."—Washington Star.

THE UNHAPPY GROOM.
Friend.—"What makes you write all the time?"
Groom-elect.—"Frustrating how to write Jibson and wife on a hotel register without having the clerk ask me if we're newly married."—Syracuse Post.

NO MISUNDERSTANDING.
"So the insolent fellow refused to pay his rent!"
"He did not say so in words, but he intimated it."
"How so?"
"He kicked me downstairs."—Trib-Figaro.

SOMETIMES THE WAY.
"Who's this man who has grown so rich in your ward?"
"Oh, that's Skayto, an ignorant sort of fellow."
"And the man who's bankrupt?"
"That's Muzzles, the eminent authority on financing."—Chicago Record.

A TRUTHFUL SAYING.
"Well," muttered the collector, as he sank wearily into a chair and turned to his employer, "there is one old saying that I can vouch for."
"What is it?"
"The one that says: 'You never find a man out till you trust him.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

A THEORY INDORSER.
"What the Indian means," said the eminent sociologist, "is a rational system of supervision."
"That's right," replied the man who has lived in the West; "what the Indian means is getting his rations to 'im reg'lar an' enough of 'em."—Washington Star.

THOSE MURDERED ORATORS.
"I enjoyed your lecture on the financial issue very much," said the citizen to the orator, "but would like to ask you one question."
"Certainly," said the orator; "go ahead."
"What side of the question are you on?"—Chicago Record.

AN INDIGNITY.
Warden.—"Well, what's the trouble?"
Prisoner.—"I've been unjustly humiliated. I am serving a term for not being able to account for \$3,500,000, and you've put me in a cell with a man who is doing time for counterfeiting nickles."—San Francisco Examiner.

ONE OF THE 630 AN INTERNATIONAL REJNE.

In the Hoag's Gallery of the Secret Service Bureau of the Treasury Department is the card photograph of a once famous country singer, and it is made to serve a long term in the penitentiary. The face of that of a rather plain-looking man of about forty-five, with the sort of face that impresses because of a look of fearlessness unmingled with boldness.

The photograph is that of a German who served the British Army as a private and passed through one of the most exciting events of the Crimean War. He was a member of the famous Light Brigade, the immortal 600 that rode into the valley of death in the charge of the Russian position, and one of the few that survived that terrible engagement. He was distinguished by the British Government, but went to the bad, and even after his experience in the United States committed a similar crime in Germany and was again sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.—Washington Post.

JAPANESE SHOP.

The Japanese shop is like a big and high ornamental box, with one side tucked out—the other side is the street. Especially valuable goods are not exposed in the shops, but kept in godowns or safe deposit vaults, to be brought out when wanted, but in most shops the whole stock can be seen from the street. If the purchaser has a list of things he wants, he goes to the edge of the floor, which projects over the street—there is no sidewalk and calls for what he wants. For purchases of greater moment he enters the shop, sits cross-legged, and is treated to tea by the salesman.

Not only customers see whatever goes on in a Japanese shop, but even a home there is no privacy. If it is night, and the sliding shutters of oiled paper are drawn, the lamp light throws strong shadows of the people within on the opaque shades, and shows precisely what all are doing. Some say that this lack of privacy encourages in the Japanese their polite ways. They are always on their good behavior.—New York Recorder.

BUDGET OF FUN.

"I am but one," he urged.
"I know it," rejoined the Arctic polo player, "but if I admit you there'll be all the way from fourteen to 160 relief expeditions after you, and our people will know no such thing as privacy."
Of course, it was nobody's business, but he did not mind saying he was not born yesterday.—Detroit Tribune.

THE NOVELIST'S REFEUCE.
"Can't bring my fagged-out fancy up to the point of portraying the enlivening love scene between the hero and heroine of this story," soliloquized the gifted novelist, "and I'll just say 'the interview between Roderick and Penelope, those true hearts so sorely tried, now so happily reunited at last, may be safely left to the reader's imagination.' This may be a little disappointing to the reader, but it flatters him and saves his ink. There's cheating in all trades, but ours," continued the gifted novelist, making a row of stars across the page, and writing a quotation from Byron and adding the words: "The end."—Chicago Tribune.

STILL ROOM FOR RESEARCH.
"What is this new substance that I hear so much about?" asked the eminent scientist's wife.
"What new substance, my dear?"
"The element in the air that has just been detected."
"Oh, that, my dear," he answered, beaming over his spectacles with the good nature of superior wisdom, "is known as Argon."
"Oh."
"Yes. Its discovery is one of the most remarkable triumphs of the age. It has revolutionized some of the old theories; and at least it will revolutionize them before it gets through."
"What is it?"
"It's—er—a—did you say 'what is it?'"
"I said that."
"Well—ahem—you see, we haven't as yet discovered much about it except its name."—Washington Star.

After-Dinner Naps.
There is quite a difference of opinion among researchers as to the usefulness of the after-dinner nap. Some of these people claim that the merest dropping of sleep is much better than the heavy, undisturbed repose in which some temperaments seem inclined to indulge.

In this matter, as in almost everything else in the world, the difference in constitution, condition and circumstances is lost sight of. As a general rule, it may be said that whoever falls asleep and sleeps long and heavily does so because the system has need of that sort of rest. Sleep is a commodity that does not come by itself, but on the most imperative demand of nature. People who work hard, either mentally or physically, who are in any way overtaxed or exhausted by effort of any kind, must in some way restore the nervous balance, and in no way is this so good as a splendorous doze as by long continuing and undisturbed sleep, if the individual can indulge in it.

There are few things more coveted than the ability to sleep quietly and naturally, and it is very rare in lead that one gets too much of this kind of repose.

To be sure, there are persons of sluggish habit and people who are given to over-indulgence at the table which is productive of inaction and an almost continuous sleepy condition, but these are exceptions rather than the rule. The masses of people sleep too little, and it is a cardinal duty, while, save in exceptional cases, to curtail the hours that nature demands for this most efficient means of restoration. Above all things should children and young persons, those under twenty especially, be given all the opportunity consistent with their occupation and education for a good night's sleep. The fact that nature demands a thing is most excellent reason for granting it. "Forty winks" may do very well for some temperaments, but it is by no means to be recommended to persons who are in any degree weary or overworked.—New York Ledger.

BUDGET OF FUN.

BEAN BRUNNEL'S PRACTICAL JOE.

Bean Brunnel once met at a public dinner a prominent old French Marquis, and managed to put in a few powderful sugar into his hair powder. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the flies, of course, numerous. The Marquis relinquished his knife and fork to drive off the enemy with his handkerchief, but took the whole swarm of more annoying than ever. Not a wing was missing. A friend of the company who was not in the secret could not help wondering at the phenomenon, as the buzzing growl and louder every moment. Matters grew still worse, when the "sugar" melting, poured down the Frenchman's brow and fast tickled streams, for his tormentors then changed their ground of action, and having thus found a more vulnerable part, nearly drove him mad with their stings. Unable to bear it any longer, he clasped his head with both hands, and rushed out of the room in a cloud of powder, followed by his persevering tormentors and the laughter of the company.—New York Herald.

A DEAF AND DUMB FAKIR'S (Clever Scheme)

A deaf and dumb fakir who peddles blacking made a strike at the Buffalo Gymnasium yesterday by the cleverly indicated by leading his mops that he knew it was an athletic store. Then he went through the motions of the leading sports. He boxed an imaginary opponent, played a visionary game of handball, pulled the weights, used the rowing machine, and went through all the other exercises in dumb show, finishing up with a sub-down. The men present were so pleased with the exhibition that they bought the deaf mute's entire stock. One of the spectators who had seen the fakir before said that in bakris he went through the motions of making bread, mixed drugs in pharmacies and drew cold water in early stores. It is a clever scheme.—Buffalo Enquirer.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HONESTLY WON.
"How did you get your title of 'General'?" asked the hero-worshipping girl.
"I cut my way to it," was the proud reply.
"In the field?"
"No; in Bill Wiggins's hotel. There was only two men in our town that had ever been in the army at all, so we eat the cards to see which should be 'General' and which 'Colonel.'"—Washington Star.

THE DELIVER.

The Pueblo chiefman was as hard as to his heart as the bergs of his native fastnesses.

"Back," he commanded.

The explorer was loath to parley.

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