The Ellicott City Times.

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522

West Lexington Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Eating House & Restaurant.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his many friends and patrons of HOWARD COUNTY that he has removed from 512 West Lexington street, where he had been located for many years, to

622 WEST LEXINGTON ST.,

which he has purchased and newly furnished throughout.

I am better prepared to serve my customers with

MEALS AND LODGING

than ever before. The BAR will maintain its old reputation, being supplied with the

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Respectfully,

LOUIS ZITZER, Proprietor.
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Undertaker and Embalmer,

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Appointments first-class and satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. B. STANSFIELD, Agent,
Harrisonville Branch.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

HONOR dresses in homespun.

In faith lies victory.

Secrecy is sin's coat of mail.

Pride is the national pickpocket.

Wearing finery unpaid for is respectability gone jailward.

While wealth lifts one person heavenward, it sinks a thousand.

Fame's rack-track runs across the rights of men.

Safety and success are the ends of all wise counsel.

God can make the night side of our life a bright side.

Atheistic law is a full-grown orphan lost in the woods.

Temptation is not dangerous until you want to yield.

Society's glowworms always shine with a sickly light.

A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together.

Judgment and decision are man's great wheels of fortune.

The merry-hearted have a fortune that thieves cannot steal.

The good man's life is like the spark that is brightest at the close.

Nothing is so pleasing or so horrid as the music of your own harp.

The devil makes his visits when the temperature is at blood-heat.

The moral training of the little child is the future hope of the nation.

Earth has no brighter blossom than the little child smiling through rags.

Fashion rules the largest empire and collects her tax in gold and blood.

An hour of careful thinking is worth more than ten of careless talking.

Fighting for a creed is carnality; contending for the faith is spirituality.

THE MUSIC OF THE MARCH.

Merrily beat the drums as the brave boys march away;
Merrily, merrily, merrily the silver bugles play;
And ho! for war and victory! the brave shall win the day—
Merrily, merrily march the boys where the red flag waves the way!

Mournfully beat the drums when the brave boys march away
From the red and trampled battlefield where the dying gasp and pray;
And ho! for homes left desolate and hearts that weep alway—
Mournfully, mournfully beat the drums, and the drooped flags drape the day!

THE TRADER'S WIFE.

A Tale of the Philippines.

THE inference natural but, no, she is not my wife," said the old trader, as he glanced at the pretty young Philippine woman who had just entered and greeted the strange papalangi with a graceful talofa alii.

He was not at all offended at my random suggestion. It was quite excusable, for in these regions a trader without a native wife is a phenomenon. But I might, if I had used my faculties of observation, have known better. There was no trace of womanly care in the dingy, unkempt little dining room; the wooden walls were dirty and bare of adornment, the table was littered with old books and ragged, much worn newspapers, while the floor looked as if it were a stranger to the broom.

I watched the girl closely, but the trader took no notice, he seemed absorbed in his sului, or native cigarette, which gave forth great clouds of smoke at each vigorous puff. The lithe, slender wrists, with muscles like fine drawn wire, were wringing out the fau, or strainer of bark fibre, with which the pounded kava roots is separated from the water. The vise-like grip on the fibre never ceased until every drop of juice had been expressed, and then, with a pretty, graceful gesture, she tossed the strainer over her shoulder to a boy standing outside, who shook the dry dust free, and threw it back.

Again and again the process was repeated. With the utmost care every grain of sediment was drawn from the bowl, and the dark brown liquid, nauseous but refreshing, was ready.

The first cup seemed to arouse the old man's dormant loquacity.

"She is a strange girl," he remarked, letting his eyes rest for a moment on the kava maiden. "Not like any of the other Malays. I can't make her out. She never goes gadding about with the other girls nor flirts with the young men. She just stays quietly at home and refuses all the suitors who ask for her hand. She might have been married a dozen times during the past year had she chosen."

"Perhaps——" and I hesitated.

He nodded. "Yes, perhaps she has an eye on this establishment."

There was no trace of unseemly levity in his tone. I waited in respectful silence, for he was one of those kindly gentlemen who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and I knew that he would, if left to do it in his own way, tell me the tragedy of his life.

He took another bowl of kava, rolled a fresh cigarette and sighed. I smoked patiently. Then he rose, and, opening a small writing desk which stood in a corner, drew from it an old and faded photograph.

"There is my wife," he said.

it was just an ordinary common picture, taken by a cheap photographer, and, thanks to the climate, rapidly fading into obscurity. One could make out the features or a Malay woman, rather stout and showily dressed, a baby in her arms and a little girl of about two years holding on by the skirts.

As a work of art it was beneath contempt, but the old man handled it reverently, and, before he spoke again, laid the picture back in in its receptacle.

"It's fading quickly," he remarked sorrowfully, "though I keep it from the light all I can. It was taken by a traveling photographer in New Britain just before——. But it's all I have left of her. There's only the boy and I alone now."

A smile lit up his thin face. "Here he is," he exclaimed, as a fine little fellow of about ten years rushed into the room. "Faa-mole-mole, pa," began the youngster, in that strange mixture of Samoan and English which half-caste boys speak in this country. Then he stopped, noticing my presence.

"All right, Jacky," said the father, giving the curly head a kindly pat, "go and say talofa to the gentleman." And bashfully the boy, who had not seen a strange white man for months, held out his hand, and then took the first opportunity of escaping from the room to join his playmates.

"He's all I have left," continued the trader, "and I'm doing my best to bring him up as an Englishman. But what can I do here? He must play with the Samoan boys, or with no one, and I cannot afford to send him away to school. The little girl's better off; she's gone with a missionary to Sydney, and he takes good care of her. She'll grow up into a white lady, I suppose, some day and won't know her old father."

There was a long pause, and we drank more kava and smoked in silence. Then the old gentleman became reminiscent.

"She was three years old when the old woman died, and the boy here—well, he could just toddle about, holding on to his mother's skirts. There were some who blamed me for taking her to that outlandish New Britain, where the people are real savages, and not civilized like here. But what was I to do? I'd been trading for McAlister & Co.—you've heard of them, I suppose?—when the firm broke up, and I was left stranded on the beach. I hadn't had a chance to save much, and there was the wife and child to keep. When I got the offer to go to New Britain and open up some new trading stations, I jumped at it, without thinking overmuch of the risk.

"I was a fool, I know, and now, if I could only take it all back." He took another cup of kava to hide his emotion.

I could think of nothing appropriate to say, so I sat and waited, while the girl, squatting on the floor, looked up in her master's face and thoughtfully began to prepare a second bowl of kava.

At last he resumed the broken narrative: "We got on all right as long as we were at the head station, where there were several whites, and the natives had, in a way, learned some manners. But when I went away to distant parts of the isle to open up new stations I began to feel sorry that I'd brought the missus with me. But she would not hear of going back, not she; she swore she'd stick to me through thick and thin, and so she did till the end.

"But to cut a long story short. We opened up three or four stations safely enough. We used to go, just ourselves, in a boat with our box of trade and a crew of four boys from the Duke of York's isle. They were more afraid of being eaten than we were, so they stuck to us pretty close.

"It was the cheek of the thing that did it, and I wonder now, when I look back, that we were not killed and cooked a dozen times over. The natives simply could not understand a white man coming among them like that all alone, and they were so astonished that they forgot to attack us.

"They were a poor lot of savages, and if you gave one of them a piece of print he would hang it around his neck and walk away as proud as Punch. They were always fighting among themselves, and thought no more of killing a man than we would of shooting a pigeon. Why, I've seen a young fellow executed there just for stealing a cocoanut off a chief's tree, and if they had dared they would have killed me just as readily for the sake of my trade.

"They hadn't much to buy goods with, either, a little copra and some beche-demer and pearl shells. They wanted axes and tomahawks and knives, but most of all they wanted tobacco pipes, common clay pipes. What they did with them I don't know, for they did not buy any tobacco. Kept them as a sort of idol or fetish, I suppose. They would sell everything they had to get a pipe, and especially a black one, and it was because of those cursed pipes that I lost my wife and nearly lost my own life, too. Perhaps it might have been as well," he added, despondently.

"Nonsense, man," I interposed, as cheerfully as I could, "but how did it happen; tell me about it."

"It was the fourth place I was at, I think, a wild part, where no missionary had ever dared to set his foot. We were a long way from the main station, and I had to depend upon myself entirely. It was up at the head of a deep bay, and there were a lot of mangroves, I remember, growing along the beach, and then you went up a steep bank ten or twelve feet high, on top of which was the village.

"Well, the chief was very glad to see me; he said they wanted a white trader badly, and invited me to stop. So I pitched on a likely spot in the middle of a grove of palms, close to the beach, you may be sure. We soon ran up a rough bamboo house, and I got the wife and children, for there were two by this time, into it. Then we carried the goods ashore, hauled up the boat and I sat down to wait for my customers.

"I might have been waiting till this day, for all the business I did. The chief was very pleasant and fair spoken and took all the presents I gave him with the greatest condescension. But when it came to trading I found the people were so poor that they'd nothing to trade with. I got about a hundred pounds of copra and a little pearl shell in a week, that was all. I soon made up my mind that the place was not good enough for my business, and besides, from one or two little things I'd noticed, I came to the conclusion that it would be healthier to leave as soon as possible.

"It would not do, I knew, to appear in a hurry to get away, so I took matters easily, and gradually packed up the trade and got everything ready for starting. But, quiet as I was about it, the natives were too smart for me. They saw what I was up to, and the word went round the village that the white men was not to be allowed to go away and to take all that lovely trade with him. I was in a tight place, and I knew it, and the boat's crew just sat shivering in their naked feet, for they felt that their fate would be the same as mine.

"But the old woman was not afraid at all. It was wonderful the way she kept up, with the two babies to look after and all cooking and work of the house to do. As for me, I was pretty well worn out with watching, and did not get a wink of sleep for three nights. The natives would come around friendly enough during the daytime and look at our goods, and we had to treat them pleasant, for it would never do to let them see that we were afraid. But at night we had to be all on guard, for we never knew at what moment a rush might be made. I had raised a kind of rough stockade of bamboo about the house, and within this I posted the four men of the crew, each with a Snider, I had a Winchester myself, but what good would these arms be if the natives should make a rush in a body on us? I didn't dare sleep, I can tell you. I was up and around every few minutes to see that the guards were awake and keeping a bright lookout. At last, on the third night, we had everything packed and I made up my mind to start at once. The boys got the whaleboat out from the shed under which she had been lying, and together we pushed her down the steep bank into the bay. But we had no sooner launched her than she filled, the water was up to her thwarts, and there was nothing for it but to haul her ashore again.

"I could not make it out at all, for a week she had been a perfectly sound and seaworthy boat, and I knew she could not have dried up so much in the time. Still there was no doubt about her leaking, and I soon found out the reason. Those devils of natives had been at her, and some time, it must have been during the previous night, had managed to knock a lot of holes in her bottom. They were quiet over the work, too, for, though the boat was close by, we never heard a sound. They had stayed in the planks with the heads of their stone axes. It was a good job I had not sold them any iron tomahawks, or else the boat would have been cut to pieces beyond repair. It was bad enough, but, as the wrecked craft lay there in the mangrove swamp, I saw a glimmer of hope. If we could patch her up we might still get away. If we couldn't—well, I knew none of us would see another dawn. It was touch and go, but there was just a chance. I posted the men on guard all around the palisade, with strict injunctions to fire at every native they saw approaching. Then the wife and I, and she was a brave little woman, set to work. We collected all the old meat tins we could find about the place, and, as we had been living on nothing but tinned stuff for the past week, there were plenty. I made a fire and melted the solder out of the tins, so that I had a number of strips of clean metal to use as patches.

"It was hard work, I can tell you, lying on my back in the mud amid the prickly mangrove stumps, nailing little bits of tin on each broken place. We put the children to sleep in the bottom of the boat, while my wife held the candle for me. How many hours I toiled I don't know, but I thought I would never have finished. Now and again an alligator—and they are plenty in those parts—would crawl out of the water to see what was going on, or perhaps in search of his supper, but the wife would dash the light in his face, and he would go back quicker than he came.

"The first flush of dawn was in the sky by the time I had finished. I was stiff and sore and worn out, but there was no time to think about these things. We launched the boat, and she seemed pretty tight, so I bade the men bundle the trade boxes into her and make ready to shove off, while the wife and I went up to the house to get a few little personal effects we had not yet carried down to the beach.

"I remember, just as well as if I could see it now, scrambling up the slippery bank and making our way to the little house. We were careless, perhaps, but we did not anticipate any attack. I walked straight up to the hut. The door was closed, and I was going to push it open when my wife, who was just behind, caught me round the waist and threw me backward with all her force. She was a strong woman, and I was weak and tired, and I rolled over like a baby.

"At the same instant she fell, a dozen spears through her body, the door burst open and a crowd of naked savages dashed out and made a rush for the boat. They thought me dead, or badly wounded. I suppose, but at any rate they did not stop to look, they were in such a hurry to get the goods, and the oversight saved my life. I yelled out to the boat's crew to shove off, and then I crawled up to where my wife was lying. It was all over with her, I could see at a glance, and all she could whisper was 'Vave, vave, run quick and save yourself!'

"Perhaps I should have stayed. I do not know, but at any rate I had no time to reason over the matter. There were the savages coming back from beach full of rage and disappointment at finding the boat out of their reach. I crawled to the right and made a circle round to gain the shore, and luckily I got away unobserved. The boat was lying a hundred yards off. Fortunately the men had had the sense to wait and see if we escaped. I swam off to them and found the children all well, and the native boys shivering with fear. But a kick or two soon roused them, and I had the boat pulled as close in shore as I dared.

"The savages were rushing about and shouting and making a tremendous row. Evidently they were searching for me, and they had lit great torches of dry cocoanut leaves, which showed them up as bright as day. This was just what I wanted, for I emptied my rifle into the midst of them, and the boys gave them a volley with theirs. They scattered like magic in every direction. I made a rush up the shore and carried the wife down, for I was beginning by this time to feel a bit ashamed of myself for having left her so quickly. But what could I do? My gun was in the boat, and if I had stopped I should only have been killed, too, and the children would have been left without a father. I found her lying in the same spot, but she was dead, and the wretches had even tied her up ready to carry her away.

"By the time I had lain her in the boat it was nearly daylight, and I thought I would wait a bit and see it through. My blood was up, and I felt ready for any devilment. I took a big drink of schnapps and gave the boys a strong dose, too. This, as they were not used to liquor, made them quite mad, and they wanted to land at once and wipe out the whole settlement. But I thought it wise to rest awhile, and, with my rifle on my knee, I sat still and looked at the dead woman as she lay on the bottom boards of the boat, and at the little children sleeping so peacefully by her side. We pulled the boat off just out of range of their spears. By and by, when the sun was up, a great big savage stole down to the beach to have a look around and I potted him as neatly as I would have done a wild pig.

"Then another and another, until they begin to see that the business was a dangerous one, and gave it up. Having scared them sufficiently, we anchored the boat close in and waded ashore. It took me half a day to do it, but I cleaned that town out thoroughly. Their houses were little bits of huts—not like our fine dwellings—raised off the ground on poles, and each fenced in as if they were always afraids of attacks. Most of the people had cleared out into the bush, but any that I found I shot, and I burned every hut in the place. I don't think they will forget me there in a hurry. Next day I buried my wife at the head station, and resigned my billet. I had had enough of New Britain."

The old man stopped suddenly. "Pass the kava silei," he said to the girl, who was still squatting patiently on the floor. "And now you will understand, young man, why I do not wish to marry again."—Denver Republican.

The Uses of Scrap Iron.

Scrap iron commands a relatively higher price than borings and turnings, for foundries fitted up to use pig iron can very conveniently make use of large pieces of scrap iron for melting, and thus its market is less restricted. Borings and turnings labor under another disadvantage, however, for, in comparison with the larger pieces of waste iron, the former are impure. Stored on the floor under the machines they are exposed to the accumulation of dust from the floor, dirty waste used by the workmen to wipe oil from their hands, tools carelessly thrown down and forgotten in the rush of work, rubbish of every sort, and brass or lead filings from the finishing departments. This accumulation of impurity entails a loss in iron of from ten to twenty per cent. in weight to the purchaser, hence their lower price.

There are a round dozen of large scrap iron dealers in New York, who employ from ten to twelve workmen and drivers each, and in addition to these many smaller fry who, with their own horse and truck, and perhaps a poorly paid helper, keep soul and body together, and sometimes make enough to feed their horses, by buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest markets the small lots of borings and scrap iron they are able to haul.—New York Times.

Homemade Ice.

A small ice machine for the household, which in fifteen minutes will furnish a small cake of pure ice, consist of a double sheet and metal cylinder, covered on the outside with a protective layer of asbestos for the purpose of heating insulation, and hung in sockets by two central pivots. The receptacle is filled with distilled water up to within a half inch from the top, and, after the rubber washer and metal cover are adjusted, it is tightly closed down with a screw. The cylinder is then turned around once and the other cover unfastened. This permits the filling of the space between the double wall of the outer cylinder with chemicals used for generating the cold temperature—in this case an ammonium salt and water. After turning the cylinder around rapidly for about fifteen minutes the inner receptacle is withdrawn from the cylinder, held for a minute in hot water, and upon being opened a piece of ice exactly the shape of the inner wall will slide out without trouble. Another round cylinder is provided for the quick cooling of any fluid. The salt may be crystallized out and used over and over again.—London Review.

An Unexpected Answer.

A Philadelphia paper tells of a girl wearing pretty gowns and bonnets who tried to train her large primary class in a mission-school in habits of systematic and intelligent giving. Their offerings were sent to the support of a little Chinese girl in the home in San Francisco, and often and patiently did the teacher go over the story of the little girl rescued from a home of cruelty and neglect, and tell the children how their pennies helped to teach her about Jesus. They listened with apparent interest and understanding. One Sunday, to make sure that her words sunk into comprehending hearts, she inquired: "Now, children, what do I do with this money you bring every Sunday?" An unexpected stillness was the only answer. Surprised, she repeated her answer: "This money, you know, that you bring every Sunday. I have often told you; now, who can tell me what I do with it?" One shrill voice replied: "Yer buy yer hats with it!"—New York Tribune.

Teaching Canaries to Sing.

The poor canaries! They have been envied by little girls who had to take music lessons from time immemorial. They have been imitated by whistling boys. And now, if you please, they have to go to school to be taught to sing.

It is a German who has devised this form of torture for the poor birds that never did any harm to him. He is teaching four hundred of them now by a process not unlike that of a steam boiler factory.

Young canaries, he says, will not sing except by imitation. So he has arranged a cylinder to give forth sounds which they can imitate. It has an air tank. Water forces the air up through a number of pipes which are placed inside the cylinder, and in this way sounds resembling the trills of the canary are created.

Reindeer as Racers.

The popularity of horse racing in Russia is seriously threatened by the introduction of the reindeer as the rival of the horse. The reindeer is among the swiftest of quadrupeds and can outstrip the swiftest of horses. It is estimated that he could give the fleetest Derby winner a start of half a mile and beat him easily over the Derby race course, while for a short distance he reaches a speed of sixty miles an hour. A St. Petersburg merchant has constructed a special course for this new sport, and the novel excitement is looked forward to with great eagerness by sport-loving Russians. It is expected that before long reindeer will be harnessed to sleighs and that most exhilarating of pastimes made more exciting still.

Electric Lamps For Policemen.

The police authorities at Scotland Yard have recently been testing a new electric lamp, designed to supersede the "bull's eye." It is said to be the invention of a police constable

POPULAR SCIENCE.

In Scotland last year the birth-rate was 30.5 per thousand, the death-rate 18.7, the marriage-rate 7.3.

The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe in the event of partition, would be about twenty-three and one-half acres.

A mixture of acetylene with oil gas, in the proportion of one to three, has been adopted on the Prussian State railways for lighting cars.

Glaciers vary in length from year to year, and apparently in cycles of years also, those of the Alps having shown a general diminution since 1850.

Surveying by photography is gaining ground. Over 50,000 square miles have been photographically platted and surveyed by the Surveyor General of Canada.

A new German antiseptic, called protargol, is a compound of silver and protein. A one per cent. solution is reported to destroy the bacteria of anthrax and enteric fever.

Variegated plants of almost any species may be produced, in the belief of a German botanist, by grafting upon that species a nearly allied form having colored leaves.

Calcium carbide finds a new application in the treatment of the black rot of grapes, M. G. Rodier having discovered that sprinkling the green grapes with this substance is effective.

The whale's nose is on the top of the head, at least his nostrils are situated there, through which he expels the columns of water known as "spouting." Whales only spout when they are feeding.

An improved match has been produced in Westphalia. It is stated to have a basis of plumbate of lime, and to be free from phosphorus, whose use is so dangerous to the health of employes in match factories.

In the very ancient skulls of Egyptian mummies, the teeth are generally found greatly worn on their masticating surfaces. This, together with the absence of decay, evidences that the possessors must have lived on food that required much mastication.

A Perpetual Cuban Question.

We have had a Cuban question for more than ninety years. At times it has disappeared from our politics, but it has always reappeared. Once we thought it wise to prevent the island from winning its independence from Spain, and thereby perhaps we entered into moral bonds to make sure that Spain governed it decently. But whether we definitely contracted such an obligation or not, the Cuban question has never ceased to give us trouble. The controversies about it make a long series of chapters in one continuous story of diplomatic trouble. Many of our ablest statesmen have had to deal with it as Secretaries of State and as Ministers to Spain, and never one of them has been able to settle it. One President after another has taken it up, and every one has transmitted it to his successor. It has at various times taken a "plank" in the platforms of all our political parties, and it has been the subject of messages of nearly all our Presidents. We have been put to trouble and expense to prevent filibustering, and filibustering has gone on in spite of us. More than once hitherto there has been danger of international conflict, as, for instance, when American sailors on the Virginius were executed in Cuba in 1873. Propositions have been made to buy the island, and plans have been formed to annex it. All the while there have been American interests in Cuba. Our citizens have owned property and made investments there, and done much to develop its fertility. They have paid tribute, unlawful as well as lawful, both to insurgents and to Spanish officials. They have lost property, for much of which no indemnity has been paid. All the while we have had a trade with the island, important during periods of quiet, irritating during periods of unrest.—Atlantic.

England's Oldest Cyclist.

There are some aged cyclists living in this country, but none is as old as England's oldest. This man is more than ninety years of age, and it is said of him that he built the first bicycle "driven within itself instead of by kicking against the ground" (as the hobbyhorse was propelled). His name is Adam Slade and he lives in Twickenham. When a boy he rode a hobbyhorse. Concerning the first bicycle, Mr. Slade recently wrote to the Cyclist as follows:

"Sixty years ago I made a tricycle for a Scotchman—Macmillan by name—to carry his pack. It was made with lancewood wheels, ash frame and pedal levers made to his own plan. He could ride it, but not carry his pack. I saw it at the Stanley show with some others several years ago, and it is still in existence somewhere."

Mr. Slade still enjoys the delights of cycling, as an excerpt from his letter will show. Here it is: "Two and a half years ago Linley and Biggs made me a bicycle which I learned to ride, and am still riding every day. Last summer I took it to Eastbourne. A friend of mine, fifteen years younger than myself, rode his tricycle with me to Pevensey, and had to puff and blow very hard to keep pace with my bike. I once had an omnicycle, kept it for two years, and sold it for $50—and never got the money."—New York Press.

Future Blacksmith Shop.

A blacksmith's shop without a forge may really come to be a popular institution in the near future. The idea originated in Belgium. The metal to be heated is plunged into a metal tub of water, and, apparently with little reason, becomes instantly white hot. As a matter of fact, the metal tub is connected by wire to one pole of a dynamo. The water is acidulated, and when the metal is plunged into the water an arc seems to be established all around the submerged portion, which may then be removed and hammered on an anvil, the same as any ordinarily heated metal.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

Tradesmen Monks.

Most of the monks at King William's Town, Cape Colony, are tradesmen and do their own carpentering, bricklaying, blacksmithing, etc., besides teaching school. All the buildings they occupy were erected by themselves.

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