TIMOTKY! TIMOTKY! TIMOTKY! Choice recleaned, BRIGHT SEED AT LOW-

ESI market price. Orchard Grass-Best Western TURNIP SEED, New Crop, saved from selected transplanted

roots, all at 25 cents per lb. RED TOP WHITE GLOBE, PURPLE TOP FLAT. YELLOW GLOBE, YELLOW ABERDEEN. PURPLE TOP YELLOW RUTA BAGA, ALL AT 25 CENTS PER POUND. CRIMSON CLOVER SEED. RED CLOVER SEED.

NEW YORK FLY FLUID protects Horses, Cows and Dogs from the tor tures of insects. Pint, 25c.; quart, 50e.; gallon, \$1.50.

J. BOLGIANO & SON, 28 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

THE DEMAND Bonnie Doon Flour

GIVE US A TRIAL.

We do merchant and exchange work. Also, pay highest cash price for grain, and have constantly on hand Flour, Meal, Hominy, Cracked Corn and Feed of all Kinds. Thanking our customers for their favors of the past and soliciting their patronage in the future, we remain Very Respectfully.

HERING BROS. Springfield Roller Mills SYKESVILLE, MD.

The Old Dominion Hotel 310 CAMDEN STREET.

Opp. Camden Station, - Baltimore, Md. OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Bar stocked with fine Liquors, Wines and Cigars. Rooms by the day or week at reasonable rates. JAMES M. CROGHAN, Propr. Joyce, can be found behind the bar, where he will be glad to see his many friends.

KEYSTONE * HOUSE. 522 WEST LEXINGTON STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD. EATING HOUSE AND RESTAURANT MEALS AND LODGING.

PRIVATE DINING ROOM FOR LADIES. The Bar Supplied with the Finest LIQUORS ALES AND BEER. 1 extend a Cordial Invitation to call and see the Finest Restaurant in the West End. Respectfully, Respectfully, CHAS E. ZITZER,

E. B. McDONALD. LIQUOR STORE AND LUNCH ROOM.

FILLICOTT CITY. Meals at all Hours. The bar stocked with the best Liquors, STABLING FOR HORSES, and TEAMS CARED FOR at Reasonable Rates.

MICHAEL HESS. New Shoe House,

No. 201 N, Eutaw St., 1 DOOR FROM LEXINGTON ST. BALTIMORE, - - MD. Our prices will always be the lowest-It will be to your interest to give us a call. Shoes for Tenderfeet a Specialty

GEORGE PLITT, Central Iron Foundry,

N. E. Cor, Central and Eastern Aves., -BALTIMORE, MD .-VERANDA - RAILING, - CEME-

TERY - WORK, - BUILDING AND IRON WORK IN GENERAL.

Orders by mail promptly attended to, at bottom prices. Estimates given.

JOHN U. O'BRIEN. Main Street, Hear B. & O. Depot, ELLICOTT CITY,

Choice Whiskies, French Bran dies, Gins and Wines. ICE COLD BEER ALWAYS ON DRAUGHT. -SELECT BRANDS OF-

GLOBE BEER AND MILWAUKEE BEER Bottled Beer sold for Family Use. Bass's 333 West Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md. CIGARS AND TOBACCO

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Ornamental Wire Works Ladies and Gentlemen's Dining Rooms DUFUR & CO.,

311 N. HOWARD ST., BALTO. Wire Railing for Cometerles, Lawns Gardens, Offices and Balconies. Window Guards, Tree Guards, Wire Cloth. Sleves, Fenders, Cages, Sand and Coal Screens, Iron Bedsteads, Chairs, Set-

WAGNER'S Green House Restuaran

12 & 14 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD. DINING ROOM FOR LADIES

WM. T. SELBY, Contractor & Builder SYKESVILLE, MD.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. REPAIR WORK SOLICITED.

OLOR and flavor of fruits, size, quality and appearance of vegetables, weight and plumpness of grain,

are all produced by Potash,

Potash,

properly combined with Phosphoric Acid and Nitrogen, and liberally applied, will improve every soil and increase yield and quality of any crop.

Write and get Free our pamphlets, which tell how to buy and use fertilizers with greatest economy and profit.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 92 Nassau St., New York.

Palapsco Flouring Mills.



Used by our successful house-keepers.

PATAPSCO FAMILY PATENT, ORANGE GROVE PATENT, BALDWIN FAMILY.

C. A. Gambrill Mfg. Co., Proprietors, OFFICE-BALTIMORE, MD.

GET A "TRIBUNE" BICYCLE.



CALL ON ALBERT KERN, At his Barber Shop, opp. Howard House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD. and see this Wheel before making your

RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$25 TO \$50. REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY. THE TRIBUNE is the best on the market and is warranted to give entire satisfaction.

WEST END MEAT MARKET

ELLICOTT CITY, MD. BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, PORK, SAUSAGE, HAMS, &C.

A full line of Choice Select Meats constantly on hand at the lowest rock-bottom prices.
The best and cheapest meat store in town.
ORDERS DELIVERED. Call and be convinced. LOOK FOR THE STEER'S HEAD AND SIGN, WEST END MEAT MARKET. H. T. WEBER, PROP

Eigenbrot Brewing Co. ADOMIS PALE, STOCK LAGER

Augsburger Pure Hop and Malt Beers. THESE GOODS ARE SOLD BY C. GRIMES, E. E. MALONE,

MATHEW POWERS, WM. F. KERGER E. B. MCDONALD, E. J. CURRAN, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

MATHEW POWERS,

MAIN STREET, - ELLICOTT CITY, --- CHOICE

WINES, WHISKIES, GINS, BRAN DIES, GIGARS AND TOBACCO.

PRIVATE STOCK, MONTICELLO, CELTIC CLUB. E"EIGENBROT'S BEER, BOTTLED ND ON DRAUGHT

→ OLD STAND. 後

WILLIAM KELLEY RESTAURANT.

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms. RAW AND STEAMED OYSTERS A SPECIALTY.

HOWARD COUNTY FRIENDS ARE

INVITED TO CALL.

⊕312 W. BALTIMORE St. &

TABLE D'HOTE DINNERS 25 CENTS.

10 and 15C. LUNCHES A SPECIALTY.



→SUNDERTAKER, ★ ©-POPLAR SPRINGS. HOWARD CO., MD. Metalic Coffins and Burial Cases. Prepared in every respect to give prompt attention to funerals. EMBALMING SKILLFULLY PERFORMED.

THE IVORY PALACES. DR. TALMAGE ON THE GLORIES OF

THE WORLD TO COME. The Attractiveness of Christ, Who Opens the Way For His Faithful Followers - The Christian's Guide

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, July 30.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the glories of the world to come and the attractiveness of the Christ, who opens the way; text, Psalms xlv, 8, "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out

of the ivory palaces." Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses-robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." In my text the King steps forth. His

robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII welcomed her to his palace-all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant, and jeweled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye, "They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory pal-

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it no larger than a chesnut would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in

chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately onclude the exquisite sweetness of I know that to many he is only like any historical person—another John Howard, another philanthropic Oberlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a eautiful form for a statue, but to those

who have heard his voice and felt his pardon and received his benediction he is music and light and warmth and thrill and eternal fragrance, sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray, lifting you up while others try to push you down, not so much like morning glories that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic, the same morning, noon and night, yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens and afflict him with all our griefs and set him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit the same compassion.

our soul, and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with There is no name like his for us. It more imperial than Caesar's, more mu sical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman. to catch the tears of human sorrow in a achrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such n foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? 1 struggle for some metaphor with which to express him-he is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when

lished to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes and to hear him with our ears and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that today he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Aye, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of lasting and all pervasive myrrh. Would that you all knew his sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets because he had found the so-

lution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the mestion has been solved, "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frostbitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular apbearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through--nights on the mountains, nights

on the sea, nights in the desert? Who

ever had such a hard reception as Jesus

had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial

in over and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes, aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but

who did Christ lean on? Five thousand

men fed by the Saviour. Who fed

Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's

heart going out to the leper and the

adulteress; but who soothed Christ? He

had a fit place neither to be born nor to

die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor

young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup and that pressed to his lips until the acrid, nauseating. bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes! All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Caesar? No, no! All this because he wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because he wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost, and he wanted us found. Because we were blind, and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and he wanted us manumitted. O ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; O ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead and to purchase your disinthrallment took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes? Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, you have a superfluous idea! We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe.'

beg to differ, my brother, from you None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is on us, the palsy, the dropsy, the The man that is expiring tonight in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words-is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescrip-

in plain English so that a "man, though God that the Saviour's garments smell of Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost, it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the crossroads, and the people were accustomed

to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges so that those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul for which Jesus died puts itself out of the way. When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him-

people who were sick and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child, erying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: "Cure this ophthalmia! Give ease and rest to this spinal distress! Straighten this club foot!" Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the 19 centuries which have gone by since, his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O Jesus, here we are! We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"-that means fragrance-"and aloes"-they mean biter sacrificial memories-"and cassia"-

that means medicine and cure. According to my text, he comes of the ivory palaces." You know, or, if you do not know, I will tell you now that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory and chairs of ivory and tables of ivory and floors of vory and pillars of ivery and windows of ivory and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry railing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surround-

ings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came, and to hat place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English, the Spanish alhambra, the Russian kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God-the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably oright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes from under the altar; one for

the King, the steps of his palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivory and walking on floors of ivory and looking from the windows of ivory some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not 82 years and 79 years as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their wedding day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heartbreak over.

Oh, how fair they are in the ivory pal-

aces! And your dear little children that went out from you-Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along it would struggle to go with you. And so you

aces. All is well with them. All is well. It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of halleluiahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company! But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor! You might as well take the Southern Pacific railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now. and yet you seem to turn your back upon You do not seem to know the

stood holding your dying child when

Jesus passed by in the room and the

little one sprang out to greet him. That

is all. Your Christian dead did not go

down into the dust and the gravel and

funeral day and the water came up to

the wheel's hub as you drove out to the

cemetery, it made no difference to them,

for they stepped from the home here to

the home there, right into the ivory pal-

the mud. Though it rained all that

dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Coll louder from the Ivory pal-When I think of that place and think of my entering it, I feel awkward. I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among the guests. So some of us

feel about heaven. We need to be washed, we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation! And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for 30 years. I have been asking it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me

no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today l come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem, meantions of earthly physicians, but written | while and now, taking it as the tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did

come, that he came with spikes in hi feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, Christ, whelm all our souls with thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace! Ride through today the conquer or, thy garments smelling "of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory pal-

The Hindoo Idea of Religion. I met in India an intelligent Sikh from the Punjab, and asked him about his religion. He replied, "I believe in one god, and I repeat my prayers, called japji, every morning and evening. These prayers occupy six pages of print, but I can get through them in a little more than ten minutes.' He seemed to pride himself on this rapid recitation as a work of increased merit. I said, "What else does your eligion require of you?" He replied, "I have made one pilgrim age to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five steps lead down to it. I descended and bathed in the sacred poo Then I ascended one step, and repeated my japji in about ten minutes. Then l

descended again to the pool and bathed again, and ascended to the second step, and repeated my japji a second time Then I descended a third time and bathed and ascended to the third step and repeated my japji a third time; and so on for the whole 85 steps, 85 bathings, and 85 repetitions of the same prayers. It took me exactly 14 hours, from 5 p. m., one evening, to 7 a. m. next morn-I asked, "What good did you expect t get by going through this task?" He replied, "I hope I have laid up a great store of merit, which will last me a long time." This is a genuine Hindoo

Worth the Journey. Dr. McIlrath and wife of Chicago, who ourneyed round the world on their bicycles, consuming three years or more in the trip by reason of unforeseen de lays in inhospitable countries, arrived home last winter. As on the occasion of their departure a large crowd had seen them off, so upon their return the streets were thronged with people eager to witness their home One of a group of persons who watched the scene from an upper window as the globe trotters, escorted by hundreds of local cyclers, wheeled into view remark-

"Well, there they come. And now I'd like to know what they have gained by that long ride, so full of hardships and privations. "Did you see them when they rode iway from here?" asked another. "Did you notice they had dropped hanlle bars and rode with a hump? "I think I did." "Well, they're coming back with raised handle bars and are sitting up straight.

have learned how to ride a bicycle." Youth's Companion. Was In With the Prince. William Jones, who has just died at Carlsbad, was serving in the Austrian artillery 30 years ago and happened to sit side by side on a tavern bench with another young fellow, both being in undress uniform. A conversation ensued, and presently the artilleryman said: "My name is William Jones. Who are you? "I am Prince Karl of Baden," was the Some sort of friendship sprang up between the pair, and when the war of 1870 gave an impulse to stenography, hitherto little practiced in Germany, William Jones got an appointment in

That was worth the trip perhaps. They

Terms of Pence. We apprehend that we shall never have universal peace until science jumps In and discovers that war is a disease and isolates the germ.--Detroit Journal.

Baden. Ultimately he became the chief

shorthand writer to the chamber, of

which his old acquaintance, Prince Karl,

was president.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

To those living in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the

system in perfect order and are an absolute cure for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

T TONY'S N. Y. CHAMPION A BOOT BLACKING ESTAB'M'NT Ground Corridor Equitable Bld'g., Balto, All kinds of Hats cleaned by Electricity while you wait. Bring me your last year Straw Hat and save buying a new one. PRICE LIST:-Straw Hats, 25c.; Fedora, 25c. 20c.: Derby, ICc.
Rest service in the City.

D. DUNKEL & BRO., GROCERS,

Cor. MAIN ST. AND HILTON AVE. ELLICOTT CITY, MD. A general line of first-class Groceries constantly on hand. All the famous brands of thour from the Patapaco Mills for sale at mill prices. The best brands of Cigars, Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos.

Wine and Liquor Store. Edward J. Curran,

OPPOSITE PATAPSCO NATIONAL BANK,

sound of their voices as well as you used Main Street, Ellicott City, to or to be moved by the sight of their -WINES, WHISKIES, BRANDIES,--GINS AND CIGARS .-EIGENBROT'S BEER, Ice Cold, and always on hand. Bottled Beer for

EDWARD E. MALONE,

Main Street, Ellicott City, OPP. THE HOWARD HOUSE, *DEALER IN CHOICE WHISKIES, BRANDIES, CINS, &C

ADONIS, PALE AND STOCK BOTTLED BEER FOR FAMILY USE.

ECKERT'S HOWARD HOUSE. MAIN STREET,

ELLICOTT CITY.

REOPENED and REFITTED. ACCOMMO-DATIONS FOR PERMANENT AND

CUISINE UNEXCELLED And Appointments First-class in every particular. Every Delicacy in season,

Bar Stocked with Pine Liquors, Wines, Etc.

CHRISTIAN ECKERT, Propr.

ARE YOU GOING

to open a store or add a new line of goods? If you are, we can put you in the way of saving a great deal of money, if you will write at once, stating the lines you propose handling and when and where you will open. This is worth your careful investigation. COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE DEPT., ASSOCIATED TRADE

AND INDUSTRIAL PRESS. WASHINGTON, D. C. Baltimore and Ohio Time Table

IN EFFECT MAY 14, 1899. Baltimore to Mt. Airy, Frederick and Hagerstown. DECH45XEGE & www w x -1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1 -1 a a a a | P 1 | 888 | 1885 | 1882 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | 1888 | Daily. †Daily except Sunday. 1 Sunday only

The Theatre Train leaves Baltimore at 11 10 p. m., daily and arrives at Ellicott City at mid-Hagerstown, Frederick and Mt. Airy

Hugeratown
Frederick...
Mount Airy
Mount Airy
Watersville...
Woodbine...
Morgan...
Morgan...
Hood's Mill
Gaither's ...
Yekewille
Gorsuch...
Henryton...
Mauriottsville
Aiberton...
Hollofield's...
Oella...
Oella...
Elileett City
Ilchester...
Grunge Grove
Avalon...

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday, s Stops of signal or notice to conductor

D. B. MARTIN,

Manager Passenger Traffic.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE 50 YEARS' DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C. sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive
special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office. 625 F St., Washington, D. C. BEEFI MUTTONI VEAL

SAUSAGE! HAMSI We have constantly on hand a full supply of meats—always fresh—at bottom prices. Our past dealings warrant future satisfaction.

Orders filled by our own wayon, which delivers the meat at your door, either in the city

PURE 13-16 INCH MANILA ROPE, 11 CENTS LB. CASH.

LOUIS P. SCHULTZ, SYKESVILLE, MD.

ATTENTION, WHEELMEN!

Why not Protect your BICYCLE in the UNION WHEELMEN'S PROTECTIVE CO.,

⇒CHICAGO, ILL., «-Against THIEVES. Duplicate Bicycle FREE if yours is STOLEN

ANNUAL COST \$2.00.

THOUSANDS of WHEELS were stolen in 1898. Send for Application Blank to CHARLES HENRY HESSE,

GENERAL AGENT FOR MARYLAND. OFFICES: 33 FORTER BLDG., St. Paul and Saratoga Sts., 1813 E. CHASE STREET, GOOD, RELIABLE MEN wanted to Represent each Town and County

CLOBE BREWERY BEERS.

FLAVOR OF GLOBE BREWERY BEERS is so general among the best judges of good Malt and Hop liquors that to allude to their superior merit is unnecessary.

J. U. O'BRIEN, OF ELLICOTT CITY,



shortest notice and at any distance on the most REASONABLE TERMS. REASONABLE TERMS.

METALIC COFFINS and BURIAL CASES of the most approved and tasteful designs. I ask a trial of the public, as I will guarantee satisfaction in all cases.

---EMBALMING SKILLFULLY PERFORMED. THE OLD STAND, MAIN STREET, ELLICOTT CITY, MD. MILTON EASTON, Manager. | MRS. ANNIE EASTON. Persons visiting Baltimore by the Electric Cars will find good accommodation for their teams. Bundles, wraps, &c., taken good



Delivered Free at short notice, and guaranteed to be the best that can be

-DSODA * WATER

Served in HOWARD HOUSE Ice Cream Saloon.

C. ECKERT, Prop'r.

--- DEALERS IN-LUMBER, HARDWARE, GRANITE, LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, BRICK, BUILDING PAPER, GEN-ERAL BUILDING MATERIAL and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS.

STORE-Town Hall, Opposite B. & O. R. R. Depot. EF OUT OUR PRIORS REFORE PURONASING DIRECTORES. ME WESTERN MARY LAND RAILROFD. TAKING EFFECT JUNE 25, 1899. Trains leave Hillen Station as follows:
4.30 A. M.—Fast Mail, Main Line, N. and W. R.
R. and the South and ex. Sunday P. V. R. R.,
Chambersburg, Martinsburg and Winchester.

†7.22 A M.—York, B. & H. Div., Main Line east of Emory Grove, Carlisle and G. & H. R. R. †8.11 A. M.—Main Line, Shippensburg, Frederick, Emmitsburg and N. and W. R. R. to Shenandoah. 9.15 A. M.—Pen-Mar Express. (Pen-Mar only.) 19.35 A. M.-Accom. for Union Bridge and Han tl0.17 A. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York, Gettysburg.

12.26 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

12.25 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

12.25 p. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

13.22 p. M.—Biue Mt'n Ex. (Parlor Car), connection for Fredk., Martinsb'g and Winchester. t3.32 P. M. - Express for York and B. & H. Div. †3.32 P. M.—Express for York and B. & H. Div. §4.00 P. M.—Accom. for Alesia.
†4.01 P. M.—Ex. Main Line Points, also Frederick, Emmitsburg and Shippensburg.
†5.00 P. M.—Ex. to Glyndon, Accom. beyond to Union Bridge.
†5.15 P. M.—Accom. for Alesia.
†6.67 P. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge.
*10.55 P. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
*Daily. †Dailyex. Sunday. §Sundays only. Ticket and Baggage Office, 111 East Baittmore St.

YARD-Baitimore County Side Patapsoo.

more St.

Trains stop at Union, Pennsylvania Avenue, Fulton, Walbreck (North avenue) stations.

J. M. HOOD.

General Manager.

Gen. Pass. Agt. DAYTON, CLARKSVILLE AND ELLICOTT CITY EXPRESS.

JOHN H. MALONEY, PROPRIETOR. Runs MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS, as follows: Leave Dayton 7.00, Clarksville 8.00 A. M. Returning leave Ellicott City at 2.30 P. M. Mrs. D. KRAFT, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

A Mile of Reading The Choicest Fiction Literature. A Remarkable Library for a Little Money : : : : : NEW YORK HEWS LIBRARY

10c. A MONTH; \$1 A YEAR. E JUNE NUMBER, OUT MAY 20, WILL CONTAIN, EACH COMPLETE: MY LADY GREEN SLEEVES, THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD ERIC BRIGHTEYES, A CARDINAL SIN, By Hugh Conway.

Each number contains more first-class reading matter than any other Monthly in America.

The best productions of world-famous authors are published in this convenient form, and will be delivered to you monthly, by your newsdealer, on the "Ensy Payment" plan. NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, NEW YORK SUNDAY NEWS NEW YORK NEWS LIBRARY

NEW YORK NEWS PUBLISHING CO., 81 & 32 Park Row, N. Y. C. AGENTSWANTED to secure annual subscriptions. JAMES R. WEER, Undertaker & Embalmer,

Sample Copy Free.

SYKESVILLE, MD.

Appointments first-class and satisfaction THOS. B. STANSFIELD, Agent, Harrisonville Branch.