ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,

LOUIS J. & J. HARWOOD WATKINS,

Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

☞ ADVERTISING RATES.—One square, constituting 6 lines, $1 for one insertion, $1.50 for two insertions, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements less than 6 lines charged as squares. Advertisements payable upon first insertion.

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ELLICOTT CITY

OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

J. D. McGUIRE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.

Oct. 7, '76-tf.

I. THOMAS JONES,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.

Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.

Dec. 12, '74-tf.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, '69-1y

EDWIN LINTHICUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE.—Nearly opposite the Court House,

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Nov. 27'69-1y.

WM. A. HAMMOND,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.

OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.

July 27-72 tf.

JOHN G. ROGERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.

Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.

OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City.

Jan 6, '72-1y.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY of every month—(Orphans' Court days).

Mar. 6-'75-1y.

C. IRVING DITTY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.

Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.

Jan. 29, '70-1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City is prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.

He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.

Oct. 3, '69-tf.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,

DENTIST,

(*Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery*).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,

MAIN STREET,

THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.

April 21, '77-1y.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,

AGENT FOR THE

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.

Feb. 16, '78 tf.

NATHAN SHIPLEY,

LAND SURVEYOR.

Surveying at prices to suit the times.

P. O. ADDRESS,

COOKSVILLE, HOWARD COUNTY, MD.

Feb. 23, '78 3m.

WILLIAM B. PETER,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate and Collection Agency, and

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c., Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first Class Securities, in Sums from $1000 to $10,000.

June 24, '71-tf.

JOB PRINTING of every kind done neatly, cheaply and after the latest Styles at the TIMES OFFICE.

MAGISTRATE'S AND CONSTABLE'S BLANKS of all kinds for sale at the TIMES OFFICE.

ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1878. NO. 9.

JOB PRINTING,

Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Plain & Fancy Job Work

Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

It is not always sunshine
In this bright world of ours,
Sharp thorns and weeds grow thickest
Amid the fairest flowers;
In fruits howe'er enticing,
Lurk worm-spots at the core;
For each one's bread and butter
There is a sanded floor.

In lustrious silk there's cotton,
In flowing tresses rats,
In ermines, soft and glowy,
The skins of Thomas cats;
In Hebe's form there's whalebone,
On Venus' lips carmine,
Old boots are thrown in sherry
To make Madeira wine.

The best of golden butter
Oleomargerine,
The finest of old brandy
Is next door to benzine;
The fragrant leaf of Cuba
Is cousin to sauer-kraut;
Too often are the milkman's cans
Replenished at the spout.

If then, your reputation
Proves quite unfit to air,
Pray, how then does it differ
From most things seeming fair?
And why heap maledictions
Because through me—no doubt—
You broke the 'leventh commandment—
"Thou shalt not be found out!"

Duets.

"WHAT a desolate day! One might as well live at the north pole. Have you been out, Helena?"

"No; I never go out when the mercury is below twenty."

"You are a hot-house plant, my dear. Now I walked five miles this morning; I love this clear bracing air."

"That is because you are a brunette, Olive. Brunettes both feel and look well in winter. The wind only brightens their eyes and increases their bloom; they laugh, they sparkle, they fairly radiate brilliancy. But blondes in winter look like the ague personified if taken out of their warm rooms; they are exotics, and need a conservatory."

"Nonsense, Helena. I have seen blondes who looked dazzling in winter."

"Only the rare molten-gold type. You never saw an ordinary blonde, with light blue eyes, flaxen hair, and pale, delicate skin, who did not turn blue and purple, pinched and miserable, in a winter wind."

"But I would change places with blonde Helena in a moment."

"Bones and all? Ah, my hated collar-bones!"

"And ah, my hated apple-cheeks!"

"For my part, I admire flesh in a woman. I don't believe an angel could get into heaven if she were lean and bony."

"Better a lean angel than a fat one! But you are a female Shylock, Helena. Nothing in your eyes can take the place of a pound of flesh."

"I have all the authorities on my side, Olive. Look at the antiques, the paintings of the old masters. What contours! what grand proportions!"

"Yes; each goddess or Madonna weighs at least two hundred pounds, and number seven or eight would be the proper size for their shoes. I do not admire the antique either in art or literature. What do I care for Agamemnon or pious Æneas? They are associated in my mind with the fearful days when I was learning Latin. For, as Heine says, 'Oh, that Latin! The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin.'"

"What a heretic! But I can not believe you are really in earnest, Olive. Have you no desire to go to Rome—to Rome, the former mistress of the world, the store-house of all the treasures of the past?"

"No, Helena, I have not. I am weary of this hue and cry about the everlasting old; and, besides, the word is only comparative. What do we certainly know of the age of the world? Nothing. A mastodon is older than Adam, and a megatherium would laugh them both to scorn."

"But Cicero, Olive?"

"I am more in sympathy with Daniel Webster."

"And Dante?"

"I like Bret Harte better. He, at least, is original, and to me that is every thing. Heigh-ho! It really seems as though in literature there was nothing new under the sun. Take Christmas stories, for instance. Dickens began them, and since then we have had a succession of dreams, angels floating in on clouds, and spirits of Christmas Past knocking at the door, until, like the minstrel song, we cry, 'Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking! oh, you'd better stop that knocking at the door!'"

"You are not sufficiently poetical, dear Olive. Now I fairly live in poetry. Take away poetry, and my heart and life go with it."

"No one will ever attempt that, Helena, unless it might be a prosaic husband."

"A prosaic husband I shall never have, Olive. It would be simply impossible for a heart devoid of love for poetry to win mine. I must have a soul-companion, to whom poetry, music, and art are as necessary and dear as they are to me."

"And I must have a strong manly heart, too full of the great questions of the day to dally with your poetry, music, and art, Helena. He must care more for the political condition of the country than for all the old marbles of Italy put together. If a man tries to live in the past, he becomes a useless fossil; if he tries to live in the future, he becomes a useless visionary. The present, the present, is all he has. Let him grasp it, then, with all his strength."

"How practical! Now I live in the past."

"With ghosts, I suppose. I never cared much for ghosts. I would rather be live Olive Dean than dead Cleopatra. To give you another proof of my practical tendencies—I must have money if I marry."

"Mercenary, Olive? Ah, wealth is nothing compared with true love! To those who love, any lot is happiness so that they are together."

"I do not agree with you. Certainly I shall not waste my life in a hard struggle with poverty. It narrows the mind and crushes the heart. No; I must marry a rich man."

"And I feel sure that if I marry, it will be for love alone."

"I hope you don't think that rich men are incapable of true love? On the whole, however, I do not know that I wish to be married at all. Certainly nothing could induce me to give up my freedom for many long years yet."

"And I, too, feel that I shall always remain unmated. Ah, Olive, memories of the past, sweet and sad, rise like a barrier before the very thought! No; I have lived and loved. The rose can not bloom twice."

"Don't, Helena. That is what I call building grave yards in the air. Lucius Gray was not worth a tear, much less an eternal tombstone in your heart. He was a most wearing companion, worse than a walking encyclopedia. It was like this: 'Miss Dean, do you know what a hydrometer is?' 'Yes,' I would say, rashly, trying to avert the avalanche; 'curious things, are they not?' But my effort was useless. 'Give me your idea of it, Miss Dean. I shall be interested to hear your explanation of its uses.' Of course then I was caught, and obliged to hear the whole, beginning with, 'A hydrometer is an instrument for determining specific gravity,' and so on to the bitter end. And there was no use trying to escape the closest attention either, for in the most unexpected places he would stop and ask me to repeat his last sentence to show that I had comprehended him. And in next call he would have a review of the whole."

"Do not jest, Olive. Lucius's heart was deep and tender. Perhaps he did not unveil it to *you*. Ah, I can never forget him!"

"I should think you would be glad to forget him, Helena, especially as he forgot you, and married that German Fraulein. I wonder if she knows what a hydrometer is? By-the-way, how well I remember that lovely moonlight night when I saw you in the arbor with Lucius! If ever there was a time for romance, it was then and there, and you told me yourself that he was giving you sums in mental arithmetic."

"He wished to strengthen my mind, dear. It was a laudable kindness."

"Laudable, perhaps, but wearing. He was constantly setting traps for the unwary. 'How far do you suppose you can see in a perpendicular line, looking upward, Miss Dean?' 'A hundred miles,' I would answer at random. 'How blue the sky is!' But I might have said it was green for all the attention he paid to the remark. 'I will prove to you that that is impossible,' he would begin, going back to the hundred miles; 'the powers of vision,' and so on, and so on, until I almost wished I was blind. He was the man, too, who would not play cards, not from any moral objection, but because something was left to chance, and he wished every thing reduced to mathematical certainties."

"In that respect my taste was like his, Olive. I detest games; there is no poetry in them, no sentiment, no imagination. Euchre, for instance, is a complete mystery to me. The cards are dealt out; three rounds are played, and I am straining every nerve to play with the proper discrimination, when all the others throw down their cards, a general laugh follows, and the game is over before I have realized that it is begun. I played a whole evening in that way once, and I assure you that from beginning to end I had not the faintest idea who was winning or who was beaten. I passed the counters over to my partner, saying as carelessly as I could, 'that I did not care to keep the account;' but the truth was, I couldn't. But I made a secret vow never to play again, and I never have."

"I would not if I were. You do not shine in games, my dear, and more than I do in tableaux. My nose is not Grecian, you know. Once, and once only, I was asked to take a part. What joy was mine! What a gorgeous costume I ordered! The whole household was at work, the very air was filled with finery, all Shakespeare's heroines together could not have made more stir. 'What is the tableau, daughter?' asked father, at length, after several days of this confusion. 'From the *Winter's Tale*, papa. Hermione as the statute, and Leontes the king kneeling before her. Oh, it will be perfectly beautiful!' 'And what are you to do in all this finery, Olive?' 'I am to—to—to hold back the curtain,' I said, slowly. There was a burst of laughter from the assembled household. Some way they had never thought of it in that light. Neither had I! 'Daniel Webster once made a tour through New Hampshire,' said father, 'and a young lawyer of my acquaintance managed to attach himself to the party. Thenceforth it was the glory of his life, and we had to hear the story over and over again—how the great man stood, how he looked, how he moved his arm, and what he said at each town and village. At last one day we asked him, "And what did *you* do, eh?" "I held his hat," answered the proud youth. From that moment he never could tell the story again; as soon as he began, "When I traveled with Daniel Webster," there was always some one to yell out "Hat! hat!" and so nip the story in the bud.'"

"Is not that last phrase an inappropriate one?"

"Not at all. I have an illustrious example behind me. Don't you know that during an eloquent address in the House of Lords an English peer once created the following sublime simile: 'I smell a rat! I see him floating in the air! But I shall yet be able to nip him in the bud!'"

"Mr. Atkins would not believe that story, Olive. You know how English he is."

"But it is true for all that, John Henry to the contrary notwithstanding. Atkins—Atkins—what a name! Have you ever noticed that plural names in *kin* are invariably plebeian—Simpkins, Haskins, Tompkins, Wilkins, and the like? Not that I care in the least for names; good honest John will do for me? But I know you dote upon elegant high-sounding titles, like Reginald and Ferdinand, or Courtenay and Vavasour."

"Yes, I confess I like a euphonious name. For instance, there is our friend Alexis Peyton St. Clair. By-the-way, what do you think of him?"

"Do you suppose, Helena, that the Grand Duke Alexis had Russia-leather trunks?"

"Of course, else what is the use of being a grand duke. But, seriously, Olive, what do you think of Mr. St. Clair?"

"The dainty, white-handed young artist? Oh, he is of the Hellenic type, and I am an out-and-out Pelasgian. We speak different languages, and can not even comprehend each other. He writes poetry about 'the rain dashing upon the window-pane,' and that sort of thing. I have long detested him from the bottom of my heart; we are totally antagonistic. He ought to go and live with 'Aurora Leigh,' the poetess of the lakes. We went up to the islands last summer, and as soon as we arrived, friend number one told her the story. She lived on Lamia Island; her father kept the light-house there; she never saw any man excepting her father until she saw her husband; and she wrote the most beautiful poetry about the lakes—which was all true, and truly remarkable. But even the true and remarkable becomes a torment by repetition. When we had taken the story all in, and discoursed upon it at length, friend number two arrives, and begins: 'You see that island over there? It is called Lamia, and there is a most remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper had a daughter—' 'Yes,' we say, hastily; 'very remarkable, is it not? She writes poetry, I hear.' But friend number two is not to be defrauded of his narration in this way; he goes back gravely, not to say sternly, and begins again—'The light-house keeper had a daughter,' and so on, through the whole. We go in to dinner. 'Did you see that island off to the right?' remarks friend number three, as the soup appears. 'It is called Lamia, and there is a very remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper had a daughter—' 'Yes, I interrupt, boldly; 'a remarkable story as you say. She never saw any man except her father until she saw her husband, and she writes the most beautiful poetry about the lakes. Truly remarkable!' But it is of no use. 'The light-house keeper had a daughter,' repeats number three, without noticing my attempt, and the tale lasts through fish, meat, and dessert, only ending with the coffee. This narrator was the slowest of all. We have a chance to compare, for we only hear the story five times more before night. The next day the thing continues and the next. At last, in desperation, I take it up myself, and issue a new edition, enlarged and beautified. This version I tell to all new-comers, gravely: 'You see that island over there? It is called Rattlesnake, and there is a most remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper there had six daughters, who never saw any man except their father until they saw their six husbands. They never ate any thing, they never drank any thing, they never slept, they never spoke. Their clothing consisted principally of shells. They lived continuously upon the top of the light-house, and I wrote the most beautiful poetry about the lakes, which the loons carried to shore.' By dint of constantly repeating this version, I flatter myself that I mixed the two stories so well together that hereafter the dazed public will refuse to believe either, and consider them part of the Indian mythology of the lakes."

"Just like you! But, seriously, Olive, I really like 'Aurora Leigh's' poetry. I often see it in the *Jupiter Magazine*."

"So do I like it. She cannot help herself; it is her friends who pull her before the public. But she has glory enough in the *Jupiter*, surrounded by the well-established Eastern aristocrats. A clergyman once told me that he had known several estimable young men so far led astray as to become quite profane over the difficulty of getting into the exclusive *Jupiter* columns."

"Oh, Olive, there is Mr. Atkins coming up the walk!"

"Of course he is coming to see you, and as I am only a visitor, I will step into the library and amuse myself with your books until he goes."

"Oh, stay, I entreat you, dear. I do not wish to see him alone."

"Don't you like him, Helena?"

"I can not endure him!"

"Well, I'm sorry; but I must go to the library all the same. Bear it as well as you can. Good-by."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Atkins. Will you come to the fire? It is a bitter day."

"I like it, Miss Marbury; I like it. There is something in this cold air that invigorates one and enlivens the circulation. A healthy soul and body ought to enjoy a day like this. American ladies are but a puny set, generally speaking; but I know that *you*, Miss Marbury, are a beautiful exception."

"I do indeed love such weather of all things. So inspiring!"

"Just what I always say. How would you like a walk, now—say as far as the lake? There is a fine bracing wind from the north that will fill your lungs, and give you an appetite for dinner. Do come. I came on purpose to ask you."

"I shall be delighted to accompany you, Mr. Atkins. Fortunately my wraps are in the hall."

"Isn't this fine, now? The wind must be about forty miles an hour, I should say."

"Really delicious! It is like battling with Æolus, the king of the blast."

"Æolus, eh? Some political person, I suppose. I never cared much for poetry myself; wouldn't waste my time over it. Poets are but a shiftless set; no heads for business, you know. I suspect a poets wife has but a hard time of it. Money is necessary to make the world go easy, and people in easy circumstances are always more reputable citizens than the Bohemian brotherhood of poets, musicians, and artists. Give me a man with a fixed income—a man not too young, with good health, and a good temper—a man who knows nothing of poetry and such nonsense; and depend upon it, Miss Marbury, you have the best the world affords."

"Such men are the pillars of society, Mr. Atkins."

"You see it, Miss Helena, of course. But, strange as it may appear to a person of your good sense, there are young ladies who prefer mere boys, with their heads full of philosophy, poetry, rationalism, and the like—fellows of no position, no income, and utterly unable to maintain a household in good style. Talk about love! What love is there in five hundred a year, and not always that? I call it selfishness. I would not ask a woman to give up all the luxuries of life for my sake. I have waited until my position and my fortune were certainties; and now it would be my pleasure to give my wife all reasonable comforts. Don't walk so fast, Miss Helena. Do take my arm. The wind *is* strong."

"If we should step on to that porch, Mr. Atkins, we should be partially protected.'

"Not on my account. I like the wind, and the full view of the lake. But if you are cold—"

"Not in the least, I assure you; and the view is truly arctic. It is rather difficult, however, to keep one's footing on the icy bank; but the freshness of the atmosphere is absolutely inspiring."

"Isn't it? I knew you would think so. Hold my arm firmly. Wait, let me take your hand; my fur glove will help keep it warm. There, that's comfortable."

"Ahem—hem! I can not imagine what makes me cough. Ahem! In summer the lake always reminds me of pictures of the Bay of Naples. Have you ever visited Italy?"

"No; nor want to. America is good enough for me. I'll wager that New York Harbor is as good as anything the Italians can show; and as to the race itself, it seems to produce nothing but opera-singers, organ-grinders, and the little boys who scrape their fiddles upside down. Compare an opera-singer, now, with an American merchant!"

"Our merchants are indeed the bulwark of American prosperity. But I fear I am engrossing your valuable time, Mr. Atkins. Shall we return?"

"My time is yours, Miss Marbury—entirely yours. I would cast aside a good investment for the sake of being with you. Can I say more? I am well able to afford it, however. Let us walk on as far as the hospital; the view is very fine from there. That is, if you are not cold?"

"Not in the least. Ahem—hem! This cough is merely in the throat. How is your dear little niece, Mr. Atkins?"

"Well, quite well, thank you. I caught her reading a new Jo Miller, a kind of poet living on the Rocky Mountains, they say, and I went to her room and confiscated every verse-book there. The whole shelf had to go. I told her there was something else to do in the world besides reading rhymes. That is the only way, Miss Marbury."

"Yes, indeed. Young girls are so romantic."

"Some one sent her Dante's *Inferno*, illustrated by Dore; but I sent it to the right about the very same day. The poetry was trash to begin with, and as for the pictures, they were enough to give any one the night-mare. But I gave her a set of Miss Edgeworth to make up."

"Far better. At that age Miss Edgeworth's works were my constant and cherished companions."

"I can readily believe that, Miss Marbury. I have long admired your good sense and sound judgment. Your ideas of life are sure to correspond with my own, for I think I can safely say that you have no nonsense about you. A good cook, a little company to make the evening pleasant, ending with a social game of cards—whist or euchre. I always play cards in the evening; it is a habit I inherit from my English ancestors. You play, of course?"

"I—I am not a skilful player, Mr. Atkins."

"Oh, you can learn—you can learn! I know you have a head for games. Euchre, now, will just suit you."

"I know something of euchre; it is a deeply interesting game. But all games of cards are fascinating."

"Just what I say. My neighbors sometimes ask, 'Atkins, must you always play cards in the evening? And I always answer, 'Yes, Sir; John Henry Atkins must have his game in the evening, just as he must have his cheese at dinner.' Corned beef and cabbage, too, I'm fond of, Miss Marbury; and let me tell you, too, it is not every cook that knows how to cook a cabbage. There is a science in the art. You like cabbage, I hope?"

"I have—I had but few opportunities to taste it, but I could easily learn to like it, I know."

"Some people object to the odor, but I like it just as I do the odor of onions. An onion of the proper age, cooked in cream, is delicious. I always have what I like on my table, no matter what the fashion may be."

"You have a noble independence in all things, Mr. Atkins."

"I flatter myself so, Miss Marbury. John Henry Atkins is proud of his independence, his nation, and his name. Atkins—it is an old Dorsetshire name; and Miss Marbury, dearest Helena, permit to offer it to you!"

"Mr. Atkins, this is so sudden. I really do not know—perhaps I mistake—what do you mean?"

"I mean you to be Mrs. J. H. Atkins, I do not speak under impulse, Helena; I have long felt an esteem for you, my dear, and I know you will suit me."

"Oh, Mr. Atkins!"

"Call me John Henry, dearest."

"Oh, John—John Henry—this is so sudden!"

"Not to me, not to me. I assure you I have thought it all over and looked at it on all sides. I have weighed every consideration, and, on the whole, I think we shall get on admirably. I know just the amount of your property. It it not much, to be sure; but I can double it for you in ten years, and in the mean time you shall share in all the comforts of my home."

"Oh, Mr. Atkins—John Henry—I think I ought to confess that there are memories of the past, sweet, though sad—"

"Some old love affair? That is a matter of course at your age. Girls over twenty-five always have something of the kind to talk about. I have had a dozen such affairs myself. I will tell you about them some time. But I am not afraid of an old memory, my dear, if that is my only rival. To tell the truth, I knew the field was clear; I never make one of a crowd. You will not be likely to have any more offers, you know, and certainly none so advantegeous as mine. Come, Helena, I am a plain speaker, but none the less honest for that. I could have no motive but affection, could I, now? Say yes, my dear; be Mrs. Atkins, and you shall see how comfortable we shall be together."

"A little time for reflection."

"No time like the present. See here, now, my love, I know you're going to say yes at the end, so I'll just take it for granted that it's said, and spare you all the trouble. Now, Mrs. Atking, shall we go back to the house?

"Oh, John Henry, you are so impetuous! Who could resist you?"

"Miss Olive, Mr. St. Clair is in the parlor waiting to see you."

"How did he know I was here, Martha?"

"He said he had called upon you, and was told you were at Miss Marbury's; so he came here."

"Mr. Atkins and Miss Marbury are there, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am; they went out for a walk a few minutes ago."

"Very well, I will go to the parlor"—"Good-afternoon, Mr. St. Clair. This room is very warm, I fear."

"A delicious atmosphere, Miss Dean. A soft air balmy with flower fragrance is absolutely necessary to me. I feel like an exile on this bleak lake shore, and this fierce north wind sweeping over miles of ice seems to freeze my very soul. I tried to paint, but the cold palsied my hand and chilled the flow of inspiration; so I came to you, Miss Olive, for warmth and strength and life."

"You flatter me, I fear."

"I could not flatter you; it is not in the power of words. As I came shivering through this inhuman wind, I thought of you, beautiful tropical flower that you are, and fancied you sitting in the glow of the fire in all the bloom and light and radiance of your loveliness, and the picture cheered me on through the arctic streets. Miss Olive, I know your nature is exotic, like mine, that you suffer in this brutal climate, and that you long for the glowing South. There is that delicacy in your face that tells me this, for its changing expressions belong not to this cold, prosaic country."

"Life in the tropics must be very beautiful."

"Oh, to fly with you to the land of the orange and palm! Oh, to roam with you under a sky forever blue! Do you not long to go to Rome, and wander among the monuments of past glory, the treasures of antique art, the rich memories of the golden age of this degenerate earth?"

"I have dreamed of such a pilgrimage for years; it is the desire of my heart, Mr. St. Clair; but how can I bring it into the realms of reality?"

"Let me be the magician, Miss Olive. Oh, why should we stay in this land of ice and snow, when Italy holds out her arms to us? There are the immortal works of old masters; the ruins whose every stone is worth more to appreciative hearts than whole cities of modern growth; the graves of Dante and and Petrarca, which we could bedew with a humble tear. Our souls are alike. We abhor together the sacrilegious new; we adore together the divine old. America is the land of iconoclasts; its politicians are demagogues, its history a history of mere utility. Go with me, Olive, thou angel of my heart, to a warmer clime!"

"Mr. St. Clair, I beg— Perhaps I misapprehend you."

"Let us unite our hearts and lives in one, Olive. I know that I am not worthy of you—who could be?—but I love you with an ardent external affection, and without you I can not live. My very life is in your hands. Oh, look down upon me kneeling at your feet, and do not crush me with your scorn!"

"Alexis—in tears! Can you, do you really love me—poor plain me, without genius or fortune?"

"My darling Olive, this is heaven. I ask nothing more of fate."

"Nor I."

"Together we will face the storms of life, together live—"

"Together die."

"I have long felt, my own love, that we were intended for each other; in every taste, in every idea, we sympathize. But you seemed so far above me—you a queen, and I a slave at your feet! In the day I have thought and in the night I have dreamed of you; or, as I expressed it in one of my late sonnets, written at midnight,

'Abroad the night is wildering on high,
Loud the wind's plaint amid the vengeful sky,
While 'ploring, 'ploring, wails the tortured sea;
But though the weary, weary moaning rain
Drives ceaselessly upon my window-pane,
My heart wells out in arrowed dreams of thee!'

I am obliged to call the lake a sea; it is so much more classical."

"Oh, how beautiful! What genius is yours, Alexis! You must let me see all your poetry; I adore it."

"I have five large manuscript volumes, love, and it shall be my pleasure to read them all aloud to you. My poetry is too sacred for the public. But now that my poor heart is satisfied, perhaps I may think of writing for publication."

"It is an absolute duty, Alexis. Such genius as yours should not be secluded; it is ungenerous to the world."

"You are right, Olive. Henceforth I will let the public share. But we must leave this dull land and fly to Italy—to the Eternal City. True, I am what the world calls poor; indeed, I have only what the powers of poetry and painting may bring to me. But in your love I shall find new inspiration, and ere long you will see my name borne aloft on the banners of fame. In the mean time, dearest, you are not afraid of poverty?"

"In your love I have all the riches of life, Alexis.

"My own, I knew you would answer so!"

"But I wish, for your sake, dear, that I had a fortune. You know I have nothing."

"Yes, and I rejoice thereat. We will go forth together like two wandering birds, and our Mother Earth will not begrudge us the few crumbs we require. What is money compared to love? Dross; dust of the earth!"

"How strange it is that most women are so mercenary!" Now I never think of money."

"I know you do not; with you love is all in all. We are young; we love. Let us then enjoy our youth and our mutual affection, and leave to the sordid and narrow-minded the wearying accumulation of gain."

"We will! we will! Oh, there is Helena coming up the walk with Mr. Atkins. How she will envy me my happiness! Take that chair on the opposite side of the table, dear.'

"Atkins? That man is my *bete noire*. A dull, purse-proud plebeian!"

"Hush! they are in the hall."

"Martha says Mr. St. Clair is in the parlor, John Henry."

"What, that good-for-nothing painter?"

"Hush, dear! they might hear you. Dear Olive, now she will envy me my happiness! Let us go in."

--It was Benjamin Franklin who remarked, "Avoid all arguments at home." When Mrs. Franklin asked Benjamin to go out in the yard and split an armful of kindling-wood, instead of entering into a controversy over the subject he would put on his hat and go down town to see a man. Thousands of husbands to-day avoid arguments at home by adopting the same method.

—Folks sometimes learn a little by making fools of themselves, but few are candid enough to confess it. We like the frankness of the chap, who rose at the table, after being complimented by a toast, and said, "Gentlemen, the last time I attempted to make a speech, I made a fool of myself—I'll be hanged if I do so now—so I drink all your good healths."

Old and New Anecdotes.

Some of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise, that have been recorded, are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing sayings and doings.

When gallant Poussonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo, he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from his troop. As the Frenchmen came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shillelah, knocked their lances alternately aside, again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off at full speed, his eager foes following in hot pursuit. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment, the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance, and struck him down. The second, pressing on to avenge his comrade, was cut through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or groan; while the victor, scarcely glancing at his handiwork, trotted off whistling "The Grinder."

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Mars'hall's "Canadian Dominion," his civilized half brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis, or half-breed, in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by installments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last installment he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced in his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the table and levelled his musket at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised his hand and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. When the smoke cleared away the Indian was surprised to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed, unpursued, those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with,—

"Go back to your dinners, and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he made them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom tom; he complained that he must now say farewell to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He swung his body backward and forward as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed bent his head and spat on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a more cruel revenge than if he had shot him dead.

It is not given to every one to play the philosopher and accept fortune's favors and buffets with equal placidity. Horatios are scarce. But there are plenty of people capable of behaving like Spartans where the trouble does not touch their individuality.

"How can I get out of this?" asked an Englishman, up to his arm-pits in Scotch bog, of a passer-by.

"I dinna think ye can get oot of it," was the response of the Highlander, as he went on his way.

Mistress of herself was the spouse of the old gentleman who contrived to fall off the ferry boat into the Mississippi, and was encouraged to struggle for dear life by his better-half shouting:

"There, Samuel, didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for it's mighty onsartin, Samuel, whether you land in Vicksburg or eternity!"

Thoroughly oblivious of court manners was the red-cloaked old Kentish dame who found her way into the tent occupied by Queen Charlotte, at a volunteer review held shortly after her coming to England, and after staring at the royal lady with her arms akimbo, observed:

"Well, she's not so ugly as they told me she was!" a compliment the astonished queen gratefully accepted, saying:

"Well, my good woman, I am glad of that."

Probably her majesty forgave the critic's rudeness as the outcome of rustic ignorance and simplicity.

There is no cooler man than your simple fellow. While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications at Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shouting:

"Hello, mister! I want to speak to you!"

General Thomas, turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" asked the general.

"I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" cried the commander. "Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!"

The Tennessean looked incredulous, and drawled out:

"Wall, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort!"

The postmaster-general of the United States once received an odd official communication. The Raeburn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior officer, said: "Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up." To this day the postmaster general has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

Spite of the old axiom about self-praise, many are of opinion that the world is apt to take a man at his own valuation. If that is true, there is a church dignitary in embryo somewhere in the young deacon, whose examining bishop felt it requisite to send for the clergyman recom-

(*Continued on fourth page.*)