ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,

*LOUIS J. & J. HARWOOD WATKINS,*
*Editors and Proprietors.*

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# ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

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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.*

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 Law Buildings, Baltimore, Md.
March 9, '78-tf.

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Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington.
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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.

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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,**
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Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
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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.

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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.

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March 2, '78-1y.

**DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,**
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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. RICHARD C. HAMMOND**
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-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 $000 to $10,000.
June 24, '71-tf.

PUBLIC

## LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 476.

AN ACT to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Howard county to issue bonds to raise money to build a new Jail in Howard County.

Section 1. *Be it Enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of Howard County be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered for the purpose of building a new jail in the said county, to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding the sum of eight thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, in sums not less than one hundred, nor more than one thousand dollars, to be signed by the President of the Board of said County Commissioners, and countersigned by the Clerk of said Board, with the corporate seal of said County Commissioners thereto attached, said Bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per centum per annum, payable annually on the first day of September of each and every year for which interest, proper coupons are to be attached to the said Bonds, signed by the President of the Board of the said County Commissioners, said Bonds to be free from all State, County and municipal taxation.

Section 2. *And be it Enacted*, That the said County Commissioners shall annually levy upon the assessable property of Howard County, a special tax sufficient to pay the interest on said Bonds, and to retire one thousand dollars of the principal annually, and that the money thus raised shall be known and kept as the jail fund, and shall be applied by the said County Commissioners to the payment of the principal and interest of said Bonds, as aforesaid, and for no other purpose whatsoever, and that said tax shall be collected as all other taxes are collected in Howard County.

Section 3. *And be it Enacted*, That if said County Commissioners shall not be able to sell the aforesaid Bonds to raise the necessary funds for the purpose aforesaid, as promptly as may be required, then the said County Commissioners are hereby authorized and empowered to borrow so much money as may be necessary for the purpose aforesaid, the rate of interest not to exceed six per centum per annum, and to refund the money thus borrowed and interest out of the proceeds of the aforesaid Bonds when sold.

Section 4. *And be it Enacted*, That the said County Commissioners be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to build a new jail for Howard County upon a site to be by them selected convenient to the Court House, such site to be purchased and paid for out of the funds herein provided, in case the same is not upon the property now owned by said county, and to use sound judgment in procuring and adopting a suitable plan for said jail, having a due regard for the objects and purposes for which the said building is required for the use of said county, and that the sum of money to be used in the erection of said jail in said county shall not exceed the sum of eight thousand dollars.

Section 5. *And be it Enacted*, That the said County Commissioners, shall, as soon as possible, procure and adopt a plan and specifications for said building and they shall invite sealed proposals by publication for a reasonable time for the building of said jail, and the contract for building said jail shall be awarded to the lowest responsible bidders, who shall be required to give a good and sufficient bond for the faithful performance of his contract and the said County Commissioners and hereby authorized to sell and dispose of the present jail and the proceeds arising therefrom shall be applied to the payment and retirement of the Bonds.

Section 6. *And be it Enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

FITTER S. HOBLITZELL,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
EDWARD LLOYD,
President of the Senate.
Approved April 5th, 1878.
JOHN LEE CARROLL, Governor.
April 20-4ts.

PUBLIC

## LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 461.

AN ACT authorizing and directing the County Commissioners of Howard county to levy a sum of money for David Carson, Executor of David Hayes for Taxes erroneously paid by him and his late Co-Executor Thomas Donaldson, to said County.

*Whereas*, David Carson and the late Thomas Donaldson as Executors of David Hayes, deceased, have erroneously paid certain taxes to the County Commissioners of Howard County, upon personal property, consisting of stocks and bonds, said personal property being assessed in the amount of eighteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-one dollars upon the tax books of said county, said taxes having been paid as follows: $157.67 for the year 1872, $125.56 for the year 1873, $144.54 for the year 1874, and $153.92 for the year 1875, said taxes amounting in all to the sum of five hundred and eighty-one dollars and sixty-nine cents; and

*Whereas*, It appears from the certificate of the Register of Wills of Howard County, that said personal property had been sold by said executors, prior to said years, and so reported to the Orphans' Court of Howard County; and

*Whereas*, It further appears from the certificate of said County Commissioners that the sum of $581.69 has been erroneously paid by said estate unto said County Commissioners; therefore,

Section 1. *Be it Enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of Howard County be and they are hereby authorized to refund unto David Carson, surviving executor of David Hayes, the said sum of five hundred and eighty-one dollars and sixty-nine cents for taxes erroneously paid by him and his co-executor, Thomas Donaldson, deceased, for county taxes for the years 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875, upon personal property of said estate which had been sold by them prior to said years and the said County Commissioners are further authorized to levy for said amount a sum sufficient to repay and refund unto said David Carson said sum erroneously paid.

Section 2. *And be it Enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 5th, 1878.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an act of Assembly passed January session, 1878.

AUGUSTUS GASSAWAY,
Secretary of the Senate.
MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
April 20-4ts.

PUBLIC

## GENERAL LAW

PASSED BY THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND AT JANUARY SESSION, 1878.

[Published by Authority].

CHAPTER 369.

AN ACT to repeal section 5 of chapter 329, passed at the January session, 1867, entitled "An act to provide for the selection, drawing and summoning of jurors in the several counties, and prescribing their qualifications," and to re-enact the same with amendments.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That section five of chapter three hundred and twenty-nine, passed at the January session, 1867, entitled "An act to provide for the selection, drawing and summoning of jurors in the several counties, and prescribing their qualifications," be and the same is hereby repealed, and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

Of the forty-eight jurors drawn and summoned, the court, at the beginning of the term for which they were drawn and summoned, shall select and appoint one, who shall be the foreman of the grand jury, and shall direct the clerk of said court to legibly write upon ballots the names of the remaining forty-seven jurors, and after carefully folding said ballots separately to place them in a box with a sliding top, and said clerk shall draw said ballots therefrom, one at a time without looking into said box, and the first twenty-two names drawn, with the foreman previously appointed, shall constitute the grand jury, and the remaining twenty-five names shall constitute the petit jury for said term of said court.

Sec. 2 *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 1, 1878.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an act of Assembly passed January session, 1878.

AUGUSTUS GASSAWAY,
Secretary of the Senate.
MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
April 20-4t.

### The Man that Couldn't be Improved.

Macready once met an actor of the name of Pauncefort, who spoke warmly of favors received from the tragedian. The rest of the company complained of Macready's insolent and grumbling propensities, as they had appeared when they had met him.

"He never uttered an unkind word to me," said Pauncefort. "I played the 'round' of all the second parts to him—*Iago, Ulric, Macduff*, &c.—and not a syllable of fault-finding ever passed his lips. He had a first-class opinion of me, I know."

This was, of course, highly satisfactory to all parties, and more especially to the stage-manager, on whom developed the task of "casting" the pieces in a way that would be not only conductive to their being well received by the audience, but agreeable to the London star. The morning arrived. Macready stalked on to the stage. The prompter placed a chair for him at the prompt table, and Macready entered at once into a conversation with the stage-manager.

"How are the pieces cast?" asked Macready.

The stage-manager began to turn over his papers, and hurriedly placed one or two thin narrow slips beneath the eye of the great man.

"These are some of the casts," he said.

"No," broke in Macready, impatiently pushing them from him; "I'm not particular as to who play the minor characters, but I should like to know who is my *Iago, Ulric, Macduff*, &c?"

The stage-manager's face brightened.

"There, I think, we can please you. We have a gentleman you have played with before."

"Oh, indeed. Where did I meet him?"

"At Bristol."

"At Bristol? When?"

"Two years ago."

"Bring my book of engagements," said Macready to his agent.

The volume was produced.

"Bristol, two years ago?" mused Macready as he turned the pages. "Why," he said, starting suddenly up as his eye fixed upon the entry, "it was the worst company I ever performed with. Pauncefort—Pauncefort! Is he my second?" roared the tragedian.

"Certainly," replied the manager.

"Oh, Heaven help me!" answered Macready, striding up and down the stage.

"Why," said the other, following him, "he said he was a favorite of yours."

"A favorite!"

"Yes; he said that while you found fault with everybody else, you did not once find fault with him.

"With him—no! With the others there was some hope, but with him there was none!"

—Boys always have plenty of help when sliding down hill, but none to draw the sled up again. Such is life with men.

### IF I WERE YOU, SIR.

BY NORA PERRY.

If I were you, Sir,
I would not sue, Sir,
For any woman's love day after day;
I'd never stand, Sir,
At her command, Sir,
Year in and out in this fond foolish way.

Across my face, Sir,
I'd have the grace, Sir,
Or mother-wit, to pull a gayer mask,
And wait to find, Sir,
What was her mind, Sir,
Before I'd grovel at her feet to ask.

All very well, Sir,
For you to tell, Sir,
Of that grand poet in the olden time,
Whose fine advice, Sir,
Was so concise, Sir,
In that immortal strain of gallant rhyme.

It does not fit, Sir,
Your case a bit, Sir;
He never meant a man should pray and pray,
With such an air, Sir,
Of poor despair, Sir,
For any woman's love day after day.

If you will read, Sir,
The verse with heed, Sir,
You'll see it runs as clearly as it may,
That every man, Sir,
Should take his answer
With manly courage, be it yea or nay.

Then cease your sighs, Sir,
No man's a prize, Sir,
In any woman's sight, just let me say,
Who's not too high, Sir,
To sigh and die, Sir,
For any woman's love day after day.

## OUR LOVE-LETTERS.

I was bethrothed in infancy to Miss Gertrude Daval. There I pause. The statement sounds romantic. You may doubt the fact, but who can guess to what length a romantic woman may go? There were three romantic women in our family: My mother, Gertrude's, and a maiden aunt, who had property which she wished to bestow upon us "jintely," *a la* Captain Cuttle. Circumstances separated Gertrude and me before we were old enough to talk. They drove me to Florida, and my small affianced, then attired in dresses three times her own length, to Massachusetts. I believe that I had a dim remembrance of her as she appeared while sucking an orange; but when my mother would say:

"Oh, Effingham, don't you remember your sweet little wifey?"—another romantic curse in the shape of the name of Effingham had been bestowed upon me—I answered: "*No!*" as a matter of principle. After this I would generally add.

"I hate her! All girls are hateful, but she is the hatefulest."

There is an age at which all boys make this declaration with perfect honesty. In after years, had they not lost that far from fascinating frankness peculiar to youths of fourteen, the same boys would not unfrequently change their song and declare that they loved all girls. At eighteen I confessed to myself that this was the case. The thought that a young beauty was "saving herself up for me," really touched my soul; and when, one day, there arrived, by mail, a small box containing a photograph of a fair-haired young lady, with dark eyes and dimples in both cheeks, which my mother presented to me as the likeness of Miss Gertrude Duval, my affianced wife, I fell in love with it at once, as I should have fallen in love with any other passably pretty portrait of a lady.

"You are now eighteen, Effingham," said my mother. "Gertrude is seventeen. You will be of age in three years. In one more I intend to send you North upon a visit: but before you meet, I trust you will gain some knowledge of each other by correspondence. Of course, a betrothal in infancy is no longer binding. You need not gratify the hopes of your parents unless you choose to do so"—here my mother sighed; "but I am sure you will at least cultivate the young lady's acquaintance as I have suggested. It is your place to write first."

All I said was:

"Yes, ma'am."

But that night I went early to my own room, took half a quire of note-paper under my hand, and began:

"Dear Madame—" that was too formal. "Respected Miss—" ridiculous. "My darling Gertrude—" she would be insulted. How would it do to commence without any formal beginning? But if so, what should I say? I sat with my head between my hands and my elbows on the table, when a knock sounded upon the door. I knew by the sharp sound that it was Obed Drake who applied for admission. Obed was a young man some ten years my senior, who had been left at an early age upon the hands of the world in general by the disappearance of his father and the death of his mother, who had had recourse to the gin bottle to comfort her in her affliction.

Handed about from neighbor to neighbor, he had finally taken root in our house, where, discovering that, having split wood, drawn water, milked the cows, and run of errands all day, he sat up all night to study geography and battle single-handed with geometrical problems, my father's scholarly heart was drawn toward him, and he became a sort of adopted son. Despite his unpromising antecedents, he was a wonderfully worthy young man, and now a hard-working and rising lawyer. Many a scrape had he helped me out of. Now, as I heard his knock upon the door, one that knuckles less bony could never have made, I called "Come in" in tones of relief. Obed Drake could assuredly advise me as to a "beginning" of my letter.

"Come in," said I; and the door opened and a long, thin form advanced and half retreated.

"Oh, if you are writing, I'll not desturb you," said the voice belonging to this apparition.

"No, no," said I; "not at all, not at all Come in; I want you, Obed. I'm in a dilemma. Sit down."

Obed sat down, and I confided the facts of the case to him.

"You see," I said, in conclusion, "I am obliged to write a letter to a young lady I never saw, on whom I desire to make a favorable impression, and I can't imagine how I ought to begin. It's really the most difficult task."

"Difficult!" cried Obed, with a curious jerk, peculiar to him when he was excited. "Difficult! No such thing. Not at all difficult. Most enjoyable task—most enjoyable. I only wish I had it to do. But really, *do* you find it difficult Eff?".

"Terribly so," I said. "See, this is her picture. Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Obed; "but *I* like dark girls. It wouldn't inspire me particularly. Now, do you know, if *I* were going to write, I should imagine to myself quite another girl. Do you know—I should think you'd like to write to an unknown young lady. Here, I'll show you how I'd begin."

He sat down to my desk. I lit a cigar. He took up my pen. Instantly it began to fly over the paper. With his shoulder to his ears, and his nose on the lines, Obep worked away. I finished one cigar and lit another; still he wrote on. At last three sheets of note-paper lay in a pile before him.

"There," said Obed, with a long breath, "that is a little of what *I* should say."

He selected a cigar for himself and puffed in silence, while I read his production.

"It's a very fine letter, Obed," I said. "I couldn't do anything half so good. Bless my soul, how many quotations! Where do you keep them stowed away? I say, Obed, would you mind my just copying this and sending it?"

"Do as you like, Eff.," said Obed. "I'd have taken more pains, however, if I had thought of that."

I took advantage of his permission, copied the letter, and dispatched it to Miss Gertrude Duval. In less than a fortnight I received a reply.

It was long, poetical, and as full of quotations as Obed's had been. It was, in fact, a complete answer to his epistle. Of course, I took it to Obed.

"Fine letter," he said, as he turned its pages for the third time. "I say, if this was to me, I could get up a famous reply. This remark now about men, and their want of appreciation of women, and this quotation, twisted to suit herself; now, I'd say—"

"Obed," I cried "*do* say what you like. The young woman is too opinionated for me; she knows too much; she is too sharp. I can't write to a girl like that. And who would think it from her picture!"

"Nobody," said Obed. "She looks like a bread-and-butter Miss."

Then he once more seized upon pen and paper, and this time an enormous packet made its way to Massachusetts.

To cut a long story short, Obed and my young bethrothed were soon exchanging not so much letters as parcels of manuscript.

They wrote regularly, and touched upon every subject under the sun, from love to electricity. They had read every author who ever wrote, and had opinions on every "ism" that bewildered people's brains.

Of course, I knew that Obed, who was, at least, eight-and-twenty, had dabbled in everything; but that a girl of seventeen should have gone as far as he, was a mystery I could not explain. It did not attract me. But for that beautiful portrait, I should have returned to my youthful opinion of Miss Gertrude, and declared that I hated her; but the face was prettier than any I knew, in my eyes. Sometimes my mother perused what she supposed to be our correspondence, and greatly complimented us on our flowery expressions. But one or two letters were too heavy for light reading, and once she remarked, having folded the many sheets of Gertrude's last, with a very grave air:

"There *is* so much about the doctrines of Confucius, my dear. I hope she is not one of those liberal preachers silly young people are all running after now-a-days, and that if you do marry, you'll take a pew at Dr. Dosely's. I *hope* she don't go to hear this Confucius regularly."

However, the poetical epistles pleased her, and when the correspondence had been going on for a year, it was decided in family conclave that I had better go North and visit my brothed.

It was decided also that Obed was to go with me. He had business in the Northern States, and a sort of natural inclination to Boston. When good New Yorkers die they may go to Paris; but there is a certain sort of person, born in all parts of the United States, whose freed soul assuredly wings its way first of all to Boston. Obed was one of these.

With a new wardrobe, a full pocket-book and my parents' blessings, I started on my romantic journey. I left the letters at home, but I took with me the photograph. Obed attended to such practical matters as baggage and lunches, tackled cabmen, and saw that we were not sent into the roof at any hotel we patronized. I must confess I felt that he was not ornamental, with his tallow colored complexion and bean-pole aspect, his wild sweep of greenish-yellow hair and his large knuckles; but he was useful, and I was very fond of him, and it might hurt his feelings to explain to him that his yellow-gray travelling suit was three sizes too small for him.

After many days we reached Massachusetts and made our way to Boston. In its environs, in a most respectable house, with a large garden, dwelt the parents of my affianced. Having attired ourselves for a call, we engaged the driver of a little cab to take us thither, and arrived in the middle of a fine summer afternoon.

To our inquiries, the little servant who opened the door replied that Miss Gertrude was in "the arbor," and as we had heard much of "the arbor" in the letters, and it was in full sight, I suggested to Obed that we should approach unseen and surprise the lady by our appearance.

It was an impudent thing to do, but I considered myself privileged. We accordingly followed the winding walk with careful steps, and arriving at the arbor, peeped through the vines and saw, not *one* young lady, but *two*. The youngest was the original of my picture, fair, with golden hair, dark eyes, dimples and a rose-bud mouth. The other was about thirty, sensible, shrewd-looking, and very dark. She was writing. The sheets of note-paper on the table looked familiar.

"Finished," she said, laying down her pen. "And as he's to come soon, that, I suppose, is *my* last letter. Heigh-ho! Gertrude, he is much too sensible a man for you. *How* such a boy can have acquired so much information I do not know, but I've enjoyed *my* share of the correspondence."

"And I'm *ever* so much obliged, Martha," said the other. "I never could think of anything to write to the prosy thing. If he is like his letters, I *can't* like him; but, his photograph is ever so nice-looking. Maybe he won't talk as he writes."

I looked at Obed. Obed looked at me. We tiptoed our way back to the house, found the servant, and sent her out with our cards.

"Do you know, Effingham," said Gertrude to me a week later, "I have a confession to make. I didn't think I'd like you a bit."

"Why?" asked I.

"Don't be offended," said Gertrude. "Your letters were so—so solemn—like improving works we ought to read, and never do—at least I don't."

"Gertrude," said I, "I have a confession to make, too. I never wrote one of those letters; Obed did them for me."

"Oh!" said she. "Do you know, Martha wrote all mine?"

Afterward I told her that I did know it, but not then.

"Mr. Drake is a very nice person, isn't he?" asked Gertrude very soon.

"A splendid fellow," said I.

"I'm very glad," said she: "for Martha is engaged to him; and she told me she did not believe *you* ever wrote a word of those letters."

So I returned to Florida with news that made my mother happy; but Obed stayed behind. He married Miss Martha, and they settled down in Boston. He is a successful lawyer. She occasionally lectures, and both seem to be as happy as are my Gertrude and I, and only for *our* love-letters they never might have met. Says my wife sometimes:

"Well, they were *our* love-letters, after all."

—An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about 1 o'clock very softly, denuded himself gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manœuvre, said: "Come to bed, you fool, you; the baby ain't there."

—An Irishman found a government blanket recently, and, rolling it up, put it under his arm, and walked off, saying: "Yis, that's moine—U for Patrick and S for McCarthy. But this larnin's a foine thing, as my father would say, for if I hadn't any edication I wouldn't have been afther findin' me blanket."

—A devout woman took her baby to church. The voice of the preacher wakened the child into screams. "Do not go," said the minister, "the baby does not disturb me." "That may be," said the mother, still retreating, "but you disturb the baby."

—Friend (to scientific authority): "Doctor, how is a man to tell a mushroom from a toadstool?" "Scientific authority: "By eating it. If you live, it is mushroom; if you die, it is a toadstool."

—"A French Republic," said Lamartine, "would be a possibility if any one was willing to be the second person in it."

—A Parisan philosopher says: "It is always well to thrash your wife. She will either run away or love you better for it; so, either way, you gain."

### A French Wedding Episode.

Two wedding couples presented themselves at the Mayoralty in a suburb of Paris, to carry out the civil portion of their marriage contract. They ranged themselves on opposite sides of the mayor's official throne, and faced one another. The mayor was asking a question of one of the bridegrooms, whose attention was thus distracted from his bride. On turning round to look at her when he had answered the question, he caught her making "sheep's eyes" at the bridegroom opposite. Being of a jealous temperament, he laid his hand roughly on her arm, and said, rather sharply:

"Mademoiselle, which of the two brides are you? You are mine, I believe; then oblige me by confining your glances to me."

The bride was a young woman of spirit, and, resenting the tone in which the reprimand was made, retorted, "Ah, monsieur, if you are jealous already, I am likely to lead a pleasant life with you!"

The jealous bridegroom made an angry reply, and then the other must needs put his oar in.

"Bah!" monsieur, why should you make such a fuss because mademoiselle chooses to favor me with a glance?"

Thereat his bride turned savagely upon him and exclaimed, "Ha, monsieur, it would seem then that you like to have ladies make eyes at you! Now I know what to expect from you; but you might at least have had the decency to keep this proof of your faithfulness concealed from me here." And with this fierce thrust she burst into tears.

In vain the mayor attempted to pacify both parties. The bridegrooms stormed at each other, and the brides, between their hysterical sobs, mutually accused each other with perfidy. What was to be done?

At last the mayor, losing temper, cried out: "Am I to proceed with this ceremony, or am I not?"

The two brides, with one accord, screamed "No!"

"Perhaps," said the mayor, whose wrath had again cooled down, "you could arrange matters between yourselves if you were left alone. The clerk will show you my private room. I will give you half an hour."

At the expiration of that time the parties were summoned to appear again before the mayor.

"Have you settled your differences?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur le Maire," exclaimed both bridegrooms at once.

"Oh, then I may proceed with the ceremony!"

"Yes, Monsieur le Maire; bu—but—"

"Well, what is it?"

"We have effected a change, Monsieur le Maire."

"A change! What do you mean?"

"A change of brides, Monsieur le Maire,"

And so it was—the jealous bridegroom had taken the jealous bride, and the young lady of fickle glances had taken the gentleman who liked ladies to "make eyes" at him. The astonished mayor looked at them in silent amazement for a moment or two, but they met his look unabashed, so he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Well, if you are satisfied, it is no business of mine. I will proceed with the ceremony." And married they were.

### A Sensible Parrot.

Three weeks after the great fire in Chicago, in 1871, I saw a parrot which had saved itself from the general fate of all household treasures there. It had belonged to my old friend, Mrs Kirkland, and was doubly cherished by her daughter. When it was evident that the house was doomed, and the red wall of flame, urged by the hurricane, was sweeping towards it with terrific speed, Miss Kirkland saw that she could save nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear—the parrot and the family Bible; but she was unable to carry more than one of them. After a single moment of choice, she seized the Bible and was hastening away, when the parrot cried out, in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being, I think, could have been deaf to such an appeal; the precious Bible was sacrificed and the parrot saved. The bird really posessed a superior intelligence. I heard him say "Yes" and "No," in answer to questions, the latter being varied so as to admit alternately of both replies; and the test of his knowledge was perfect. In the home where he found a refuge there were many evening visitors, one of whom, a gentleman, was rather noted for his monopaly of conversation. When the parrot first heard him, it listened in silence for some time; then, to the amazement and perhaps the confusion of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk altogether too much!" The gentleman, at first some what embarrassed, presently resumed his interupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head on his side, gave an indescribly comical and contemptuous "H'm-m!" and added, "There he goes again!" If there ever was an *oiseau terrible* it is the parrot; his instinct for discovering ways and means of annoyance is something diabolical.

—"Time flies," suggested she. "Yes," he answered, sadly taking a dark object out of the cream, "time flies were gone."