

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES,  
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,  
J. THOMAS CLARK,  
Editors and Proprietors.  
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# ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

NO. 36.

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.

## Professional.

**J. HARWOOD WATKINS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLCOTT CITY.

**CHARLES W. HUBBARD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.  
March 9, 78-11.

**J. D. McGUIRE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishar's Store.  
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,  
Dec'y, and practice generally before the Depart-  
ment in Washington.  
Oct. 7, 78-11.

**JOHN WARFIELD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FLORENCE P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, MD.  
March 29, 78-11.

**J. THOMAS JONES,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 32 SE. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City  
and Howard and adjoining Counties.  
Can be found at the Court House in ELLCOTT  
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every  
month.  
Dec. 12, 77-11.

**HENRY E. WOOTTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

**EDWIN LINTHICUM,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

**WM. A. HAMMOND,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Can be found at the Court House, ELLCOTT  
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each  
month.  
OFFICE—20 St. Paul St., near Lexington,  
Baltimore.  
July 27-78-11.

**JOHN G. ROGERS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLIC-  
ITOR 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, ELLCOTT CITY.  
Jan. 6, 72-11.

**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 ELLCOTT CITY  
on the First and Third Tuesday of every month—  
(Orphans' Court days).  
Mar. 6-75-11.

**G. IRVING DITTY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 21 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in  
the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-  
ruptcy.  
Particular attention given to collection of  
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of  
Maryland.  
Jan. 29, 70-11.

**T. R. CLENDINEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 52 W. FAYETTE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

**DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,**  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at El-  
licott City is prepared to practice his profes-  
sion 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, 76-11.

**DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,**  
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).

Having located at Clarksville for the prac-  
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-  
fessional services to the community.  
May 18, 78-11.

**DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND**  
Offers his professional services to the public.  
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-  
pike, Howard County.  
March 16, 78-11.

**DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,**  
DENTIST,  
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental  
Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.  
C. Grable, I tender my professional services to  
his patrons and the public generally at the  
office formerly occupied by him,  
MAIN STREET,  
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHAR'S STORE.  
April 21, 77-11.

**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, ELLCOTT CITY.  
Feb. 16, 78-11.

**WILLIAM B. PETER,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Real Estate and Collection  
Agency, and  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Estates attended to, Rents and Bills Collected  
Money procured on Securities. Purchases  
and Sales of City and Country Property  
Effect. Property Leased, Money  
Invested in Bonds, Rents,  
Mortgages, Ac., Ac., Ac.,  
Free of Charge. All  
kinds of Property Insured at  
lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on first  
class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.  
June 24, 77-11.

## [Written for the Times.] THE DEATH OF A STAR.

Low sighs the wind  
With mournful moan;  
Low hang the clouds  
Fitting from zone to zone;

And the ocean dashes and moonbeam flashes  
On every white-tipped wave,  
That writhes and leaps, and roars aloud,  
For something to wrap in its foaming shroud,  
For it treacherously covers a grave.

Yes, bright shine the rays on the foam so  
white  
Though a star, in the heavens, is dying to-  
night.

Low sinks the sun, through purple clouds  
shining,  
With fringe of deep red, and bright golden  
lining;

Changing their hues, as the last rays shoot by,  
And the moon is quick rising in the warm  
Southern sky,  
And its pulses are beating, as the moments  
are fleeting;

While it soars in the blue canopy;  
And gentle rays fall over  
The fair fields of clover,  
And mountain and vale, and sea,  
Ah! what a beautiful sight,  
Is the death of a star in the heavens to-night.

Show comes each star,  
With a soft gentle tread;  
By the beautiful light  
Of the Angels' eyes led.  
Now coming, now going, now dimming, now  
glowing;

Chameleon like changing their sheen;  
Then taking heart, and feeling embolden  
They steadily shine, with a light that is golden  
Calm, beautiful, clear and serene  
Ah! they shine with a God-given light;  
That one of their number is dying to-night.

Pale shines the doomed star,  
With a flickering light  
As the dark pallor death  
Comes on like a blight;  
Wrapping and covering, like a grim vulture  
hovering;

With a fiendish and devilish leer.  
Oh! cold and stern is the pallor of death;  
And we hear, as we cling to our fleeting  
breath,  
The roar of Styx drawing near.

More dim grows the light  
Of the star that is dying,  
Its warmth, and its heat,  
From its body is flying,  
Its heat decreases, its cold increases,  
With an opposite, fearful pace,  
As low burns the last flame with a fitful gust  
And cold and charred grows its blackened  
crest.

As it slowly circles through space,  
Ah! ah! 'tis a sorrowful sight;  
A star in the heavens dying to-night.

Ha! Did you see the last  
Flame, unwillingly  
And fall to the earth,  
As though with a cry?  
'Twas the last ray, by night or by day,  
That will fall from the star that is dying  
O ray! Do the angels in heaven weep?  
For the moon and the stars, as they grandly  
sweep,

Pause not for a moment of sighing;  
But calmly soar on, in their heavenly flight,  
Heeding not the star that is dying to-night.

Lower, lower, the huge  
Ember is burning;  
Slower, slower in its  
Orbit 'tis turning;

Oh! look! O see there! It hangs in the air,  
Quivering from its top to its base,  
It plunges! 'tis gone to its last destination  
A blackened mass, of wild desolation,  
Careening through unfathomable space,  
Ah! the heavens they are a beautiful sight,  
Though a star in their confines has perished to-  
night.

SOLITAIRE.

## A True Ghost Story.

"Did you ever hear," said a friend once  
to me, "a real true ghost story, one you  
might depend upon?"

"There are not many such to be heard,"  
I replied, "and I am afraid it has never  
been my good fortune to meet with those  
who were really able to give me a genuine,  
well-authenticated story."

"Well, you shall never have cause to say  
so again; and as it was an adventure that  
happened to myself, can scarcely think  
it other than well authenticated. I know  
you to be no coward, or I might hesitate  
before I told it to you. You need not stir  
the fire; there is plenty of light by which  
you can hear it. And now to begin. I  
had been riding hard one day in the  
autumn for nearly five or six hours, through  
some of the most tempestuous weather to  
which it had ever been my ill luck to be  
exposed. It was just about the time of  
the Equinox, and perfect hurricanes swept  
over the hills, as if every wind in heaven  
had broken loose, and had gone mad, and  
on every hill the rain and driving sleet  
poured down in one unbroken shower.

"When I reached the head of Wentford  
valley—you know the place, a narrow  
ravine with rocks on one side, and those  
rich full woods (not that they were very  
full then, for the winds had shaken them  
till there was scarcely a leaf on their bare  
rustling branches) on the other, with a  
clear little stream winding through the  
hollow dell—when I came to the entrance  
of this valley, weather-beaten veteran as  
I was, I scarcely knew how to hold on by  
my way; the wind, as it were, held in between  
the two high banks, rushed like a river  
just broken loose into a new course, car-  
rying with it a perfect sheet of rain,  
against which my poor horse and I struggled  
with considerable difficulty; still I  
went on, for the village lay at the other  
end, and I had a patient to see there, who  
had sent a very urgent message, entreating  
me to come to him as soon as possible.

We are slaves to a message, we poor medi-  
cal men, and I urged on my poor jaded  
brute with a keen relish for the warm fire  
and good dinner that awaited me as soon  
as I could see my unfortunate patient, and

get back to a home doubly valued on such  
a day as that in which I was then out.  
It was indeed dreary riding in such  
weather; and the scene altogether, through  
which I passed, was certainly not the most  
conducive toward raising a man's spirits;  
but I positively half wished myself out in  
it all again, rather than sit the hour I was  
obliged to spend by the sick-bed of the  
wretched man I had been summoned to  
visit. He had met with an accident the  
day before, and as he had been drinking  
up to the time, and the people had delay-  
ed sending for me, I found him in a fright-  
ful state of fever; and it was really an  
awful thing either to look at or to hear  
him. He was delicious, and perfectly  
furious; and his face, swelled with pas-  
sion, and crimson with the fever that was  
burning him up, was a sight to frighten  
children, and not one calculated to add to  
the tranquility even of full-grown men.

I dare say you think me very weak, and  
that I ought to have inured to such  
things, minding his ravings no more than  
the dash of the rain against the window;  
but, during the whole of my practice, I  
had never seen man or woman, in health  
or in fever, in so frightful a state of furious  
frenzy, with the impress of every bad pas-  
sion stamped so broadly and fearfully  
upon the face; and, in the miserable hotel  
that then held me with his old witch-like  
mother standing by, the babel of the wind  
and rain outside added to the ravings of  
the wretched creature within. I began to  
feel neither in a happy nor an enviable  
frame of mind. There is nothing so  
frightful as where the reasonable spirit  
seems to abandon man's body, and leave  
it to a fiend instead.

"After an hour or more waiting patient-  
ly by his bedside, not liking, to leave the  
helpless old woman alone with so danger-  
ous a companion (for I could not answer  
for anything he might do in his frenzy),  
I thought that the remedies by which I  
hoped in some measure to subdue the fe-  
ver, seemed beginning to take effect, and  
that I might leave him, promising to send  
all that was necessary, though fearing  
much that he had gone beyond all my  
power to restore him, and desiring that  
I might immediately be called back  
again, should he get worse instead of  
better, which I felt almost certain would  
be the case. I hastened homeward, glad  
enough to be leaving wretched throats and  
raving men, driving rain and windy hills,  
for a comfortable house, dry clothes, and  
a warm fire, and a good dinner. I think  
I never saw such fire in my life as the one  
that blazed up my chimney; it looked  
so wonderful warm and bright, and there  
seemed an indistinguishable air of comfort  
about the room which I had never not-  
iced before. One would have thought  
I should have enjoyed it all intensely after  
my wet ride, but throughout the whole  
evening, the scenes of the day would keep  
recurring to my mind with most uncom-  
fortable distinctness, and it was in vain  
that I endeavored to forget it all in a  
book, one of my old favorites too; so at  
last I fairly gave up the attempt, as the  
hideous face would come continually be-  
fore my eyes and an especially good  
passage; and I went off to bed heartily  
tired, and expecting sleep very readily to  
visit me. Nor was I disappointed: I was  
soon deep asleep, though my last thought  
was on the little valley I had left. How  
long this heavy and dreamless sleep con-  
tinued, I can not tell, but gradually I felt  
consciousness returning, in the shape of  
the very thoughts with which I fell asleep  
and at last I opened my eyes, thoroughly  
roused by a heavy blow at my window.

## A Tuscan Vintage.

All Tuscany had been busy with the  
vintage. The vintage! Is there a word  
more rich to the untraveled Englishman  
in picturesque significance and poetical  
associations? All that the bright south  
has of glowing coloring, harmonious  
forms, teeming abundance, and Saturnian  
facility, mixed up in the imagination  
with certain vague visions of bright black  
eyes and bewitching ankles—all this, and  
more, goes to the making up of the Eng-  
lishman's notion of the vintage. Alas!  
that it should be needful to dissipate such  
charming illusions. And yet it is well to  
warn those who cherish these *couleur de*  
*romans* imaginings, and who would fain shun  
a disagreeable disenchantment, that they  
will do wisely in continuing to receive  
their impressions of Italian ruralities from  
the presentations of our theatres, and the  
description of Mrs. Radcliffe. To those  
inquiries, however, of sterner mould, who  
would find truth, be it ever so disagree-  
able when found, it must be told that a  
Devonshire harvesting is twice as pretty,  
and a Kentish hop-picking thrice as  
pretty a scene as any "vintemias" that the  
vineyards of Italy can show. The vine,  
indeed, as grown in Italy—especially  
when the fruit is ripe, and the leaves be-  
gin to be tinted with crimson and yellow  
—is an exceedingly pretty object, rich in  
coloring, and elegant in its forms. Nothing  
but the most obsolete and backward  
agriculture, however, preserves these  
beauties. If good wine and not pretty  
crops be the object in view, the vine  
should be grown as in France—a low  
dwarf plant closely pruned, and raised  
only two or three feet from the ground;  
and then such a vineyard nothing can be  
more ugly. Classic Italy, however still  
cultivates her vines as she did when the  
Greeks were written; "marries them  
most becomingly and picturesquely to  
elms or mulberries, &c., and makes of  
their lovely festoons and very acrid vine.  
Again, it must be admitted that a yoke  
of huge dove-colored oxen, with their  
heavy unwieldy tumbrils, is a more pic-  
turesque object than an English wagon  
and a team of horses. Occasionally, too,  
may be seen bearing not ungracefully a  
blushing burden of huge bunches, a fig-  
ure, male or female, who might have sat  
for a model to Leopold Robert. But de-  
spite all this, the process of gathering the  
vintage is anything but a pleasing sight.  
In one of the heavy tumbrils I have men-  
tioned, are placed some twelve or fifteen  
large pails, some three feet deep, and a  
foot or so in diameter. Into these are  
thrown pell-mell the bunches of fruit,  
ripe and unripe, clean and dirty, stalks  
and all, white and red indiscriminately.  
The cart thus laden, the fifteen pails of  
unsightly, dirty-looking slush, are driven  
to the "fattoria," there to be emptied into  
vats, which appear, both to nose and eye,  
never to have been cleansed since they  
were made. In performing this opera-  
tion much is of course spilt over the men  
employed, over the cart, over the ground;  
and nothing can look less agreeable than  
the effect thus produced. Sometimes one  
large tub occupies the whole tumbril, the  
contents of which, on reaching the "fat-  
toria," have to be laded out with bucket-  
ets. Often the contents of the vat, trod-  
den in one place—a most unsightly pro-  
cess—have to be transported in huge bar-  
rels, like water-carts, to another place to  
undergo fermentation. And then the  
thick muddy stream, laden with filth and  
impurities of all sorts, which is seen when  
these barrels discharge their cargo, is as  
little calculated to give one a pleasing  
idea of the "ruby wine" which is to be  
the result of this filthy squash, as can well  
be imagined. Add to this an exceedingly  
unpleasant smell in and about all the  
buildings in which any part of the wine-  
making process takes place, and the con-  
stant recurrence of rotting heaps of the  
refuse matter of the pressed grape under  
every wall and hedge in the neighbor-  
hood of each "fattoria"—and the notions  
connected with the so be-petified vin-  
tage, will be easily understood to be  
none of the pleasantest in the minds of  
those acquainted with its sights and  
smells.

A Wise Man.—I had a friend who  
could not endure a story that smacked of  
scandal. He used to say, "I have so  
much to do that I cannot hear it. One-  
half of my time is taken up with my own  
business, the other half with letting alone  
that of my neighbors." How many ex-  
cellent opportunities of letting alone  
other people's business are blighted, and  
the world is troubled with the interference  
of people with what does not concern them.  
Neighborhoods are driven crazy by the  
reports of idle or mischievous people, who  
watch for occasions of scandal, and lose  
no opportunity of making it public, re-  
gardless of its truth, or of the injury that  
it inflicts upon the feelings of others.

Gossip passes for facts, and surmise for  
history; and the nimble lie runs many a  
league while the truth is putting on its  
boots.

entle myself out of believing. It was some  
hours before I could recover my ordinary  
tranquillity; and then it came back, not  
slowly as you might have expected, as the  
impression gradually wore off, and time  
wrought his usual changes in mind as in  
body, but suddenly—by the discovery  
that our large white owl had escaped  
during the night, and had honored my  
window with a visit before he became  
quite accustomed to his liberty."

Our Presidents.

Incidents Regarding the Gentlemen  
Who Have Acted as Chief Executive.

The first idea of a President for the  
United Colonies was originated by  
Benjamin Franklin at the Albany con-  
vention in 1754. That convention was  
held for the purpose of consolidating the  
colonies under the British flag, but the  
Crown authorities opposed the scheme,  
and it was abandoned. The presidential  
office was at once created when Congress  
was held, but the incumbents were called  
"Presidents of Congress." This office  
continued until the constitution provided  
a President to be elected from the people.  
The first of these was George Washington,  
who was fifty-seven at the time of his in-  
auguration. John Adams, the next, was  
a native of Massachusetts, and was sixty-  
two at the time of inauguration. Jef-  
ferson, who succeeded him, was a Virginian  
of fifty-eight, and was sixty-six when he  
retired from the presidential chair. Mad-  
ison, likewise a Virginian, was fifty-seven  
when elected, and retired after eight  
years' service, ranging from 1809 to 1817.  
Monroe, also a Virginian, was inaugurated  
at the age of fifty-nine; and was sixty-  
seven when he retired from office, a period  
extending from 1817 to 1825. John  
Quincy Adams, a Massachusetts man, was  
elected at the age of fifty-seven, and re-  
tired at 61, having served but one term,  
which closed March 4, 1825. Jackson, a  
native of North Carolina, was 62 when  
elected, and retired at 70, having served  
eight years, from 1829 to 1837. Van  
Buren was the first native of New York  
state to enter the presidential office; he  
was 51 when elected, and served but one  
term, which lasted from 1837 to 1841.  
Harrison was a native of Virginia, and was  
67 when elected. He died after a month's  
service, and Tyler, also a Virginian, was  
raised from the vice presidency to take  
the office thus vacated. This was the first  
instance of such an exigency, and there-  
fore was an important experiment. The  
election of Harrison closed the half cen-  
tury of national existence under the con-  
stitution, fifty-two years having elapsed  
since Washington's inauguration. Polk,  
the next President, was of North Carolina  
birth, and was fifty when elected. He  
retired after one term, which closed in  
1849. His successor was General Taylor,  
a native of Virginia, who was in the 65th  
year when inaugurated. His term was  
closed by death in 1850, and Fillmore  
was raised from the vice presidency. He  
was a Buffalo lawyer, and was at that  
time in his fifty-first year. Frank Pierce,  
the next President, a native of New  
Hampshire, was forty-eight when elected,  
and served but one term, which closed in  
1857. His successor, James Buchanan,  
a native of Pennsylvania, was the first  
bachelor inducted to this office, which  
occurred in his sixty-fourth year. His  
term closed in 1861, when Abraham Lin-  
coln, a Kentuckian, aged fifty-one, was  
inaugurated. Of his successors, Johnson  
and Grant, we need not speak.

She Failed.

The other day, soon after a Congress  
street woman had decided to build a big  
strawberry shortcake for supper, she  
heard the musical voice of a peddler  
crying in the wilderness:

"Great big strawberries—eight cents  
a quart—three quarts for twenty-five  
cents!"

"Nothing like taking advantage of  
discounts," said the woman, as she ran  
for a dish, and in five minutes she had  
her three quarts of berries and the ped-  
dler her silver quarter. Time passed on.  
She sat in a rocking-chair looking over  
the luscious fruit, when all of a sudden  
she turned pale and began breathing  
hard. It was not a case of heart-disease  
or spinal meningitis, nor had a new wrin-  
kle suddenly developed itself on her fore-  
head. She had simply figured:

"Eight cents per quart—three quarts for  
twenty-five cents—three times eight is  
twenty-four!"

Her son came in just as she had slip-  
ped a revolver into her pocket and tied  
her bonnet strings into a square knot;  
and when he asked her where she was  
going she solemnly replied:

"Harry, I am just going out to kill a  
strawberry peddler—a seven-story hypo-  
crite and deceiver who gave me whole-  
sale rates on these berries! Tell your  
father to engage three lawyers and be at  
the Central Station in half an hour.

But the strawberry man had passed on—  
had sought other shady and innocent  
neighborhoods, and she returned to her  
darkened home with a big toothache un-  
der her ear, and her heart beating 115 in  
the shade.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Parodies, as a general thing, are  
rather indifferent reading. The "Reject-  
ed Addresses" and "Warreniana," how-  
ever, are brilliant exceptions to this re-  
mark. One of the most happy native  
exhibitions of this sort that we have seen,  
is a parody upon the Scottish song of  
"Jessie, the Flower of Dubhane," written by  
a distinguished jurist in Pennsylvania:

"Oh, sweet ish de lily mit its prawn yellow  
bosom,  
Und so ish de meadow, all covered mit green;  
Und nodding's so sweet, nor yet sticks in my  
bosom,  
Like sweet biddel Katy, nor lives on de plain;  
She's as passel as any—like her dere's no man;  
She's neider high-lart, nor yet footish, nor  
vain;  
Und he's a great villain, mitout any feelin',  
Dat would hurt voince my Kitty, nor lives on  
de plain."

—If your constitution is broken down,  
or you find it necessary to purify and  
cleanse the blood, use Dr. Bull's Blood  
Mixture.

## Chronological History of Tobacco.

1496—Romonus Pane, a Spanish monk,  
whom Columbus on his second voyage  
left in America, published the first ac-  
count of tobacco under the name of  
"Cohoba."

1525—The negroes on the plantations in  
the West Indies began to use it.

1559—Jean Nicot, envoy from France to  
Portugal, sent some of the seeds to Paris,  
and from him it acquired the name of  
"Nicotiana." When it was first used in  
France it was called *herbe de Grande  
Prieur* of the house of Lorraine, who was  
very fond of it. It was also called *herbe  
de St. Croix*, from Cardinal St. Croix, who  
first introduced it into Italy.

1570—At this date in Holland tobacco  
was smoked in conical tubes made of  
palm leaves plaited together.

1575—First appeared a print of the  
plant in Andrew Thevet's Cosmographie.

1585—The English first saw the Indians  
of Virginia use clay pipes, from which  
time they began to be used in Europe.

1601—James I., of England, sought to  
abolish the use of tobacco by heavy im-  
ports upon it.

1610—The smoking of tobacco was in-  
dulged in at Constantinople. To render  
the custom ridiculous a Turk, thus de-  
tected using the plant, was led through  
the streets with a pipe thrust through his  
nose.

1615—The cultivation of tobacco was  
begun in Holland.

1619—James I. ordered that no planter  
cultivate more than one hundred pounds.  
1620—Smoking first introduced into  
Germany.

1631—First introduced into Austria by  
Swedish troops.

1631—The use of tobacco forbidden in  
Russia under penalty of having the nose  
cut off.

1653—First used in Switzerland, where  
the magistrates first punished those found  
smoking, but the custom became too  
general to be suppressed.

1690—Pope Innocent XII, excommuni-  
cated all who should take snuff or use  
tobacco while at church.

—He was twitted of his baldness and  
retorted sharply, "Well, there are two  
things you never saw in the world, a red-  
headed nigger, or a bald-headed fool."—  
*Syracuse Standard.*

## Girls, Put your Shoulders Back.

Many American girls, through mere inat-  
tention to the way of carrying themselves,  
unconsciously contract the habit of bring-  
ing their shoulders forward and stooping.  
The position not only detracts greatly  
from their appearance, but is also very  
pernicious in point of health. The cele-  
brated Aaron Burr, in a letter to his  
daughter, Theodosia, afterwards the  
wife of Governor Aleten, South Carolina,  
wrote as follows on the subject:

"Your habit of stooping your shoulders  
forward on your breast not only disfig-  
ures you, but is alarming on account of  
the injury to your health. The continu-  
ance of this vile habit will certainly  
produce consumption; then farewell papa;  
farewell pleasure; farewell life! This  
is no exaggeration; no fiction to excite  
your apprehensions. But setting aside  
this serious consideration, I am astonished  
that you have no more pride in your ap-  
pearance. You will certainly stunt your  
growth and disfigure your person."

There is reason to believe that Miss  
Burr gave heed to the admonition of her  
fond father; for she afterward became re-  
nowned for beauty as well as for her su-  
perior mental endowments and accom-  
plishments.

## Proverbs for Subscribers.

A wise son maketh a glad father, and  
a prompt paying subscriber causeth an  
editor to laugh.

Folly is a joy that is destitute of wis-  
dom, but delinquent subscribers cause  
suffering in the house of an editor.

All the ways of men are clear in his own  
eyes, except the way the delinquent sub-  
scriber has in not paying for his news-  
paper.

Better is a poor man that walketh in  
integrity, and pays his subscription, than  
the rich man who telleth the collector to  
call again.

Judgments are prepared for scorners,  
stripes for the backs of fools, and lasting  
punishment for him who payeth not for  
his newspaper.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, is  
a proverb sadly realized by the publisher  
who sends out bills.

A righteous man hateth lying, hence a  
publisher waxeth wrath against a sub-  
scriber who promises to call and settle on  
the morrow and calleth not.

Truth is pleasure.—Men have been  
said to be sincere in their pleasure, but  
this is only that the tastes and habits of  
men are more easily discernible in plea-  
sure than in business; the want of truth is  
as great a hindrance to the one as to the  
other. Indeed, there is so much insinc-  
erity and formality in the pleasurable  
department of human life, especially in  
social pleasures, that instead of a bloom  
there is a slime upon it, which deadens  
and corrupts the thing. One of the  
most comical sights to superior beings  
must be to see two human creatures with  
elaborate speech and gesture making  
each other exquisitely uncomfortable from  
civility; the one pressing what he is most  
axious that the other should not accept,  
and the other accepting only from the  
fear of giving offense by refusal. There  
is an element of charity in all this too;  
and it will be the business of a just and  
refined nature to be sincere and consider-  
ate at the same time. This will be bet-  
ter done by enlarging our sympathy, so  
that more things and people are pleasant  
to us, than by increasing the civil and  
conventional part of our nature, so that  
we are able to do more seeming with  
greater skill and endurance.

MANNERS.—Young people should be  
mannerly. How to be so is the question.  
Many a good boy or girl feels that they  
cannot behave to suit themselves in the  
presence of company. They feel timid,  
bashful and self-distrustful the moment  
they are addressed by a stranger or ap-  
pear in company. There is but one way  
to get over this feeling and acquire grace-  
ful and easy manners, that is to do  
best they can all the time at home, as  
well as abroad. Good manners are not