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Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELICOTT CITY.

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

CHARLES W. HEUSTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
15 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, Md.
March 9, '78-79.

J. D. SECURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELICOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leisler's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
etc., and practice generally before the Depart-
ment in Washington.
Oct. 7, '75-76.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
82 St. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Elicott City on Baltimore Court
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every
month.
March 30, '78-79.

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, Elicott
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every
month.
Dec. 12, '74-75.

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

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

W. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Elicott
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each
month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27-72-73.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICIT-
OR 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, Elicott City,
Jan 6, '72-73.

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 Elicott City on
the First and Third Tuesday of every month—
(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6-75-76.

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 Bank-
ruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
Jan. 29, '70-71.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 53 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 2, '78-79.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELICOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at Eli-
cott City, he 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, '69-70.

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 15, '72-73.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 10, '78-79.

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

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.
Crabb, I tender my professional services to
his patrons and the public generally at the
office formerly occupied by him,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISLER'S STORE.
April 21, '77-78.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Elicott City,
Oct. 12, '75-76.

JAMES L. MATTHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD
COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's
Store, Elicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-79.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection
Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY
ELICOTT 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 Bonds, Stocks,
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 \$1,000 to \$10,000.
Jan. 24, '77-78.

CHRISTMAS.

BY S. TEACLE WALLIS.
On the Swiss mountains, when I wandered
there,
In the wild, awful pass-ages, all alone,
A little cross of iron, cold and bare,
Rose, oft, before me, from some wayside
stone.

Strange, uncouth names they bore—a holy
sign
Traced by rude hands upon a rustic scroll,
And, blotted by the snows, a piteous line,
Begging our prayers for the poor sleeper's
soul.

Some traveler it was, perchance, whose doom
The torrent or the avalanche had sped;
Mayhap was buried there some peasant, whom
The hunted chamois o'er the cliff had led.
His simple thoughts had never crossed the sea
From those far borders to his grave I came,
Yet, as a brother, called he unto me,
And my heart's echo gave him back the
name!

Peace to thy spirit, Brother! I had felt
The quickening of the blood that waanders
free!
At thought of home and country, I had knelt
At altars where the nations came to kneel—
But know I never, in its depth, till when
Thy lonely shrine besought me for my
prayer.

The sense of kindred with all sort of men—
One love, one hope, God's pity everywhere!
And so thy scroll, that gentle Christmas-tide,
Reached on the cross, high o'er the wastes of
time,
Speaks to earth's pilgrims, in His name who
died,
Good will and peace and brotherhood sub-
lime!

And, unto them that hail thee, chiefly worth
As the glad wreaths that twine round thy
year,
For that thou bid'st our huddled hearts go
forth,
Where'er love can warm or kindness cheer.

Up the bleak heights of daily toil we press,
Too busy, with our journey and our load,
To heed the hurried grasp, the brief embrace,
The brother fainting on that weary road.
Then, welcome be the hours and thoughts and
things,
That win us from ourselves, a little while,
To that sweet human fellowship which brings
The only human joy unalloyed of guile!

—Baltimore Weekly Sun.

STORY OF REMBRANDT.

At a short distance from Leyden may
still be seen a flour-mill with a quaint
old dwelling-house attached, which bears,
on a brick in the corner of the wide
chimney, the date of 1530. Here, in 1606,
was born Paul Rembrandt. At an early
age he manifested a stubborn, independ-
ent will, which his father tried in vain
to subdue. He caused his son to work in
the mill, intending that he should suc-
ceed him in its management; but the boy
showed so decided a distaste for the em-
ployment, that his father resolved to make
him a priest, and sent him to study at
Leyden. Every one knows, however, that
few lads of fifteen, endowed with great
muscular vigor and abundance of animal
spirit, will take naturally and without
compulsion to the study of Latin gram-
mar. Rembrandt certainly did not; and
his obstinacy proving an overmatch for
his teacher's patience, he was sent back to
the mill, his father beat him severely, the
next morning he ran off to Leyden, with-
out in the least knowing how he should
live there. Fortunately he sought refuge
in the house of an honest artist, Van
Zwansanen, who was acquainted
with his father.

"Tell me, Paul," asked his friend,
"what do you mean to do with yourself,
if you will not be either a priest or a
miller? They are both honorable profes-
sions: one gives food to the soul the other
prepares it for the body."

"Very likely," replied the boy; "but I
don't fancy either; for in order to be a
priest, one must learn Latin; and to be a
miller, one must bear to be beaten.
How do you earn your bread?"

"You know very well I am a painter,"
said the boy.
"Then I will be one, too, Herr Zwaa-
nen; and if you will go to-morrow and
tell my father so, you will do me a great
service."

The good-natured artist willingly un-
dertook the mission, and acquainted the
old miller with his son's resolution.

"I want to know one thing," said Master
Rembrandt, "will he be able to gain a
livelihood by painting?"

"Certainly, and perhaps make a for-
tune."

"Then if you will teach him, I con-
sent."

Thus Paul became the pupil of Van
Zwansanen, and made rapid progress
in the elementary parts of his profession.
Impatient to produce some finished work,
he did not give himself time to acquire
purity of style, but astonished his master
by his precocious skill in grouping fig-
ures, and producing marvelous effects of
light and shade. The first lessons which
he took in perspective having wearied
him, he thought of a shorter method, and
invented perspective for himself.

One of his first rude sketches happened
to fall into the hands of a citizen of Ley-
den who understood painting. Despite
of its evident defects, the germs of rare
talent which it evinced struck the burgo-
master, and sending for the young artist,
he offered to give him a recommendation
to a celebrated painter living at Amster-
dam, under whom he would have far
more opportunity of improvement than
with his present instructor.

Rembrandt accepted the offer, and dur-
ing the following year toiled incessantly.
Meantime his finances were dreadfully
straitened; for his father, finding that the

expected profits were very tardy, refused
to give money to support his son, as he
said, in idleness. Paul, however, was
not discouraged. Although far from pos-
sessing an amiable or estimable disposi-
tion, he held a firm and just opinion of
his own powers, and resolved to make
these subservient first to fortune and
then to fame. Thus while some of his
companions, having finished their pre-
liminary studies, repaired to Florence,
to Bologna, or to Rome, Paul, determined,
as he said, not to lose his own style by
becoming an imitator of even the might-
iest masters, betook himself to his patri-
al mill. At first his return resembled
that of the Prodigal Son. His father be-
lieved that he had come to resume his
miller's work; and bitter was his disap-
pointment at finding his son resolved not
to renounce painting.

With a very bad grace he allowed Paul
to displace the flour sacks in an upper
loft, in order to make a sort of studio,
lighted by only one narrow window in
the roof. There Paul painted his first
finished picture. It was a portrait of the
mill. There, on the canvas, was seen the
old miller, lighted by a lantern which he
carried in his hand, giving directions to
his men, occupied in ransacking the
dark recesses of the granary. One
ray falls on the fresh, comely countenance
of his mother, who has her foot on the
last step of a wooden staircase. Rem-
brandt took this painting to the Hague,
and sold it for 100 florins. In order to
return with more speed, he took his
place in the public coach. When the
passengers stopped to dine, Rembrandt,
fearing to lose his treasure, remained in
the carriage. The careless stable-boy
who brought the horses their corn forgot
to unharness them, and as so on as they
had finished eating, excited probably by
Rembrandt, who cared not for his fellow-
passengers, the animals started off for
Leyden, and quietly halted at their ac-
customed inn. Our painter then got out,
and repaired with his money to the mill.

Great was his father's joy. At length
these silly doubts, which had so often ex-
cited his angry contempt, seemed likely
to be transmuted into gold, and the old
man's imagination took a rapturous
flight. "Neither he nor his old horse,"
he said, "need now work any longer;
they might both enjoy quiet during the
remainder of their lives. Paul would
bring pictures, and support the whole
household in affluence."

Such was the old man's castle in the
air; his clever, selfish son soon demon-
strated, "This sum of money," he said,
"is only a lucky wind-fall. If you in-
deed wish it to become the foundation of
my fortune, give me one hundred florins
besides, and let me return to Amsterdam;
there I must work and study hard."

It would be difficult to describe old
Rembrandt's disappointment. Slowly,
reluctantly, and one by one, he drew
forth the 100 florins from his strong-box.
Paul took them, and with small show
of gratitude, returned to Amsterdam. In
a short time his fame became established
as the greatest and most original of
living artists. He had a host of imitators,
and all failed miserably in their attempts
at reproducing his marvelous effects of
light and shade. Yet Rembrandt prized
the gold which flowed in to him far more
than the glory. While mingling the
colors which were to flash out his canvas
in real living light, he thought but of
his living coffers.

When in possession of a yearly income
equal to £2000 sterling, he would not
permit the agent who collected his rents
to bring them in from the country to
Amsterdam, lest he should be obliged to
invite him to dinner. He preferred set-
ting out on a fine day, and going himself
to the agent's house. In this way he
saved two dinners—the one which he got,
and the one he avoided giving. "So that's
well managed!" he used to say.

This sordid disposition often exposed
him to practical jokes from his pupils;
but he possessed a quiet temper, and was
not easily annoyed. One day a rich citi-
zen came in, and asked him the price of
a certain picture.

"Two hundred florins," said Rembrandt.
"Agreed," said his visitor. "I will
pay you to-morrow, when I send for the
picture."

About an hour afterward a letter was
handed to the painter. Its contents were
as follows:

MASTER REMBRANDT—During your
absence a few days since, I saw in your
studio a picture representing an old wo-
man churning butter. I was enchanted
with it; and if you will let me purchase
it to my house, and be my guest for the
day."

The letter was signed with some ficti-
tious name, and bore the address of a vil-
lage several leagues distant from Amster-
dam.

Tempted by the additional 100 florins,
and caring little for breaking his engage-
ment, Rembrandt set out early next morn-
ing with his picture. He walked for
four hours without finding his obliging
correspondent, and at length, worn out
with fatigue, he returned home. He found
the citizen in his studio, waiting for
the picture. As Rembrandt, however, did
not despair of finding the man of the 800
florins, and as a falsehood troubled but
little his blunted conscience, he said,
"Alas! an accident has happened to the
picture; the canvas was injured, and I
felt so vexed, that I threw it into the fire—

Two hundred florins gone! However, it
will be my loss, not yours, for I will paint
another precisely similar, and it shall be
ready for you by this time to-morrow."

"I am sorry," replied the amateur, "but
it was the picture you have burned which
I wished to have; and as that is gone, I
shall not trouble you to paint another."

So he departed, and Rembrandt short-
ly afterward received a second letter to
the following effect: "MASTER REM-
BRANDT—You have broken your engage-
ment, told a falsehood, worried yourself
to death, and lost the sale of your pic-
ture—all by listening to the dictates of
avarice. Let this lesson be a warning to
you to-morrow."

"So," said the painter, looking round
at his pupils, "one of you must have
played me this pretty trick. Well, well,
I forgive it. You young varlets do not
know the value of a florin as I know it."

Sometimes the students nailed small
copper coins on the floor, for the in-
chievous pleasure of seeing their master,
who suffered much from rheumatism in
the back, stoop with pain and difficulty,
and try in vain to pick them up.

Rembrandt married an ignorant peas-
ant who had served him as cook, think-
ing this a more economical alliance than
one with a person of refined mind and
habits. He and his wife usually dined
on brown bread, salt herrings, and small-
beer. He occasionally took portraits at a
high price, and in this way became ac-
quainted with the Burgomaster Six, a
man of enlarged mind and unblemished
character, who yet continued faithfully
attached to the avaricious painter. His
friendship was sometimes put to a se-
vere test by such occurrences as the fol-
lowing:

Rembrandt remarked one day that the
price of his engravings had fallen.

"You are insatiable," said the burgo-
master.

"Perhaps so. I can not help thirsting
for gold."

"You are a miser."

"True; and I shall be one all my life."

"This really is a pity," remarked his
friend, "that you will not be able after
death to act as your own treasurer, for
whenever that event occurs, all your
works will rise to treble their present
value."

A bright idea struck Rembrandt. He
returned home, went to bed, desired his
wife and his son Titus to scatter straw
before the door, and give out, first, that
he was dangerously ill, and then dead—
while the simulate fever was to be of so
dreadfully infectious a nature that none
of the neighbors were to be admitted near
the sick-room. These instructions were
followed to the letter, and the disconsol-
ate widow proclaimed that, in order to
procure money for her husband's inter-
ment, she must sell all his works, any
property that he left not being available
on so short a notice.

The unworthy trick succeeded. The
sale, including every trivial scrap of paint-
ing or engraving, realized an enormous
sum, and Rembrandt was in ecstasy. The
honest burgomaster, however, was nearly
frightened into a fit of apoplexy at seeing
the man whose death he had sincerely
mourned standing alive and well at the
door of his studio. Meister Six ob-
liged him to promise that he would in
future abstain from such abominable de-
ceptions. One day he was employed in
painting in a group the likeness of the
whole family of a rich citizen. He had
nearly finished it, when intelligence was
brought him of the death of a tame ape
which he greatly loved. The creature
had fallen off the roof of the house into
the street. Without interrupting his
work, Rembrandt burst into loud lamen-
tations, and after some time announced
that the piece was finished. The whole
family advanced to look at it, and what
was their horror to see introduced be-
tween the heads of the eldest son and
daughter an exact likeness of the dear
departed ape. With one voice they all
exclaimed against this singular relative
which it had pleased the painter to in-
troduce among them, and insisted on his
erasing it.

"What!" exclaimed Rembrandt, "er-
rase the finest figure in the picture! No,
indeed; I prefer keeping the piece for
myself." Which he did, and carried off
the painting.

Of Rembrandt's style it may be said
that he painted with light, for frequent-
ly an object was indicated merely by the
projection of a shadow on a wall. Often
a luminous spot suggested, rather than
defined, a hand or a head. Yet there
is nothing vague in his paintings; his
mind seizes the design immediately. His
studio was a circular room, lighted by
several narrow elits, so contrived that
rays of sunshine entered through only one
at a time, and thus produced strange ef-
fects of light and shade. The room was
filled with old-world furniture, which
made it resemble an antiquary's museum.
There were heaped up in the most pic-
turesque confusion curious old furniture,
antique armor, gorgeously-tinted stuffs,
and these Rembrandt arranged in diffi-
cult forms and positions, so as to vary the
effects of light and color. This he called
"making his models sit to him." And in
this close adherence to reality consisted
the great secret of his art. It is strange
that his favorite among his pupils was
the one whose style most resembled his
own—General G. who he aimed at the
most. G. stopped key-holes lest a parti-

cle of dust should fall on his palette, who
gloried in representing the effects of fresh
scouring on the side of a kettle.

Rembrandt died in 1674, at the age of
sixty-eight. He passed all his life at
Amsterdam. Some of his biographers
have told erroneously that he once vi-
sited Italy; they were deceived by the
word *Venetis* placed at the bottom of
several of his engravings. He wrote it
there with the intention of deluding his
countrymen into the belief that he was
absent, and about to settle in Italy—an
impression which would materially raise
the price of his productions. Strange
and sad it is to see so much genius united
with so much meanness—the head of fine
gold with the feet of clay.

Washington Social Etiquette.

The President and his wife receive all
calls and return none. During the session
of Congress stated receptions are given,
which all may attend. A morning recep-
tion should be attended in the usual
morning reception costume, but it is not
considered respectful to appear in less
than evening toilet at evening reception,
and for an evening call merely *dear toilet*
is preferable. When entering, your name
is announced by the usher, whereupon the
Marshal of the District introduces you to
the President, and afterwards to other
members of the family who may be present.
Any invitation sent by the President takes
precedence of all other invitations, even if
previously accepted. Communications to
Cabinet officers should be addressed to
"The Honorable the Secretary of State,"
the Vice-President as "Mr. Vice-Presi-
dent," and the Chief Justice as "Mr.
Chief Justice." Abbreviations are not
routable in ceremonious notes. In eve-
ning, however, of any long diplomatic title
write out part of it in full, and let an
added line of *et cetera* indicate the re-
mainder.

It is a vexed question as to whom pro-
perly belongs the second place in social
grade, the Chief Justice or the Vice-Presi-
dent. Much may be said on both sides.
The significance of our social etiquette is
not personal, but political, and it simply
resolves itself to the question which is of
more political importance, the Chief Jus-
tice or the Vice-President. The first name
is certainly, in some respects, much more
respectable and dignified. He holds the
power of ultimate appeal; he can at times
control the Executive, and holding his
office for life he is a fixed star in the
National firmament. The Vice President,
simply as Vice-President, has no special
political significance. His greatness anti-
cipatory rather than actual, consisting in
the remote contingency of his becoming
President, and the dignity of his position
arises from his being President of the
United States Senate. A social congress
should be called to settle these weighty
matters of the law, and until that is done
the dilemma may be met as a distinguished
Washington lawyer meets it, by not in-
viting these two dignitaries to her table
at the same time.

In regard to the Cabinet great confusion
of opinion prevails as to the question of
social precedence, and though it is a ques-
tion which needs be settled only on an
occasion of state dinners or official recep-
tions the *Post* would not be fulfilling the
whole duty of man unless it stated the
case fully. The order to be observed is
the priority in which the offices were
created—viz: the State, the Treasury, the
War, the Navy, the General Postoffice, the
Interior and the Department of Justice.

The difference of opinion as to who
should receive the first visit, the Cabinet
officer or the Senator, is gradually being
decided in favor of the Senator.

This "first visit" seems to have been an
apple of discord at a very early date. It
is of this that Mr. Adams's letter before
referred to chiefly treats, and he quotes
voluntarily from "Mrs. Adams," what
she did and what she did not do. After
all it is the women who watch the social
boundaries and carry on in Washington
parlors the wars of the political arena.
For this Senatorial claim to precedence is
based on the argument that the Senator
represents State sovereignty, while the
Cabinet officer is simply appointed and
depends on the confirmation of the Senate.
Still, the Senator is also subject to the
State Legislature, and so—of course—
and yet such is the dignity and responsibility
of a Cabinet officer that—well, the massive
brain of the *Post* reels under such a weight
of argument, and can only feebly suggest
that official dining-tables be made like
that celebrated table in John O'Grat's
house, where eight jealous brothers of the
house of O'Grat sat down each one at the
head of the octagon table.

The ladies of the Cabinet probably
work harder through the season than any
one else in Washington. The demands
upon their time and strength are enor-
mous, and it must require a good deal of
muscular Christianity to go through the
crush of a "card reception" in the height
of the season. In matter of invitations,
either to the *matinee dansante*, the *musicals*
or the *soiree conversationnelle*, the invitation
should be sent in season, and the answer
should be positive and should be given at
once, and given in writing. Especially is
this the case in regard to dinner invita-
tions. Punctuality here is the cardinal
virtue. Repeat in the answer the formula
of time and place, so that there may be no
misunderstanding as to time and place.
Say yes or no. It is all well enough to
coquette with your lover, and doubtless

to "mean yes, and say no, comes natural to
women;" but the man who asks you to
dine is not to be trifled with.

It has always been considered snobbish
for a woman to shine in the reflected glory
of her husband's title, as "Mrs. General,"
"Mrs. Senator," &c., yet the usage gains
ground. It at once identifies people, and
is admissible. Members of the House of
Representatives and their wives are ex-
pected to make the first call on all the
officials alike named.—Washington Post.

Heller and the Heckey Coachman.

When Heller, the love magician, arrived
in Boston some time ago he directed the
hackman to drive him to the Parker
House.—Reaching the hotel, he stepped
briskly up to the clerk's desk and was
soon surrounded by a host of old friends,
including Dr. Tompkins of the Boston
Theatre, Arthur Cheney, Henry C. Jarrett,
Frank Chumrau and a dozen others.
Amid the hearty greetings came a rough
voice, which soon attracted a general at-
tention.

"It appears that the hackman hadn't
been paid."

"What is it, my good friend; what are
you yelling to me about?" demanded Mr.
Heller.

"I want my fare. I saw you skip
away. Two dollars for you and the lady."

This answer created a laugh among
the magician's friends.

"I know I paid you, you rascal exclaim-
ed Mr. Heller.

"Divil a cent."

"You put it in your hat. Hand it to
me" and, to the consternation of Jehu,
there was a bright, clean two dollar note
taken from the lining of his coat and
held up to the rapidly increasing crowd,
Cathy stood transfixed with wonder.

"I am afraid of your future my poor
fellow, and advise you to alter your
course," interposed Mr. Jarrett.

"Be virtuous and you'll be happy,"
was the advice of Mr. Cheney.

"This after all our boasted New Eng-
land civilization and moral advancement!"
Mr. Chumrau.

"If this thing should get abroad?" was
Dr. Tompkins's alarming exclamation.

"Think of your wife and children.
Repeat ere it be too late," was the kindly
tongued proposition of Mr. Heller.

"Look here, gentlemen, this is all good
enough, and yet her me thanks. But
may I never see a sixpence again but I
wasn't paid and that bill I never saw be-
fore in all my born days. I didn't have a
cent about me," and the indignant hack-
man slapped his hands on his coat pockets.

"You have no other money on your per-
son?" demanded Mr. Heller.

"No," said the driver, unhesitatingly.

"What's this, and this, and this, and
this?" inquired the magician, as he deli-
cately pulled a bank note first from the
poor cabman's side coat pocket, then one
from his coat cuff, another from his pant-
aloons pocket, and another from his boot
top.

"My friend," continued Mr. Heller,
in a voice softened by swelling emotions,
while the crowd around moaned with ex-
cess of sorrow over the sad exhibition of
human depravity, "