

Professional.

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

CHARLES W. REUBEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 12 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.

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

JOHN WARRIEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 32 St. Paul Street, BALTIMORE.

F. THOMAS JONES, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 32 St. Paul St., BALTIMORE.

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

EDWIN LANTIEROUM, 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.

JOHN G. ROGERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS, COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 32 St. Paul St., BALTIMORE.

C. IRVING DITTY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 51 St. Paul St., BALTIMORE.

T. W. CLENDINEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 52 W. Fayette Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

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

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS, (LATE OF BALTIMORE), Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND, Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.

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

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, LAND SURVEYOR, OFFICE—At the Court House, ELLCOTT CITY.

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

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 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 \$1,000 to \$10,000. June 24, 74-4.

MILAISS' "HUGUENOTS."

TO BE PLAYED ONE OF MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

Your favorite picture rises up before me, Whene'er you play that tune; I see two figures standing in a garden, In the still August moon.

Once a girl's, with pleading face turned up-wards, Wild with great alarm; Trembling with haste she binds her brooded kerchief About the other's arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity, Whose eyes look into hers With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it, Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden, With summer flowers about? What gives the woman's voice its passionate pleading? What makes the man's so low?

"See, love!" she murmurs; "you shall wear my kerchief, It is the badge, I know; And it will bear you safely through the conflict, If—if, indeed, you go!"

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my kerchief?" Nay! Do not tell me why, I will not listen! If you go without it, You will go hence to die.

"Hush! Do not answer! It is death, I tell you! Indeed, I speak the truth. You, standing there, so warm with life and vigor, So bright with health and youth;

"You would go hence, out of the glowing sunshine, Out of the garden's bloom, Out of the living, thinking, feeling present, Into the unknown gloom!"

Then he makes answer, "Hush! O, hush, my darling! Life is so sweet to me, So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it, If such a thing might be!"

"If such a thing might be—but not through falsehood, I could not come to you; I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet presence, Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts him! "This is no open strife. Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare, In which to spend your life?"

"Oh! for my sake—though but for my sake, wear it! Think what my life would be If you, who gave it first true worth and meaning, Were taken now from me.

"Think of the long, long days, so slowly passing! Think of the endless years! I am so young! Must I live up my lifetime, With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again, in mournful tones and tender, But with unswerving faith: "Should not love make us braver, ay, and stronger, Either for life or death?"

"And life is hardest! O my love! my treasure! If I could bear your part Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it With an unshrinking heart."

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that bright summer, When first your love I sought, Of all the future store of woe and anguish, Which I, unknowing, wrought."

"But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will forgive me, I know, when I am dead! I would have loved you,—but words have scant meaning; God loved you more instead!"

Then there is silence in the sunny garden, Until, with falling tone, She says, the while still clinging closer to him, "Forgive me—go—my own!"

So human love, and death by faith unshaken, Mingle their glorious psalm, Albeit low, until the passionate pleading Is hushed in deepest calm.

"BIANCA PALLINI."

(Translated from the Italian for the ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.)

Bologna, the birth place of sausages and of Pope's, is also the city in which anatomy has retained its highest dignity. What is strange about it, is that women themselves practised not very long since, the profession of anatomists and according to de Buey, who understood well the science and who was in Bologna in 1660, it was the daughters of Italy who possessed the best knowledge of the human body.

A young girl called "Bianca Pallini" professing anatomy in Bologna in the time of Louis XV. inherited a considerable fortune in this way: One cold and brilliant winter night in the month of January, 1763, a young man called Orio came out of a magnificent palace situated in the handsomest street of Bologna, humming an air from Gluck. He was clad in a large riding cloak, under which he carefully sheltered his violin, his music book and his bow. He walked along absent minded and preoccupied. Those who preceded him were chatting with vivacity among themselves. They were musicians from town who had been giving a serenade at the palace of —, in honor of the French Ambassador from Venice to Bologna, the count of V—. The official entertainment which had preceded the concert, had been splendid. The windows of the edifice brilliantly lighted, afforded still more the presence of the

noble personages. The dances and games animated the gallery. These exterior galleries enclosed in glass, radiant and transparent, as they are in all the beautiful cities of Italy, formed as many chandeliers on the street. The entire neighborhood of that palace was a foot. The students the vendors of sausages and the papal troops mingled together. The curious mob never tired to look at these Lords, in reddish brown dress coats, powdered and ruffled, whose silhouettes crossed and recrossed the apartment. Those vigilant footmen and beneath in the vestibule those running footmen faced in gold were all busy. In vain the moon outlined coquishly upon a ground of white clouds, the double leaning tower of Garisenda and of Asinelli. Bologna seemed to have concentrated herself wholly in that part of the city.

The young man of whom we spoke looked back from time to time, with a sentiment very distinct from that of the crowd; his anxiety was real; he was shunning some one. Was it some ethereal being, some princess of the ball armed with rigour and virtue? Or had he seen perhaps an unfriendly face at this fate? Be it as it may it was not long before he found himself exposed to a volley of 20 goodshots, fired upon him by his malicious brother artists. According to them he had played wrong all through the symphony, and did not merit a place in the harmonious society of Bologna. The tawny face of a Moor of the Ambassador's suite had caused him a strange impression; the presence of this man troubled him evidently. What could there exist between him and this dark man? His friends wondered at it, and they pressed him to explain himself.

Orio laid the blame upon the horrible heat of the apartments and the natural emotion of performing before so exacting a company. He had never liked Moors and believed them more capable than all others to cast spells, therefore he had touched his coral hand—(little triquet much used in Italy as a preventative to the Jettatura) during the whole time that this accursed man has presented him refreshments upon a tray. After all Orio did not know him. He merely knew him to be the confident and factotum of the Ambassador. His friends had to content themselves with these explanations and soon left him at the corner of a lonely street in which was then situated the College of Anatomy. The placing of this College in such a spot was but temporary, the ancient amphitheatre of that university being under repair.

Orio as soon as he found himself alone, raised his eyes and looked to see if no light shone through the shutters of this house. It was a building black as ink, and of which the only windows on the ground-floor were fully 20 feet high; in this lower parlor was the amphitheatre of dissection.

The young musician rapped twice, and then he saw a little dormer-window open itself. A young girl, tall and slender, appeared holding her lamp in her hand; she opened the door to Orio, and they very soon found themselves in a vast apartment, where the feeble light of lamps partly lowered, cast here and there doubtful shadows. This was the amphitheatre furnished with circular seats, the amphitheatre where the women, these strange doctors in black gowns tangle themselves anatomy. The marble tables upon which were usually placed the corpse, were then washed with care; the vials and the instruments were set in order; three windows opening in the dome ventilated this sad place. The young girl had still before her an open book when the musician entered and took her hand, after having deposited beside her his violin.

"Bianca," said he to her with an expression strange with emotion, "Bianca, we must go away this very night, because I have just met at that ball of the Ambassador a man that he brings here in his suite; that man is my enemy; he knew you at Rome three years ago, and he comes back to marry you." "It is Ambrosio," said Bianca, "Ambrosio, the Moor of whom I was so afraid. He led then a wicked life. He was often employed upon dark and dangerous missions. He always carried a knife in his belt. Once, I remember well, he threatened me with his 'tymparic' because I had refused to dance the Jaltarella with him. But how is it that he is at this hour so deep in the good graces of the Ambassador of France?"

"I cannot imagine; but Bianca you know yourself the irascible temper of that man. Doubtless he already knows my projects, whilst I am ignorant of his; he knows I have loved you three years like a mad man, that I wish to marry you,—you, as unquestionably beautiful as the Virgin of Poligno; you, whom I have promised myself to make so happy, and that by to-morrow, for I give up everything for Bianca, friends, parents and family." "Poor Orio," said she, "poor Orio, you speak like a mad man or a poet! You know that my old mother has only Bianca to support her and that I live her absolutely by my work, and what work, great heavens! Whilst you glide your bow upon an instrument that might pass for a soul, I here plunge the scalpel in livid bodies. Thus it is, you see it, I am already old before my time. Believe me, Orio, go alone, since you can; abandon here the unfortunate Bianca!" Bianca Pallini, in uttering these words,

looked at the young man with a sadness full of resignation. The poor child was yet beautiful; but she had lost the bright lively coloring of youth; she had exhausted her life at this horrible and nocturnal work. It was no longer a woman, 'twas science itself, that science which Albert Durer has painted so often under the pale and melancholy face of a woman. Bianca barely made enough to sustain herself and mother, and Orio for his part was scarcely more prosperous. Nephew of one of the richest goldsmiths in Genoa, Orio might justly have had expectations upon his fortune; but the day his Uncle died, he was informed by the podestate that the whole of the fortune came back to his older brother; that brother had besieged the dying man's pillow and escaped with the legacies extorted from him, after having made him basely disinherited Orio. He fled to Hindostan. Thus our two lovers were reflecting upon the bitterness of this twofold life of labour and misery, when they heard a mysterious noise in the street. Soon the noise became more intense. Orio distinguished clearly cries of help at several intervals: they came from a man being assassinated. Orio went out notwithstanding the remonstrance of Bianca. He arrived shortly at the angle of the street from whence came the cries and recognized with the aid of the moon, the face of the Moor Ambrosio exposed to the pangs of death. Ambrosio lay pierced with eight stiletto wounds, but expiring already quite far from his assassins, who had just taken flight. The wretch made incredible efforts to scrawl an object oval in form, that sparkled brilliantly. Orio thought he recognized a diamond; he tried in vain to draw it from the Moor. Ambrosio observed it heaving a stifled sigh.

However the militia soon arrived at the place of the murder; Orio was arrested notwithstanding his denials. They supposed he had thrown his weapon far from the corpse. Whilst they conducted him to the city jail, they carried the bleeding form of Ambrosio to the nearest place, the Academy of Anatomy. Having reached this place, the soldiers stretched him upon one of the tables, and Bianca Pallini was requested to declare to the authorities if there yet existed some chance of life for the Moor. Astonished at the arrest of Orio, still more the nocturnal assault of which Ambrosio was the victim, the young girl knew not what to think; constant study and a precocious intelligence had made of her a thorough doctor; she thought she perceived an unnatural lump at the throat of the dead man, and skillfully placing there her hand, she immediately felt a solid body that must have caused instantaneous suffocation. Upon her decisive answer that there was no hope for Ambrosio the authorities retired. But they had hardly left that scene of horror, when a young man wrapped briskly at Bianca's door, begging her to let him enter. Bianca thought perhaps it was Orio, that had been released. But the new comer, pointing to the corpse on the marble table: "That body said he, is that of a scoundrel that has betrayed my confidence Mademoiselle." As secretary to the Ambassador of France since six years, I had intrusted him with a mission to the governor of this city, which mission consisted in the delivery of a diamond, that forms alone a fortune of a million. The remittance should have been made to the legitimate owner, Signor Orio, brother of a Captain I knew in India. I only heard this eve the mention of his name, and I had sworn upon his brother's death bed to fulfill his last wish. That young musician had gone out when his name was pronounced in my presence. I then took Ambrosio aside (whose covetousness I ignore), wishing him to accompany me in carrying the legacy of my friend to his brother. At the turn of the "Strada Stretta," the Moor Ambrosio suddenly turned upon me, and as he was of herculean strength, he had no trouble in triumphing over my resistance, after having wounded me with my own sword. At this critical moment he stole my diamond; but about the same time I saw rush towards me a crowd of people, I believed to be robbers; they doubtless devined the bold stroke Ambrosio was attempting and couched upon sharing the profits with him. What has become of this precious deposit I cannot tell; but as an honest man, I came to declare myself to the authorities."

A thrill of joy ran through Bianca's veins, at the Secretary's account; she knelt a second before the image of the Virgin, whose wax taper was always burning in the midst of the Amphitheatre, and calling her to witness what she was about to do before this man, she plunged the scalpel into the throat of the Moor. A diamond of the finest water, a diamond less rich however, than the "Sanci," the famous diamond Law sold to the regent, came from that throat of sinful blackness. "Now, sir," said she to him, "I rely upon your generosity, go and carry in person, this diamond which in itself is a fortune, to Orio, and let him forget poor Bianca." The nobleman was not long in returning with Orio, whose release he had obtained without trouble. A few days later Orio wedded Bianca Pallini and was going to establish himself and bride in one of the handsomest palaces of Balbi street in Genoa. When the doge received them, a secret trust was deposited at the tribunal of the forty (in Genoa). It contained a confession from the Captain who died in India, who upon his death bed

repented of the great wrong he had done his brother, and wished to make amends. A diamond of the rarest value, from the mines of Hindostan and valued at nearly a million seemed to him sufficient compensation for his fault. The coat of arms of Bianca Pallini, whose family have long since died out in Italy, bore a scalpel and a diamond separated by a ship of the India Company.

Stage Drogeries.

Charlotte and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and properties were conspicuous by their absence; and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch and old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask.

"And what of clock-to-morrow Shall I send for thee?" Before "fair Montague" could reply, a black head popped out from his side and its proprietor ejaculated: "Miss Cushman, my bell's ringing, and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop; and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The sisters were perhaps not quite so dumfounded as Madame Michon-Carvalho when playing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as madame was singing the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with, "Bogging your pardon, Sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!"

On the first night of *A Crown for Love*, Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, "Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head," than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground—an accident not so annoying to the individual most concerned as the gallery commentary upon a Daedalus-Cassio's lamentation: "Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" coming in the significant shape of, "All right, old man; drink away; you're safe." Equally to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another "god" who, seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying, "Unreal mockery, hence!" to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting, "It's all right now, Governor; he's gone."

Actors, like other men, are apt to plume themselves upon finding favor with the ladies, and like other men sometimes achieve embarrassing conquests. Christian Brandes in his strolling days was cast to play Leander in a primitive sort of drama in which the dialogue was left pretty much to the discretion of the players. It was settled that Hero was not to be too easily won, but refrain from admitting her love for Leander until he had plied her hard with passionate speeches. Unluckily the Hero of the occasion was in reality desperately smitten, and scarcely gave Leander time to protest his love before exclaiming: "I can not resist you, Leander! accept my heart and hand." Brandes nonplused; the fine speeches he had prepared were unsuited to the situation. While he hesitated, the enraged manager whispered Hero, "In the fiend's name, improvise a few words and retire!" Whereupon the poor girl turned to the audience, and said, "In the fiend's name, I improvise a few words and retire!" and tripped gaily off the stage to the shouts of the amused audience; who after all, had less reason to laugh than those who heard the Western Romeo announce; "But soft! What light from yonder window breaks? It is the east, Juliet has a son!" What his Juliet thought of the new reading is not recorded.

Dumaine, as a pirate in *Lea Fleau des Mers*, was wanted to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the "cloth" behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as Dumaine discharged the pistol. Actuated by a jealousy or love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with gold-beater's skin, and when the pirate fired and the prompter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent prompter for his pet point not coming off as usual.

happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that glides a skillful general to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Lugnet when playing the bearer of an important dispatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the mimic king, who not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the dispatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to the messenger, with the command: "Read it to me, Sirrah!" Lugnet, however, was equal to the occasion, and responded: "Alas, Sir, born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read."

—We publish below, and shall continue to publish from time to time, the most interesting of the 100 questions for the answers to which the *New York World* offered prizes:

Do you believe in the story of William Tell? State your reasons either very, and briefly.—A. Probably the best course with this question will be to show the readers of the *World* a specimen of the answers to it which received one mark as indicating a real and thoughtful apprehension of the subject on the part of those who sent them. We take this from the manuscript of a correspondent who fell short of a prize, it seems to us, mainly through the lack of time to examine each question thoroughly before answering and who stands in our record under the good old name of "Nassau."

"It is probably a myth. There must, however, have been some basis in fact for a tradition so generally accepted at a date so near the time when Tell is alleged to have flourished. Religious services were instituted in Tell's memory at the place where he lived, and a chapel erected, within eighty years from the date of his alleged success over Gessler, and the story was accepted as true by chroniclers in the fifteenth century. On the other hand the disparities in the different versions of the story, Ideler's demonstration of its legendary character, the absence of Gessler's name from the chronicles of Swiss history and the absence of actually contemporaneous history as to Tell, make the literal truth of the traditions as a whole extremely doubtful. But for the reasons first given, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that a Swiss peasant named Tell did live in the fourteenth century, who shot an Austrian bailiff on the banks of Lake Lucerne, and by this act caused a revolt."

State any point of resemblance between Achilles and the author of the well-known lines, "Her feet beneath her pillow, Like little mice stole in and out."—A. At least seventy-five correspondents responded to this call by observing that both Achilles and the author in question once were Sucklings. About a hundred others intimated that Paris of Troy had something to do with the death of the one and Paris of France with the death of the other. Perhaps a score found the point of resemblance asked for in the fact that Achilles and Sir John Suckling were both "ten ter about the feet." That both died from wounds in the heel was hit upon by no fewer than eighty-three correspondents, many of whom were ladies.

What is the origin of the phrase "getting into a scrape?"—A. Several answers to this still debated question are admissible. The one which seems to have most in its favor is that the phrase comes down to us when England was still full of forests and the deer running wild in the woods cut sharp gullies between the trees called "deer scrapes," which it was easier to fall into than to climb out of. The force which has always been given to the phrase would seem to be much more in keeping with this derivation than with that selected by Robert Chambers, who takes the phrase from the driving of a ball at the game of golf into a rabbit burrow or "scrape."

Who wrote the song beginning "I'll hang my harp on the willow tree?"—A. The preponderance of evidence, notwithstanding the claim made for Haynes Bayly by his widow, goes to show that this song was written by the thirteenth Lord Elphinstone, for some time Governor of Madras, whom a social tradition represents to have been the early romance of Queen Victoria's life. He was a very handsome man, clever, and a captain in the Royal Horse Guards when the Princess Victoria first grew up. He is said to have accepted a position in India as a kind of honorable exile, and he died unmarried in 1860.

How did Job's turkey come to be a symbol of poverty?—A. Thanks to Judge Haliburton, who popularized the interesting facts that Job's turkey had but one feather in his tail and had to lean against the fence to gobble.

What is the origin of the phrase, "A tempter in a teapot?"—A. The probabilities are that this exact phrase was first applied in England to the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea, and it is attributed to Lord North. But he caught the idea of the phrase, if he was its Author, from the saying of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia about a political upstart in Geneva, "est un tempter dans un verre d'eau," the "verre d'eau" of course being Lake Lemano Cicero, in his *De Legibus*, uses the phrase "excitabat fluctus in simpulo," or "he got up a sea in a ladle."

Chinese Customs.

In China the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests. To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and grimaces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception-room and it not infrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughters wear—and not infrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand either when at home or abroad. On entering a room or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat, not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entreaty would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat." In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated. In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them at his visitor. In the matter of visiting-cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by-the-way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it, with a solemn bow, to the host before assuming his seat at the table. Scarlet is the usual color for all visiting-cards, save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used according to the extent of the loss deplored; but the entire card is colored—not, as with us, the edge alone. Here we are reminded of another instance of the antagonism of Chinese ideas, plain white being regarded as the color *deu rigueur* for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and everything about the person, even down to the end of silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

THE HEART.—Throb, throb, throb. Never sleeping but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds, often inflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened by affection, must beat on for a life time. Nothing finds a lodgment in its chambers that does not add to its labors. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. The memory of dead loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness, the anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it, as the early snow drifts cover the tender plant; lore, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth, and makes it the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, beats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eye-lids, the heart is beating—beating beneath all its burdens; it works while we sleep; it works while we play; it aches when we laugh. Do not necessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it; warm it when it is cold, encourage it when it despairs.

—Rabbi Joshua once met a boy who carried something in a covered vessel. "My boy," said the rabbi, "what have you in your covered vessel?" "If it was intended for you to know," replied the boy, "it would not be covered."

—Carl Schurz thinks the country would be safe if the young men would all get married and settle down. We wonder if all the girls would subscribe to that sentiment.

—Tombs of rich men all remind us that bodies should be buried with torpedo attachments warranted to blow body-snatchers beyond the reach of reward.

—I have been entirely cured of a Sore Throat by two applications of Keller's Roman Linctum. Chas. E. Merlet, No. 1 Truck Co. Washington, D. C.