

Professional.

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ELLCOTT CITY.

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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March 9, '78-4c.

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No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore.

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

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

**HENRY E. WOOLTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Nov. 27, '69-4c.

**EDWIN LINTHICUM,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House  
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.  
Nov. 27, '69-4c.

**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,  
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July 27-72-4c.

**JOHN G. ROGERS,**  
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Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.

Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.

OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City,  
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**ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,**  
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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).

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

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Jan. 20, '70-4c.

**T. K. CLENDENEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 82 W. Fayette Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
March 2, '78-4c.

**DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,**  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City is prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.

He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.  
Oct. 3, '69-4c.

**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.  
May 18, '78-4c.

**DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND**  
Offers his professional services to the public.  
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.  
March 16, '78-4c.

**DR. JAMES E. SHREVE,**  
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.

THREE DOORS BELOW LEITCH'S STORE.  
APRIL 24, '74-4c.

**WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,**  
LAND SURVEYOR,  
OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City.  
Oct. 12, '78-4c.

**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, '78-4c.

**WILLIAM B. PETER,**  
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effected. Property Lensed. Money  
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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, '74-4c.

THE SAFEGUARD.

A baby crept to his father's knee,  
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,  
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired he was,  
And his little head fell peacefully  
At ease on the ready shoulder there,  
While the baby hand so soft and fair,  
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near  
To fierce temptation or deadly strife,  
And lost their way in a maze of fear,  
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,  
By a way unknown an angel hand  
Would lead them out of the dangerous land  
Into the light of a noble life.

The story is true for the world to-day;  
We see no white-robed angels mild;  
But out of the dark and perilous way  
Where men and women forget to pray,  
Into the peace of a purer land  
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand—  
The hand of a little, helpless child.  
—Elizabeth W. Deussen.

A Visit to Bulwer.

5. Alexandre Dumas describing a visit  
which he paid to Lord Lytton in 1868,  
says: "When Dickens died, my heart was  
sad; for I knew him well, and so did my  
illustrious father, because he knew us and  
liked us; but when the great Bulwer died,  
I felt still sadder, for Bulwer, only a few  
years ago, raised me from despair to hope-  
fulness.

"They who are able to do such things  
are better than apostles; they are angels."  
"Misunderstand me not, Bulwer did not  
not encourage me in any thing mean. He  
only took me up, broken reed, after fifteen  
years of literary life, when I was heart-  
broken, and said—  
"Courage!"

"How did I become acquainted with  
Bulwer? I go back thirty years. What was  
I but a boy? What was my father? A great  
man.

"This great man lived at Versailles. He  
had a court. Who were his courtiers? Bal-  
zac and Eugene Sue.

"I, poor little fellow, was almost stupe-  
fied in seeing around my father the incar-  
nation of goodness, so much ability and  
brilliance.

"Do you know why I never appreciated  
him? Because I heard too many of them.  
"One day there appeared at my father's  
table a slender gentleman of foreign as-  
pect. Father took me upon his lap, and  
said to his strange guest, 'This is my son!'  
"The distinguished stranger, with a  
wonderful air of his lips in his fine eyes,  
took me in his arms, kissed me, and said:  
"Dear child!

"I was anxious to know who he was. I  
asked papa, and he said—  
"He wrote 'Eugene Aram.'  
"It was Bulwer.

"Four years afterward I devoured his  
books. They made me learn the English  
language. I never regretted it.  
"That was long ago. We were all happy.  
We grew up, and I grew old, and father  
remained young. France was quiet. I  
wrote, and sometimes people applauded me.

"One day they biased one of my plays.  
I was there; but, when I heard those ser-  
pentine sounds, I did not betray any  
emotion. I thought my play was good;  
yet, when I went home, and retired to my  
couch, I buried my head in my pillow.  
"Ah! France had become too small for  
me. I wanted to fly, and I went to Eng-  
land.

"I should I met in London one  
M. Louis Blanc? He said to me:  
"You must see Bulwer."  
"Everybody in London knew where the  
great man lived. Next day I knocked at  
the door of his elegant house.

"He sat at once, word that he would  
see me. I entered his library. There he  
was, the same noble features of him who  
had taken me in his arms at Vincennes, at  
my father's house, only his hair had grown  
more silvery.

"He was affected when he saw me, and  
I was hardly able to restrain my tears.  
"Once I heard M. Thiers complimenting  
a young parliamentary orator. That made  
a deep impression upon me. But what  
was my sensation when the great Bulwer  
said to me he had read my plays, and he  
had been deeply interested in them?

"Our conversation was very long; but  
to me it seemed very brief. Bulwer said  
that he would rather be a great dramatist  
than a novelist.

"With that naïveté which is sometimes  
peculiar to great authors, he asked me  
which of his works I liked best.  
"I was embarrassed, for I liked them  
all; but I answered—  
"Pelham!"  
"Everybody likes that," he said slowly;  
"but have you read 'Rienzi'?"  
"Read and admired it," was my answer.  
"Was it really good?"  
"In my opinion, faultless."  
"There was a smile of gratification in  
his beautiful eyes. Mine grew more lus-  
trous as I saw it.

"He asked how long would I remain in  
England. I told him what had brought  
me there.  
"He laughed at me.  
"What! So small a misfortune as that!"  
I dropped my eyes.  
"Bulwer laughed and said:  
"You Frenchmen are the most clever  
but also the most sensitive of playwrights.  
I know something about your first-night  
audiences in Paris. I have been among  
them. But nothing does them more good  
than to tear down what ought to be ap-

Wonderful Instinct of the Beaver.

Of all things connected with the in-  
stinct of animals there is nothing more in-  
teresting than the habits of the beaver,  
and especially his construction of his  
dwelling place. This creature is called  
an amphibious animal, living as it does  
on land and water as well. Its aver-  
age length is from two to three feet, having  
a thick, heavy body, and a flat, broad tail,  
covered with scales. This tail is used as  
a rudder to steer by when under water,  
and in building, as a mason uses a trowel,  
which in shape it somewhat resembles.  
Were you to examine the feet of the beaver,  
you would find membranes between the  
toes of the hind feet, none on the fore  
feet, which assist him, no doubt, in his  
peculiar kind of work.

During the months of June and July  
the beavers assemble in great numbers  
from all quarters for the purpose of unit-  
ing into a society, sometimes forming a  
troop of from two to three hundred, for  
the purpose of building a city! After they  
have thus assembled, they go about  
with all the foresight of the shrewdest  
land speculator to find a suitable place  
for a settlement, which is always upon  
the bank of a river. If at the place they  
have selected the waters are fit, the  
beaver never makes a dam, but if the  
stream is subject to rising or falling, they  
build a dam from one side of the river to  
the other, often extending over a distance  
of from eighty to one hundred feet, and  
ten or twelve broad at its base. This  
pile, or creature so small, is almost in-  
credible. But the substantial manner in  
which they build their work is a greater  
subject of wonder.

If they find a large tree on the margin  
of the river which they believe would be  
made to fall across it, they proceed at  
once to cut it down. And how do you  
think they accomplish this? By gnawing  
at the bottom with their four cutting-  
teeth, and in an incredibly short time  
they accomplish their purpose, even  
though it may be as large as a man's  
body! And what is most singular, they  
always gnaw it in such a way as to make it  
fall across, or so that they can float it to  
the spot where they intend to fix their  
abode. They next gnaw off the branches  
to make it the level, and in doing this the  
teeth of the whole community are in re-  
quest. What a lesson these creatures in  
the lower orders of life teach us reason-  
ing beings in the service they render each  
other!

Some hunt the banks of the river  
for small trees, which they cut down, and  
make stakes of them, dragging them by  
land to the margin of the river, and after  
getting them well about, jump on them  
selves and tow them down to the place of  
their destination. You have no idea of  
the difficulties they have to surmount in  
doing this. Some of the beavers must  
elevate the thick ends against the mar-  
gin of the river, while others, under water  
are digging holes in the bottom with  
their fore feet to receive their sharp ends.  
Others bring earth in their mouths or  
fore feet, which they use to fill up the  
space between the stakes, and beat firm  
with their tails! They usually place  
these stakes in rows, opposite each other,  
and of equal height, 10!

After the dam is completed—which is  
the common property of the community,  
as it has been built by the united efforts  
of all—they separate into smaller soci-  
eties and build their private residences!  
These are arranged with two openings,  
one overlooking the water from which  
they can get the cool air and occasionally  
a bath; the other overlooking the land.  
They are in form either round or oval  
and vary in size all the way from four to  
ten feet in diameter. Some of them con-  
sist of three or four stories! The walls  
are about two feet thick, and are raised  
perpendicularly upon plain stakes, which  
serve for foundations and floors. The roof  
is conical, and the whole is plastered in  
side and out in a neat, strong and dura-  
ble manner, with a mixture of mud, clay  
and sand—which this ingenious little  
creature knows well how to mix and tem-  
per with his paws or feet, and use with a  
great deal of dexterity with his trowel  
shaped tail, for which he certainly ought  
to have an exclusive patent! Can you  
believe that these creatures could build a  
house so strong and so snug as to be per-  
fectly impervious to the most pelting  
storms, putting them at defiance? While  
they are building, as soon as any part of  
the material is placed where it is to go, they  
turn around and give it a sharp blow with  
their tail! This work is all performed at  
night and with great rapidity. In the  
autumn they cover the outside of their  
dwelling with mud, and, after frost comes,  
it freezes and becomes as hard as stone.

The beavers store their bark for food  
in their houses, just as the farmer does  
his corn, each apartment having its own  
store-house, so that they shall not in-  
trude upon each other's rights. They ex-

A Wife Who is Seldom at Home.

When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door-  
bell, the other day, Mr. Bird himself  
opened the door, Mr. Bird had the baby  
upon his arm, and there were four other  
children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked  
the peddler.  
"Certainly she isn't," replied Mr. Bird.  
"She is out. She is perennially and eter-  
nally out!"

"Where can I see her?"  
"Why go down to the Woman Suffrage  
Club rooms, and if she is not there, go  
to the society for the prevention of cruelty  
to animals, and if she has left there, visit  
the hall of the association for alleviating  
the miseries of the Senegambians, and if  
she has finished up there look for her at  
the church aid society, or the 9th Ward  
soup house, or at the home of the one-leg  
ged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at  
the hospital for the asthmatic, or at the  
St. Polycarp orphan asylum, or at some  
of these places. If you get on her trail  
you'll see more paupers and strong-minded  
women and underclothing for the heathen  
than you ever saw in the whole course of  
your life."

The Bennett Polar Expedition.

A Talk with the Commander.

A representative of the Chronicle called  
upon Lieutenant De Long, United States  
Navy, who has command of the yacht  
Jeannette, of the Bennett polar expedi-  
tion, at the Palace Hotel yesterday, and  
gathered some interesting information re-  
specting his plan of operations. Lieuten-  
ant De Long is a man who would strike  
the most superficial observer as one well  
qualified to engage in the perilous under-  
taking he has in view. Like all men of a  
strong reserved force of character, he is  
extremely indisposed to make public any-  
thing which would give color to the  
thought that he was over confident of  
success or under-estimated the chances of  
failure. "The less said now," he remarked,  
"the less a notice will be taken of me should  
I fail; and if I am successful I shall enjoy  
the glory the more from not having start-  
ed off with a flourish of trumpets."

Lieut. De Long will leave for New  
York next week, and be ready to sail for  
the frozen zone about the middle of June.  
The yacht will carry thirty-three souls,  
twenty-five men forward and eight aft.  
Her commander would prefer to have  
the crew made up entirely of American sea-  
men, but as it may be difficult to get that  
number of able-bodied, temperate Ameri-  
cans who would on land be hardships of  
such an expedition, he will probably  
accept the services of Danish, Norwegian  
and Swedish sailors. Several young men  
have already volunteered to take the  
chance.

The "after guard" will be eight in num-  
ber, the commander, two lieutenants and  
a master of the navy, two surgeons, a sci-  
entist—that is a man who combines a  
knowledge of geology, mineralogy, botany  
and kindred sciences—and a recorder, who  
will also be skilled in photography, for  
the purpose of transcribing full accounts  
of all which occurs of interest on the  
voyage. In addition to this force, Mr.  
Bennett may conclude to send a member  
of the Herald staff to act as correspondent.

The Jeannette will have on board provisions  
for three years, and will start into  
the Arctic with coal sufficient for the same  
time. A vessel will leave here with the  
expedition and accompany the yacht as  
far as Behring Straits, where she will re-  
plenish her coal bunkers, and see that she  
starts in with a full supply.

At one of the latter settlements a num-  
ber of sledges and dogs will be taken on  
board to be used on land expeditions.  
Lieutenant De Long will at first endeavor  
to force his way along the east shore of  
Wrangel's Land. If he does not make  
satisfactory advance on that side he will  
return and try the west coast. According  
to reports and speculations, on the west  
coast of Wrangel's Land the climate is  
milder and the sea more free from ice  
than on the eastward or windward side.  
Making his way as far to the northward  
as the ice will permit, he will then effect  
a landing, and proceed by means of dog-  
sledges as far along Wrangel's Land as  
possible. When winter sets in he will  
return to the ship, and remain on board  
until the ice breaks up in the following  
spring.

The present winter has been an unusu-  
ally severe one in this country and in  
Europe, but persons acquainted with the  
Arctic regions claim that the winter in  
those regions is not influenced at all by  
the severity of the seasons in lower lati-  
tudes. Lieut. De Long fails the first  
season he will try it again in 1880. He is  
not without experience in Arctic explora-  
tions, having had command of the Junia  
when she was sent in search of the Polaris,  
and by his energy and judgment displayed  
on that occasion won high encomiums.  
Probably no expedition was started under  
better auspices or in charge of a more  
competent commander than will the Ben-  
nett exploring party, and it is predicted  
by those competent to judge that it will be  
successful. —San Francisco Chronicle.

"I have found," says Addison, "that  
the men who are really the most fond  
of the ladies—who cherish for them the  
highest respect—are seldom the most  
popular with the sex. Men of great as-  
surance, whose tongues are lightly hung  
—who supply the place of ideas, and  
place compliments in the room of senti-  
ment—are their favorites. A due respect  
for women leads to respectful action to-  
wards them, and respect it mistaken by  
them for neglect or want of love."

Peter Cartwright.

Among the most notable of the Ameri-  
can pioneer preachers was Peter Cart-  
wright, who was born in Amherst coun-  
ty, Va., in 1785, and died at Pleasant  
Plains, Ill., in 1872. When he was a  
child his parents removed to Kentucky,  
where, about 1801, he was converted  
through the instrumentality of an itin-  
erant preacher, and joined the Methodist  
Episcopal Church. He was ordained as  
Deacon in 1806, and as Elder in 1808. In  
1812 he was appointed Presiding Elder,  
and acted in that capacity sixty years; the  
last forty-five in the Illinois Conference.  
During his ministry he received more  
than 10,000 members in the church, bap-  
tized more than 12,000 persons, and for  
thirty three years preached, on an aver-  
age, four sermons a week. His "Fifty  
Years a Presiding Elder," and his "Aut-  
obiography," edited by Rev. W. P.  
Strickland, D. D., are a perfect storehouse  
of characteristic anecdotes and reminis-  
cences. Among these we find the fol-  
lowing:

One day, on approaching a ferry across  
the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman  
scurrying terribly at the sermons of Peter  
Cartwright, and threatening that if he  
ever had to ferry the preacher across, and  
knew him, he would drown him in the  
river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the  
ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me  
across."  
"Wait till I'm ready," said the ferry-  
man, and passed his conversation and  
strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having  
finished, he turned to Peter and said:  
"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream,  
Peter threw his horse's bridle over a  
stake in the boat, and told the ferryman  
to bring his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.  
"Well, you've just been using my name  
improperly; and you said if I ever  
came this way you would drown me.  
Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?"  
asked the ferryman.  
"My name is Peter Cartwright."  
Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the  
preacher; but he did not know Peter's  
strength, for Peter instantly seized the  
ferryman, and holding him by the nape  
of the neck, plunged him in the water,  
saying:

"I baptize thee [splash] in the name of  
Satan, whose child thou art."  
Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter  
asked:  
"Did you ever pray?"  
"No."  
"Then it's time you did."  
"I'll do no such thing!" answered the  
ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman was  
in the depths again.  
"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.  
The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do  
anything you bid me!"  
"Then follow me—Our father, which  
art in heaven," etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after  
Peter, the ferryman cried:  
"Now let me go!"  
"Not yet," said Peter. "You must  
make me three promises: 1st, that you  
will repeat that prayer, morning and  
evening, as long as you live; 2d, that you  
will hear every pioneer preacher that  
comes within five miles of this ferry; and,  
3d, that you will put every Methodist  
preacher over free of expense. Do you  
promise and row?"

"I promise," said the ferryman; and,  
strange to say, that very man became a  
shining light in the church.

Some Beaconsfield Epigrams.

Lord Beaconsfield said to a member of  
the Manchester Chamber of Commerce,  
who came to tell him that the Chamber  
intended to vote resolutions condemnatory  
of the ministerial policy on the East-  
ern question: "I have heard a great  
deal about Manchester 'clayed cotton,'  
which is disgracing the English name in  
China. Please tell your Chamber that if  
they attend to my business I will try and  
attend to theirs."

Equally smart was a stricture of his  
upon Birmingham, pronounced in the  
hearing of the heir of the throne, whom it  
tickled: "A curious city, Birmingham;  
its prosperity is founded on the manufac-  
ture of instruments of war and shrapnel  
jewelry; yet it has the disinterestedness  
to elect three members (Bright, Dixon, and  
Muntz) who do not know a gun-barrel  
from a pea-shooter, and who have never  
had a watchchain between them."

Of Mr. Carlyle he said: "He has his  
reasons for writing civility of Cromwell—  
Cromwell would have hanged him."  
Of Mr. Browning: "I like Mr. Brown-  
ing's verses, and wish some one would  
translate them into English."  
A lady was telling the Premier that  
she had been to Mr. Spurgeon's Taberna-  
cle and had heard him preach a scathing  
political sermon, in which he (Lord B.)  
was much abused. "I wish I had been  
there," was the dry rejoinder; "I have  
heard he can be very amusing." —Truth.

—Smiling young lady enters elevated  
railroad car; every seat full; an old gen-  
tleman gets up. "Oh, don't rise," said the  
lovely girl, "I can just as well stand."  
"You can do just as you please about  
that, Miss," says the old gent, "but I am  
going to get out."

—What a common expression is: "How  
do you do?" and yet what a queer one  
would be: "How do you don't?"

An Obstinate Orchestra.

At the opera the other day, while re-  
hearsing a new ballet, the orchestra play-  
ed an air in quite another movement than  
the composer had set down. He promptly  
rose and said to the leader.

"Hold on! hold on! That isn't as I  
wrote and intended it. Please begin  
again."  
"The orchestra of the opera never be-  
gins again," sublimely answered the  
leader.

"Was ever there only one man who  
ever known to get the better of the orches-  
tra of the opera and he was Marshal Vail-  
lant Ministers and fine arts under the  
Empire.

Once upon a time that refractory body  
had petitioned for an increase of pay, al-  
leging that the authorities had been too  
slow in replying to its memorandum, it  
allowed "The Huguenots" to be per-  
formed without any accompaniment.

Early next morning the delegates rep-  
resenting the orchestra were invited to  
call on the minister. This looked like a  
surrender, and they entered his office in  
triumph.

The marshal wore an aspect of timid  
and chastened politeness as he desired  
them to be seated, and began:  
"Gentlemen, I have first of all to in-  
form you that his Imperial Majesty was  
graciously pleased yesterday to sign the  
decree increasing your salaries to the  
figures demanded."

The delegates hugged themselves in rap-  
ture and exchanged looks of triumph.  
The Marshal went on:  
"I, however, as you will perceive, take  
upon myself the responsibility of bearing  
the decree in pieces and depositing it in  
the waste basket. And let me add that  
if to-morrow night there is any trouble I  
will have you driven out by the police, if  
the building has to be closed till the day  
of judgment. You may retire."

They did, and the marshal never had  
any further trouble. —Paris Paper.

—It is a critical moment in the life of  
a man when he gets down on his knees  
to look under the sofa for a ball  
of zephyr that a lady friend has dropped.  
It is possible that he may be able to ac-  
complish this and recover his perpendicular  
with nothing more serious than a very  
red face and a general sense of having  
done something for which he should be  
sent from the room. But in nine cases out  
of ten he never fully recovers the good  
opinion of himself that he possessed be-  
fore he undertook the recovery of that  
ball. It is always just beyond his reach,  
and in a moment of weakness he drops  
on his vest and commences to work him-  
self under the sofa by a series of acrobatic  
feats that would have won him an encore  
on the stage. He is so intent upon the re-  
covery of the ball that he quite forgets his  
appearance until he is reminded by a sup-  
pressed titter from one of the ladies. Then  
he realizes the situation and commences to  
back out. Of course his coat is worked  
up over his head, and as he feels a cold  
streak creep up his back he pronounces a  
benediction on the man who invented an  
open-back shirt. He is also painfully  
conscious that about two inches of red  
flannel drawers are visible between the  
tops of his boots and the bottom of his  
trousers. This has the effect of producing  
more internal profanity and still more  
violent struggles to back out, during  
which one suspender breaks and his collar-  
button comes out. When he finally de-  
livers himself and stands up in the middle  
of the room, you would not recognize in  
that red-faced, wild-eyed man, standing  
there holding his clothes together with  
one hand and trying to smooth down his  
hair with the other, the smiling, genteel  
ladies' man who stooped down to pick up  
that ball of zephyr a moment before.

—The Earl of Chatham said to his son:  
"I would have inscribed on the curtains  
of your bed and the walls of your cham-  
ber—if you do not rise early you can  
never make progress in anything. If you  
do not set apart your hours of reading,  
if you suffer yourself or any one else to  
break in upon them, your days will slip  
through your hands unprofitably and friv-  
olously, and really unenjoyed by yourself."

—When we are young we waste a great  
deal of time in imagining what we will do  
when we grow older, and when we are old  
we waste an equal amount of time in lying  
about what we did when we were young  
—in telling about the cold winters and  
trouble experienced in gaining our knowl-  
edge.

—George III., speaking to Archbishop  
Sutton respecting the Huguenots of his  
family, made the remark: "I believe your  
Grace has better than a dozen!" "No,  
sir," replied the Archbishop, "only  
eleven." "Well," replied the King, "isn't  
that better than a dozen?"

—What is your name? asked