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

TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

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Plain & Fancy Job Work
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

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FLUID EXTRACT

Buchu.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

Helmbold's Buchu

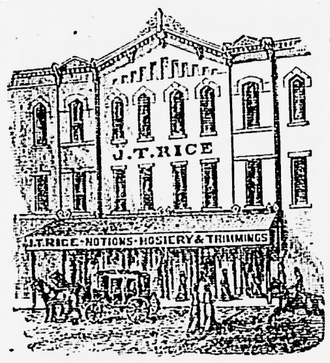
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,

Baltimore.



RICE'S.

THE LEADING
NOTION HOUSE!
IN BALTIMORE.

Largest and Most Select Assortment!
Lowest Prices! Polite Attention!

I Keep A Buyer At All The Auction Sales!
AM DAILY IN RECEIPT OF
Auction and Job Lots
AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

Our Marvelous 5 Cent Counter.

WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING! MIRACULOUS

Containing Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery; Linen Handkerchiefs, Rubber Dressing Combs, Tuck Combs, Bandanna Handkerchiefs and thousands of other articles. Every article for 5 cents. Orders by mail enclosing stamps or P. O. order promptly attended to.
JOHN T. RICE,
129 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Mar. 1, '79-1y.

HEINEKAMP
PIANOS,
THE BEST NOW MADE.

Every Instrument Guaranteed for Five Years.

NONE BUT THE
BEST MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP
—ARE—
USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION
—OF—
THESE INSTRUMENTS.

Parties contemplating the purchase of a Piano will do well to apply
FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
WITH REFERENCES.
ORGANS AND SECOND HAND PIANOS AT ALL PRICES.

Baltimore.

STOVES,
PLOW CASTINGS, &C.

The subscribers having purchased the FOUNDRY, PATTERNS, STOCK, &c., of the late Armstrong & Co., combining same with their well known long established business, are prepared to furnish at
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
for lower prices than ever, a superior stock of STOVES, FURNACES, RANGES, &C., &C. Also their popular
FIRE-PLACE HEATERS
which have never as yet been equalled.
Thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit a continuance of same.
B. C. BIBB & SON,
Warehouse and Salesroom 39 and 41 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Foundry—Port Deposit, Md.
May 31, '79-7m.

THEODORE MOTTU,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Seasoned Lumber,
Shingles, Laths, Fencing, Palings, Shelving,
DRESSED FLOORING,
READY MADE SASH, DOORS, &C.
126 Pennsylvania Ave.
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THOMAS A. AGNEW & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
DEALERS IN
TEAS, LIQUORS, FLOUR,
BACON, FEED,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, Etc.
293 W. PRATT ST.,
(S. E. Corner Eutaw Street,)
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☞ Fine Medicinal Liquors a specialty.
April 26, '79-1y.

MISS NELLIE CLARK.
FASHIONABLE MILLINER,
Fancy Goods, Ribbons, Flowers, Crepe, &c.
HATS TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.
VELVETS, SILKS, FEATHERS, &C.
72 Lexington St., near Charles,
BALTIMORE, MD.
FANCY GOODS A SPECIALTY

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY COL. THEODORE O'HARRA, OF KENTUCKY.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat,
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind,
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their bloomed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its molder'd stain,
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now [illegible] each solemn height
That frowned [illegible] dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent dust they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Incidents in the Life of a Soldier.

The late General James Shields was one of the most gallant soldiers who ever lived. He was absolutely devoid of the sensation of fear, and to storm a fortress or lead a charge was merely a diversion for his overflowing spirits. While he was yet a young man, and was Auditor General of the State of Illinois, he challenged Abraham Lincoln to fight a duel, on the presumption that Mr. Lincoln was the author of a letter abusive of General [illegible] had been published in the [illegible] The challenge was [illegible] shot-guns at [illegible] paces.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Santa Anna had hardly time to escape into the woods, leaving his carriage, baggage, money and plate in the hands of the volunteers, and the whole medical staff of the Mexican army were surrounded and captured. A few minutes later Shields was struck down while leading his troops, a big copper grapeshot passing through his lungs. His soldiers halted to attend to their idolized commander, but he said to them: "Men, I am no further use to my country; you are. Lay me down and let me die. You are all strong, able-bodied men able to do your country some service. For God's sake lay me down and go to your duty!" But he was not fated to die then. One of the captured Mexican surgeons drew a silk handkerchief through the wound—the silk went in at the breast and came out at the back—and cleansed it of clotted gore, and thanks to a splendid constitution and careful nursing, Shields recovered. He was breveted Major General of Volunteers, and both Twiggs and Scott eulogized him in their reports, the latter as a commander of activity, zeal and talent." Four months later he was in the field, and August 20, 1847, fought at Contreas and Cherubusco, leading in the latter bloody encounter the famous carge of Palmetto and New York regiments, 400 against 4,000, fighting till Worth came up with reinforcements. Gen. Quitman Shields' division commander, highly eulogized him for his "distinguished conduct,

While the American Army lay before the City of Mexico Shields performed one characteristic deed, a recital of which reads like a chapter from a mediæval romance. An English boy arrested as a spy obtained a private audience of the General and told him that a Mexican desperado had sought his sister's hand, and being refused had threatened vengeance, and obtained from Santa Anna the control of that part of the city in which the boy's father, mother and two sisters lived, and hired a gang of villains who were to plunder the house, keep the booty and deliver the girl to this Mexican. Properly disguised, the boy had entered the American ranks to beseech assistance from Gen. Shields, whose fame was known in the enemy's ranks. There was little time for debate, and it was certain that General Scott would refuse to sanction any plan for attempting to rescue. Shields got together 400 volunteers and dashed at the walls. The Americans went over them with a wild rush, bayoneted the few sentries, took the English girls and their parents and started back for the American lines. A Mexican infantry regiment which had been turned out to stop them was scattered by a resolute charge, and the girls were brought in safety to Shields' headquarters. The most indescribable confusion reigned in both armies; the Mexicans were all under arms, apprehending a general assault, and the American commanders turned out their men anticipating a sortie: Scott was furious as from a strictly military point of view he well might be, but the sight of the rescued captives and the story which they told him appeased him, and Gen. Shields was not even court-martialed.

At Chapultepec, September 13, Gen. Shields was again wounded, this time in the arm, but he refused to retire. Scott had ordered him to make a demonstration with the Palmetto and New York regiments, the Mounted Rifles and O'Brien's Battery. Shields made a dash along the aqueduct towards the city. The enemy gave way and Shields pressed them hotly to prevent them reforming. General Scott who had intended that Worth should deliver the serious attack by San Cosmo route saw that Shields was making too rapid progress and sent [illegible] to check him. General Shields, [illegible] of this occurence, said: "I [illegible] message from Gen. Scott [illegible] and when the [illegible] instead of giving them severe [illegible] propriety. If he had a drop of the milk of human kindness in his composition, he would give the male martyrs sensible suggestions how to get rid of juvenile intruders, and the girls how to excuse themselves for standing at the door two hours and a half saying good bye when their parents detected them creeping up to bed and demanded to know if it wasn't "nearly morning," and why "that fellow don't know better than to keep you standing at the door all night." We are sorry for that preacher, he has evidently made a mistake in incurring the displeasure of the much abused lover and some of these days his conscience will smite him for it, and he will wish he had taken our advice about the suggestions and given practical hints instead of censure. He will yet repent of his conduct in sack cloth and ashes, for no courting couples who respect themselves will venture to employ him at future marriages. He hurts his own business when he comes in conflict with the prevailing ideas upon matrimonial preliminaries, and he should live to realize the fact that lovers have rights which the straightest back divines are bound to respect. The idea of lovers turning the light down in the parlor and lecturing each other on domestic economy, reading good books in the dark and discussing the abstruse problems of practical life! The man must be either a crusty old bachelor or a fraud.

—"I wish I were you about two hours," she said, with great tenderness.

"And why, my dear?" he asked, with considerable interest.

"Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch and chain—"because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet."

—Epitaph by Thomas Moore:

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-Law;
And when he died;
The devil cried,
"Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-Law."

Agassiz's Experiments in English.

My first impression of the genius of Agassiz was gained when he was in the full vigor of his mental and physical powers. Some thirty-five years ago, at a meeting of a literary and scientific club of which I happened to be a member, a discussion sprung up concerning Dr. Hitchcock's book on "Bird-tracks," and plates were exhibited representing his geological discoveries. After much time had been consumed in describing the bird-tracks as isolated phenomena, and in lavishing compliments on Dr. Hitchcock, a man suddenly rose who in five minutes dominated the whole assembly. He was, he said much interested in the specimens before them, and he would add that he thought highly of Dr. Hitchcock's book as far as it accurately described the curious and interesting facts he had unearthed; but, he added, the defect in Dr. Hitchcock's volume is this, that "it is dees creep-*teeve*, and not com-par-a *teeve*." It was evident throughout that the native language of the critic was French, and that he found some difficulty in forcing his thoughts into English words; but I never can forget the intense emphasis he put on the words "descriptive" and "comparative," and by this emphasis flashing into the minds of the whole company the difference between an enumeration of strange, unexplained facts, and the same facts as interpreted and put into relation with other facts more generally known. The moment he contrasted "dees creep teeve" with "com-par-a-teeve" one felt the vast gulf that yawned between mere scientific observation and scientific intelligence, between eyesight and insight, between minds that doggedly perceive and describe and minds that instinctively compare and combine. The speaker vehemently expressed his astonishment that a scientist could observe such phenomena, yet feel no impulse to bring them in relation to other facts and laws scientifically established. The critic was, of course, Agassiz then, in the full possession of all his exceptional powers of body and mind. You could not look at him without feeling that you were in the presence of a magnificent specimen of physical, mental and moral manhood; that in him was realized Sainte-Beuve's ideal of a scientist—"the soul of a sage in the body of an athlete." At that time he was comeliest of men. His full and ruddy face, glowing with health and animation, was crowned by a brow which seemed to be the fit home for such a comprehensive intelligence; and the slight difficulty he overcome in enunciating English words only lent to them increased significance. He gave the impression that every word he uttered embodied a fact or a principle. Afterward he so adapted his organs of speech to the English language that he ended in speaking and writing it as though it were his mother-tongue. If there was any exception to be made, it was in one of his favorite terms, "development." He never completely overcame his tendency to pronounce it devil-ope-ment.—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

A Great Artist's Maxim.

"Never wish to appear greater than you are," writes Couture, on almost the first page of his book. "Above all things beware of expressing other people's opinions as if they were your own; that brings ruin, it leads to darkness; dare to be yourself; that will bring you light. Above all things be humble; in the art of painting humility is the greatest strength." And again he says: "He who is at the bottom of the social ladder regards himself as a repressed king, and the poorest of our artists considers himself equal to Michael Angelo. One may satisfy kings, may satisfy the desires of a woman, but cannot satisfy a modern artist." When a mere child, Coutre was taken by his father to [illegible] of the Louvre, and the first [illegible] was the "Marriage in [illegible] dent [illegible] correcting in a stock [illegible] to require it.

How Shaving Originated.

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of the Indus, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterward shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the Middle Ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that in its turn was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce the people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects, with the utmost persistence and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believe, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet a majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

—If you want to find out a man's tru karakter examin him at home by the fire side, here he iz the hero ov the ockashun, and iz angelick, or devilish, in spite ov himself.

—The best thing i kno ov iz a fust rate wife, and the next best thing, is a sekond rate one.

About "Treating."

The *Catholic Standard* says that "treating" constitutes one of the chief perils attaching to the custom of imbibing spirituous liquors, and there are few persons who could not, if free from its shackles, restrict the indulgence of their thirst to a decent moderation. A man meeting a group of his friends just as he is bent on obtaining his afternoon allowance of "sherry and bitters" must, if he does not violate usage, and if he wishes to do what is expected of him, ask them all to join him. Suppose the whole party to number seven. Seven drinks are poured down seven throats, willing or unwilling. What is the immediate result of this hostitality? Six other individuals feel themselves mortgaged with an obligation to equal it. There may be a little chat, and then some one says: "Ah, let's have another drink!" Then seven more drinks are poured down seven throats. More talk. Another happy thought by another member of the party. Seven more drinks descend the seven throats. More talk. A fourth inspiration by a fourth participant. Some one who has done his fated duty tries to beg off: has business to transact; ought not to drink any more. His objection is vetoed by the asking party, who is already slightly stimulated perhaps. "No shirking, old fellow; come on!" Repetition of the gulping act by seven performers. Every one feels the mellowing influence by this time. "Charley," says No. 6 affectionately, to the genius of the bar, "giv's 'nother! All hands round!" Encore the feat of seven men swallowing seven drinks. No. 7's turn has arrived. The happy relief is near. He happens to be the least experienced of the party. He is already full of bill. His words are few but expressive. "Set 'em up again, hic!" Up they go, and then down they go—seven more drinks. Let me see. Seven times seven are forty-nine. And all because one man felt like taking a little "sherry and bitters." Perhaps he fails to see his wife and mother-in-law until the next day. Such is life in a country where "treating" is the custom.

Kindness.

Kindness is as cheap as it is beautiful. It may be given in a word or in a look, without diminishing aught of our wealth. With courtesies alone we may illumine our pathway, and pluck down blessings which no gold could purchase. To be brotherly, to befriend and cheer, and console us far as in us lie, these are the crowning graces of humanity—and all these are born of kindness. It is anger breeding hate and contumely, that has filled the earth with misery and ruin. Anger between kindred and races, before which all that is beautiful in man vanishes, leaving only the wild, fierce animal of his being. Families divided, friends parted, communities at feud, and nation warring against nation—these are the fruits of anger. It has begotten the foulest of crimes. But kindness, in proportion as this has been the centre of a paradise, and the community a fraternal Elysium. Verily, "Better is a dry crust and quietness therewith than a house full of sacrifice with strife." Let us study and strive to be kind, no matter how seemingly trivial the occasion nor how small the promised fruit. It is the only language of our nature that is universal and irresistible. In the language of the poet:

"How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew, who walk the earth,
'Mid sorrw 'grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere Paradise again."

SOUND SENSE IN THE RAISING OF CHILDREN.—A venerable lady now living in New York, who has had ten children, all born and reared in cities, and raised nine of them, all living at the present moment, having reached the adult age, never allowed any of them as children to eat anything between meals except dry bread, [illegible] was wealthy and could just [illegible] pampered every whim. [illegible] when any of [illegible] without a considerable amount of preparation. I don't mean to say that a speech should be learned by heart, but unless a person who is called upon for one of those important efforts should condescend to saturate himself with his speech, carefully to think out, at all events, the skeleton of his discourse, and even in the solitude of his chamber, or, perhaps, which is better still, among the din and bustle of a crowded street, should well resolve in his mind the words with which his ideas are intended to be clothed, in all probability his effort will not be worth a very great amount of attention.

FEMININE DEVICES A CENTURY AGO.—It is not to be supposed for a moment that ladies of the present day resort to artificial means of increasing that native loveliness which "when unadorned is adorned the most." Their great-grandmothers, however, thought differently; and so numerous had female falsifications become a century ago, that it was deemed necessary to introduce an act into the English parliament in 1779, which provides as follows:

"All women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether they be maids or widows, that shall, from and after this act, impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects by paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penality of the law now in force against witchcraft and misdemeanors, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

—Judge: "Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner: "No Judge. I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

"HELMBOLD'S BUCHU"
Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE,
Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each Bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
May 3, '79-1y.

[illegible] gentlemen my superior SHIRT at prices that will strike them as very reasonable.

It is generally known that the Shirts I make are equal to the best in the world in point of fit, style, workmanship and wear.

My Future Motto, as in the Past:
Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed in every particular in all my orders for
SHIRTS.

E. S. Goldsmith,
Fashionable Shirt Maker & Furnisher
S. E. Corner Balto. & Charles Sts
BALTIMORE, MD.
Aug. 10, '78-tf.

S. S. LINTHICUM,
LUMBER DEALER,
GREEN ST., BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND SARATOGA, GEORGE'S OLD STAND,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIAL,
Lumber, Shingles, Palings, Laths, &c.
ALSO
DOOR FRAMES, SASH, BLINDS, &C.,
Furnished at Manufacturers' Prices.
☞ All orders promptly attended to, and delivered at Depot free of charge.
July 18, '74-tf.

March 1, '79-1y.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-tf.

J. D. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE—AT COURT HOUSE.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '76-tf.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
31 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.
Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month.
March '30, '78-tf.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY.
OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

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

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City.
Oct. 12, '78-1y.

CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
18 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78-tf.

Mean. Mother is to make [illegible] Martha hot sweet cake; Penelope an omelet; Aunt Melinda blanc mange, and Cousin Rebecca Jane is to heat up the pickled peaches. Nothing, however, is said of these proceedings. One by one the ladies slip out, and by six o'clock the tea table groans with food sufficient for an army. The guest knows quite well the reason why her friends' faces are all frizzling like so many freshly fried omelets, but she makes no sign. And when the tea-bell rings she assumes a look of polite astonishment and pretends to contemplate departure, but is persuaded to stay—"Though I don't know that we have anything fit to eat," cry the cooks in chorus. Then the guest sits before the laborious and expensive feast, and in accordance with the code of gentility takes but one cake or one of the four sorts provided for her, and but one teaspoonful of one of the three kinds of sweetmeats—a nibble of this, a morsel of that—and one cup of tea: and no one is offended. The good things were placed at her disposal; a "nice" tea table was set; and perhaps she makes a better impression, on the whole, by eating like a bird than by doing justice to the meal. When her friends "come to take tea" with her, there will be the same useless toil and display and the same nibbling

—This is the way in which a Louisville girl disposes of a young man, according to the *Courier-Journal:* She says, "You have asked me pointedly if I can marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose occupation seems to be to join in a gauntlet in front of churches and theatres and comment audibly upon the people who are compelled to pass through it. I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father. I can marry a man that boasts that any girl can be won by a good tailor and an expert tongue. I can marry such a man—but I w-o-n-t!"

—There is room enough in a corner of every tourists' friend—Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. Price 25 cents.