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.

VOL. X. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879. NO. 31.

**Job Printing,**
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets,
AND ALL KINDS OF
**Plain & Fancy Job Work**
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

**Medical.**

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

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,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

"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.

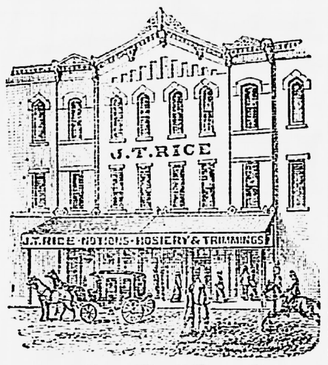
*CAUTION!*

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each Bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

May 8, '79-1y.

**Baltimore.**

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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.

Wm. Heinekamp,
373 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Feb. 1, '79-1y.

REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SHIRTS.
E. S. GOLDSMITH'S ANNOUNCEMENT!

This day I have reduced the price of my
SHIRTS
From $36 per Dozen
To Order. { To $30 per Dozen. To $30 per Dozen. } To Order.

These are my best SHIRTS, and are equal to the very best made in New York or Europe. I will add still the elegant Finish and Style I have always put on my Shirts.
The material will be, as heretofore, the very highest cost.
My Superior Workmanship has always been one of my best references.

SHIRTS
ALSO MADE TO ORDER AT
$1.50, $2 and $2.25 Each.

I reduce the prices to meet the requirements of the times, and the reduction means to largely increase my business, and to give to 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, '78-1f.

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, '74-1f.

March 1, '79-1y.

**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, '79-3m.

*THEODORE MOTTU,*
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
*Seasoned Lumber,*
Shingles, Laths, Fencing, Palings, Shelving,
DRESSED FLOORING,
READY-MADE SASH, DOORS, &C.
126 Pennsylvania Ave.
BALTIMORE.
Dec. 22, '77-1y.

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,)
Baltimore, Md.
☞ *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.
MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY
Feb. 15, '79-1f.

EDWARD NORRIS,
Baker and Confectioner.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
FRESH BREAD, MARYLAND BISCUITS, PIES AND CAKES,
Together with a good assortment of Confectionery, Fruit, &c.
Weddings and Parties furnished at Short Notice.
All the famous brands of Flour from the Patapsco Mills for sale at Mill Prices.
Jan. 1, '78-1f.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,
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,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77-1y.

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, '78-1f.

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, '76-1f.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.
Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month.
March '30, '78-1f.

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, '78-1f.

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, '78-1f.

### SENTIMENT ON THE SANDS.

We wandered away from the crowd,
The blare of the noisy band,
By the loving lips of the ocean,
Over the golden sand;

Talking ridiculous nonsense,
Inspecting preposterous shells,
Flotsam and jetsam, various,
With singular maritime smells.

A bottle, a barrel, some sea-weed,
Some muscular bivalves agape,
The remains of their edible persons
Shrivelled and dried out of shape;

Past children interring each other
In jocular tomblets of sand,
Digging, and delving, and laughing,
A merry sepulchral band.

"Might I smoke?" "As a matter of course."
She liked the smell of the weed.
A light from a son of the soil,
And back with impetuous speed.

She was poised in a pensive pose
As I noiselessly neared her stand,
And saw that she wrote, with her parasol,
Lines on the golden sand.

My heart it patted my ribs;
She's writing, no doubt, on the sly
The name that pleases her best—
"My own, I'll be bound," thought I.

Over her shoulder I peeped—
Over her ruffling collars.
On the golden sand she'd scrawled:
$100,000.

### A Kiss for a Blow.

"Thomas," said Miss Browne to the manservant, "what is the name of the family living in the third house below us on this side the street—the house with the ash-trees before it? Oliver says the name is Thurston, but children can't be relied upon in the matter of names."

"That be the name, miss," said Thomas. "Leastways, its Thurston on the door."

"Thurston! A pretty set they must be, too! That Thurston boy pummels Oliver within an inch of his life whenever he goes into the street. I can't keep Oliver in the house, and I can't bear this thing any longer. Why, the poor child came home yesterday with his nose bleeding, and mud on his new suit, and I have made up my mind to send a line to young Thurston's father."

"Shall I take it round, miss?"

"Directly." And Miss Nora proceeded to indite this frigid note:

"*Mr. Thurston:*

"DEAR SIR,—You will doubtless be surprised at a note from a stranger; but I feel obliged to call your attention to the behavior of your son toward our little Oliver, who can scarcely go into the street without receiving a blow from him. I have endured this sort of thing till endurance is no longer a virtue, and must request your early interference.

"Respectfully, H. BROWNE."

The next day she received this reply:

"Mr. Thurston regrets that Mrs. Browne has been put to any inconvenience by the conduct of his grandson, and begs to ask if Master Oliver did not provoke the quarrel, and bear his part in it."

"Our Oliver provoke a quarrel!" cried Miss Nora. "What an insolent old man!" and straightway returned:

"SIR,—I can not believe for an instant that our Oliver was to blame in the affair. I have inquired into the matter, and it seems that the blow was entirely unprovoked. I am only astonished that you should uphold your grandson in such a grave fault." H. BROWNE.

"Mr. Thurston thinks that if you can secure a faithful report of the affair from Master Oliver, you will find that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other, so to speak. Mr. Thurston also begs that you will reorganize your own child's manners before offering suggestions to your neighbors."

"*If* I can secure a faithful report from Oliver! When will impudence cease!" Woman-like, she meant to have the last word."

"*Mr. Thurston:*

"SIR,—I can rely implicitly upon our Oliver's word. And if I fail to reorganize the manners of our boy, it must be because your own furnishes him with such evil examples. H. BROWNE."

"What an ass that Mrs. Browne is!" said Grandpa Thurston to the person who had been doing up this tender correspondence for him. "Give it to the simpleton hot and heavy this time, Luce. You weren't savage enough in your last."

"I propose we drop the subject here. She's a born scold, and will have the last word, say what you will;" and as Grandpa Thurston was paralyzed, and could only hold a pen by proxy, the correspondence came to a stand-still.

"They found my last unanswerable," thought Nora. "What common people they must be, to bring up a child so badly! Shoddy, no doubt. I'm glad I don't know them—that people are not obliged to know their neighbors in the city. They must be insufferable."

Miss Nora Browne had been left in charge of her sister's household, while that lady and her husband travelled abroad, unhampered by Master Oliver's presence. Her home was some hundred miles away inland, and her acquaintances in the city were few and far between, while even these few were generally out of town at this season of the year. However, she was surprised one morning by a call from a friend, who, having become tired of the mountains, had returned to the city for a few days.

"How lonesome you must be, Nora!" said Miss Elphinstone. "You must drop in upon us often: the horse-cars run within a block of our door. And we'll have *such* larks! By-the-way, we are going down the harbor to-morrow in Cousin Lucius' yacht—he's just home from Europe, you know—and you *must* join us."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Nora, "never having heard of 'Cousin Lucius' existence before."

"Never heard of Cousin Lucius! Well, live and learn. But you'll come?"

"Wild horses couldn't keep me at home, thank you."

The next day Thomas and old Russet took Miss Nora down to the wharf, where the *Sunbeam* was ready to put out. What a day it was! Not a cloud in the whole wide heavens, and "Cousin Lucius" on deck, brown-bearded and white-handed, with great liquid eyes, and a smile that set the pulses beating when it beamed upon one, and that one happened to be a girl of twenty with an untenanted heart. The party was quite a family affair, Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone, their sons and daughters, with one or two friends, making up the list.

"This is a regular saute, Nora," said Ellen Elphinstone, when they were dropping down the harbor. "I don't know how you'll feel about it, my dear girl; but, you see, we are not going to sail for the day merely, but out into the broad Atlantic, and along the coast, and Heaven knows where, just as Cousin Lucius pleases. We may be shipwrecked, or cast on a desert shore. But we shall be away a week, at the very least."

"O how superb!" cried Nora; and then her face lengthened. "But, Nell, what ever shall I do? I have no things."

"Providence will provide. You see, I had no time to notify you after our change of plan; but I packed up a double supply of things; so don't worry."

"But there's the housekeeping, and the servants, and burglars—"

"But you've a housekeeper?"

"And there's Oliver, and—Oh dear! it's delightful, but I ought to be at home."

"But your nephew has a nurse!"

"Why, he's eight years old, Nell. To be sure, his nurse lives with us still, and regards him as the apple of her eye, and Thomas looks after him like a detective; still—"

"Oh, come! throw your conscience overboard," begged Lucius, coming up to close the argument.

"I'm afraid it's so light it will float," laughed Nora. "But I may as well enjoy myself;" which she straightway proceeded to do, after the most approved method of flirtation, as Nell called it. Lucius got out his chess-board, and they played for hours together.

"What ever can you see in that game?" Nell would harangue. "Life isn't long enough to learn it."

"It is linked sweetness, long drawn out," Lucius returned.

On wet days they read Browning below, or repeated in turn all the old ballads they could recall, or danced to Nell's violin. So they drifted along the coast, touching here and there at some port, going ashore in merry groups for books, or mail, or a garden party. Nora acknowledged she had never had such a gay time in her life.

"Oh if I could live on a yacht forever!" she said one star-lit night, when she and Lucius were sitting apart, as they contracted a habit of doing.

"So you like a seafaring life?"

"Yes; how dull it will be to return to commonplaces! Just think, Mr. Elphinstone, a fortnight ago I had never heard of you; aren't you mortified?"

"Such is fame! And now?"

"Why, now I feel as if I had known you a hundred years or more; and then Nora hung her head at her own rash words.

"I regret that the time has seemed so long," laughed Lucius. "To me this fortnight has seemed like a dream. Tell me about yourself, Miss Nora," he said, after a pause. "How little I know of you, in spite of our long intimacy! I've taken you entirely on trust, haven't I? 'Continual comfort in a face—the lineaments of gospel books,'" he quoted.

"Flattery, thy name is man. What can I tell you about myself that you don't know already? You know my favorite poets and novels, my religious views, my slender accomplishments; you know I live in the country, and am just now keeping house in the city for my brother and sister who are abroad. Do you like boys, Mr. Elphinstone?"

"What a digression! I *can* tolerate them. By-the-way, speaking of boys reminds me of a correspondence I've had with an anxious mother on the subject. I rather think I have one of the precious epistles about me; they're such sweet-tempered specimens, you ought to see them. Listen, here is one of them," as he struck a match and read:

"'*Mr. Thurston:*

"'SIR,—I can rely implicitly upon our Oliver's word. And if I fail to reorganize the manners of our boy, it must be because your own furnishes him with such evil examples.

"'H. BROWNE.'

"There! Don't I pity Mr. Browne! Isn't she a Xantippe? Think of marrying a woman of that kind! Ye gods!"

"But—but you are not Mr. Thurston?" gasped Nora.

"Not exactly. I was his amanuensis on this interesting occasion. Grandpa Thurston has a mischievous grand son besides myself, who had come to fisticuff with said Master Browne. Grandpa Thurston is paralyzed, and can neither walk nor write, therefore the burden fell upon your humble servant."

"Yes, I think the wind has changed, Mr. Elphinstone," said Nora, after a pause. "I must go below."

"Let me bring you a wrap instead, Miss Nora."

"Thanks; but it is growing la[redacted] others have already gone; I rea[redacted] follow. We get in to-morrow!"

"Yes. Remember this is our l[redacted] at sea. Let us make the most of [redacted]

"I have enjoyed the voyage. [redacted] the end that is unpleasant. Goo[redacted]

"Oh, what a fool!" thought No[redacted] lay upon her pillow, "ever to hav[redacted] that silly, bad-tempered note [redacted] Thurston! It *did* sound spiteful, [redacted] Perhaps I ought to have told hi[redacted] the author; perhaps he already [redacted] it. 'Isn't she a Xantippe? Think[redacted] rying a woman of that kind!'" she [redacted] "Who wants him to? He need[redacted] taken pains to assure me of his [redacted] ence," she groaned, inconsequently. [redacted] I didn't know the difference betw[redacted] tation and love-making. Well, [redacted] home to-morrow, thank goodness! But, oh dear! it might have been all so nice!"

When they parted next day Miss Nora was cordial in her thanks, but omitted to ask Mr. Elphinstone to call and see her. Nobody but himself observed the omission.

"So you don't want me to call?" he asked, deliberately. "Does our acquaintance end here?"

"If you ever happen to come to Axminster, I shall be glad to see you"—with a blush.

"And why may I not see you here?"

"I am going home to Axminster," she evaded.

"Then I shall certainly happen to go there."

The Elphinstones went to some fashionable springs directly, and Nora lost sight of them for the nonce. She had dreaded lest Lucius should inquire her residence, and in calling establish her identity with Xantippe, and she was greatly relieved when Mr. and Mrs. Warner returned from Europe, and she could pack up and start off for Axminster. But fate had not designed that the affair should end here. The Axminster train was thrown from the track, and when Nora came to her senses, she was lying in a cool room, with Nell Elphinstone bathing her brow, and a racking pain in her head.

"What is it? Where am I? Where—how did you come here, Nell?" she cried.

"Hush, dear! It was so lucky that the train came to grief just in the midst of your friends, so to speak. Now go to sleep, that's a dear. The doctor says you are in no danger, but you'll have to stay here a long time; and nothing could be nicer than to have you here. And your sister has sent up a nurse, as she's not well herself; so don't get excited."

Nora, had, indeed, fractured an arm, and sustained bruises that would detain her at the Bitter Springs for some weeks; but as she began to mend she found that her lines had fallen in pleasant places, after all. Lucius Elphinstone made it his business to entertain and beguile her invalid hours: brought in the latest books, the choicest flowers, amused her with descriptions of the fashionable follies at the springs, with scraps from the operas and tidbits from the burlesques of the day.

"You see, we had a picnic in the neighborhood at the time of the accident," Nell confided to Nora one day, "and I insisted upon going with Lucius to view the wreck and do what I could for the injured, and you were the first victim we stumbled upon. I wish you could have seen Lucius's face, it looked so white and strange, as if the iron had entered his soul."

"He was very good to care," said Nora.

"Dear me, how coolly you take it!"

"I am very grateful." Had Lucius really cared for her, or was he only shocked?

"I am almost sorry that you mend so rapidly," Lucius said to her on the following day. "I hear that you will take wing to-morrow, and I shall have no one to listen to my nonsense."

"There are plenty of listeners, Mr. Elphinstone."

"But none exactly like yourself."

"Thanks. Who is that coming up the lawn? It looks like—why, it *is* Oliver!"

"Oliver?" repeated Lucius, aghast, seeing the color that trembled on her cheek, the light shining in her eyes. But before she could reply, the door opened, and Oliver was in her arms.

"Why, Oliver, did you rain down?"

"I ain't a pollywog, aunty. No, I played hookey just to come down and see you. Mother don't know—and Jack Thurston he lent me the money."

"Jack Thurston!"

"Oh yes. Jack and me's all made up; we ain't going to whip each other no more. Oh, I say," turning to Mr. Elphinstone, "you're Jack's cousin, ain't you?"

"Did you ever see Mr. Elphinstone before, Oliver?"

"Lots of times, over to Jack Thurston's. Jack thinks there's nobody like him, you see. Jack and me got mad the first thing about you and him. Jack said he was the best fellow in the world, and I said *you* was, and I made his nose bleed, and he gave me a black eye, don't you remember, and then you wrote to his grandpa?"

Nora caught Lucius's eye.

"So you are the author of those billets-doux?" he said, laughing.

"Yes, I am the Xantippe," humbly.

"But you are not H. Browne?"

"My name is Honora Browne."

"Well, Miss Browne, since you leave to-morrow, shall we continue our correspondence?" he asked. "Tell me, Nora, could you love me a little? Will you write and tell me if I may love you for ever and aye?" he whispered, Oliver having gone down to look on at the game of lawn tennis.

"Love me, a Xantippe, a woman of that kind! Mr. Elphinstone, you are laughing at me."

"Come, Nora mavourneen, that's unfair. How could I guess that you were H. Browne, whom I mistook for Oliver's mother? Come, dearest, forgive me. Our acquaintance began through a blow; let us perpetuate it with a kiss."

And she obeyed.

OLD FURNITURE.—As a nation, we are not a lover of old things, but we run after those that are novel. We set to one side, anything that is at all old, and say it has had its day. This spirit is excusable in many things—such as machinery, where rapid progress is made, but it has been carried into all departments of life, and too often in the American youth, extends to a proverbial disregard for his aged superiors. In this general disrespect for aged persons and things, one of its most painful manifestations is the putting out of sight of all old furniture. It is a sorry thing to go into many of the garrets and sheds of country and other houses, and find piled away there, so many articles that were the care and comfort of the former generations of the family. Compare these rejected chairs with those now in use—they are as substantial and easy, and above all, they should be dear to us in [redacted] should [redacted] made, [redacted] use—[redacted] appro- [redacted] weary [redacted] of the [redacted] everie, [redacted] od old [redacted] r little [redacted] fa, we [redacted]

[redacted] ER.—A [redacted] t pos- [redacted] would [redacted] o *Mrs.* [redacted] eaning [redacted] s and [redacted] d, yet [redacted] his conversation was always grandiloquent and interspersed with quotations or rather misquotations. The jest-book of the mess teemed with his quaint, absurd saying—some true, some fathered upon him. This one, however, was recorded genuine. His son became a victim to the tender passion, and while the spooning was at its hottest, S—— "of ours" meets *Malaprop pere*, and says: "Old fellow, is it true that your son Joe is engaged to Miss Dash? Every one talks so." "It matters but little, Capt. S——" replies *Malaprop*, pompously, "what people talk. There are always so many cunards flying about that it is difficult to believe anything. Whatever I hear, I swallow with a dose of salts. Joe is not affianced. Miss Dash has certainly enameled him, completely enameled him. He has put her other shooters *hors di combat*; but no betrothal is yet on the tapes. That will come, I suppose, of course: when, I hardly yet know—but post-mortem I fancy."—*Chambers' Journal.*

—A man's idea of a good time is almost inseparably connected with the wearing of his old clothes—a woman's with the display of her last new gown.

—"But I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down on a carpet tack.

### My Lord, a Letter.

His (Edwin Forrest's) career as an actor furnished the foundation for many stories which he told with real enjoyment. One which was a favorite with him ran in this wise: While playing an engagement at one of the theatres in this city he desired to produce a certain piece with a full and complete cast of characters. Among the minor parts was a page, whose duty it was to deliver a package and pronounce the simple sentence: "My lord, a letter!" Mr. Forrest had attended to all the main characters with his usual care, and had a company entirely to his judgment. This being the case he anticipated an exceptional success for the play when it should be enacted.

The first rehearsal of the piece was called and Mr. Forrest, who had entrusted the stage manager with the duty of procuring a lad to fill the role of the page, asked if that personage was on hand and prepared. The manager assured him the lad was in the theatre and master of his lines. The first two acts went off in good style and Mr. Forrest was in high spirits. At the opening of the third act he took his seat in the chair of family state and waited the entrance of the page. It was not a dress rehearsal and hence each actor was in his every-day clothing.

When the cue was given the page appeared. He was a sharp-featured, black-eyed lad, about sixteen years of age. His gait was a mixture of the strut of a dandy and the roll of a sailor. He was clad in clothing coarse in texture and loud in color. His pantaloons were stuffed in the tops of his boots and his hands encased in a pair of gloves of a decided lemon color. Had the Gorgon head appeared to Mr. Forrest it could not have more effectually transformed him into stone. He was speechless, and motionless. While in this condition the page advanced, and, presenting the package, said:

"My lord, a letter."

The wonderful and fearful appearence of the lad and the manner in which he pronounced the words, the latter partaking of the best qualities of John Owens as Jakey, the butcher fireman, aroused all the humorous element in Mr. Forrest, and, gazing upon the lad for a moment, he said:

"That will not do, my boy. Try it again."

The lad did try again and again. But with no better success. He could not master the stage walk. He could not capture, hold and express the meaning or pronunciation of the message. It was Jakey in all respects. But the patience of Mr. Forrest did not give way. He saw the lad was in earnest, and wished to help him. At last he arose from his seat and said to the Page:

"Sit down, my boy, and I will show you how to do it."

Acting upon the idea Mr. Forrest went to the wings, and, advancing in his best manner, presented the letter and pronounced the words. Then, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the lad, he said, in a kindly manner:

"That is the way to do it, my boy. Can you not act and speak in that manner?"

The lad, evidently struck with the acting of Mr. Forrest, assumed a more upright attitude, and said in a bold, confident tone:

"If I could do it that way, Mr. Forrest, I would not act for fifty cents a night."

The answer was so apt and ready that Mr. Forrest could only answer: "Right, my boy, right." But he did not forget the page.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A MAXIM OF WASHINGTON.—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illuminated his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.—There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, or father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those that he loves the best, and to those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister than he would dare to any other female except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. This ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bounds of conjugal love.

AN INDIANA MARRIAGE SERVICE.—Kankakee has a Justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula:

"Have 'er?"

"Yes."

"Have 'im?"

"Yes."

"Married; $2."