ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
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Editors and Proprietors.
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He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
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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,
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THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.
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AGENT FOR THE
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Feb. 16, '78 tf.

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MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first Class Securities, in Sums from $1000 to $10,000
June 24, '71-tf.

EVERY YEAR.

The Spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do Summer flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
And the heart and soul grow older
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter
Every year.

—*Gen. Albert Pike.*

Constantinople.

Constantinople, the city of the Grand-Seignor, stands on the western shore of the Thracian Bosporus, and its situation is equally remarkable for beauty and security. A gently-declining promontory, secured by narrow seas, at the east of Europe, stretches out to meet the continent of Asia from which its extreme point is separated by so narrow a strait that in a quarter of an hour a boat can row from one continent to the other. This channel, which is called the Bosporus, is one of the most charming waters on earth, and no voyager or artist has yet done full justice to its surpassingly beautiful scenery. The rounded outlines of the hills, the light, rich green of the vegetation, the luxuriance of tree, and flower, and herbage, resemble the banks of Killarney or the entrance into the bay of Christians. For thirteen miles the waters, escaping from the Black Sea, now compressed by swelling hillocks to a breadth of little more than a mile, then expanding into sheets of four times that space across from shore to shore, gush along in a flood of dark blue, like the Rhine, as it issues from the lake of Geneva, till they mingle with the Sea of Marmora, passing in their course by a succession of wood and dale, ravine and hill-side, covered with the most profuse carpeting of leaf and blade; while kiosks and pleasure-grounds, bastions and loop-holed curtains, gay gardens, villas, mosques, and noble mansions, stud the banks in unbroken lines from the very foot of the forts, which command the entrance, up to the crowning glory of the scene, where the imperial city of Constantine rises in many colored terraces from the verge of the Golden Horn.

The hills strike abruptly upward to a height varying from two hundred to six hundred feet, and are bounded at the foot by a line of quays which run along the European side from Pera to Buyukdere, about five miles from the Black Sea, almost uninterruptedly.

These quays are very numerous on the Asiatic side also. The villages by the water side are so close together that Pera may be said to extend from Tophane to the forts beyond Buyukdere. All along the water's edge there is a succession of villas and palaces, and small, graceful kiosks, which remind the traveler of an Italian lake such as Como or Orta. There are, besides, on the Bosporus, several palaces belonging to the sultan, situated wherever a beautiful view is to be commanded, on such eminences as one sees on the banks of the Rhine or the Moselle. In the absence of all artistic impressions, the Turks are great admirers of Nature. Fields and forests, blue water and skies, sunny air and bright flower-gardens, are the great sources of their happiness. The state of listless dreaming into which the contemplation of these objects throws them they call *kef*. Their little kiosks, dedicated to the indulgence of this state of inactivity of mind and body, are perched about the hills of the Bosporus, and there they dream away their leisure time, drinking in the bright and lovely prospect around them, with only the bubbling of the nargile to assist rather than intrude upon their contemplation.

The kiosks and residences of the pashas, the retreats of opulence, line these favored shores, and these dwellings succeed each other quite as numerously as the villas of wealthy Americans in the environs of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and at places such as Therapia and Buyukdere, they are dense enough to form large villages, provided with hotels, shops, *cafes*, and lodging-houses. The waters abound in fish, and droves of porpoises and dolphins disport in hundreds on the surface of the Bosporus, splashing and playing about in the plenitude of their strength and security, till a sword-fish takes a dig at them, and sets them off curveting and snorting like sea-horses.

The shores of the Bosporus are enlivened by many wicked-looking felucca-rigged craft, darting by in all directions, and manned by wild, swarthy-looking men, reminding one of Greek pirates.

The prettiest spot to land at is a little village on the Asiatic side of the stream, between Therapi and Buyukdere, at the bend of the Bosporus. From the summit of the hill above this village there is a fine view of the opposite or European shores of the Bosporus and even of the Black Sea.

The return to Constantinople down the Bosporus is equally delightful, going with the stream and keeping close to the Asiatic side—glowing with all the purple glories of an Eastern sunset—the prospect is most enchanting the whole distance, until you turn round the angel of the Golden Horn, and reach the landing-place of Tophane.

Constantinople is built on seven hills, which appear to rise above one another in beautiful succession. The rise of the first hill is occupied by the Seraglio, behind which, a little on the reverse of the hill, the dome of St. Sophia can be seen. The second hill is crowned by the Mosque of Omar, whose dome is strikingly bold and lofty. The still grander Mosque of Solyman the Magnificent towers on the third hill, while an ancient aqueduct, whose bold arches have the happiest effect, unites the summits of the fourth and fifth hills. All these, intermingled with houses painted of different colors, the gilded domes, and the slender and elegant minarets crowned by the shining crescent, impress the beholder with a high idea of the magnificence and splendor of Constantinople. Its situation upon these hills is not only the cause of its beauty, but of its salubrity, as it catches all the pleasant breezes from the Bosporus, the sea of Marmora, and the adjoining plains of Thrace. It occupies the whole of a triangle, whose outline is fringed by old walls flanked by towers. Those on the side of the Sea of Marmora, and in some parts of the Golden Horn, have entirely disappeared. But on the land-side there is a treble line of formidable ancient walls, which might easily be repaired.

The interior of the city, however, but poorly corresponds with the beautiful *coup d' œil* which it presents at a distance. It consists of an assemblage of dark and narrow streets, without names, badly paved, and choked up with dust or mud, and all almost entirely unrelieved by public squares, (of which, however, there are several—At-median ("horse-course"), a portion of the old Hippodrome, four hundred and fifty paces in length, one hundred paces broad; Serisaker-meidan; Tarosk Bazaar ("poultry-market"), etc. After landing at Galata quay, the traveller will be speedily disenchanted; for, as he follows the dragoman who guides him, he will have to pass through scenes of of squalor and dirt rarely to be met with in any other European capital.

As a general thing, he will be taken to Pera, the district appropriated to Christians. Pera is situated immediately above Galata, which is chiefly inhabited by merchants of all nations, and it stretches for more than two miles along the summit of a lofty hill. Of late years many elegant mansions have been built here, and it now compares favorably with the more refined quarters of Western cities.

On the eastern promontory stand the palace and gardens of the Seraglio, which cover one of the seven hills. The imperial palace is inclosed with lofty walls, and the whole space is covered with suites of apartments, mosques, baths, gardens, and cypress-groves. So many glittering domes, rearing their lofty heads above the verdant foliage and painted terraces, produce at a distance a very beautiful effect, which, however, is entirely lost upon a nearer inspection, for they are huddled together without order or symmetry. The principal entrance is on the west, through the Babahoomajan, or Sublime Porte, which is built of marble, and has a very heavy appearance. Within is the first court, which contains the mint and the vizier's divan. Opposite is the Baba Salem, or Gate of Health, which leads to the second court, where is the audience-chamber, in which foreign ambassadors are received by the sultan in person. In this chamber is the throne, which resembles a large four-post bed. The gate which terminates the second court is called Baba Saadi, or the Gate of Happiness, through which no stranger is allowed to pass. The furniture of the palace consists chiefly of the sofas spread round the rooms, the carpets, and the mirrors. The walls are wainscoted with jasper, veneered ivory, and the mother-of-pearl, and the hangings are of silk and cloth-of-gold.

But the great feature of Constantinople are its mosques, or prayer-houses, the most magnificent of which is the Church of Santa Sophia, situated near the principal gate of the Seraglio. It was built by Constantine. Among the numerous pillars which adorn this mosque are six of green jasper, which once supported the roof of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, that had been placed by Aurelian in the Temple of the Sun at Rome, but were removed hither by Constantine. The immense size of the building, the stupendous concave of the dome, the magnificence of the columns and varieties of marble, the singular manner in which it is illuminated with globes of crystal and lamps of colored glass, and ornamented with ostrich-eggs, etc., produce a most striking effect.

The most notable mosques, after St. Sophia, are that of Mahomet II, which crowns one of the seven hills, and stands upon the site of the celebrated Church of the Apostles; that of Bajazet; and of Solyman II., which is esteemed of superior symmetry and elegance.

The tomb of Sultan Mahmoud is another beautiful building, entirely composed of white marble, and only recently erected. The room is like a large saloon, well fitted up and carpeted. In the middle is the coffin, or catafalque, surrounded by railings of mother-of pearl, and covered with red velvet richly embroidered in gold.

Superstitions About Flowers.

The mediæval painters, who delighted to picture every event in the life of the Virgin Mary, surrounding her with all the accessories which could possibly be made to symbolize her virtues, such as a pitcher of water to indicate her frugality, and a distaff to show her industry, fixed upon the white lily as an emblem of her purity. Sometimes, in the paintings of the Annunciation, Gabriel is presenting her with one; sometimes she is holding a single flower, or a cluster of them, in her hand; sometimes she is sitting at her work, or reading the Old Testament Scriptures, or kneeling, and a pot of lilies is on the table near.

When she became an object of worship—as Queen of Heaven, according to the belief of her votaries—another flower was consecrated to her—the marigold, because the petals which surround its disk were taken to resemble beams of glory, such as were supposed to radiate from her head.

But these are by no means the only flowers which the Catholic Church includes in its vast array of symbols. Chief among them is the passion-flower, in which the credulous find so many evidences pointing to the crucifixion of our Lord, imagining that, in the form of the stamens, they discover a cross, and in the arrangement of the circle of petals three distinct crowns, in remembrance of the tradition that He was thrice crowned with thorns; and they further say that it blooms about Holyrood Day—that is, the day on which the Empress Helena found His cross.

The chrysanthemum is the Christ's-flower, because it is often in bloom, and is always supposed to bloom on the morning of His birth:

"And it is told in stories old
That this fair blossom first
On that blest morn, when Christ was born,
Into white beauty burst.

"Perhaps—ah! well, we cannot tell
If it be so;
I but repeat the legend sweet,
And only this I know—
That in the prime of Christmas-time
The Christ's sweet flowers blow."

Another, which commemorates His death, blossoms in Palestine, half the year round, it is said, reddening the plains from north to south, and grows nowhere else, except as it is cultivated by pilgrims who have carried it home across the seas. The legend is, that, when His side was pierced, the blood dropped to the earth, and, wherever it fell, this flower, with its heart-shaped petals, sprang up, and they are known as the blood-drops of Christ. There are similar legends of flowers that started up from the ground where Mary set her feet.

The superstitions go still further, if possible, in naming a flower for the Holy Ghost—the *Espiritu Santo*—which grows from a bulb indigenous to the Isthmus of Panama, and is very delicate and beautiful, and has in the centre (some formation of the stamens and pistil, undoubtedly) that which looks like a tiny, milk-white dove, with a pink-tipped bill.

The saints have their flowers, such as John's-wort and Herb Margaret; and Mary Magdalene is supposed to be held in remembrance by the roses which begin to shed their petals on her day, or near it. And the Trinity has found many representations besides that which St. Patrick happily chanced upon, when, in trying to explain it to the native Irish, his eye fell on the shamrock at his feet—none more appropriate, perhaps, than the *fleur de lis*, with its three recurving petals, and its other three arched in a canopy above them. By some of the trefoil plants Hope was formerly symbolized. She is shown clad in three colors, and holding a piece of three-leaved grass, the meaning of which does not appear.

The old Greeks and Romans had a share in this consecration of flowers and trees. The olive was for Minerva, the marigold and myrtle for Venus, the poplar for Hercules. Purple and white flowers were acceptable to the dead, especially amaranths, with which the tomb of the lamented Achilles was strewn. Their veneration for the plane-tree was manifested by nourishing its roots with wine, as a gardener would sprinkle water, because, they said, this tree loved wine.

None of those stories of the heathen mythology, which tell of the transformation of human or celestial beings into plants or trees, are so beautiful as that one in which the North American Indians give the origin of their maize, which is, in substance, that a beautiful girl, pursued by a river-god, took refuge among the reeds, twining them about her to hide herself, upon which her slender form was changed into a graceful stalk, her teeth into milk-white kernels, and her lovely, floating hair into silk; and, in place of reeds and maiden, there stood only a tall, bending stalk of Indian corn; so that, ever after, in the rustle of a waving corn-field the red man could hear the stirring of a company of timid girls.

But there is a darker aspect to this legendary lore. In some particularly superstitious parts of Germany they believe that the aspen is the tree on which Judas hung himself; that it was as calm a tree as any until then, but from that hour it began to shiver, and has done so ever since. And the Mexicans say that the rich, reddish-brown spots with which the French marigold is so elegantly mottled, are splashes of the blood of Mexican soldiers slain by the Spaniards.

Then, again, there are the supernatural—the almost diabolical—influences which are attributed to certain plants, such as the famous upas-tree, and that other Eastern tree which, according to the account, is so deadly that if a hot wind passes over it, an odor is carried along which is fatal to whoever breaths it. Old letters, written from Paris in 1642, by that mythical personage the "Turkish Spy," describe a plant, cultivated in a garden of that city, that "blasts all that grows within ten cubits of its roots. They call it the 'ill neighbor.'" He declares that there was a withered circle around it, while the tree itself was green and thrifty. Doubtless some truth lies behind all this folly, for it would be easy to magnify into a terror the innocent peculiarity of such a tree as the pride of China, whose berries have stupefying qualities which so affect the birds that eat them that they drop to the ground in a state of mild intoxication.

Another of the uncanny plants is the mandrake, called, by the Arabs "the devil's candle," on account of a phosphorescent kind of glow it has in the night, and yet it is as guiltless of evil as the lettuce, which it reminds one of in the fashion of its growth—a large bunch of leaves springing direct from the root, but of a darker green than lettuce. In the month of May, in the midst of the wheat-harvest in Palestine, the ripe fruit appears, in the shape of small, yellowish apples, not larger than a nutmeg; and it is then, as Solomon has it, "the mandrake gives a smell"—an odor strong and peculiar, but agreeable rather than the reverse. "The fruit is not wholesome," says one, "but possesses many virtues."

Another is the "devil's bit," a species of scabious, the root of which has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out, to account for which it is told that the devil was resentful because it was useful as a medicine for man, in spite, bit a mouthful from it to spoil it.

In a little better repute, but nevertheless having the name of being too intimately connected with the black art, is one of the most picturesque of all our native flowering shrubs. Late in October, when every blossom, except the road-side aster, has gone, what more attractive than this tangled bush, with its prodigal efflorescence of yellow petals on every stem and leaf-stalk, giving notice to every passer-by of its laggard blooming, by the delightful, pungent odor which greets him while yet a long way off? Yet there are those who see in it nothing but power of unlawful enchantment, and trust to its divination, as in England the ignorant leave it, to the pre-science of the lapwing, to inform them where water exists underground. When a man walks round with a witch-hazel rod in his hand to find out, by its twisting, where to dig his well, or, worse still, when, on the faith of its movement, he digs for buried gold, he deserves to be exiled to the Black Forest, to the companionship of those people who, during a thunder-shower, take refuge under a twig of it hung over the door, believing that, so protected, the lightning will be powerless to harm them.

There are extraordinary qualities enough actually existing in the vegetable kingdom, so that none need have recourse to the imagination; such as the clock-like accuracy with which certain flowers unfold—as the four o'clock and the hibiscus—enough of them being reliable time-keepers to justify the "flower-dial" of Linnæus. Then there is the combustibility of others; the irritability of such as the balsamine; the susceptibility of some to the influence of chloroform; and the sensitiveness of many of the mimosa tribe, which is so great that, in tropical forests where they abound, the passage of man or beast may be tracked by their general wilted appearance.

—A wicked man killed himself in the lowest level of a Nevada mine, and the account says: "Thus his alleged soul was saved over half a mile of transportation."

The Alphabet of the Future.

This projected spelling reform—that is, the proposition to change the spelling of the English language so as to make it conform to the current pronunciation—is certainly making progress, whether it is destined ever to be realized or not. The National Spelling Reform Association have for some time past been holding the sessions of its annual convention in Cincinnati, and its debates attract wide and respectful attention. Of course the scheme has not quite emerged from the derision stage, for the curious and even grotesque changes proposed make it peculiarly subject to ridicule; but it has arrived at a point where it receives profound and serious consideration. Much weight is given to it on account of its distinguished advocates, also, who number such men as Max Muller, Prof. Whitney, the London School Board, and the American Philological Society.

To change the present alphabet so that it would conform to the number of recognized consonants and vowel sounds, would require some forty signs in all, or seventeen more than are contained in our present alphabet (c, q and x having no sound value), and this would imply a change in the appearance of printed language so great as to make its general acceptance almost impossible. The human eye is very conservative, and it will tolerate a prolonged evil rather than suffer the temporary inconvenience of adapting itself to new forms. That the phonetic reform would be an admirable thing, if once established, there is no denial. It would enable millions of foreigners to acquire the language, who now will never read a line. It would reduce the expense of our schools incalculably. It would introduce infancy to the higher studies, instead of keeping children floundering for years in the Serbonian bog of crooked orthography. It would save millions of dollars a year on school books. It would make the English language a reasonable contrivance, instead of an absurd bundle of contradictions. At present nobody can tell how a word is spelled by hearing it pronounced, or pronounced by seeing it spelled. Less than a hundred words in the hundred thousand which the language contains are spelled precisely as they are pronounced.

Probably, however, if this reform is ever successful, it will be by gradual steps. First, silent letters will be dropped, beginning with those whose absence would suggest no different pronunciation. Then the c, q and x might be omitted, and the soft s changed to z. So, little by little, if the advocates of the new method are shrewd and patient, a valuable change may steal upon the language.

One of the Cincinnati speakers proposes a provisional or temporary alphabet, made up of the letters of our present alphabet, slightly altered, which would not much offend the eye or obstruct the reader, even at first. Another says—

"There are three things that the spelling reform expects to do for the printing fraternity, First. To dispense with small caps. Second. To render italics useless. Third. To dispense with spacing out lines by enabling the printer to carry into the next line any part of a word. When letters are no longer needed to determine the power of other letters this mode of dividing words will become perfectly feasible."

This reform must creep, not leap. All languages have been the result of slow growth—of the quiet, silent evolution of centuries. Only such arbitrary changes will now be tolerated as can be shown to be of imperative consequence; and, even then, they must be so masked in current forms as to leave the libraries of the world practically unharmed. No reform making it necessary to reprint all books for rising generations stands any chance of being adopted.

ABOUT THE FLY.—When she answered the door-bell, yesterday, she found a stranger on the stoop. He had a bundle in his hand, a smile on his face, and he said:

"Madam, can I sell you some fly-paper?"

"Does the paper fly?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, but it makes the flies fly."

"What do I want the flies to fly for?" she asked.

"Every fly, madam—" he was explaining, when she called out:

"I want you to fly! I can get along better with flies than with agents."

"But I'm not on the fly," he softly protested.

"Our dog is," she grimly replied; and so he was. He flew around the corner, the agent flew for the gate, the roll of fly-paper flew over the curb, and a newsboy climbed a tree-box to be out of the muss, and shouted:

"She flew, thou fliest, he fled, and I believe the dog got a piece of meat with that coat-tail."

—Dr. John Brown of Edingburgh, defends dancing most gallantly, and says, "Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing around the big stone in the field?" We never did dance nor did we never did. And that is why we love dancing. We can see the same matchless grace and charming elegance in the gyrating hoofs of a waltzing man that is noticeable in the heels of a scrambling sheep

Modern Hospitality.

We are supposed to have civilized the forms and perfected the art of society. We look back on the rude feasts of our forefathers with disdain and wonder at their gross gluttony and coarse lavishness. But, at least, they fed the poor in those days of ruder living; and a feast, if wanting in gastronomic art, was bountiful in hospitality. As it is, hospitality is a name; no more. There is none of it in the sense of sharing your goods with others, in our modern entertainments. A dinner or a *soiree* is a social obligation discharged perforce; or an occasion for display; or both combined. To prefer those who need is as far removed from the calculations of the host as the "fire-party" imagined by Punch. No one who gives a party, as it is called, thinks of the real pleasure or good which it will be to the guests; only whether it is "well done" according to the conventional standard—that is, reflecting honor on the giver. The arrangements of society are in themselves utterly barbarous, while affecting to be specially civilized. One could imagine a simple, generous, and most delightful banquet, with music and flowers, and plenty of space and freedom of action—a banquet that did not include three long hours of cramp and surfeit with an indigestion to follow, or a crowded crush in a stifling room where conversation is impossible, and the music not worth listening to. One could imagine arrangements more artistically lovely than now, yet not more costly; a welcome more hearty, and with less parade. But our civilization dooms us to a table where one side freezes and the other burns; where draughts chill the naked shoulders at one end, and the heated air, loaded with unwholesome vapors, threatens apoplexy at the other; to rooms wherein delicate women turn sick and faint for want oxygen in a fetid atmosphere used up by two or three hundred pair of lungs; it dooms us to accept invitations given by people we dislike, and to eat things that will disagree with us, just as it dooms us to an artificial manner, an insincere smile, a false speech; it dooms us to bow our own house to hundreds of our fellow-creatures, not half a dozen of whom we care ever to see again, just as it dooms us to the suppression of all emotion, of all earnest thought, of all honest words; and, when we have made ourselves most like animated dolls in manner, and put ourselves to most inconvenience for things we detest and people we despise in fact, then we are considered of the best breeding and the most perfected civilization. Half the entertainments too, given by the middle classes, are only possible through screwing and pinching in things more essential to the true dignity of life than the giving of a dinner badly cooked and worse arranged, which no one who eats really enjoys. Yet, if the food is questionable, kid gloves are *de rigueur*; and you cut your stale fish with electro-plated knives and forks of the covenanted pattern. Honor to those who dare to offer simple pleasures within their means of money and service, and who invite to their house those whom it will be th delight and benefit, not only whom they say they "must" by the queer law of social reciprocity in boredom and pretence!

AN ARKANSAS COW.—The yield of milk from Northern dairy cows is incredible to people in regions where cattle are raised mostly for beef and hides.

Judge Grant was in Little Rock, Ark., in attendance at the United States court. One morning he saw a farmer with a slouch hat, and a genuine butter-nut suit, trying to sell a cow in the market there. It was a large, long-horned animal, and the planter was informing a man that the cow would give four quarts of milk a day, if fed well.

Up stepped the judge. "What do you ask for the cow?"

"About $30. She'll give five quarts of milk if you feed her well," replied the planter, and he proceeded to describe her good qualities.

Said the judge: "I have cows on my farm, not much more than half as big as your cow, which give twenty to twenty-five quarts of milk a day."

The planter eyed the judge sharply for a moment, as if trying to remember whether he had ever seen him before or not, and then asked: "Stranger, where do you live?"

"My home is in Iowa."

"Yes, stranger, I don't dispute it. There was heaps of sogers from Iowa down here during the war, and, stranger, they was the all-firedest liars in the whole Yankee army. Mebbe you mought be an officer in some of them regiments?"

The judge slid for the court house.

—The evening before his wedding Edward went to make confession to the priest of his parish.

The confession ended.

"Pardon, father," said Edward; "it seems to me you have forgotten to set me a penance."

"Didn't you tell me that you were going to get married?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well, then——"

—A Paris chief d'orchestre is so lean a Frenchman said: "Lean! Why, I never seen him rise with his baton but I ask which is going to beat time on the other.