ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

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

TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

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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.
Oct. 3, 69-tf.

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March 16, '78-tf.

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OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, '78 tf.

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June 24, '71-tf.

A GREAT SECRET.

My friend, here's a secret
  By which you may thrive:
I am fifty years old,
  And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
  The wedding guests said,
When we went to the church
  With the priest, and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
  And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
  To me, then, than now!

For never the scath of a
  Petulant frown
Has ploughed with its furrows
  Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
  Her praises I speak,
Her heart fairly blushes
  Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is more tender
  For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
  That makes her hair white,

And all the soft patience
  That shows through her face,
In my eyes, are only
  Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
  As I am alive,
Though I, sir, am fifty,
  And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
  I meant to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
  Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
  And sulk to a pout,
So, since we fell *in* love,
  We never fell *out!*

And here's the full secret
  That saves us from strife:
I kept her a *sweetheart*,
  In making her a *wife!*

And if you but wed on
  My pattern, you'll thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
  My wife, forty-five!

Our Visit to Mount Vernon.

I found Washington a pleasanter city than its caluminators allow, and not as pleasant as my excited fancy had conjured up. I walked its wide avenues till I was blinded with dust, and blistered, head and foot. I "did" its public buildings without flinching; turned my brains upside down in the vain attempt to study the interior of the dome of the Capitol; coaxed a pair of tight boots to the very top of the edifice; had a good look at both "Houses;" gazed my fill at Sumner, the shaggiest lion of a man I ever saw; caught a glimpse of Revels as he walking out of the Senate-chamber; saw Butler, who looks so full of fight that it seems forever trying to ooze out on his bald and shining pate; and Banks, less happy of countenance and cheerful of tone that he was twenty years ago.

I met the President, and liked his inscrutable face; I shouldn't like it, however, if I were to call on him for any favors. It is not the style of countenance that an office-seeker might hunger after. I sauntered graciously through the Red-room, the Blue-room, and the great East-room, and felt, like any other true born American citizen, that I was monarch of all I surveyed till I sat down in a red plush chair, and was politely requested, by the usher to vacate my comfortable seat.

My time was limited. I had promised to be home on a certain day, if possible.

"To-night," said I, one morning at the breakfast-table, "I must be on my winding way."

My pretty hostess (all Washington hostesses are pretty, they say) looked up with an incredulous expression.

"Going to leave us without visiting Mount Vernon?" she exclaimed. "Why, nobody thinks of doing so. You must certainly see the grave of Washington."

I turned to my brother tourist, a smooth sedate young man, after the most elaborate and ministerial pattern.

"Can we spare one more day?" I asked.

He took three sips of coffee and another mouthful of toast while deliberating, and then replied that he thought we might venture. He didn't see as it would make the difference of more than a few hours; there might never be another chance; a boat went down every day; the sail was a pleasant one, and the fare reasonable.

"I'll put you up a nice lunch," said our pretty hostess, "and you'll never be sorry if you go, I can promise you. The grounds are lovely; and then the dear old house—I do so dote on those famous old houses—those classic shades like Mount Vernon!"

I looked at my watch; we had just thirty minutes in which to reach the boat. Could it be done?

It was done. We two, with lunch carefully packed in a very small basket, found ourselves on a wee boat called the Arrow, which was preparing to be shot off, and making a prodigious noise in the operation.

The captain was good-natured and portly—all portly men are good-natured. I am portly.

Presently we were off, passing the Arsenal, with its fine grounds and fresh greensward, and many other places exceedingly beautiful in scenery. With serene sunshine and a delicious breeze, the sail promised to be delightful, and we were nearly the only passengers for Mount Vernon.

There were two remarkable negroes on board; one of them played the banjo, the other sang a pleasing little melody, the refrain of which was:

"Oh, when I was single,
My pockets did jingle,
I wish I was single again, again."

They amused us very much, particularly as after each exhibition of their remarkable powers they handed us a hat—not of the latest fashion—into which we were expected to put something.

The first time I deposited ten cents in this unique receptacle; my friend did likewise. The second time, grown wiser, I reduced my contribution one-half; the third time I gave my only remaining penny; the fourth time I looked the man sternly in the face and dropped in a button, and he took the hint. The fifth time he didn't come.

We longed eagerly for the first glimpse of the classic shades, and were sure we caught it just fifty-five times. It was two hours before we neared the point of interest, owing to the stubbornness of the tide. Then, at the boat's shrill whistle, we understood that, at last, we had reached the home of Washington. Our hearts beat high with enthusiasm; we were so bubbling over with delight that we forgot to ask what should be the sign of our return, but settled between ourselves that we should find out somehow. We always do find out somehow, I have noticed on other occasions.

From the boat he walked up a sort of shaded lane. The moss, in beautiful varieties of green and yellow, lined the banks. The grass was thick under our feet, and the shadows few. The road was ridgy with recent rains, but on either hand the verdant carpet of Nature, prettier every way than Brussels, or Axminster, or velvet tapestry, was starred with the brightest wild flowers.

"Washington has walked this same path," said my companion, reverently.

"Unless it has been opened since his death," said I.

"At all events we are nearing the house and grounds. It will not require any stretch of imagination to fancy that his footsteps have hallowed them," was the reply.

A narrow, winding path presented itself. The fair estate laid mapped out before us, giving glimpses of paradisiacal openings, brightened by pretty views of the glistening Potomac.

"Here," I said, as we reached a small enclosure, "must be the grave wherein the sacred dust is laid. Remove your hat, my friend; here the greatest and best of his kind sleeps in a few feet of common earth!"

Poetic apostrophes rose to my lips; the tears were in my eyes. I felt inclined to kneel, at least on one knee, but happily curbed the pious inclination. I say happily, for at that moment a little red-coated yellow boy, with a mouth that transgressed all the lines of beauty, sauntered idly toward us, munching a green apple.

"My little lad," asked I, conscious that often the very occupants of hallowed shades are not familiar with the whereabouts of famous localities—"my little lad, what place is this?"

"Isus," repeated he, going at the apple again.

"What does he say?" queried my companion; "it sounds like Greek."

I repeated my question, and suddenly felt like putting my face in my hat.

"Old isus," he said again, breathing hard in his efforts to answer and swallow the apple at the same time.

"Oh—ah—I see," responded my friend, "this is the old *ice-house* at which we have been doing homage;" and suddenly the classic shades echoed and reechoed with our laughter.

The little boy paused aghast, stopped munching, and looked as if he were going to run away. He hitched his small trousers, and stood on one foot like a contemplative chicken.

"My boy, where *is* the tomb of Washington?" I asked, as soon as I could command the gravity essential to the subject.

"Up sher; massa, take da' dar road;" and he pointed to an opposite path, and calmly finished his apple.

Another moment, and we stood by the veritable tomb. We did not need to school our exuberance now; we felt that we were gazing on the ashes of the mighty dead, and were solemn. With what power the recollection of the wonder-working events of the past came over us! We spoke in whispers. Far as the eye could reach from this eminence, Nature in her loveliest forms and colors appealed to our hearts. Here he lived, walked, talked, planned; in that little white mansion yonder he breathed his last, and was carried forth, never more to return. And here before us, in the simplicity of a republican tomb, he slept. No armed guards to protect it from sacrilege; no splendid monument to proclaim that here rested all that was mortal of the greatest man of his age—the Father of his Country.

My friend ventured to remark that it looked rubbishy round the place. It did. There were bones and fragments, and stones and litter. I suspect they don't have many servants to keep the classic shades in order.

We went to the house, were admitted, saw the Lafayette mantel-piece, the wicked-looking key of the Bastile, the old, jangling harpsichord, the queer little parlors, the quaint frescos, the wide staircase, the sacred room in which he died—all these we carefully inspected.

While enjoying the beautiful view from the cupola, we heard a whistle.

"It can't be possible that is the signal to go?" quoth I.

"Of course not," was the reply; "we've only been here half an hour. Besides, they blow two whistles always."

I possessed my soul in patience at this, and we went on and out with our sight-seeing. We found numerous relics—at least we chose to call them so—and diligently labelled them:

A feather or two belonged to a lineal descendant of Father Washington's most venerable rooster. An antiquated oyster-shell, found in the interstices of one of the barns, might have been opened to furnish a bivalve for the great man's palate. My friend dug up a jack-knife, that appeared to have been buried a hundred years. It was at once made to do duty as George Washington's packet-knife, the one he cut the cherry-tree with.

After I had carefully labelled it, my friend gravely suggested that I had better find a hatchet for that purpose, as it was never chronicled that the good boy used a knife on that occasion.

It was only a momentary forgetfulness on my part, so I erased all but the first line of the inscription.

We cut the bark (small pieces of it) from his favorite tree; we purloined a few flowers from his stately little garden; we dug moss from his banks; we ate our frugal lunch surrounded by some dozen hens and chickens, who fought for the crumbs; we parried the nose-thrust of an elderly goat, who had probably been petted by visitors till he had become an impertinent graybeard.

Suddenly it occurred to me that we had heard no second whistle.

Possibly the steamer might be still at the wharf. We hurried down. Nothing in sight except a crazy boat and three or four scantily-clothed colored young boys fishing. Of them we queried about the Arrow.

"Been gone two hours," said one.

"But when will the other boat be here?"

"There's no odder boat to-night, mas'r; to-morrow at four the Arrow'll be back."

We bit our lips, and looked at each other in blank consternation.

To-morrow! Indeed, to-day we should have started on our journey home. The classic shades for a moment lost all their beauty, and seemed exceedingly blank and commonplace.

"What are we to do?" asked my friend, (which 'is name is Frank," as Mrs. Brown would say.

I shook my head. We toiled back to the house. The relics began to be troublesome.

A night-black darkey sat half asleep on the porch. We succeeded in rousing him.

"Where is the gentleman of the house?" I asked.

"Dunno, sir," was the reply. "P'raps you means Mas'r W—— in de office."

He led us to the office. "Mas'r W——" was there, with the proper official aspect, and a pen behind his ear. He appeared to be reading, but the moment he saw us his pen was in his hand, and his keen eye seemed to say:

"Contribution, sir?"

Frank was spokesman.

"Mr. W——, we are left," he said. "Not knowing the regulations of the boat, we failed to obey her signal. What shall we do?"

"Well, really," said Mr. W——, "really I don't know."

"Is there no way of getting off?"

"Only by the boat, sir."

"Are there no teams to be had?"

"Not in this place. And, I regret to say, no accommodations for travellers."

"We must get off," said Frank.

"I wish I could help you," said Mr. W——. "Ah, I might send for Uncle Ned," he exclaimed, after a reflective pause; "he has a couple of mules, but it would be useless for you to attempt to go to-night; there will be no moon, and Uncle Ned is very careful of his mules."

I wondered, even in that trying moment, if Uncle Ned was a relative of that much-sung uncle who "had no wool on the top of his head," but did not venture to put the question.

Presently Uncle Ned made his appearance—a gigantic negro, though old and bowed, with the head of a philosopher, and the eye of a hawk.

"Well, gen'lmen," he said, when I had stated the circumstances, "I ken tote ye down to-morrow airly for a 'sideration. I's got two dretfel good beasts—they's beauties, they is, and they'll kerry you quiet."

"What will that consideration be?" asked Frank.

"Well," he said, twirling his rimless hat, and surveying his patched overcoat, "I recken I ken do it fer ten dollars."

I suppressed an "Oh!"

Frank suppressed one, too; I could see it in his face.

Mr. W—— toyed with his pen, and his eyes twinkled. I suspect that he had been taken in himself, and rather enjoyed our being done for.

I had only five dollars with me, and Frank had but little over that sum. We had compared notes previous to starting.

"So that is you price," said I; and any one would have imagined me the possessor of a well-packed pocket-book.

"Das de price, boss," said the old man, straightening himself a little; "you see it's a long an' a hard road to trabble, an' I couldn't take two gen'lem for no less, no sort o' way, shuah."

"Very well; but where are we to stay to-night?" I asked.

"Well, das anoder queshon, mas'r," replied the negro, with one or two awkward jerks. "Ain't no tavern anywheres hereabouts—sartin ob dat, sir.

"I don't see but we must sleep somewhere—perhaps there's a barn on the premises," said I.

Mr. W—— was busy pulling at a scant mustache. Suddenly the old negro put out one foot, stroked the side of his nose, and eyed us askance.

"Dar's Aunt Sally," he exclaimed.

"Who is Aunt Sally?"

"Mighty nice ole 'ooman, sir. She's got a cabin wid a room over-top. She'll fix ye, gen'lem."

"For a consideration, I suppose?" said Frank.

"Yes, boss," Uncle Ned rejoined, "I'll make dat all right. Won't ask ye no more, seein' yees rale gen'lems; so, if ye pleases, I'll show yo' whar Aunt Sally lives."

The old scamp knew that he had charged us five dollars too much, but was evidently charmed that we had not beat him down one-half.

In the course of an hour we were sitting in Aunt Sally's cabin, eating pone-cake. The little place was as clean and neat as hands could make it. Aunt Sally herself, high-turbaned, tall, and consequential, moved about with unsurpassed dignity. After we were better acquainted, her fat sides shook more than once at our poor jokes.

By an uncertain ladder we gained our room. It was pitch-dark, but Aunt Sally handed us a tallow-dip that enabled us to make a survey of the premises. A low, comfortable bed, spread with white, took up half the room; a little table stood by its side, topped by a ragged and well-thumbed Bible; a chair did duty as a wash-stand; and by the window we dimly perceived a bowl and pitcher.

We slept sweetly that night, anxious as we were, in our novel quarters. Aunt Sally called us up early, gave us fried bacon and corn-cake, with "'lasses" in a brown cream-jug, and, at seven precisely, came Uncle Ned with his mules.

I have often though since that the ride was worth the money, aside from Uncle Ned's entertaining conversation. The old man told us that he was eighty-nine.

"Born on de place, gen'lem," he said; "seen de ole gen'ral more times 'an you could count, I reckon. Mighty good mas'r he war, too; slaves all loved him. Ky! dey set up a howlin' when he died, I reckon. All down de place dar was lights an' fires burnin', and dem what didn't sing war cryin', an' dem as wasn't cryin' war prayin', an' 'twas jus' as 'twas when de Lord was taken, I reckon."

This the old man said with a solemn face.

The roads were very passable, some of them perfect bowers, where the trees met over our heads, spreading a net-work of quivering light beneath. Many a picture we saw on that eventful morning as Uncle Ned pointed out places made historical by the "late onpleasantness."

One ancient thatch-covered mill we passed, about which lounged several strapping negroes, each with his white bag waiting for the meal to be ground. The great beams were cool and dripping painted with that inimitable hair-like delicacy of green and amber made by layers of almost impalpable moss; the sound of the water trickling from the wheels caused my nerves to tingle with boyish pleasure. Here and there were stretches of field and hill such as no painter's skill could rival, and everywhere the irrepressible Virginia fence kept us company.

At last we reached Alexandria, and parted with our Uncle Edward, after transferring two crisp paper pictures to his homespun pockets.

Arrived home, we found our pretty hostess in an alarming state of mind, she having conjectured all possible mishaps, but, producing our relics, she soon relapsed into her usual state of smiling complacency, and to this day has, in a conspicuous place in her cabinet, the old jack-knife that we had labelled with so much care.

Plain Talk to the Girls.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or sloven in the morning is not to be trusted however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, soap, water, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. They are just as essential as your breakfast before which you should make good and free use of them.

Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliance not only make a great mistake but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning; and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may be nothing better than a calico, but with a ribbon or flower or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self respect which invariably comes with being well dressed.

Charles Dickens.

His favorite exercise was walking; and, when in America, scarcely a day passed, no matter what the weather, that he did not accomplish his eight or ten miles. It was on these expeditions that he liked to recount to the companion of his rambles stories and incidents of his early life; and, when he was in the mood, his fun and humor knew no bounds. He would then frequently discuss the numerous characters in his delightful books, and would act out on the road, dramatic situations, where Nickleby or Copperfield or Swiviller would play distinguished parts. I remember he said, on one of these occasions, that during the composi-
tion of his first stories he could never e
tirely dismiss the characters about wh
he happened to be writing: that, wh
the "Old Curiosity Shop" was in proc
of composition, Little Nell followed h
about everywhere; that while he v
writing 'Oliver Twist,' Fagin the
would never let him rest, even in
most retired moments; that at midni
and in the morning, on the sea and
the land, Tiny Tim and Little Bob C
chitt were ever tugging at his coat-sle
as if impatient for him to get back
his desk and continue the story of t
lives. But he said, after he had
lished several books, and saw what
rious demands his characters were
customed to make for the constant a
tion of his already overtasked brain
resolved the phantom individuals sh
no longer intrude on his hours of r
tion and rest, but that when he c
the door of his study he would shut
all in, and only meet them again wh
came back to resume his task. That
of will with which he was preemi
endowed, enabled him to ignore
manifold existences till he chose to
their acquaintance. He said, als
when the children of his brain had
been launched, free and clear of hi
the world, they would sometimes tur
the most unexpected manner to lool
father in the face.

Sometimes he would pull my arm
we were talking together, and w
"Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, w
crossing the street to meet us;" o
Micawber is coming; let us turn
this alley to get out of his way."
ways seemed to enjoy the fun of his
piople, and had unceasing mirth o
Pickwick's misadventures. In
one day to a question, prompted by a psychological curiosity, if he ever dreamed of any of his characters, his reply was: "Never; and I am convinced that no writer (judging from my own experience, which cannot be altogether singular, but must, be a type of the experience of others) has ever dreamed of the creature of his own imagination. It would," he went on to say, "be like a man's dreaming of meeting himself, which is clearly an impossibility. Things exterior to one's self must always be the basis of dreams." The growing up of characters in his mind never lost him a sense of the marvellous. "What an unfathomable mystery there is in it all!" he said one day. Taking up a wine glass, he continued: "Suppose I choose to call this a character, fancy it a man, endure it with certain qualities; and soon as the fine filmy webs of thought, almost inpalpaple, coming from every direction, we know not whence, spin and weave about it, until it assumes form and beauty, and becomes instinct with life."

In society Dickens rarely referred to the traits and characteristics of people he had known: but, during a long walk in the country, he delighted to recall and describe the peculiarities, eccentric and otherwise, of dead and gone as well as living friends. Then Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey, and Christopher North, and Talfourd, and Hood, and Rogers seemed to live over again in his vivid reproductions, made so impressive by his marvellous memory and imagination. As he walked along the road, he appeared to enjoy the keen zest of his companions in the numerous impersonations with which he was indulging him.

* * *

—People have different notions of time. A landlord, who is his own rent collector, recently called on an tenant, who, with pale, trembling lips, faltered, "I'm very sorry, but times are so bad, and—and—I am not quite ready. If you could only give me a little time." "Well, well, you have always been a good payer," said the landlord. "A little time—eh? Certainly. I am going up stairs, and—I will look in as I come down."

* * *

—"Good-by, sweetheart," were his last words to the beautiful girl who hung over the front gate and pouted her sweet red lips to be kissed; and then, as he walked down the street he soliloquized: "If I had all the money I have squandered on oysters and ice cream and buggy rides for that girl, I could buy me an overcoat now;" and "whew!" he said, as the wind whistled around the corner, "I'm going to need it pretty soon, too."

* * *

—A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, $5."

* * *

—The time you've got to think what "new leaves" you'll turn over the 1st of January is rapidly shortoning.

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.

Mother's Advice to Eliza.

"Eliza," said a fond mother to her offspring recently, as that offspring was about going forth in tow of a young man who worships the very sidewalk she walk upon, "go to the breadbox and eat a good big crust of bread before you go out."

"Why," replied the blushing girl, "I don't feel the least hungry. We have only just had tea."

"I know it, but when Adolphus takes you into a restaurant you'll eat ice cream and sponge cake, and ham sandwiches and oysters enough to scare him out of a year's growth. Beware how you sit down on the budding flame of Cupid. Of course Adolphus will spend the money you save him on billiards and things, but that
akes no difference. When he asks you
in and have some oysters, even if
hungry, don't. Say you don't ap-
wasting the money of their
on trifles when it might
an furnishing a house.
price of an oyster
couple of tow-

LADIES', MISSES'
SHOES, &c., &c.
A large assortment kept constantly on hand.
All Kinds of Light and Heavy Work, executed according to order. Satisfaction guaranteed Call and examine at our Store on MAIN STREET, nearly opposite the Howard House.
Jan. 1, '78-tf.

THOMAS H. HUNT,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES & NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c.
Respectfully
informs the Public
that he has constantly on
hand a large and well-assorted
Stock, embracing
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dress Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Linen Muslins, &c., &c.
Hardware, Drugs, Liquors, Cutlery, and a general assortment of Hardware.
☞ *Country Produce bought and sold*
CALL AND EXAMINE.
Jan. 1 '78-1y.

TAKE NOTICE.
GENTS' BOOTS from Two to Seven Dollars. Boys' Boots and Shoes
One Dollar to Two Dollars.
LADIES' GAITERS $1 TO $2.50.
MOROCCO BOOTS $1.50 to $2.50.
Children's Boots 50 Cents to One Dollar and a Half.

years, but that mortgage stands up in sleepless vigilance; with the interest, a perennial stream ceaselessly running on. Like a huge nightmare eating out the sleep of some restless slumberer, the unpaid mortgage rears up its gaunt front in perpetual torment to the miserable weight who is held within its pitiless clutch. It holds the poor victims with the relentless grasp of a giant; not one hour of recreation not a moment's evasion of its hideous presence. A genial savage of modifying aspect while the interest is paid; a very devil of hopeless destruction when the payments fail.

* * *

—Gordon, the Scottish painter, used to tell this story of Lord Palmerston:

"I had exhibited for several years, but without any particular success. One year, however—the year before I painted 'The Corsicans'—Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture, called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it at a high figure. His lordship at the same time made inquiries after the artist, and invited me call upon him.

"I waited upon his lordship accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture; but said there was one thing about it he could not understand.

"'What is that, my lord?' I asked.

"'That there should not be such long grass in a field where here are so many sheep,' said his lordship, promptly, and with a merry twinkle of the eye.

It was a decided hit this; and, having bought the picture and paid for it, he was entiled to his joke.

"'How do you account for it?' he went on, smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me.

"'Those sheep, my lord,' I replied 'were only turned into that field the nigh before I finished the picture.'

"His lordship laughed heartily, and said 'Bravo' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures; and I, have cashed since then some very notable checks of his—dear old boy!"

* * *

—Editors like brevity, but a man who was recently hung in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded at the preacher and said, "I'll see you later," and the trap fell.

* * *

—Everybody knows Capt. George W. Earhart, of the Baltimore Police Force He has used Keller's Roman Liniment, and pronounces it an incomparable pain destroyer. Sold everywhere at 50 cents.

* * *

—When you send a paper to a young lady cut a small item out, no matter what. This insures the office the sale of another paper. She has got to see what it was, if it takes a week to find out.

* * *

—A small boy, of the freckled species, in the parlor where a dry goods clerk is sparking the boy's big sister, will make the course of true love rougher than riding in a lumber wagon.