

Professional.

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

CHARLES W. HEUSLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, Md.
March 9, 1874.

J. D. MCGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishner's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington,
Oct. 7, 1874.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
52 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.
Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month.
March 29, 1874.

J. THOMAS JONES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties. Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
Dec. 12, 1874.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, 1869-71.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27, 1869-71.

WM. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.
July 27, 1874.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.
Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City.
Jan. 6, 1875.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6-13-75.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.
Jan. 29, 1875.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, 1875.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City he proposes to practice his profession in this City and County.
He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 8, 1874.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).
Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.
May 18, 1874.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, 1874.

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 LEISNER'S STORE.
April 21, 1874.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City.
Oct. 12, 1875.

JAMES L. MATTHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Haas's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, 1874.

WILLIAM H. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected; Money procured on Securities; Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., to Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at the Lowest Rates.
MONEY TO LOAN at Low Rates, on First class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$20,000.
Nov. 24, 1874.

A DOUBT.

FROM THE THIRD DOOR OF LAWYER'S ATRIUM.
Fain would I love, but that I fear I quickly should the willow weep;
Fain would I marry, but mensury When love is thine, he will away;
Then tell me, love, what shall I do To cure these fears, when'er I woo?
The fairest she's a mark to all,
The brown each one doth lovely call,
The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes,
The rest will stop at any prize;
Then tell me, love, what shall I do To cure these fears, when'er I woo?

Strange Animal Friendships.

Why married folk, so ill-mated as to agree only to differ, should be said to lead a cat-and-dog life, is not very clear, since those household pets, being intelligent, affectionate, cheerful, and sociable creatures, very frequently contrive to live harmoniously enough together. The Aston Hall cat, that, associated, and slept with a huge blood-hound, only did what innumerable cats have done. Such companionships are too common to be reckoned among strange animal friendships, such as that most singular instance of attachment between two animals of opposite natures and habits related to Mr. Jesse by a person on whose veracity he could depend. The narrator boasted the proprietorship of an alligator which had become so tame that it would follow him up and down stairs, while it was so fond of his cat's society that when she lay down before the fire the alligator followed suit, made a pillow of puss, and went off to sleep; and when awake the reptile was only happy so long as puss was somewhere near turning morose and ill-tempered when ever she left it to its own devices.

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their notable ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship existed for years, a friendship that came to a touching end; for when that famous steed died his old companion would not leave the body, and when it had seen it put under ground crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and refusing to be comforted, plied away, and died.

A gentleman in Sussex had a cat which showed the greatest affection for a young blackbird which was given to her by a stable-boy for food a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no other could show a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

Lemmy shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome, she would gently box their ears. A German magazine tells of a M. Hecart who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrow's subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with great tenderness. The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a hare, some sparrows, blackbirds, and partridges.

A pair of carriage-horses taken to water at a stone trough, then standing at one end of the Manchester Exchange, were followed by a dog that was in the habit of lying in the stall of one of them. As he gambolled in front of the creature was suddenly attacked by a mastiff far too strong for his power of resistance, and it would have gone hard with him but for the unlooked-for intervention of his stable companion, which, breaking loose from the man who was leading it, made for the battling dogs, and with one well-delivered kick sent the mastiff into a cooper's cellar, and then quietly returned to the trough and finished his drink. In very sensible fashion, too, did Mrs. Bland's half Danish dog Traveller show his affection for his mistress's pet pony. The latter had been badly hurt, and when well enough to be turned into a field, was visited there by its fair owner and regaled with carrots and other delicacies, Traveller, for his part, never failing to fetch one or two windfall apples from the garden, laying them on the grass before the pony, and halting its enjoyment of them with the liveliest demonstrations of delight.

That such relations should exist between the horse and the dog seems natural enough. But that a horse should be half-fellow with a hen appears too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a great friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed against his legs and clucked a greeting, while he moved about with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his "little, little friend."

Colonel Montagu tells of a pointer which, after being well beaten for killing a Chinese goose, was further punished by having the murdered bird tied to his neck—a penance that entailed his being constantly attended by the defunct's relief. Whether he satisfied her that he repented the cruel deed is more than we know; but after a little while the pointer and the goose were on the best of terms, living under the same roof, feeding out of one trough, occupying the same straw bed, and when the dog went on duty in the field, the goose filled the air with her lamentations for his absence.

Classical Dinners.

The following comparison of English with classical dinner customs we extract from an article in *St. Paul's* magazine: "How much better it would be if we would take a hint or two from those old Romans in their togas and their stolas! How different was their preparation for their *cena*, the one great meal, the festive climax of the day! Did they prepare themselves for a close pack by tightening all their garments as we do, fastening straps to the waist, fixing a painfully sharp-edged collar and an irreproachable muslin tie (very much like a piece of tape) upon a shirt-front as expensive and as stiff as a piece of tin? Did their ladies throw aside the day's easy-gown for a low-necked garment of burrowing tightness with no sleeves, no kerchief and did they sit, regardless of draughts, for three hours wearing bracelets of the most dangling and inconvenient form ever made for dinner-time?"

"On the contrary, the Romans prepared for their meals by extra ease and comfort of attire. Their loose and sweeping garments of the day were exchanged for a dress still more convenient, the short and colored *synthesis*—they loosened their girdles, they adorned their heads with chaplets of roses or ivy—their very sandals were removed by an attendant, who offered them perfumed water as they took their places. Nine, the number of the Muses, was the utmost number of guests for one table, only three of whose sides were occupied by the luxurious couches, or *lecti*, covered with costly drapery, and inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell, on which the men reclined during the repast; the fourth side was left vacant for the servants to place the tall trays containing the different courses, each course being changed at once, and no single dishes being brought in one by one, after the modern ridiculous fashion.

"Three men usually occupied one *lectus*, the seats being indicated by cushions, on which the diner leaned his left elbow as he ate the clean, delicious viands, without forks, without knives (sometimes a kind of spoon was used), and contemplated a table covered with works of art made of the rarest materials—all that the master possessed of the richest or best was there displayed, while bright flowers or lighted perfumes, burning in the vases of exquisite workmanship, prevented the flavor of our courses from infecting the next. The women, who did not recline, but sat upon chairs, were sufficiently isolated to be set off to proper advantage; and the company listened to the very best music procurable at the time, or joined in a conversation which for two thousand years has been proverbial for its wit, grace, and brilliancy.

"Between each course, or between what was called the *gustus* and the first course of the *cena*, and again at its termination, fragrant waters were handed round, the attendants being boys or women chosen for the beauty of their appearance and manners, and robed almost as superbly as the guests. If the dinner lasted into the evening—for it was a long ceremony, though its commencement was usually so early—the magnificent saloon was lit by a thousand lamps that glittered from among a wealth of blossoms upon the golden statues and amber vessels the whole *coup d'œil* was united and combined, as an artist would express it, by a canopy of purple or scarlet that overhung the group. Sometimes a harp was carried round, and those of the guest who had a turn for music or poetry played or recited songs to the rest. At other times they laughed at the feats of agile acrobats who danced on ropes almost over their very heads."

Things which every man can do.—Write a novel, a love letter, or a leading article. Drive a horse, shoot a pheasant, and order a good dinner. Poke a fire on sound scientific principles. Make a cigarette as well as a machine. Pick the winner by the preliminary canter. Ride a bicycle with six months' practice. Pack his own portmanteau far better than a man servant. Make an after dinner speech worth being reported. Spot a snob without so much as speaking to him. Cook a chop, carve a goose, or connect a frigate Champagne cup. Know where to buy the best shooting boots and breech loaders. Judge a horse, a glass of wine or a water-color drawing. And finally, make his wife believe the reasons he alleges for his absence on the race day, or for taking suddenly a short trip without her.

—The expression of a boy's face at the end of a straw that lacks two inches of reaching the cider in a barrel is supposed to be the model that the artist selected in the delineation of Adam leaving Paradise.

—Some of the so-called pleasures of life are like a piper who plays badly. You give him a dime to begin and you would gladly give him a quarter to stop, but he won't do it.

—"Pray sir, pity me," said a beggar, "I have a wife and six children." A gentleman replied, "Accept my heartfelt sympathy, so have I."

—A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

—The game of *proverbs* is excellent for drawing out thought and wit. When it is played, one member of the company leaves the room, and the rest fix upon a well-known proverb. The banished guest returns, and asks each person a question, who in reply is bound to bring in one word of the proverb in its proper order, and the questioner tries to find out from these answers what the proverb is. A very amusing variety of this game is called "Shooting Proverbs." The guests each appropriate one word of the proverb as before. The one who is trying to guess the proverb comes in, steps into the middle of the room, and calls out in a commanding voice, "Make ready! Present! Fire!" At the word "Fire" all the company shout their own words at once, and the proverb is to be guessed from the sound, which is a very confusing one. "Nouns" is another amusing game, and can be played by the old as well as young. In this, one of the company thinks of one particular person or thing, and the others ply him with questions, and endeavor to find out his secret from the answers. It is astonishing how judicious questioning can draw the most out of the way object out of mystery into the light of day. "Trades" is also amusing. In this game, each person chooses a certain trade, and one member of the company who is named by the rest makes up a story, in the course of which he introduces an account of his shopping excursions, and call haphazard upon the representatives of each business to name some wares which belong to his trade. Thus a butcher is to name a certain joint of meat, a grocer some article of grocery, and so on. No item is to be mentioned twice, and if there is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. Another game is called "Dumb Crambo." When playing it half the party leave the room, and those who remain choose a verb which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word first upon, and they consult together to find out what it is. Instead of speaking their guesses they act it. If they guess right they are applauded; if they fail they are hissed. A word spoken on either side, excepting by the actors for the purpose of private consultation, entails a forfeit. Some of these games are particularly new; but they are amusing, nevertheless. Try them.

Want George Didn't Know.
We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a steam boat; he never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraphic dispatch; he never cited a Krupp gun; he never listened to the fizz of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an international exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Prob." he—but why go on? No; when he took an excursion it was on a flat boat. When he went off on a train it was a mule train. When he wanted his picture taken it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears. When he got the returns from back counties they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart. When he took aim at the enemy he had to trust to a crooked old flint-lock. When he wrote it was with a goose-quill. When he had anything to mend his grand-mother did it with a drawing-needle. When he went to a field he stood in a line and passed buckets. When he looked at a clam he never dreamed it was any relation of his. When he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarinet. When he had a tooth pulled he sat down and never stopped yelling. When he wanted an international show he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friends up from Old Virginia with the specimen carefully labelled in bottles. When he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich. What he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted the ground-hog or the goose-bone.—*Baltimorean*.

—Some of our most prominent citizens have been cured of Rheumatism and Neuralgia of years standing by that wonderful pain banisher, Keller's Roman Liment. For sale by all Druggists.

—Men generally get what they give. Love me and I'll love you is a good old rule; but it is no more true than his converse—Claw me and I'll claw you.

—The compositor who made it read, "In the midst of life we are in debt," wasn't much out of the way.

—A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

He Couldn't Take a Hint.

Sam Ford was my sister's beau. A great awkward lubber with red hair and a freckled face, but Sarah Jane liked him, and would fire up quick if any one ran on Sam.
He used to come to spark her every Sunday night regularly, and she'd spend the whole afternoon getting ready for him. Why, the amount of hair oil that girl used was enough to break a Wall street broker. When at last she'd got curled up to kill, she would take the little fire shovel with some hot coals on it and start for the best room.
Then I knew it was my time. I would always slick my hair and hang around until I heard Sam's knock, and then while Sarah Jane was letting him in, I'd slip into the parlor and seat myself in the best chair.
This always made her awful mad, but she wouldn't let on, because she wanted him to think she had a sweet disposition.
But the wiles that used to practice trying to rout me out of that room. "Jimmy, dear," she would remark, "won't you run out and bring me in a few sticks of wood?"
"No, Sarah Jane," I would reply, sarcastically. "I won't Jimmy, dear. Why don't you holler—Jim, you git me some wood quick, or I'll break your head—just as you do when Sam ain't here?"
"Why, Jimmy, Jimmy, don't tell such stories!"
"Tis so, an' you know it. I'll tell you, Sam."

"Jimmy, mother is calling you."
"She ain't neither. You're always a lyin' Sarah Jane."
"Jimmy, come here, I want to whisper something to you."
"No you don't, you jest want to pinch my ears. I shan't do it."
"Jimmy, don't you want to pop some corn for us?"
"Oh, yes, I see, you want me to go up an' pop some corn so Sam Ford can pop the question to you. Dad said last week he thought it was about time, for he was a gettin' tired of his comin' here sitting up nights, a wastin' all the oil and wood for roasting."
"James Hastings, how can you tell that falsehood! There is not a word of truth in what you say."
"Every word is true—you know 'tis an' you said—"
"Jimmy, you haven't watered the horse; go this minute and do it, or father will punish you."

"I hain't. I have, too, an' you seed me a doin' it. Oh, yes! you like to git me go, so you can sit in Sam Ford's lap and loll your head onto his shoulder, as I seed you the other night when me an' Bill Jenkins peeped in the window. Hee, hee!"
"Jim," interposed Sam, persuasively, "there's some candy under my buggy seat."
"No there ain't neither. That is what you told me last Sunday, an' Sunday fore that, besides lots of other times. I've looked an' there wasn't never none there."
"Don't you want to take my jack knife and whittle out a top?"
"No, I don't want to whittle any tops. Seems to me you're a getting anxious—your hair looks pretty red."
"Excuse me a minute, Sam," says Sarah, and when Sarah Jane left the room I always knew I better be 'gittin' before mother got in with the 'log stick."

—A lady begins to play whist by asking about eleven times in two seconds what is the trump, though the trump card is lying before her eyes. She then asks whose lead it is. If a lead is made while she is asserting her cards, she asks, who made the lead, and then asks what has been led, though there is only one card on the table. Having by this time got her ideas collected, she begins to discuss volubly on a love of a bonnet she saw that day, or asks somebody in the next room what they think of Miss Whats-her-name who is in town on a visit. Of course, by this method, she keeps the run of the cards perfectly, and is ready to trump her partner's queen, after he has taken the king with his ace.

—When a woman combs her back hair into two ropes, holds one in her mouth until she winds the other upon her neck comb, and then finds that she has lost her last hair-pin, she feels that the sex needs two months—one to hold her hair in, and the other to make remarks with.

—For the benefit of the public, we should state that J. F. Davis, of Portsmouth, Ohio, has sold One Hundred and Thirty-eight Thousand Boxes of Sellers' Liver Pills this year.—*Ad.*

—The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

—Boots and gloves that fit, and a pretty handkerchief," answered the French woman when challenged to name three essentials of an elegant costume.

—"Pray sir, pity me," said a beggar, "I have a wife and six children." A gentleman replied, "Accept my heartfelt sympathy, so have I."

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Classical Dinners.

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"Three men usually occupied one *lectus*, the seats being indicated by cushions, on which the diner leaned his left elbow as he ate the clean, delicious viands, without forks, without knives (sometimes a kind of spoon was used), and contemplated a table covered with works of art made of the rarest materials—all that the master possessed of the richest or best was there displayed, while bright flowers or lighted perfumes, burning in the vases of exquisite workmanship, prevented the flavor of our courses from infecting the next. The women, who did not recline, but sat upon chairs, were sufficiently isolated to be set off to proper advantage; and the company listened to the very best music procurable at the time, or joined in a conversation which for two thousand years has been proverbial for its wit, grace, and brilliancy.

"Between each course, or between what was called the *gustus* and the first course of the *cena*, and again at its termination, fragrant waters were handed round, the attendants being boys or women chosen for the beauty of their appearance and manners, and robed almost as superbly as the guests. If the dinner lasted into the evening—for it was a long ceremony, though its commencement was usually so early—the magnificent saloon was lit by a thousand lamps that glittered from among a wealth of blossoms upon the golden statues and amber vessels the whole *coup d'œil* was united and combined, as an artist would express it, by a canopy of purple or scarlet that overhung the group. Sometimes a harp was carried round, and those of the guest who had a turn for music or poetry played or recited songs to the rest. At other times they laughed at the feats of agile acrobats who danced on ropes almost over their very heads."

Things which every man can do.—Write a novel, a love letter, or a leading article. Drive a horse, shoot a pheasant, and order a good dinner. Poke a fire on sound scientific principles. Make a cigarette as well as a machine. Pick the winner by the preliminary canter. Ride a bicycle with six months' practice. Pack his own portmanteau far better than a man servant. Make an after dinner speech worth being reported. Spot a snob without so much as speaking to him. Cook a chop, carve a goose, or connect a frigate Champagne cup. Know where to buy the best shooting boots and breech loaders. Judge a horse, a glass of wine or a water-color drawing. And finally, make his wife believe the reasons he alleges for his absence on the race day, or for taking suddenly a short trip without her.

—The expression of a boy's face at the end of a straw that lacks two inches of reaching the cider in a barrel is supposed to be the model that the artist selected in the delineation of Adam leaving Paradise.

—Some of the so-called pleasures of life are like a piper who plays badly. You give him a dime to begin and you would gladly give him a quarter to stop, but he won't do it.

—"Pray sir, pity me," said a beggar, "I have a wife and six children." A gentleman replied, "Accept my heartfelt sympathy, so have I."

—A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

—The game of *proverbs* is excellent for drawing out thought and wit. When it is played, one member of the company leaves the room, and the rest fix upon a well-known proverb. The banished guest returns, and asks each person a question, who in reply is bound to bring in one word of the proverb in its proper order, and the questioner tries to find out from these answers what the proverb is. A very amusing variety of this game is called "Shooting Proverbs." The guests each appropriate one word of the proverb as before. The one who is trying to guess the proverb comes in, steps into the middle of the room, and calls out in a commanding voice, "Make ready! Present! Fire!" At the word "Fire" all the company shout their own words at once, and the proverb is to be guessed from the sound, which is a very confusing one. "Nouns" is another amusing game, and can be played by the old as well as young. In this, one of the company thinks of one particular person or thing, and the others ply him with questions, and endeavor to find out his secret from the answers. It is astonishing how judicious questioning can draw the most out of the way object out of mystery into the light of day. "Trades" is also amusing. In this game, each person chooses a certain trade, and one member of the company who is named by the rest makes up a story, in the course of which he introduces an account of his shopping excursions, and call haphazard upon the representatives of each business to name some wares which belong to his trade. Thus a butcher is to name a certain joint of meat, a grocer some article of grocery, and so on. No item is to be mentioned twice, and if there is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. Another game is called "Dumb Crambo." When playing it half the party leave the room, and those who remain choose a verb which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word first upon, and they consult together to find out what it is. Instead of speaking their guesses they act it. If they guess right they are applauded; if they fail they are hissed. A word spoken on either side, excepting by the actors for the purpose of private consultation, entails a forfeit. Some of these games are particularly new; but they are amusing, nevertheless. Try them.

Want George Didn't Know.
We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a steam boat; he never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraphic dispatch; he never cited a Krupp gun; he never listened to the fizz of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an international exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Prob." he—but why go on? No; when he took an excursion it was on a flat boat. When he went off on a train it was a mule train. When he wanted his picture taken it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears. When he got the returns from back counties they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart. When he took aim at the enemy he had to trust to a crooked old flint-lock. When he wrote it was with a goose-quill. When he had anything to mend his grand-mother did it with a drawing-needle. When he went to a field he stood in a line and passed buckets. When he looked at a clam he never dreamed it was any relation of his. When he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarinet. When he had a tooth pulled he sat down and never stopped yelling. When he wanted an international show he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friends up from Old Virginia with the specimen carefully labelled in bottles. When he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich. What he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted the ground-hog or the goose-bone.—*Baltimorean*.

—Some of our most prominent citizens have been cured of Rheumatism and Neuralgia of years standing by that wonderful pain banisher, Keller's Roman Liment. For sale by all Druggists.

—Men generally get what they give. Love me and I'll love you is a good old rule; but it is no more true than his converse—Claw me and I'll claw you.

—The compositor who made it read, "In the midst of life we are in debt," wasn't much out of the way.

—A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.