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DR. JOHN N. H. ROSSIGNOL, (LATE OF BALTIMORE), Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.

DR. RICHARD C. HAYMOND, OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County. March 16, '78.

DR. JAMES E. SHREVE, DENTIST, (Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, LAND SURVEYOR, OFFICE—At the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, Oct. 12, '78.

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GROWING OLD GRACIOUSLY.

Softly, oh softly the years have swept by thee, Touching thee lightly with tender care...

Far from the storms that are wasting the ocean, Neerer each day to the pleasant bonnellight, Far from the waves that are big with commotion...

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling; Past all the lands that lurid thee to rest; Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling...

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow Where the bright faces of children are seen; Never a year from their youth wouldst thou borrow...

Rich in experience that angels might covet; Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years; Rich in the love that grew from and above it...

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened, Ready and willing thy hand to relieve; Many a face that thy kind words has 'richened'...

What Dean Stanley Had to Say in England of His Recent Visit to America.

IN MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY IS PRINTED DEAN STANLEY'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND INSTITUTE AT BIRMINGHAM, DECEMBER 6th—"THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES."

We reprint here some of its most interesting passages for the benefit of our readers who have not access to Macmillan.

"There are two remarks which an Englishman constantly hears from the lips of Americans, uttered with a kind of plaintive apology, 'We are a young people,' and 'We have no antiquities,'"

The truth of the first of these remarks every one must admit; the truth of the second I venture to question. There is a saying of Lord Bacon, part which has been made familiar from its having become the title of an interesting work by an eloquent and multifarious writer of our own time...

But there is the reverse of this saying, which is equally true, 'The youth of a nation is also its antiquity.' The youth of America corresponds to the antiquity of Europe. It is this peculiarity of American history in its past, its present and its future which constitutes its peculiar interest, often its best apology, always its powerful incentive.

The history of the United States Dean Stanley divided into four epochs, calling the first 'The Era of the Founders,' among whom he classed the Eddicotts, the Winthrop, the Saltonstalls, the Bowditches and the Higginsons, of Massachusetts; Sir Walter Raleigh and Captain John Smith, of Virginia; Roger Williams, of Rhode Island; William Penn, of Pennsylvania; and Oglethorpe, of Georgia.

The second epoch was the French and English war in the colonies, and the third the War of Independence. Of this he said:

"We now approach a region which, compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savour of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renewed characters who for the first, perhaps we may say the only time, in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies.

When in the public places at Richmond we see the statue of George Washington surrounded by the group of the famous Virginians of his time, the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the judicious capacity of Marshall, the eccentric energy of Jefferson—when to these we add the stern vigor of John Adams, and Samuel, his namesake, from Boston, and last, not least, the homely and penetrating genius of Benjamin Franklin from Philadelphia, and the brilliant philosophic friend and equal of Talleyrand, the gifted and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those constellations which mark only those great creative epochs in the history of nations, such as may indeed appear in their later history, but usually belong to those moments when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when mankind is going through one of its decisive trials.

Old Martin Routh, of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression, answered, 'The separation of the American States; and when in his one

hundredth year he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former days, his last words murmured something of the 'twice with America.' Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed on the 19th of April, 1776. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried; on the other side is a monument, erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with one hand on the plough and the other on the musket, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living writers, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village who was present at the time of the conflict:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years, with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of almost regal majesty, looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave, over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has devoted to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American Commonwealth."

The fourth epoch was the formation of a republic and its growth in new ways of its own, with its much vaster and quicker methods of development than those in the older nations. After enlarging upon such facts he said:

"In thus comparing the growing history of the present with the possible history of the future, may I be allowed to use a figure which I employed in one of my farewell speeches to my kind American hosts! In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one at this moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the cascades of Niagara it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full, and I saw from the vast bridge which spans the river the ceaseless conformation, confusion, whirl and chaos, bursting forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the devouring, fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless, bustling whirl of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. That silver column, glittering in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present. Let me explain in a few words wherein that pillar of light has a historical substance, which may lead us to hope that it will not vanish away with the morning light, but may continue to guide the coming times of the United States. And for this purpose I select three points from the history of the past which conduce to a confidence, which, if not without 'trembling,' still 'rejoices' always—points on which I venture to insist, because they bear practically on an educational institution like this.

"There is the marked peculiarity of the American people, apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual character. It may be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating climate; it may be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened out by their boundless territory; it may be partly the youth of the nation, on which I have so much enlarged in this address; but its existence is unquestionable. If at times there is something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes are thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the nation is depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they have to encounter, yet on the whole this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable value in this working world, where imagination still plays so large a part and where so much is given to assurance of victory, even more than to victory itself.

If, perchance, the United States have too much of it, we may be, have too little; and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical, and social system, is a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often hear the citizens and churchmen and Christians of England despair of our country, our Church, and our religion. There are also the elements of that character which they possess in common with English race, with which their past history shows them to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there is on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life.

In spite of the lawlessness which is perhaps the inevitable outburst of the effervescence of communities not yet fully organized, there is on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control and common-sense and love of freedom and obedience to law on which we pride ourselves and which we are glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the mother country and the daughter States not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is the essential elements of character and social sympathy yet unbroken.

"We no doubt may have much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneity of race is still maintained, they will always have something to learn from us, and will, we trust, be not unwilling to receive it. It is a solemn responsibility which this recollection of American history impresses upon us, that as we were their fathers, so in large measure we are responsible for them—our children; responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produce a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic stratagems, frivolous luxury in English society, are strong incentives to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and, on the other hand, every attempt on our parts to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion or faction, simplicity and self-control in social life, act and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. 'It is the spirit of the British Constitution,' says Burke, 'which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates every part even down to the minutest.' Our kinsmen beyond the sea may be flattered for the moment by being told that they are a nation stronger and greater than we. But they have too much sense and knowledge of our joint history not to be proud of their English parentage and their ancient home."

After alluding to the effect that American literature has had in binding together Great Britain and the United States, Dean Stanley said in concluding:

"When speaking of the common sentiment which animates a nation in the presence of deeper and higher characters, I am sure that I should not be doing justice to your feeling, nor, I may add, to the feelings of the great republic which we have been considering, if I did not allude to the mingled grief and respect which will ever pervade all true English hearts, whether British or American, when they hear of the stroke of sorrow with which the royal family of this country has been visited on a day already signalized as the most mournful in the annals of their house. She who has gone from us became first known to the public through her noble conduct by her father's death-bed, and has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother assuredly will feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and her children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow-creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not be grudged her in any home or any institution. Her life will not have been spent in vain if it has shown what an Englishwoman can do in the noble discharge of the duties of her station. Her death will not have been in vain if it has caused many hearts to beat in closer sympathy with the solitude of a desolate home, and with the sorrows of the family which the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world claims as its own peculiar property. In that banquet at Salem to which I have already referred there was one moment, and one only, when the whole assembly rose to their feet in respectful reverence. It was when, after proposing 'Our Old Homes,' there was sung the English national hymn, 'God Save the Queen.' That same sentiment will inspire thousands of American hearts to respond in a deeper and more solemn sense to the prayer in which we all join, 'God save and bless the Queen.'"

—One of *Le Figaro's* facetious yarns: "A young and opulent American lady, accompanied by three children presents himself on board one of the Mississippi steamers, which has the dangerous habit of racing. 'Captain, I am going to embark, but on one condition give me your word of honor that you will not race.' 'Madame, I give it.' They separate. Half an hour after, another steamer attempts to gain the first place for speed: The American lady rushes up to the Captain. 'Captain, look! look! 'Yes, Madame.' 'And you allow it? You allow yourself to be passed? No, it is impossible! You will at least make a struggle!' 'Great heavens, Madame!' replied the Captain, out of patience, I do not race. But even if I would, I have not fuel enough to beat my rival, unless—at least — 'Well, speak quick!' 'Unless by throwing one of your children into the furnace!' 'Ah! well! shouted the American lady, forgetting herself, 'throw in the biggest one!'"

Catch Cushing.

After a long, eventful, and successful life of nearly seventy-nine years, the Hon. Caleb Cushing died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 23 of this month.

Up to July last he had been in the enjoyment of health and strength unusual in persons of his advanced age, when he was prostrated by a severe attack of erysipelas, from which he did not rally well. About two weeks before his death he began to fail rapidly, although he was not confined to his bed more than a day or two previous to his decease.

Mr. Cushing was in Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the 17th of January, 1800. He graduated at Harvard, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, commencing practice at Newburyport. His political career began in 1825, when he was elected a Representative from Newburyport in the Lower House of Massachusetts Legislature, and supported the then Republican party. In 1829 he visited Europe on a tour of pleasure, and on his return two years later, wrote a book on Spain, and on the French revolution of 1830. In 1833 he re-entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1835 was elected from the Essex North district of Massachusetts to Congress, where he served four consecutive terms, acting with the Whig party until President Tyler came into power, when he sided with the Administration, and henceforth supported the Democratic party. Failing to be re-elected in 1848 as a Secretary of the Treasury, for which office he had been nominated by President Tyler, he was sent as commissioner to China, where he negotiated our first treaty with that empire. Mr. Cushing warmly defended the Mexican war, and failing to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to aid in equipping a volunteer regiment, he furnished the requisite sum himself, became Colonel, and proceeded to the seat of war, where he was promptly made Brigadier-General. In 1847, while still in Mexico, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated.

In 1850 Mr. Cushing represented Newburyport for the sixth time, was active in opposing the election of Mr. Sumner as United States Senator, and the coalition between the Free-soil and Democratic parties. After being two years Mayor of Newburyport, and one year Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he was appointed United States Attorney-General by President Pierce in 1853, and held that position four years, dealing with questions of great gravity and complexity. He served again in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1857, 1858 and 1859.

Mr. Cushing presided over the Democratic Convention held in Charleston in 1860 for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and during that eventful war period which soon succeeded held aloof from public affairs, but was known to be in sympathy with the Union cause, and on one or two occasions was intrusted with legal business by the Administration. In 1866 President Johnson, with whose policy the veteran politician was more or less in accord, appointed him Commissioner to codify the laws of Congress. During the Administration of President Grant he was appointed counsel of the United States before the High Tribunal of Arbitration of Geneva, and acquired great fame by the able manner in which he conducted his cause to a successful issue. On his return he published a biography of that tribunal, which was favorably received. In 1873 Mr. Cushing was appointed successor to General Sickles as United States minister at Madrid, for which position his wise counsel in the management of the *Virginius* case had shown him to be eminently fitted. His departure was delayed by his nomination to the high position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, until the withdrawal of his name by the President when it became evident that the Senate would refuse to confirm the nomination. After his return from Madrid, Mr. Cushing held no public office. Besides his public duties, he long enjoyed extensive practice as a lawyer, holding brief in the most important cases coming before the Supreme court of the United States. His counsel was sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best-informed men in the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations.

—A Dutch clergyman was in the habit of giving out two lines of a hymn at a time for the choir to sing. One dark, rainy day he could not see the words, and said, "Mine eyes ish too dim, I cannot see; I left my specks at home." The choir, supposing this to be the hymn, struck up the time of common metre. The old fellow bawled out, "Mein Gott! mein Gott! dat ish no hymn. Is only said mine eyes was dim." When the choir sang these two lines, the old fellow was almost crazy.

—The reason that milk boils more readily than water is because it is a thicker liquid, and consequently less heat is carried off by evaporation of steam; therefore the heat of the entire mass will rise more rapidly. Again, there is a thin skin which forms upon the top of heated milk, which of course confines the steam and increases the heat.

Latter-Day Love.

(A peep into the probably not a very remote future.)

SCENE—The garden of a country house built in the Hygeopolitan style. The lawn is strewn—no, symmetrically set out—with the apparatus of the new mathematical-athletic games called "Quad," or "Squaring the Circle," in the practice of which are combined non-empirical Athletics and a study of the higher Mathematics. Edwin and Angelina have been playing (?) thereat.

ANGELINA (sitting herself, and consulting her chronometer. Edwin, dear, that theorem is sufficient demonstrated. Let us, therefore, decist.

EDWIN (carefully equilibrating himself at her feet.) With all n, heart.

ANGELINA (reproachfully.) It is strange, Edwin, that you will persist in using those foolish phrases, the cant colloquialism of the pre-scientific era.

EDWIN. I beg pardon. As Herrick says—ah! but stop! Herrick was a pre-scientific poet, and I must not quote his inanities.

ANGELINA. I should think not, indeed. What book is that you have there?

EDWIN. A sweet work by one Anacreon Huskwin, *Cupid's Calculus, and other Rhythmic-Scientific Revelations*. Here is a neat thing. (Reads.)

"ON BELINDA'S BLUSH. "Ferryuginous flush that tinteth Beauty's cheeks, How sweetly, surely pathogonomic Of Passion's force art thou! Love needs not seek Whilst thou dost show, a psycho-ferrie tonic, With so much iron in thy veins, I feel Thine heart, Belinda, must be true as steel."

Of course, dear, you are aware that the rubefacient coloring matter of blood is erythruginous.

ANGELINA (Contentedly.) Do I know that two and two make four?

EDWIN. Here is another in the same style. (Reads.)

"Lady, our lines of love indeed converge, Yet soul with soul, alas! may never blend. Our mutual passion would our Being merge In Love's Nirvana as its goal and end. But, like that parabolic asymptote, Souls never touch though yearningly they dot."

ANGELINA. How superior to the arbitrary fancies with which the love poetry of the past was disfigured!

EDWIN. Ah, yes! How would a fellow's wooing now be received by a girl of sense—which means a girl of science—if he phrased his "soft nothings" (suitable term that!) in the old unscientific fashion? A lover of that period, had he to say to you what—ahem!—I have to say, would doubtless have addressed you inappropriately, if not impiously, as "My Angel!" I prefer to address you more accurately, as "Beloved Protoplasmic Affinity!"

ANGELINA. Hush! oh, hush! Spare my ferruginous incarnadinations.

EDWIN. Nay, hear me out. The dynamic influence of your glance has completely upset the static equilibrium of my spirit—deranged my spirit-level, in fact. There is not a hair of your head that has not a capillary attraction for my—may I say heart?—not an expression of your face, though it be but the result of unconscious cerebration and reflex action, which does not find a responsive, even if automatic, thrill in the deepest depths of my being. If—if a thousand a year—begin with, you know—will do—

ANGELINA (prompt at dynamite.) Ah, but it won't—it very much won't! Why, it would hardly find me in cab fares and tickets for the Societies.

EDWIN (abashed.) Then I am afraid—

ANGELINA (coolly.) Quite so. So am I. In fact, I am certain. Cock-sure as a Q. E. D. It won't do—at present. Love in the abstract may be independent of Plutus, but, as a girl of science, I know that love in the concrete is but a particular molecular perturbation, which must not impel us to violate the imperious laws of political economy. Go on with your book, dear!

[EDWIN resumes reading of *Anacronix* Iuzwin, and scene closes.

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Silver spoons are used to scrape keotles. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and sprouts are not removed until the potatoes are worthless. Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled. Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner—and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become wormy. Rags, strings, and paper are thrown into the fire. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding. Bits of meat, vegetables, bread, and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, and served as good as new.

—The times are so bad and payments are so rare, that young men cannot even pay their addresses.

Western Wonder.

The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa and perhaps any other State is what is called the "Walled Lake," in Weight county, twelve miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, and one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque city.

The lake is from two to three hundred feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high; width at bottom fifteen feet, and at the top five. Another fact is the size of the stones used in construction; the whole of them varying in weight from three tons down to one hundred pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Weight county; but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles, there are none. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it.

Around the entire lake is a belt of wood-land half a mile in width, with this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of building of the walls. In the spring of 1856, there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of two thousand eight hundred acres; depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold; soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from and where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

—If the following incident did not "occur recently," it is too good to be lost: In the early days of California it was the custom of miners who desired to make "remittances" through the express to receive from the express company coined gold in exchange for "buggels" and "dust." This business was done on Saturday evening in a little shanty, near which, unfortunately, there was almost always another, devoted to gambling, where many an unlucky miner lost his all. One Saturday evening a dark-visaged, morose man sat in one office of the express company, looking as if he had not only lost all his money, but every friend he ever had. The door suddenly opened, and in walked a hardy-looking young miner, wearing a pleasant, cheerful face, and with a brisk and business-like manner. Stepping to the plank which formed the counter, he deposited his "dust," took his coin, and was about to go, when, turning again to the clerk, he said, "I think you made a mistake in settling with me last week."

"No, I didn't," answered the clerk, sharply; "it's all right."

"Well perhaps it is," retorted the miner, "but I know that you gave me forty dollars too much, and," he added, tossing out a couple of double eagles, "here's your money."

The morose man, who had been an attentive listener, rose slowly, moved toward the honest young miner, laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "Young man, don't you feel awful lonesome in this country?"

"Why don't you marry?" said Pope Alexander VII. one day to Alacei, the librarian of the Vatican. "So that, your Holiness, if an opportunity offers, I may enter the priesthood." "Well, then, why don't you become a priest?" "I don't of your Holiness, in order that, if an opportunity presents itself, I may marry well!"

"Aunt Julia," said a blooming girl of 17, "what is necessary in order to write a good love-letter?" "Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a physician to a fair invalid. "A little further still if you please." "Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam," replied the doctor, "but no cessation."

"Two mouths with but a single stew, two spoon that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved after giving his economical order of "one stew two spoons."

A brick fell from a scaffold on the head of a passing negro. "Fling dem er peasant shells another way up dare, won't yer?" was the darkey's advice, as he scratched his head.

—George M. Walter, No. 193 George St., Baltimore, used every remedy for Rheumatism he ever heard of, until he tried Kellor's Roman Liniment, which entirely cured him.

—The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed, when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

—Some one asks, "What is home without a cat?" Give it up, if it is not a rat hole.

—It must be eminently right and good to rise early. Because it is so inhumanly hard to do it.