

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.

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

CHARLES W. REUBENIER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78-4.

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

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishar's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '79-4.

JOHN WAREFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Elicott City on Orphans Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month.
March '83, '78-4.

I. 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 Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
Dec. 12, '74-4.

HENRY E. WOOLTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—Nearly opposite the Court House
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-4.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—Nearly opposite the Court House
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-4.

WM. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.
July 27, '74-4.

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, Elicott City, Jan. 6, '72-4.

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 Elicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6, '75-4.

C. IRVING DEITY,
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, '70-4.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78-4.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at Elicott City, is prepared 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. 3, '69-4.

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, '78-4.

DR. RICHARD C. RAMSEY,
OFFERS his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-4.

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

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crable, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHAR'S STORE,
April 21, '77-4.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Elicott City.
Oct. 12, '75-4.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF

ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Elicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-4.

WILLIAM B. 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., &c.
Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN at Low Rates, on first class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
Jan. 24, '74-4.

Lines Suggested on Seeing Archbishop Bayley Lyte in State.

BY A. NEELY.

To the land of the blest has he fled,
Never more to return to us here,
He is only transplanted, not dead,
He will rise from his funeral bier;
Immortality's robe does he wear,
His spirit is mantled in light,
He is free from all sorrow and care,
His companions are cherubs bright.

Eternity hands him her lyre,
The Angels have put on a crown,
He has all that blest spirits desire,
He has ended his worldly renown;
Over death has he triumphed at last,
Drinking now of that nectarine spring,
The reward of the life he has passed,
And a death that is free from all sting.

Oh! Death, thou regardest not state,
Neither regal nor lowly condition,
Thou art certain to come soon or late,
For to slay is thy highest ambition;
Thy serfs are the Kings and the Priests,
From mock'st at the robes of the Royal,
Thou gleatest on princely feasts,
All being to thee alike loyals.

Then for Archbishop Bayley don't weep,
For nobly he has acted his part,
And altho' the same faith I don't keep,
To his memory, my hand and my heart
I truly give, follow his track,
His gloried soul is at rest,
'Twould be cruel to pray for him back,
He has gone to the land of the blest.

Sidney Smith on Wit and Professed Wits.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer, in process of time, he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be probable too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are useful, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass—discovering a thousand appearances, which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with fictitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty. Cesar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Balaou, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jouson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the danger of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they are dangerous; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristic; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at unting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of the extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irrationally ruined. But

and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men: than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfeeling coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

How a Man Locks the Door.

There is something curious about the way a man closes up the door for the night. A woman will secure all the doors in the house in ten minutes and spend twenty minutes taking down her back hair and getting her frizzes ready for morning. The man of the house having no back hair to get down and frizzes to put up, spends most of his time in closing up the house. He begins at the back door and locks and bolts all the doors from that to the front door. Then he takes off his coat and collar, by that time one of the children wants a drink of water and he has to unlock one of the doors to get it. Then he locks the door carefully, goes back and takes off his vest and winds up his watch or clock, as the case may be. His wife suddenly calls out from amongst the bed-clothes—"It being winter season—and asks the liege-lord to make another expedition to the kitchen and see if the pancake batter is liable to rise in the night and overflow the dish. He unlocks two more doors and makes a tour of inspection. All is well. He removes his stockings, warms his feet and proposes to retire. Suddenly he is overcome with the conviction that the rear door is not locked and away he goes barefooted over the cold floor of the kitchen and woodshed. By the time he reaches the woodshed door he is uncertain whether any of the doors are locked, and he makes the grand round again. All is secure. He removes his pantaloons, blows out the light and is just about to lie down when his wife suddenly betinks herself that the girls probably forgot to put the milk pail out, and away he goes again in a huff and white flowing garments. Before he gets back to bed again he steps on two marbles and a sharp piece of tin which the children have left on the floor. At last he gets between the sheets and lays him down to pleasant or horrible dreams—he is never sure which it will be. As Morpheus gobbles him up and is about to take him to the land of Nod, the brilliant thought that the hired girl is out flashes athwart his brain, and he gets up and unlocks the kitchen door. In exactly one hour and eleven minutes from the time he begins preparation to retire he is in bed for good, and one of the doors is still unopened. He says softly but solemnly to himself that he'll be blown if he'll undertake to lock the doors again if robbers surround the house four deep. But the next night he repeats the performance, by special request.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Pleasing Manners.

Men have made fortunes before now merely by cultivating a pleasant manner. Lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, men in every class of life, have come to distinction by being invariably civil. Raleigh flung down his lance coat into the mud river for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a light for his cigar are often more potent than the logic of a great statesman. Polished manners have often made second-rate successful, while the best men by their hardness and coldness have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that man or woman can wear—and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

Answers to the New York World's Christmas Questions.

Who designed the actual flag of the United States, and what suggested it?—A. Our national flag, like Topsy, was never born—it grew. Captain Markoe, of the Philadelphia Light Horse, in 1774, used a flag with a canton of thirteen stripes. In the latter part of 1775, probably in December, Dr. Franklin and Messrs. Lynch and Harrison were appointed to consider the subject of a national flag, and assembled at the camp at Cambridge. The result of this conference was a flag like that of the East India Company and the Sandwich Islands, the King's colors or Union Jack representing the yet recognized sovereignty of England, with a field of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies. The new striped flag was hoisted for the first time on the 2d of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. This flag was then saluted with thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. When independence was determined on the British union was dropped. The stars have been supposed to have been suggested by the *chef* of the Washington arms as shown on monuments at Brington, in Northamptonshire. But there is no evidence that Washington bore these arms, or knew anything of his family descent in England at all. The stars were a natural symbol of the States. Congress on the 14th of June, 1777, adopted the basis of the existing national flag. A committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, in June, 1776, called upon Mrs. John Ross, of Philadelphia, who was an upholsterer, and engaged her to make a model flag from a rough drawing which, according to her suggestions, was modified by General Washington in pencil—"then and there in her back parlor." Mrs. Ross substituted a star of five points for the six-pointed star which was in the original draft. This was the first official United States flag of the present design ever used on land or sea. The principle on which it has since been modified was suggested by Samuel C. Reid, and enacted into law through the efforts of Mr. P. H. Wendover, M.C. from New York in 1817-18.

Who was William Patterson, and who struck him, and why was he struck, and why has everybody been so much interested to know who struck him?—A. The case of William Patterson is the greatest American myth. He has been described by persons claiming to have known him as a Senator of New Jersey, as a judge in Pennsylvania, as a bank president in Boston, as a fireman in Philadelphia and as a Bowery boy in New York. The incident which immortalized him must have occurred early in the century, for he was made the hero of a song popular in London in the reign of George IV., at the same time with that other now forgotten American ditty, "Passion up-le gum tree." All that is substantial in the tale is the instructive point of it. A champion of Patterson on hearing that he had been struck is described as fiercely advancing into the crowd and exclaiming: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" To him advances a bold rascal who replies: "It was struck Billy Patterson!" Upon this the champion, eyeing his man, suddenly assumes an expression of disinterested criticism and satisfaction and makes answer, "And a d—d good blow you struck him, too!"

What is the real origin of the saying "Monsieur Toussain, come again?"—A. The saying was popularized by a farce, but the farce itself was doubtless suggested by a song to be found in the collected poems of Mr. John Taylor, once editor of the *London Sun*, and the name of "Monsieur Toussain" in all probability refers to the local traditions about Dryden's publisher, Jacob Tonson, a man perhaps as much singled against as sinning, whom the angry poet "bulldozed" with this celebrated compliment to his personal appearance: "With teazing look, ball-faced and fockled hair, With two left legs and Judas-colored hair, And frosey pores that taint the ambient air."

What seaman first really circumnavigated the globe?—A. This honor, snatched from Magellan by death either at the hands of the South Sea savages or of mutineers among his own men, was conferred to his lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, by the King of Spain, with a coat-of-arms bearing a belted globe and the magnificent motto, "Primum circumdediti me." But it may as fairly be claimed by Sir Francis Drake, who, coming afterwards, began and completed his own circumnavigation. It was Magellan, however, who first conceived, dared and planned the achievement.

Has it ever been settled who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother?" If so, who did write it?—A. There have been several contestants—a fact, by the way, which shows how slow sensible people ought to be in assuming anything to be absolutely certain in this world. Mr. Bryant seems to have looked into the matter and to have decided the case in favor of Mrs. Akers, known as Florence Percy. But people of equal respectability with Mr. Bryant affirm still that the poem was really written by Mr. Ball.

What is the family motto of which Sir Walter Scott tells us that it "moralizes two meanings in one word?"—A. Sir Walter Scott makes Dr. Vernon in "Rob Roy" speak of the motto of the Vernons as like the solemn vice inquiry that moralizes two meanings in one word—"Ver-non-temper-viret. The spring does not always flourish. Vernon temper viret. Vernon always flourishes."

"Love is blind," and that's the reason why it can get along with one small hand-lamp, turned down as low as it will go, as well as under a blazing chandelier of fifty burners.

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First Reception of President and Martha Washington in N. Y.

Mrs. Washington's levees always closed before 9 o'clock. This was a rule which this distinguished lady established on the occasion of holding her first levee on the evening of January 1, 1790. The President's residence was in the old Franklin House in New York city, at the head of Cherry street. The day was uncommonly mild and pleasant. "It was," said the late venerable John Pintard to his friend, the late Colonel Wm. L. Stone, about full moon, and the air so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer dresses. Introduced by the aids and gentlemen in waiting, after being seated, tea, coffee, plain and plum cake were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued and kind inquiries on the part of Mrs. Washington after the families of the exiles with whom she had been acquainted during the Revolutionary war, and who always received marked attention from General Washington. Mrs. Washington stood by the side of the General in receiving the respects of the the visitors. Amid the social chat of the company the clock struck nine. Mrs. Washington thereupon rose with dignity, and looking around the circle with a complacent smile, observed, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." At this hint the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, made their salutations and retired.

General Washington had on that day been waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city, according to the ancient New York custom of social and convivial visiting on that day. After being severally introduced, continued Mr. Pintard, who was himself present then in the heyday of youth and life, and paying the usual compliments of the season, the citizens mutually interchanged their kind greetings and withdrew, highly gratified by the friendly notice of the President, most of whom he was personally a stranger. In the course of the evening, while speaking of the occurrences of the day, Mrs. Washington remarked: "Of all the incidents of the day, none so pleased the General"—by which title she always designated him—"as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who visited him at noon." To the inquiry of the President whether it was usual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated. After a short pause he observed: "The highly favored situation of New York will in the process of years attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners, but whatever change take place, never forget the cordial, cheerful observance of New Year's Day."

A Lucky Ticket.

An Italian gentleman with a nice little income had a nice little servant girl, who said to him one morning: "Oh, if you please won't you give me a franc to buy a lottery ticket with I dreamed last night 41,144 was going to draw the capital prize, and I want to buy that number." He gave the girl three francs, and next day, on happening to look at the report of the drawing, saw that No. 41,144 had drawn the capital prize of 510,652.85 lire or, to speak more accurately, \$100,000.

Returning quietly to the house, he concealed his emotion, and said to the servant girl, "Susan, I have long observed with approbation your piety, beauty, modesty, skill in the art of cookery, and other good qualities, calculated to adorn the highest station. Be mine. Let me lead you to the hymeneal altar. No delay. Just as you are."

"Are you sincere? asked the blushing maiden. "I am I swear by yonder silver moon that tips with beauty all the—" "Then I will go." "Hasten, Susan, put on your bonnet and shawl, and let us go around the block to the friar's cell, where we shall be made one."

In a few minutes the bride-elect returned clad in a red dressed shawl, with a black velvet bonnet trimmed with sun-flowers. In a few minutes more the ceremony had been performed, and the train were one. They returned to the house, when the husband carefully took up the paper and said with a well counterfeited start of surprise: "Darling, everything is bright for us upon our wedding day. You remember the ticket in the lottery that you dreamed about and I gave you the money to buy?—Where it is my own asset; "O, I didn't buy it. I spent the money for this duck of a bonnet."

VERY INQUIRITIVE.—"John," said Mrs. Smith, "what smell is that?" "Cloves." "But that other smell?" "Allspice." "But isn't there another?" "Yes—apples." "And just one more?" "Cider, my dear." "Well, John," she said, "if you'd only drink a little brandy now, you'd make a good mince pie."

Politeness at Home.

Little things make up the sum of domestic happiness, and yet how often do we see in the family circle an utter lack of all these sweet amenities that are the charm of home.

When there is such neglect of these courtesies it may not arise from a want of affection but from the training which by precept, but more by example, leads the members of the family to suppose that any form of slipshod manners will do for home; that the polish of high bred politeness is only to be worn as a holiday garment in our intercourse with strangers.

To begin with husband and wife: If they allow themselves to indulge in contradiction, or fault finding, or short, snappish answers, or perhaps no notice at all of a pleasant remark, it is not surprising that the children will imitate such manners.

Perhaps they be considered absurd to say that parents are often guilty of breaches of politeness toward their children in their imperious mode of commanding, in using rough language in the intercourse of daily life, imagining that the parental relation invests them with the power of calling children by rough names, or treating on their warm young hearts by the harsh language of reproach or the chilling frost of neglect.

If we would have happy families let us pay attention to the thousand nameless acts of courtesy towards each other that lead so much to bind human hearts together. The pleasant "Good morning," at the table, the sweet "Good-night," the gentle word, the cheerful smile, courteous thanks to the little one who hands us a chair, or who would entertain us by some artist's story. These are the little things that make home happy. They do not cost much, but they do bring back such sweet returns of domestic happiness.

But in these days there does seem such a lack of this high-bred politeness where children are allowed to engross the conversation in the presence of their elders, to be rude to each other, rude to servants, utterly regardless of what they owe to the world around them.

Let us all be careful to cultivate home politeness, gentleness, kindness, courtesy in every word and act, so that our presence may be like sunshine in the home circle, our very best, most polished manners for the domestic fireside.

How It Is Done.

Scene in a library; gentleman writing; child enters: "Father, give me a penny." "Haven't any; don't bother me." "But, father, I want it for something particular." "I tell you I haven't got one about me." "You must have one; you promised me one." "I did no such thing. I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. It's all wrong—I won't give it to you, so go away." Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one; it's really mean." "No—go away—I won't do it, so there's an end to it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child. "There, take it, and don't come back again to-day." Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of success.

Scene in the street; two boys playing—mother opens the door, calls one of them her own son. "Joe, come into the house instantly." Joe pays no attention. "Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll give you a good whipping." Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is ashamed for him and advises him to obey. "You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe." "Oh, no, I won't; she always says so, but I never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children. That's the way, parents. Show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.

—A man who was saved from a conviction for horse-stealing by the powerful plea of his lawyer, after his acquittal by the jury was asked by the judge, "Honor bright, now, Bill—you did steal that horse didn't you?" "Now, look-a-here, judge," was the reply, "I ailed did think I stole that horse, but since I heard yer speech to that 'ear jury, I've got my doubts about it."

—A woman quarrelling with her husband, told him she believed that if she should die he would marry the devil's daughter. The tender husband replied: "The law does not allow a man to marry two sisters."

—Nobody knows to this day what a time Noah had of it in the ark with the antediluvian ancestor of the present Kentucky mule.

Politeness at Home.

Little things make up the sum of domestic happiness, and yet how often do we see in the family circle an utter lack of all these sweet amenities that are the charm of home.

When there is such neglect of these courtesies it may not arise from a want of affection but from the training which by precept, but more by example, leads the members of the family to suppose that any form of slipshod manners will do for home; that the polish of high bred politeness is only to be worn as a holiday garment in our intercourse with strangers.

To begin with husband and wife: If they allow themselves to indulge in contradiction, or fault finding, or short, snappish answers, or perhaps no notice at all of a pleasant remark, it is not surprising that the children will imitate such manners.

Perhaps they be considered absurd to say that parents are often guilty of breaches of politeness toward their children in their imperious mode of commanding, in using rough language in the intercourse of daily life, imagining that the parental relation invests them with the power of calling children by rough names, or treating on their warm young hearts by the harsh language of reproach or the chilling frost of neglect.

If we would have happy families let us pay attention to the thousand nameless acts of courtesy towards each other that lead so much to bind human hearts together. The pleasant "Good morning," at the table, the sweet "Good-night," the gentle word, the cheerful smile, courteous thanks to the little one who hands us a chair, or who would entertain us by some artist's story. These are the little things that make home happy. They do not cost much, but they do bring back such sweet returns of domestic happiness.

But in these days there does seem such a lack of this high-bred politeness where children are allowed to engross the conversation in the presence of their elders, to be rude to each other, rude to servants, utterly regardless of what they owe to the world around them.

Let us all be careful to cultivate home politeness, gentleness, kindness, courtesy in every word and act, so that our presence may be like sunshine in the home circle, our very best, most polished manners for the domestic fireside.

How It Is Done.

Scene in a library; gentleman writing; child enters: "Father, give me a penny." "Haven't any; don't bother me." "But, father, I want it for something particular." "I tell you I haven't got one about me." "You must have one; you promised me one." "I did no such