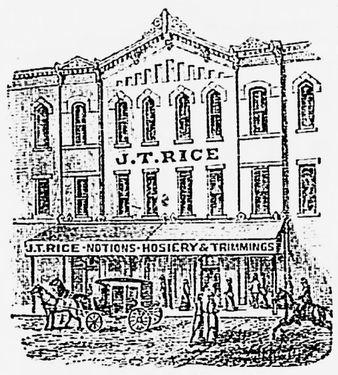
ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
J. THOMAS CLARK,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
☞ ADVERTISING RATES.—One square, constituting 6 lines, $1 for one insertion, $1.50 for two insertions, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements less than 6 lines charged as squares. Advertisements payable upon first insertion.

ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. X. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879. NO. 13.

Job Printing,
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Plain & Fancy Job Work
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

Baltimore.



RICE'S,
THE LEADING
NOTION HOUSE!
IN BALTIMORE.

Largest and Most Select Assortment!
Lowest Prices! Polite Attention!

I Keep A Buyer At All The Auction Sales!
AM DAILY IN RECEIPT OF
Auction and Job Lots
AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

Our Marvelous 5 Cent Counter.
WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING! MIRACULOUS
Containing Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery; Linen Handkerchiefs, Rubber Dressing Combs, Tuck Combs, Bandanna Handkerchiefs and thousands of other articles. Every article for 5 cents. Orders by mail enclosing stamps or P. O. order promptly attended to.
JOHN T. RICE,
129 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Mar. 1, '79-1y.

HEINEKAMP
PIANOS,
THE BEST NOW MADE.
—:o:—
Every Instrument Guaranteed for Five Years.
—:o:—
NONE BUT THE
BEST MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP
—ARE—
USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION
—OF—
THESE INSTRUMENTS.
—:o:—
Parties contemplating the purchase of a Piano will do well to apply
FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
WITH REFERENCES.
ORGANS AND SECOND HAND PIANOS AT ALL PRICES.
Wm. Heinekamp,
373 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Feb. 1, '79-1y.

REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SHIRTS.
E. S. GOLDSMITH'S ANNOUNCEMENT!
This day I have reduced the price of my
SHIRTS
From $36 per Dozen
To Order. { To $30 per Dozen. To $30 per Dozen. } To Order.
These are my best SHIRTS, and are equal to the very best made in New York or Europe.
I will add still the elegant Finish and Style I have always put on my Shirts.
The material will be, as heretofore, the very highest cost.
My Superior Workmanship has always been one of my best references.
SHIRTS
ALSO MADE TO ORDER AT
$1.50, $2 and $2.25 Each.
I reduce the prices to meet the requirements of the times, and the reduction means to largely increase my business, and to give to gentlemen my superior SHIRT at prices that will strike them as very reasonable.
It is generally known that the Shirts I make are equal to the best in the world in point of fit, style, workmanship and wear.
My Future Motto, as in the Past:
Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed in every particular in all my orders for
SHIRTS.
E. S. Goldsmith,
Fashionable Shirt Maker & Furnisher
S. E. Corner Balto. & Charles Sts
BALTIMORE, MD.
Aug. 10, '78-tf.

S. S. LINTHICUM,
LUMBER DEALER,
GREEN ST., BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND SARATOGA, GEORGE'S OLD STAND,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIAL,
Lumber, Shingles, Palings,
Laths, &c.
ALSO
DOOR FRAMES, SASH,
BLINDS, &C.,
Furnished at Manufacturers' Prices.
☞ All orders promptly attended to, and delivered at Depot free of charge.
July 13, '74-tf.

Cheapest Groceries in Maryland.
SELLING GROCERIES LESS THAN
WHOLESALE PRICES.
Best Brown Sugar 7 cts., White at 8 cts., Best Coffee 14 cts., Soap 5 cts., Teas 30 and 40 cts., S. H. Molasses 25 cts., Snow Flake Flour $5.50. All goods reduced.
JOHNSON & BRO.,
Balto. & Poppleton Sts., Baltimore.
Jan. 15, '79-tf.

Baltimore.

Balto. and Ohio Railroad.
THE GREAT DOUBLE TRACK.
NATIONAL ROUTE AND SHORT LINE
TO THE
NORTHWEST, WEST AND SOUTH.
TO TAKE EFFECT
SUNDAY, NOV. 17, 1878, AT 5.20 A. M.
LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

A. M.
5.20 †Washington Ex. (Via. Midland, Lynchburg, Danville, South and Southwest, Richmond, via Quantico.)
6.30 Ellicott City and Way Stations.
6.45 Washington and Way Stations.
7.10 †St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Columbus, Pittsburgh and Washington Ex., (Annapolis and Valley Branch, except Sunday.)
8.00 †Piedmont, Strasburg, Winchester, Hagerstown, Frederick and Way, Via Main Stem. (On Sunday to Ellicott City only).
9.00 †Washington and Way Stations. (Annapolis on Sunday.)
10.30 Washington Express.
P. M.
12.15 Washington, Annapolis and Way Stations.
1.30 ‡On Sunday only for Washington and Way, Via Midland, Lynchburg, Danville, South and Southwest, Richmond, via Quantico.
1.30 Ellicott City and Way Stations.
3.05 Washington and Way Stations.
4.00 Washington Ex. Via. Midland, Lynchburg, Danville, South and Southwest, Richmond, via Quantico.
4.20 Winchester, Hagerstown, Frederick and Way.
5.00 †Washington, Annapolis and Way Stations.
5.20 †Frederick and Way Stations.
6.15 †Chicago, Columbus and Washington Express.
6.25 Martinsburg and Way Stations.
6.30 †Washington and Way Stations.
8.30 †St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Washington Exp. (Pittsburgh, except Sunday.)
9.00 ‡On Sunday only, for Mt. Airy and way.
11.15 Mt. Airy and Way Stations.

For Metropolitan Branch 7.10 A. M., ‡1.30, 3.05 and 6.15 P. M. (8.30 P. M., Rockville only.)
All trains stop at Relay.

Leave Washington for Baltimore:
‡5.05, 6.50, †7.40, 8.30, ‡9.00, †10.00 A. M., 12.10, ‡1.30, ‡1.35, 4.30, ‡4.40, ‡5.30, ‡6.50, ‡8.10, †10.15 P. M.
†Daily. ‡Sunday only. Other trains daily, except Sunday.
W. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE, Gen'l Ticket Agent.
April 1, '72-tf.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
I beg to invite all Families desiring to procure strictly pure good and cheap
Tea and Coffee
of all grades to inspect my large and well assorted stock at my new Establishment S. W. Corner of Baltimore St., and Carrollton Avenue. I am a well known competent Tea tester and beg to assert that my stock in this article is unsurpassed by any in this city for excellence, variety and cheapness.
☞ Sugars sold at Cost. ☜
Cordial attention assured to all.
No. 753 S. W. Corner Baltimore Street and Carrollton Avenue.
Be sure to go to the right Corner.
CHARLES GROSSMAN.
Feb. 8, '79-tf.

George S. Clogg & Son,
No. 2 South Calvert Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
MANUFACTURERS OF
LADIES, GENTLEMEN'S, MISSES & BOYS
SHOES.
Also a large assortment of fine Shoes on hand. La Crosse and Base Ball Shoes, Gymnasium Slippers, always on hand.
All orders by mail carefully attended to.
Jan. 4, '79-1y.

EDWARD NORRIS,
Baker and Confectioner.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
FRESH BREAD, MARYLAND BISCUITS, PIES AND CAKES,
Together with a good assortment of Confectionery, Fruit, &c.
Weddings and Parties furnished at Short Notice.
All the famous brands of Flour from the Patapsco Mills for sale at Mill Prices.
Jan. 1, '78-tf.

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 LEISHEAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77-1y.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hall's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-tf.

E. D. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '76-tf.

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-tf.

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

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City.
Oct. 12, '78-1y.

CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
18 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78-tf.

TO THE VIRGINS.

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long;
"O could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Jackson's Nerve in the Duel.

I do not suppose that among all his truest friends there was to be found one who would say that Andrew Jackson ever sought to cultivate the spirit of meekness. Wayward, headstrong, and mischievous in his boyhood and early youth, his opening manhood was swayed by passions strong and deep, and in middle-age his own indomitable will was the law when he could make it so. Such a man must needs have enemies; and he had them most bitter and malignant. In 1806 he was mercilessly attacked by Charles Dickinson, of Nashville. Knowing Dickinson's reckless, malevolent character, Jackson's political enemies sought to make use of him to fret and worry their powerful opponent. Jackson knew this, and he went to a man who was a friend of both parties, and asked him to beg of Dickinson to desist. "If he does not," said Jackson, "it shall be worse for him."

But instead of desisting, Dickinson became more and more abusive, and not satisfied with maligning Jackson himself, he opened his battery of foul slander upon Jackson's wife. This was too much—it was "the last ounce upon the camel's back"—but the challenge came not yet. Not until Dickinson had written, and published broadcast over the South and West, the most scurrilous, false, and wicked slanders against the growing man, and had in every way provoked hot wrath, did Jackson challenge him. The parties met on the morning of May 20th, upon the banks of the Red River, in Logan county, Kentucky, to fight with pistols at the distance of eight paces.

Not only was Charles Dickinson one of the most expert pistol shots in the country but it was known that he had spent several hours of each day, for more than two weeks, in preparation for this duel. His plan was to fire at the first breathing of the word, and he felt sure he should kill his man; such was his purpose, as he had declared it boldly and freely.

Gen. Overton was Jackson's second, and he won, by a toss, the privilege of giving the word. Jackson's coat was buttoned close up to the chin, but sat upon him loosely. Dickinson aimed with cool precision at the spot beneath which he supposed his antagonist's heart was pulsating, and at the first sound of the word he fired. Very likely his ball struck in exact obedience to his aim, but the looseness of the coat had deceived him. Jackson had stood in a quartering position, and the bullet of his adversary struck and broke a rib and then raked the whole width of the breastbone; but the strong man never flinched, never wavered—there was not so much as a quiver in any feature. Dickinson saw, and turned pale, for Jackson had not yet fired. "Good ——!" he grasped. "Have I missed him?"

At that moment Jackson fired, and Charles Dickinson fell—fell to die, and never to know that he had severely wounded the man whom he so mortally hated. When Jackson's friends found that he was wounded, and had seen how badly, said his surgeon:

"In mercy's name, General, how could you endure that fearful shock, and never show it?"

"Because," answered Jackson, "I knew that Charles Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the United States, and I knew that he had come upon the ground fully determined to kill me. I did not mean that he should know he had hit me. I would not give him that satisfaction. Had his bullet gone through my heart, so firm and strong was my will, I believe I should have shot him before a shudder or quiver had shaken a nerve in my body."

Even as Dickinson's bullet struck, the surgeon decided that the upward variation of an eighth of an inch would have sent it between the ribs and into the heart. The superabundance of coat upon Jackson's breast had led his antagonist's aim just that much further forward. A narrow chance for the future President.

—A very good story is told of the late Admiral Goldsborough with regard to the etiquette of visiting cards. He was a bluff old sea-dog, and hated sham and pretence. An airy young diplomat, a great man of society and fashion, called on the Admiral, and finding him out, left his card with the letters E. P. penciled on it. The brave salt was puzzled thereby, and when the young man accosted him on the street and asked, "Did you get my card, Admiral?" he shouted out, "Yes! and what's the meaning of E. P. that you wrote on it?" "Oh, why that means *en personne*, that I called in person." "It does, eh?" said the Admiral, and went off in a mood of disgusted meditation. In a few days he returned the call by sending his card around by a messenger, first writing S. B. N. in one corner. Again the two met. "You received my card, did you?" inquired the Admiral. "Yes, and what does S. B. N. mean?" asked the polite young man. "Sent by a nigger?" thundered the Admiral.

—There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman. One when she wonders whom she will have; the other when she wonders who will have her.

Advice to Husbands—How to Do when you are Ill-tempered.

Begin by staying out until two o'clock with some fine fellows who know what good wine is. Reach your home in the small hours, and after ineffectually trying to open the door with a lead pencil, scold your wife for sitting up for you. Throw your boots upon the floor and wake the baby, and desire to know why Mrs. Boggs lets that little imp shriek so much. After this, go to sleep and snore while she walks the floor with the unhappy infant. Of course, you will wake up cross; you will hate yourself and the world, and you will be quite equal to the task of throwing upon the carpet twelve shirts that are in good order and finding at the bottom of the drawer one with a button off. Put this on, and appear at the breakfast-table like the ghost of Banquo, pointing at your throat and shaking your head.

Tell Mrs. Boggs that before you were married, your dear ma attended to your buttons, and while she wipes away a tear, suddenly start to your feet and spit the coffee you have just taken into your mouth into the coal-scuttle, and ask what she has put into it to day, and declare yourself poisoned. Tell her that the breakfast, altogether, is not fit for pigs to eat.

Having by this means rendered Mrs. Boggs serious, take your paper and plunge into it, using it as a screen, and eating and drinking behind it. Don't answer Mrs. Boggs when she asks you if there is any news; and occasionally thrust your cup at her, with a grunt, to be refilled. Have your eyes sufficiently about you, however, to see Biddy give Mrs. Boggs a folded paper, and inquire, with a jealous glance, what that is that she is hiding under the tea tray. When she replies that it is "only the gas bill," fold your newspaper and demand to see it, and upon inspection, ask her what she means by such extravagance. Tell her she is bringing you to the poor house—that you expect to fail next year—that everybody is failing on account of the recklessness of women who never take care of anything because they don't have to earn it. Point out the fact that you spend nothing, and are only a wretched slave, toiling from dawn until dark, with bankruptcy hanging by a single hair over your head, while she gads about in finery. Look solemnly upon your nine offspring, several of whom have just had the measles, and upon the infant in arms who is preparing for one of his regular bouts of croup, and remark that you wish you were a woman with nothing to do but to stay at home and play with the children. Then fly at your third son, little Peter—who inherits your amiable disposition and is pinching his little sister—and box his ears, and remark to some invisible familiar, that one would think a person who had so many idle hours need not neglect these little wretches so. Order Pamela out of the room for snilling, and shake little Tommy for eating his bread bottom upward as he stares at you. Promise to bring home a cat o'-nine-tails and treat them all to the whipping they deserve; and having set them to bellowing in chorus, tell Mrs. Boggs that you probably shall not be home to dinner, for you have tickets for the opera, and as Cousin Samanthy's husband is in California, you think "the poor thing ought to be taken somewhere and cheered up a little. If Mrs Boggs remarks that Cousin Samanthy seems to be the liveliest person she ever met already, and desires to know why it is never necessary to cheer one's own wife up a little, remark that "when it comes to absurd jealousy you refuse to listen any longer," and depart, slamming the door. You know that Mrs. Boggs, loving her children as she does, will never think of getting a divorce, no matter how hardly she is used, so that you are quite safe. When you feel good-humored you can make it up. Any time will do for Mrs. Boggs. You always know where to find her.

The Nice Girl.

She is not very pretty, but she generally has good hair, and a fresh complexion. She is not a brunette, and yet she is not a blonde. She is neither very tall nor very short; very fat nor very thin; indeed, she is not very decidedly anything. She left school very early because she was such a help to her mother, but she can spell well, and keep the accounts, and write her mother's business letters, and play "Little Bo Peep" on the piano for the children and sing "The Last Rose of Summer" and one or two other songs when there is "company" of an evening. It is she who puts the children to bed, takes them out to walk, darns the family stockings neatly, but she is neither a wonderful cook nor a wonderful housekeeper. She likes to act under direction.

The nice girl seldom crimps her hair; it is smooth and shining and she wears it in a pretty knot of ribbon. Her dresses are of small patterns and neutral tints; she helps the dress maker make them. When she was a little girl she always gave her friends book-marks for their birthdays. Now she works mottoes for them. They are very neat and in delicate colors.

If she were not always contented the nice girl might sometimes desire that on her own next birth day she might be presented with something besides a very plain Testament bound in black; but somehow this is the gift which is invariably bestowed upon her. She has quite a collection of such volumes on her bedroom book-shelves. It has never occurred to her to wish for variety. She fancies it might be sinful.

The nice girl has read the Sunday-School library through. She reverences all old people for the reason that they *are* old, and believes the story of every beggar. She has all the proper sentiments, and is sorry for those who hold others, but she never argues. She always says that she intends to be an old maid, but she never is one. Suddenly, to the great surprise of all her friends, it is discovered that she has a suitor. He is always a good young man of moderate means. After sundry mild attentions, and after they have partaken together of ice cream at a confectioner's at least a dozen times, the young man proposes.

The nice young girl believes that it is woman's proper destiny to marry—and she replies favorably—always on condition that her parents do not object. Then papa inquires into the young man's position, and mamma says she does not know what she shall do without Sarah Ann, and the two are married. Connubial felicity of a mild sort generally attends the nice girl's marriage, and her relatives all say that Sarah Ann has done very well.

Dead Bertie's Frock.

Policemen cannot stop long to sympathize with poor people; but now and then they encounter a touch of nature that must thrill the hardest heart. One of the New York officers the other day noticed a poor man peering around the junk shops, and asked him what he was looking for.

"I'm looking for a rag-buyer. I'd know his rig if I should see it again, but I haven't the least idea where he lives or when I'll find him."

"Did he steal something from you?"

"N—no," was the hesitating reply.

"Want him arrested for anything?"

"No—no. I—hope you won't laugh at me if I tell. You see, there's only my wife and I—and—there's no work and its a struggle with us, and sometimes we sit in the darkness and wish we were dead and buried 'longside of our little Bertie, up in the poor folks share of the cemetery. That little grave up there is all that keeps us here; we cling to life, that we may keep the flowers growing there.

"I've stood on the street many a time and felt like going to death at one jump, but that grave rose up to warn me back. On my way home at night I have feared time after time, to find the house deserted, or a corpse on the floor; but that little grave has restrained my wife the same as me."

"How old was she?" asked the officer, his own heart aching a little.

"Th—three years old," replied the man, "and she was the only child ever coming to bless us. We had luck enough before she died. I had work day in and day out; my wife was singing the whole day long, and when I started for home at night, the knowledge that Bertie would be watching for me through the bars of the gate, picked my feet up faster than anything ever has since."

"Well?" queried the officer, as the man paused.

"Well, she took sick and died. It was three years ago, but her voice rings in my ears to this hour the same as if I had just left her at home. It's the same with the wife, sir. A dozen times a day she runs to the door, thinking she heard Bertie's voice; and I never go in that she doesn't look at me with reproach for not having our dead darling on my arm."

"I've lost two children," sighed the officer, as he turned his head away.

"Then you know how the wife treasures up the little dresses, and stockings, and hats and things." And the poor fellow went on to tell how his wife, in making up a little bundle for the ragman one day, by some mistake, put into it little Bertie's Sunday frock, and it was sold and carried off.

"Ever since then," he went on, "she has done nothing but weep and lament, and I've looked here and there and everywhere in hopes to find the ragman, and get the precious relic. It may seem a small thing to you, sir; but to us—we remember the first time she wore it—how proud she was—how we took her walking—how much she looked like a rich man's child.

"That dress had more tear stains than all the other relics, and though I haven't fifty dollars worth of furniture in the house, I'd give every stick of it, and go into the street, to find Bertie's Sunday frock. I don't expect to get it now. It has probably been sent to the paper mill before this and we've lost it forever."

"I,m sorry" said the policeman.

"And when I go home to-night," softly said the man, "my wife will be standing at the gate, watching and hoping; and as far as she can see me she'll know by my face that my search has been for nothing. I had rather lose a finger than meet her white face and sorrowful look.

And with weary step and hopeless heart he dragged along, having such a mission as neither hope, nor despair, nor love brings to one in ten thousand.

Number Seven in the Bible.

In seven days a dove was sent.
Every seven days the land rested.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.
Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom
On the seventh day God ended his work.
The golden candlestick had seven branches.
Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.
Every seventh year the law was read to the people.
Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.
On the seventh day Noah's ark touched the ground.
Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.
On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days in their tents.
Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullucks and seven rams as an atonement.
A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharoah's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of blasted corn.
In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they marched around seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.
In the Revelations we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.

—In the course of a conversation which took place the other day in a New York drawing-room between an English traveller of good position in his own country and a clever New York woman, the traveller fell into the usual commonplaces as to the impossibility of keeping up a well-ordered "society" in a republican country. Such a society, he maintained, could only be kept to its bearings even in England by the influence of the established English aristocracy living in the capital. "Well—what do you mean by an 'aristocracy?'" asked his fair interlocutor. "What do I mean by an aristocracy?" responded the Englishman, who had probably never before thought of defining a thing so entirely definite in his own feelings and traditions; "I mean by an aristocracy, say—ten thousand people who live in London and have nothing to do!" "Ah! if that is it," replied the lady, "we have exactly the same thing here in New York—only in New York we don't call them an aristocracy, we call them tramps!" Which, indeed, people who live anywhere and have nothing to do are apt, morally speaking, to be!

Marriages in Germany.

Engagements in Germany, are entirely business arrangements. For instance a young gentleman looks around among the young ladies until he finds one whom he knows will have a good *dot*. He goes to the father and asks him for his daughter. If the *parti* is considered a good one, he is accepted; then the daughter is called in and told that she is to marry this gentleman. Say the engagement take place at two o'clock—the servant is sent out immediately to acquaint the family with the news—and this is the way he announces the fact. "Mr. and Mrs.—— compliments and they wish to inform you that their daughter Elsa—was engaged to Herr August—— at two o'clock this afternoon." Then the relatives and intimate friends go immediately to the house and congratulate the young *brautpaar* who stand in the center of the salon arm in arm. I asked a young lady recently engaged if she was very happy and if she didn't feel as if her lover was a stranger to her. "Oh," she said, "papa knew him a long time, and I saw him once at a ball, but I never spoke to him until yesterday. Oh, yes, I am very happy, but it was a great surprise to me—I did not think I should be engaged so young." And now she can go out to the theatre, and walking with him, and they are feted and invited to parties and dinners, to the envy of young sisters, who long for like emancipation. For a gentleman to walk in the street here with a young lady unless engaged would be almost a crime. I talk against the system of these business engagements and am met with the reply: "Where do you find happier and more devoted marriages than in Germany; we don't have the divorces that America is celebrated for, and why shouldn't a parent know better than the child what is for its good?" I am mute for the facts are all true, and yet when one is convinced against his will he keeps his thoughts to himself.

The Clean Newspaper.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against journals that make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own, at least, from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous date. The sickly sentimental story paper and the wild ranger and pirate story books are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of the decent newspaper it may be said that where it has a place in the family and has been read for years by young as well as old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes who practice vice and crime or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways.

—If the art of giving the cold shoulder is worthy of acquirement, much more so is that of the receiving it judiciously. It is quite possible to endure its application with such becoming dignity that the aggressor comes off decidedly second best in the encounter. Perhaps amused indifference forms the most effective armor against its thrusts, for few things to disconcert an enemy as to find his attacks affording diversion to his antagonist. The probability in such a case is that he will either lose his temper and thus put himself immediately in the wrong, or else surrender unconditionally on perceiving the absurdity of the situation. It is said that people who have an inordinate fear of infectious diseases are more susceptible of them than others; and in the same manner, those who are always dreading the cold shoulder are most vulnerable to that kind of attack. Indeed men who live in perpetual fear of slights from others become so constrained in their manner that it is extremely difficult for their friends to treat them with geniality. The coldest mannered people are frequently those who look for most warmth from others; and when their expectations are not gratified, they forget that the coolness they meet with is but a dim reflection of their own. But, miserable as is the state of persons who suffer from over-sensitiveness, it is to be preferred to that of the hardened wretches who are impervious to the sternest onsloughts of the cold shoulder. There are things who are so convinced of their own attractiveness that nothing will persuade them that they are objects of special aversion. If they observe that the manner of an acquaintance is unusually cold, they attribute it to dyspepsia or to a depreciation in the value of his investments.—*English Magazine.*

—What makes your lips so awful sore?"
Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pap;
And Sarah to the old man said,
"It's caused by a small chap."

Than Sarah's youngest brother—
As yet unknown to fame—
Looked Sarah in the eye, and asked,
"What is the small chap's name?"

—When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect serenity beneath their silken lashes—we always wish that she was near a mud puddle, and that we had to lift her over.

—Women are the funniest when they say nothing. Women are seldom funny.

—People in a very sentimental state of mind are quite likely to give sentimental meanings to what you say to them.

A negro presented himself at the desk of the Cincinnati marriage-license clerk of the Probate Court, the other day, and asked for a license to marry his Dulcinea. Among other problems propounded him was—

"Are you and the lady related?"

"Yes, sah," was the answer.

"What relation are you to each other?" was the next query.

"Sah?" ejaculated the applicant for matrimonial honors.

"I mean what kin are you to each other?" explained the handsome clerk.

"We isn't any kin to each other—no kin at all, sah," responded the American citizen of Ethiopian descent.

"But you said you were related," answered the clerk.

"I thought you deluded to de tender relations of luv what prevails between us at de present moment," said Scipio; so he got his license.

TABLE TALK.—Another mistake in ordinary family talk is that it centers exclusively on home interests and on people, instead of ideas or things. Month after month, year after year, the same unceasing dribble goes on over Biddy's short-comings, the crop of potatoes, Squire Pott's neuralgia, Sally Hall's flirtation, and this not among vulgar, ignorant people, but men and women of culture and refinement. It would be a good rule to establish at every table that people should seldom be mentioned, and dress never. No education can enlarge the minds of children constantly cramped by such petty bounds. The only remedy for such belittling thoughts, is for parents to rest their own position in the world, and to find out how insignificant a place they and their village and their State hold in it. They would begin to learn that life was given them for nobler ends than unending chatter over a new gown or the gossip of their set.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO OWE.—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you collect pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regular every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else in your power cheerfully, but if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances come to me and I will pay your debts.—*Ben. Franklin.*

—From over-exertion at the recent Patent Office fire, I suffered much more severe strains of the leaders and cords of my legs. Two applications of Keller's Roman Liniment effected a speedy and lasting cure. Louis P. Lowe, Wash. D. C. Fire Department.

—"Look here, Peter," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand on de railroad!"

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase, if the cars see dat mouf of yours, dey will tink it am de depot and run right in."

—It is announced on the authority of an "eminent physician" that it is not healthy to rise before six o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives, it is said, can rise at five and start the fire as heretofore.

—The Whitehall *Times* asserts that the man who wrote "nothing was impossible," never tried to find the pocket in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in the close-press.

—One of the best kinds of training for a pedestrian is to have his girl live about twenty miles from his home, with no railroad or stage communications, and the horses all busy.

—In this country a boy has too much to fight against. First, it is his mother's slipper; next, Fourth of July; then green apples, and, finally, Santa Claus, a rickety pair of skates, and an airhole in the ice.

—A Chicago woman wants a divorce from her husband because he kept secret from her before marriage the fact that he had lost by an accident all the toes of one of his feet.

—Will the lady sitting in front of us please keep her head still for just *one* moment, so that we can have it to say in after life that we got a good glimpse of the actress on the stage? Thanks.

—The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, in as much as it gradually sunders the natural connection between thought and deed.

—"Sambo, kin yo' tell why dey invariably takes de pennies from de chil'ren at de Sunday school?" "Couse I kin. Dat is to git de cents ob de meetin."

—Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise; so, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to go in company with it.

—Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of, and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

—In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.

—Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love and cripples natural affection.