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, MAY 17, 1879. NO. 20.

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.

Medical.

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
FLUID EXTRACT
Buchu.
PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

Helmbold's Buchu

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

"HELMBOLD'S BUCHU"

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Druggist and Chemist,

Philadelphia, Pa.

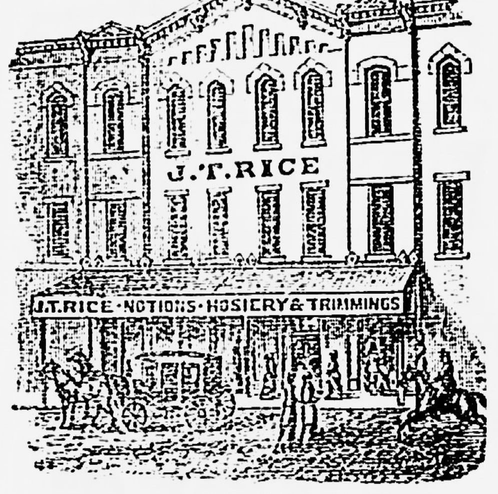
CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each Bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

May 3, '79-1y.

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 Countre.*

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.

Every Instrument Guaranteed for Five Years.

NONE BUT THE
BEST MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP
—ARE—
USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION
—OF—
THESE INSTRUMENTS.

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,
873 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Feb. 1, '79-1y.

REDUCTION N 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 Order.
To $30 per Dozen.

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.

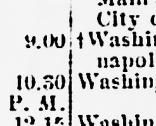
E. S. Goldsmith,
Fashionable Shirt Maker & Furnisher
S. E. Corner Balto. & Charles Sts
BALTIMORE, MD.
Aug. 10, '78-tf.

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 18, '74-tf.

March 1, '79-1y.

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. (Va. 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, Va. 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. Va. 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.

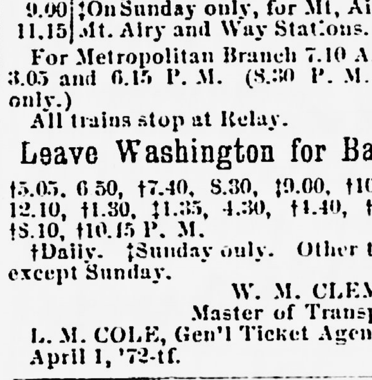
For Metropolitan Branch 7.10 A. M., ‡1.30, 3.05 and 6.15 P. M. (8.30 P. M., Rockville only.)

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, †1.40, †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.



THIS STYLE Machine NEW and perfect WITH *Attachments* $20. warranted.

We sell every kind of Machine at the lowest possible price, consistent with honest dealing.

J. F. McKENNEY,
136 West Fayette Street.

☞ I refer to any one in Baltimore.
Mh 29, '79-1y.

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.

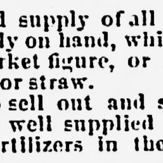
No. 788 S. W. Corner Baltimore Street and Carrollton Avenue.

Be sure to go to the right Corner.

CHARLES GROSSMAN.
Feb. 8, '79-tf.

(ESTABLISHED 1869.)

L. A. SPELS



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY,
STRAW, MILL FEED, &c.

Also a well selected supply of all kinds of Grass Seeds constantly on hand, which I will sell at the lowest market figure, or exchange for larger grain, hay or straw.

This is the place to sell out and save time as my warehouse is well supplied with the finest grades of Fertilizers in the market. Give me a call at

No. 15 & 17 FREDERICK AVENUE, BALTIMORE.
Mh 29, '79-1y.

THEODORE MOTTU,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

...otice is hereby given, That the subscriber ...Howard County, has obtained from the Or...ans' Court of Howard County, in Maryland, ...ters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELLA W. MERCER,

...of Howard County, deceased. All per...s having claims against the said deceased ...hereby warned to exhibit the same, with ...uchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or be...e the 15th day of November next; they ...y otherwise by law be excluded from all ...nefit of said estate.

All persons indebted to said estate are re...ested to make immediate payment.

...Given under my hand this 6th day of May, ...the year of our Lord one thousand eight ...ndred and seventy-nine.

WM. M. MERRICK,
...day 10-6ts. Executor.

NOTICE.

...he undersigned examiners appointed by the ...uty Commissioners, to locate a road: be...ing at Mrs. Jane Thompson's gate, and ...ding in a westerly direction to the Triadel... road, hereby give notice that they will ...t the place of beginning, on Wednes-

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.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY repaired by competent workmen at John Nicklas', COR BALTIMORE & PACA STS.

Baltimore.

The Great Crop Producers.

McAFEE BROS.'
STANDARD
Ammoniated Phosphate
CORN AND OAT FERTILIZER AND
DISSOLVED
SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.

Having these articles, with our
AMMONIATED & PURE FINE GROUND
RAW BONE

Manufactured especially for our trade, farmers can rely on getting them pure and free from any adulteration, and at prices that will justify them in using them. Also,

Peruvian, Orchilla & Mexican
GUANOS,
AT REDUCED FIGURES.

We will take all kinds of PRODUCE in exchange for the above at an advance of prices over cash rates.

Farmers will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing.

McAFEE BROS.,
Cor. Harford Avenue and Biddle Street,' and Cor. Poppleton and Ryan Sts.,
Baltimore, Md.

CHAS. E. HAND, General Agent,
Catonsville, Baltimore County, Md
Feb. 15-3m.

THOMAS A. AGNEW & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
DEALERS IN
TEAS, LIQUORS, FLOUR,
BACON, FEED,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, Etc.
293 W. PRATT ST.,
(S. E. Corner Eutaw Street,)
Baltimore, Md.

☞ *Fine Medicinal Liquors a specialty.*
April 26, '79-1y.

MISS NELLIE CLARK,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER,
Fancy Goods, Ribbons, Flowers, Crepe, &c.
HATS TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.
VELVETS, SILKS, FEATHERS, &C.
72 Lexington St., near Charles,
BALTIMORE, MD.
MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY
Feb. 15, '79-tf.

P. LENFIELD PERKINS,
(Established in 1846.)
Photographic Galleries,
205 and 207 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

The experience of thirty-two years, connected with all the appliances necessary to the business of a first class establishment, make the work in this Gallery second to none in Baltimore.
Jan. 25, '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. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-tf.

J. 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.

[*Written for the Ellicott City Times.*]

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

PROEM.

A sunny May morn, and a gossiping brook;
A bob-o-link bold, in a cool, cosy nook;
A herd of kine, their bells' wild tingle,
Echoing back from copse and dingle;
A dog's low whine, with the merry sounds mingle;
A wall, where in ambush, a sportsman peers over
The dewy field of sweet scented clover.

I.

A brown-tressed girl, fair early rover,
The caps of white, and red bent over;
The breath of morning one instant revealing,
The next with a flutter, their beauty concealing;
The vagrant bee the nectar sly stealing;
And Robert of Lincoln darts blithely from cover,
While the maiden dreams in the spangled clover.

II.

In the tufted sward she stands ankle deep,
And hither and thither the trefoils sweep.
No Sabian worshipeth sun and star,
No colt, behind hateful barn-yard bar,
Snuffs verdant pasture lands from far,
With longings greater, than Pet hangs over
The mounds of blooming, wind-blown clover.

III.

Just one she seeks! A spell is in it!
"Just one," she whispers. She sure must win it.
The heart the lassie once vaunted her own,
A dauntless usurper claims *now* as his throne,
But he has not spoken—looks, deeds, have shown
Him leal and true. Yet she longs to prove her
Captive Knight, by the four-leaved clover.

IV.

The graceful head droops lower, lower,
The slippered feet tread slower, slower.
Kulink, kulank, the cow-bells clank;
A dog leaps over and up the bank;
She hears not—sees not—down she sank
By the brook-side, 'neath nest of shy plover,
She spies at last, her coveted clover.

V.

The brook babbled gaily as off with her shoe
And into the heel, despite the dew
She places her treasure. "Whom will she meet?"
Over the stone wall, come scrambling feet.
Startled Pet looks up, doggie's master to greet,
Who has seen it all—her stalwart lover,—
Quest and the finding of four-leaved clover.

VI.

The brown eyes look haughty. Oh, little cheat!
The grey eyes glisten. "*My* Pet, my sweet,
I *love* thee, dearest!" The word was spoken,
The prideful spell of her mood was broken.
She had won, by the might of the mystic token,
The heart and love, the treasure-trove, her
Fond heart craved, by the charmed clover.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
* * * * * *
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Voley'd and thunder'd.

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives to a writer in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, the following graphic picture of the charge:

"Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over, then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said:

"'My men, we have received orders to silence that battery.'

"'My G—d,' my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand, he said:

"'Fred, my dear fellow, good bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me—'

"What more he might have said was lost in Lord Chardigan's ringing shout of:

"'Charge!'

"We went at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lenths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said:

"'There goes the first!'

"The first was Lord Lucan's aid-de camp, Captain Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. The cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.

"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell and tore through our squadrons, mangling men and horses, plowing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell plowed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a richochetting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre, and then hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded, and splashed with blood of their comrades, pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who, at the start, were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners. Well would it have been with them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabering the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Over the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew their way through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the bank of Tehernaya river.

"Wheeling here, we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper, who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry:

"'Ah! you would, would you?' and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting point a cannot shot struck my brother and beheaded him. Tom, ah—thank you!"

The color sergeant drained another glass.

"When we formed on arriving at our starting point, Lord Cardigan, with tears streaming from his eyes, said:

"'It was not my fault, my men.'

"And the men replied with one voice:

"'We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us.'

"Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood.

"When my time expired in the cavalry, I reenlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the Six Hundred, but—poor Jack! Fill that glass again, Tom."

Thus ended the sergeant's story of the famous charge.

Mark Twain Announces himself as a Candidate for President.

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who can not be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the most about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. No, I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of finding any dark and deadly deed which I have secreted, why let it prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I did tree a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out the front door in his night-shirt, at the point of a shotgun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot in his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I ever have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in 1859. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysbarg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I merely got behind a tree, that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It is a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have somebody else save her. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble of reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my immortal and fixed purpose is to get suddenly over the fence and go home. My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of any given fight two-thirds more men than I took in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates or inflation of transaction. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind that I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under one of my grape vines is founded upon the fact. The vines needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I had dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the presidency? The constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of office because he enriched his grape vines with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit, also, that I am not a friend to the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal islands, and to improve our export trade with that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be: "Desiccate the poor workingman! Stuff him into sausages!"

These are the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity, and propose to be fiendish to the last.

Politeness Is Kindness.

While at Providence, R. I., I met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore at the house of a friend. At table the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told a friend of hers, a little antique in her manners for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon street aristocracy of Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite *au fait* thirty years ago. The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high-toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank it therefrom. This was considered a hint to all, and the guest was immediately placed at her ease.

Mrs. Livermore said: "I was the once the recipient of a very marked politeness of a similar sort. When I was in London my husband and I received a verbial invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice, to come to her house next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends of hers. So we went out riding in the afternoon stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in full dress in my honor. There I was in a plain carriage-dress, bonnet, black gloves!"

"What in the world did you do?" inquired a young girl at the table, impatient for the denouement.

"Why I went right into the house to the ladies dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress and the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed, I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the *faux pas* somewhat disturbed and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered 'Didn't you think, Mary, that all the ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I looked around and they were bare-handed! Moreover, I observed that a half a dozen had bonnets on. This half dozen rapidly increased, till we were in a majority, and I soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat! Now, that is what I call politeness.

CHINESE FLOWER FAIRS.—One of the most interesting things to see in China is the daily flower fair in a certain street in Pekin. Stretching along the narrow street for more than half a mile is a grand exposition of pith, paper and silk flowers. Foreigners stand fascinated before the stands watching the skill of the flower makers. Each one is provided with an assortment of pincers, some wire, a pot of glue, knives and some pith paper of many hues. In a short time, while his deft fingers move with bewildering rapidity, he will counterfeit the dahlia, aster, rose, or whatever real flower lies before him for a model. His skill in cutting leaf, calyx and petals is equaled only by his marvelous eye for delicate differences of tint. Here the peddlers get their supplies for the day. It is astonishing to see how fond the people are of these beautiful counterfeits of nature. The Chinese women wear no bonnets or hats, but do their hair up in elaborate fashions and wear flowers instead. In some parts of the kingdom you may know if a woman be maid, widow or matron by the color of the flowers she wears in her hair. The parasol, where the women wear no hats, is, of course, an indispensable article for any out door excursion, and the whole family of parasols and umbrellas in China is a marvel. They are generally made of silk and paper and are often *chef d'œuvres* of art.

—Rather than appear as defendant to a breach-of-promise suit, this is the kind of bill a young railroad man has paid a St. Louis girl, according to a lengthy account in the veracious Times-Journal: "Mr. —— to Miss —— Dr. To balance as per bill rendered, $28.65; to gas used in parlor, $8.25; to spooning, (net) $50; to advice furnished, 5 cents; to fine for not calling as appointed, $5; to mending leg of sofa, $1.75; total, $88.70.

The Zulu King.

An "Old Colonist" contributes to an English paper the following description of the King of the Zulus: His eyes were exceptionally large and brilliant, but his forehead, though broad for a Kaffir, was very receding, while the lower part of his face denoted a determined and brutal nature. He was very elaborately dressed. Over his shoulder was fastened a leopard skin *kooros* or cloak, reaching down to the back of his knees; round his loins he wore a handsome *moochy*—that is, a band of tiger-cat skins, with a deep fringe of strips of the same skin hanging downward. His wrists and ankles were decorated with rings of red, white, and black beads, and his hair with several ostrich feathers. In the slit in his ear (the distinguished mark of the Zulus, who are all so cut in the lobe of both ears in infancy) he carried a very ornamental snuff-box, made from a piece of bamboo cane carved and decorated with beads, and in the slit of his left ear he carried a comb. The Zulu comb is about six inches long, and is made of bone or ivory. The top of the handle is of the shape of the bowl of a spoon, and with it they measure out snuff. The lower part is elaborately carved. The teeth, of which there are only three, are fully four inches long, and resemble the prongs of a fork. In his right hand Cetywayo carried a hunting-assegia, and on his left arm his shield. The hunting shield is much smaller than the war shield, and is made in this way: A bullock's skin is dried, and out of the center a piece is cut of the required size and shape, only one shield being obtained from one skin. The center is supported by slips of tough green hide, and from top to bottom on the inside a stout stick is fixed, by which the shield is held; and mostly, as was the case with Cetywayo's, the top of the stick is surmounted by the tail of the tiger-cat.

City of London.

London is the greatest city the world ever saw. It is the heart of the British Empire and of the world. It covers within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross nearly seven hundred square miles. It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined. Has a birth in every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. Has seven accidents a day in its seven thousand miles of streets. Has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened and 9,000 new houses built in it every year. Has 125 persons every day and and 45,-000 added to its population every year. Has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day. Has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 30,000 per annum. Has more than one-third of all the crime in the country committed in it. Has as many beer shops and gin-palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles. Has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates. Has as many paupers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton. Has upwards of a million habitual neglecters of public worship. Has sixty miles of open shops; every Lord's day has need of 900 new churches and 200 additional city missionaries. Has an influence with all parts of the world represented by the yearly deliverance of its 238,000,000 letters.

THE INVENTOR OF CHAMPAGNE.—In 1668 a certain monk, named Perignon, was made cellarer of the Benedictine Abbe of Haut Villiers, a little hamlet on the banks of the Marne, about five miles from Epernay, who was a perfect godsend to the wine-bibbing world. He was first to marry the produce of one vineyard to that of another, to find out that a white wine which would keep good could be made from the blackest grapes, instead of degenerating, like that obtained from white grapes, and to substitute cork as a bottle stopper for flax dipped in oil. Just at the close of the seventeenth century he achieved his final triumph of producing effervescent champagne. Why it sparkled he knew not, but the secret spread over the country, until in 1878 the official return of the manufacturers' stocks in the Champagne district, as given by the Chambers of Commerce at Rheims, is 70,183,863 bottles. In England the taste for dry champagne became general nearly a hundred years ago, and the demand was then, as now, for Stillery. Russia takes it sweet and strong, and the French and Germans like a sweet, light wine.

A NEW THEORY OF DEW.—Prof. Stockbridge, of the Amherst Agricultural College, has been making some experiments as to the origin of dew and has arrived at conclusions somewhat different from those generally accepted. It is usually held that dew is the moisture of the air condensed through contact with objects of a lower temperature, and that it does not form till radiation has reduced the temperature of the earth. Prof. Stockbridge asserts, however, that dew is the result of condensation by the air of warm vapor which rises from the soil, and he embodies the result of his experiments in these propositions: 1. The vapor of the soil is much warmer at night than the air, and would be condensed by it. 2. Vapor from the soil is soon diffused and equalized in the whole atmosphere, but in the largest proportion when evaporation is taking place near the surface of the soil; and, other things being equal, plants nearest the earth have the most dew. 3. Dew under hay-cocks, boards and like objects on the ground could receive it from no other source.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before and around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free of them—and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to a man. That would be a dull sea and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there was nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can from within and without him; and above all he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right.

—A young man, having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time honored toast of "Woman," closed his remark with the familiar quotation from Scott:

"O woman, in thine hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

Here his memory failed him: but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

—The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "The women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot."

—Bishop Watson, an authority, says the Sabbath is as old as the Creation; and other authorities state that it was an institution of Moses. They all agree that it is the seventh day, or Saturday, and that on that day only men ought to abstain from labor.

—Edison's inventive genius was baffled when he endeavored to originate a machine that would calculate the difference between the size of an egg when laid, and its size when it gets into the hands of an editor.

—"Is this Adam's house?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian.

"Yes," was the reply, "It's Adams house until you get to the roof then it's eaves."

—An honest indifference to many prevailing complaints is the result of using Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents.