

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES,
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
J. THOMAS CLARK,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS—\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. X. ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879. NO. 28.

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 its remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in
Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhoea,
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,
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 offspring 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 medicinal 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 8, 1879.

Baltimore.
J. T. RICE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
LADIES' HOSIERY & TRIMMINGS
RICE'S
THE LEADING
NOTION HOUSE IN BALTIMORE.

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

WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING! MIRACULOUS!
Containing Ladies' Gents' and Children's Hosiery, Linen Handkerchiefs, Rubber Dressing Combs, Tack 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, 1879.

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,
373 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Feb. 1, 1879.

REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SHIRTS.
E. S. GOLDSMITH'S ANNOUNCEMENT
This day I have reduced the price of my
SHIRTS
To \$1.50 per Dozen, To \$2.00 per Dozen, To \$3.00 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 price to meet the requirements of the times, and the reduction incites largely to 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,
5 E. Corner Baltimore & Charles Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Aug. 10, 1878.

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, 1878.

CHARLES STEVENS
FURNITURE.
NO. 2 S. CALVERT ST.
BALTIMORE
March 1, 1879.

Baltimore.
STOVES,
PLOW CASTINGS, &c.

The subscribers having purchased the FOUNDRY, PATTERNS, STOCK, &c. of the late Armstrong & Co., combining same with their well known long established business, are prepared to furnish
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
for lower prices than ever, a superior stock of STOVES, FURNACES, RANGES, &c., &c. Also their popular
FIRE-PLACE HEATERS
which have never as yet been equalled.
Thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit a continuance of same.
B. C. BIBB & SON,
Warehouse and Salesroom 22 and 41 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Foundry—Port Deposit, Md.
May 21, 1878.

THEODORE MOTTU,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Seasoned Lumber,
Shingles, Laths, Fencing, Palings, Shelving,
DRESSED FLOORING,
READY-MADE SASH, DOORS, &c.
126 Pennsylvania Ave.
BALTIMORE.
Dec. 22, 1878.

THOMAS A. AGNEW & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
DEALERS IN
TEAS, LIQUORS, FLOUR,
BACON, FEED,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.
293 W. PRATT ST.
(S. E. Corner Eutaw Street.)
BALTIMORE, Md.
23 Fine Medicinal Liquors a specialty.
April 26, 1879.

MRS. 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, 1878.

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, 1878.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.)
Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. G. Galt, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHER'S STORE.
April 21, 1879.

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, ELLCOTT CITY.
Feb. 18, 1878.

J. D. MCGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE—AT COCKTOWN.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington.
Oct. 7, 1878.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.
Will be at ELLCOTT CITY on Orphans' Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month.
March 29, 1878.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.
OFFICE—At the office of "The ELLCOTT CITY TIMES," in the Town Hall.
DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, 1878.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, ELLCOTT CITY.
Oct. 12, 1878.
CHARLES W. HEUSLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
18 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, Md.
March 9, 1878.

The following by the sides must be read by lines in this manner—first and third—second and fourth. If any gentlemen whose addresses have been rejected wish to rail against marriage they must read as written:
MATHISON.

That man must lead a happy life,
Who is free from matrimonial chains,
Who is directed by a wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.
Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate;
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.
In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Truth darling of a heart sincere
Is never known in woman to reside.
What tongue is able to unfold
Falseness that in woman dwells,
The worth of woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.
Down with the foolish man, I say,
Who chafes from a single word,
Who will not yield to woman's sway
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

Miss Braddon at Home.
A Correspondent of the San Francisco "Chronicle" Visits the Novelist.
Miss Braddon, the novelist, is the daughter of a surgeon, E. A. Braddon, now deceased, and the wife of John Maxwell, publisher of the popular English magazine *Delphin*. One day in June, a year ago, with the intention of dispersing the thick fog which seems to hang around London like a dismal shroud, crossed the Victoria Bridge and took the train for Richmond, a ride of about half an hour through a lovely country, passing gentlemen's villas and beautifully laid-out grounds which line almost the whole road on either side. On alighting from the train at the station I was met by an elegant gentleman who proved to be young Mr. Maxwell. He asked me which I preferred, walking along the lawn to the house or going through an alley of trees? "Walking," said I. "Yes, this is Litchfield House, pointing directly ahead at an inclosure about fifty yards from the station. "Then let us walk by all means," I said, and having done so, we entered the garden, which is a most beautiful one, with many of the most beautiful trees, as the sun shone through the leaves was a sight which would arrest the attention of any one. When about half-way along the path a notice coming towards us, a tall, portly man, the true type of an English gentleman. He came up to us and my companion introduced me saying: "This is my father, Mr. Maxwell." I shall not try to describe him, except as a hearty, whole-souled gentleman, who welcomed me with both hands, imparting a feeling of pleasure which far exceeded the mere polite one generally met with in the place. The different aspects of the place were pointed out to me while going towards the house, and a more beautiful place it has rarely been my pleasure to see.
Litchfield House is a mansion of the Elizabethan style modernized, roses clambering on the walls, over the verandas, along the sides of the windows, and in fact wherever there is room for them to grow. No words can describe the gay appearance the roses gave to the gray house and old, spacious windows. All looked so bright, so cheerful and inviting that, with the kindness with which Mr. Maxwell had welcomed me, I felt in the best of humors. But what can I say in praise of the very warm manner in which I was received by the great and good Mrs. Maxwell? I lost sight of all my former uneasiness, and my heart was glad as if I were warmly and unaffectedly met of my reception. Standing in or rather leaning against the door was Miss Braddon, a tall lady, somewhat thin, attired in a rich black silk dress, with white lace around her throat. A coquettish Dolly Varden cap completed her toilet. What an expressive face is hers! Gray eyes, sparkling with fun, bright and well opened, I felt she was looking at me. But the charm of her whole being is the thorough, home-like cordiality and unaffectedness of the woman. I was asked into the house, escorted to her own apartment and with her own hands assisted in divesting myself of my outer wraps. Her kindness of manner so attracted me that any trepidation which I might have felt in the presence of so famous a personage vanished. I supposed the very unfamiliarity of hearing her addressed as Mrs. Maxwell made me forget to whom I was indebted for so much kindness. After many questions about California I said to her: "Mrs. Maxwell, I know you so well through your books you must let me call you by the name I call you," said she, "I frequently have in my business who never think of addressing me by any other than the name which you prefer; so you see it will not sound at all strange to me." We then went together to the drawing-room where we were met by several other guests who had arrived in the mean time. The drawing-room is on the east side of the house and contains two large windows, the walk which approaches the front of the house on the east side of the room. There is a bay-window forming an alcove almost the whole length of the room, overlooking the magnificent grounds laid out in terraces and belonging to the famous Star and Garter Inn. The ceiling is frescoed in the modern Italian style, and the panels on the wall, windows and side. The walls are literally covered with paintings in oil and water-colors, most of them *genre* subjects, which Miss Braddon assured me were her peculiar fancy. Some of the furniture is old and quaintly carved and some rich and of more modern design. As in all English households, there was a cheerful blaze in the fireplace, although the sun shone warmly and pleasantly outside. The sons and daughters all looked towards the authoress as the mother who makes the home for her family. Lunch was announced and I was placed on Mr. Maxwell's right. The table looked temptingly enough to brighten the very faint content. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell have several little children, the youngest a boy about four years old. All took their places at the board. The conversation was chatty and lively. The talk was upon ordinary subjects. Among the topics, of course, California was mentioned. Miss Braddon expressed herself favorably regarding our Golden State, as she termed it, and expressed a desire, if it

were possible, to visit it, as well as other parts of the United States. She was attracted most, however, to the Yosemite. She assured me that she had at one time been more deeply interested in California, as she had intended to write a novel in which some scenes of California life were to have been laid. In my honor a bottle of sparkling Moselle was opened, remarkable for its age, having been in the cellar twenty years. We drank to the good health of our host and hostess. Miss Braddon kindly thanked me and responded by wishing all success to California and Californians. We discussed our mutual friends, and then, as is the custom in England, the ladies, at a sign from the hostess, left the gentlemen to the after-dinner cigar, and we entered the drawing-room. What most charmed me with Miss Braddon was her entire freedom from affectation.
Her works were not once alluded to by herself. If any question were asked regarding her writings she answered in a plain, straightforward manner. I said: "Miss Braddon, will you allow me to ask you about your books?" "Why certainly," said she "if that will interest you." I asked her what part of the day most of her literature was done in. "At any time," she answered, "I have thought of my work before-hand. However, I find when I set myself down to real work that my thoughts find vent and my pen will not write itself fast enough." "Does it not tire you?" "No, I never tire of writing. At one time when I first began I did not know what I was going to say, but now I learn that like everything else, thoughts will come more completely expressed by having some one to perfect beforehand." "Can you foresee your strongest chapters?" "I seem to know what they will be, and find when I get into the story deeper that I am far more interested in my characters than any of my readers can ever be. For the time being I see them, hear them speak and note the manner in which they express themselves. In fact to me they are living, breathing personages, my familiar friends."
"How do you plan the end? This seems always the most difficult part of them." "I do not plan them. I follow up my story as if I were reading some one else's writing. The characters and the manner in which they have figured leads me to the end; and, indeed, I feel a real regret as being compelled to part with them." "What a pity you let 'Gynthia' die," said I. "She was a character I admired so much." "How could I help it? She was just meant for that ending. How could Joshua Haggard himself have been brought to confess the murder except through the sorrow of losing her?" "You never write so fast as the French fashion?" "No," was the reply, "I am an Englishwoman and never about women who I see around me every day." One after another the rest of her books were discussed until tea was announced. Again we entered the dining-room and I felt the time was approaching when I must say adieu. I asked Miss Braddon which one of the books she considered the best and was answered, "My earliest review, 'The Trial of the Serpent,' as recently written. I thank her for the cordial manner and patience with sincere regret on my side we parted that evening, and I felt that never had I been so agreeably entertained as on that day I spent with Miss Braddon.

Amusing Remarks of an Englishman in Regard to America.
The June number of the *St. James's Magazine*, a London publication, contains an article on the United States, in which the writer weighs this country in the following original style: "Although there is much to be said in praise of the things which we can congratulate them upon at all," "Philadelphia" he says, "is a busy commercial port, second in importance to the state of New York." "There is a sameness about it, a large extent of ground being under marsh." "This city seems more religious than New York." "That the writer did not visit Boston may be surmised from the following flattering generalization: 'A stranger can find his way far easier in an American city than at home. The streets all run one way and the avenues cross the streets, and they are for the most part straight.' "Baltimore he remarks is a thriving town, with several handsome buildings."
"At Washington," our author goes on to say, "I saw the White House, the office of the President of America. The house is a low two-story one, white in color, situated in the center of a small farm close to the town. President Evans, the present occupant, has sat and during his lengthened term of office has been the means of doing much for the welfare and prosperity of the United States."
Concerning New York we read that it is "a pretty but not a clean town." "A half mile from the Castle Gardens you come to the telegraph office." "The city hall is a very chaste and complete building. I saw some really fine private carriages, driven by a colored man, which to my idea set off to advantage the whole turnout." "One Tweed commonly called Boss Tweed, who was once mayor of New York during his term of office appropriated some six millions of dollars of the public funds." "He was lodged in jail but escaped recently, and has not been seen or heard from since." "The climate of New York is variable, and you will find the ground covered with snow in the middle of April."

"There is a tender charm about a long summer day, a restful peace on the misty hills, a soft, maternal benison about the serene Indian Summer; but for an ethereal, beatific scene of nature none of these can hold a candle to the expression of the modest young man who yesterday, for the first time, rolled in a new buggy, his initial baby down town."
"The St. Augustine, Fla., Press says: We are needing money ominously. Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present financial condition. Today, if salt was two cents a barrel we couldn't buy enough to pickle a Jaybird. We are out of tobacco, out of hair need-curling, and by rights we ought to get shaved. Delinquents should pay up."

The Worth of his Money.
It is related of the famous Beau Hickman that in his best days he once went to a first class hotel in Baltimore and, after registering his name, said he wanted the very best the house could afford for his money, twirling in his hand at the same time a quarter of a dollar. The clerk saw before him an elegantly attired gentleman, and as Beau requested, assigned him a handsome parlor and bed-room. Beau lived like a fighting cock, ordering wines, extra dinners and everything palatable for a week, at the end of which time the bill was sent. The amount was something extravagant.
Nothing abashed, however, he strolled into the office and confronted the clerk. "Look here, sir, there must be some mistake about this bill. I came here to tell you I wanted the best you could afford for my money's worth. I had this quarter then (producing the coin), and it's all I've had since." The clerk waxed angry and high words followed. "Your fault, sir, your fault," said the imperturbable Beau, "not mine. You can kick me out if you like, but I'd rather go alone."
Tradition says they were about to procure violent measures when the landlord appeared on the scene, and looking at the name of the register, recalled the peculiar vagrant character of the man before him (then just becoming notorious in Washington), and discovered that he had thought "egregiously" sold. "If this joke gets out I shall be the laughing stock of my friends and never hear the last of it."
Deliberating a moment he turned to Beau and good-naturedly remarked, "Well, Hickman, that's the best I ever had; but I can't keep it. I'll make a bargain with you. Here take this \$5 to pay your fare to Washington (Beau quietly pocketed the half eagle), and now go over to the House, stay a week on the same terms that you stayed here, and I'll give you a dinner every time you come to Baltimore."
"Thank you," replied Beau, without cracking a smile, "I've been over there for two weeks and they eat me here."
It is needless to add that Beau disappeared out of the front door with an accelerated motion, and the landlord never heard the last of his neighbor.

How to Choose a Husband.
That woman is wise who selects for her husband a man who desires to find in his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, and with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who makes a friend of his wife, who relishes privacy, who feels in the small circle where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him as if he were in a heaven of ease and recreation. The drawback of home life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than his own happy moments. He is no more bored with home than with sleep; he is no more plagued with his children, than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside of his home. It is the pleasure loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so tame so flat, like beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but feel that he is less unhappy than any body else. We do not mean that the domestic man in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside of it for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is that he should love home when he is there, and that love, we contend, begets first of all, to the active and strong and deeply engaged worker, and not the lounge or even the easy minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the pleasantest man to live with and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and one who enjoys and suffers adversity, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

History of the Alphabet.
We are indebted to the Israelites for something of the art of writing, for it is spoken of in Exodus as familiar to them. Probably the Canaanites were also acquainted with the art, as one of their towns was called "The Town of the Book." There is an Irish tradition that a great grandson of Seth invented the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and naturally the Irish alphabets. On tracing the letters back to their origin, we find they consisted of pictures. This practice still finds favor with the American Indians. The Mexicans also wrote their history by means of pictures; but on their discovery, they were destroyed by a superstitious hand, and now but few are extant.
Among the Chaldeans the following is an instance of the change a sign underwent. Probably on account of the wearing of combs by ladies, the sign of a comb stood for women, but afterward became the sign for the feminine gender. The Persian alphabet is very large. In the Egyptian language a pair of eyes signified eating, a fish, fishing, and so on. But the Egyptians had a large number of signs for one letter, there being twelve signs for the letter S, for instance. They also appear to have written indistinctly, for after writing a word they would affix a picture of the meaning they intended to convey. The English alphabet comes, perhaps, from the Egyptians; at all events the principles upon which both are founded agree. Our alphabet is directly derived from the Phoenicians, a race well qualified to disseminate language. The Greeks have a tradition that their alphabet was also derived from the Phoenicians. The Phoenicians introduced the alphabet into Italy and from Italy it was adopted by almost all European nations.

"Ma, has sister Ploy ever traveled any?" "No, child, no." "Then, when I was a-lyin' under the sky Sunday night, and sister and Mr. John came in from church and was a-settin' in a big rockin'-cheer, how came her to say that the nicest land she was ever in was Lapland?"
"The next thing to doing a man a mean turn, is to do a good one, and every now and then remind him of it."

A Hawkeye Revealed.
Mr. Bardette, editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, amused himself soon after reaching home, by setting a young dog to investigate an early spring trap that came into his sanctum. After various preliminaries he says:
"The wasp is wheeling airily about the room, singing in low, soft tones the songs of other golden summer days. How peaceful and summer-like the picture."
"The dog! Ah, yes! Was there, then a dog in the scene? Memory, memory, open thy golden gates. Ah, yes; there was a dog, not long ago. Yes, I remember now. He was here. But there is no dog in this immediate vicinity now. He has moved. How like a silent benison the radiant sunlight falls upon the street. Yes, I think now I saw him move. I heard him, too, for my recollection is that he moved as much with his tongue as he did with his feet."
I gaze upon the canvas of the past, and memory brings before me the dog who was moving. But nothing like anything for the dog. He doesn't need it. He limned it all that was necessary for his own unaided self.
Upon the cloudless, pale, unshadowed blue of the April sky above me, storms will come, and the fierce white glare of the lightning will frighten the radiant sunshine and the molten starlight. There will be drifting clouds across the summer days, and the smile of the spring time will be quenched in bitter tears. Oh, icy sheen of winter, and the hollow sound of the man upon the treacherous cellar grating! How all these things will come and go. The changing seasons, flecked with storm and calm; the still, deep, starry summer nights, the restless tide, and the laughing of the winds in the voiceless forests; laughing childhood, radiant youth and receding age; the bridal wreath and the snowy crown upon the casket lid. How all these things will come and go. But the dog will never come back here again. Never. At least, not until he has heard that that wasp is dead. Yes, dead. Dead and buried.

An Old-Fashioned Election.
Mr. J. W. Barber, of New Haven, has kept, and still keeps, a diary which he began Jan. 22, 1813. Among the entries is the following, that shows, by contrast with the present, an improvement in the manner of observing an election:
1814, May 15, Election. Went to Hartford.
Election was a three days' holiday, beginning on Thursday, when the Governor was inaugurated, and lasting through the week. The country people, for miles around flocked to Hartford. There were always gathered more or less negroes and Indians, with their squaws, melancholy remnants of a dying race.
The Governor's Guards, in their British colonial uniform, red coats and short breeches, always paraded. During election, gambling and drunkenness held a high carnival.
Gambling-tables, with dice and liquor stands, were in and around the State House Square, dancing and fiddling going on hard by, "double shuffle and break-down."
Men and boys moved about the throng with glasses and bottles of cherry-rum; tackled everybody to sell them a drink, making dives, half a dozen at a time, upon the countrymen coming in on horse-back, and thirsty from the dust of the roads.
By noon the liquor had got well circulated, when more or less fights took place, with pushing crowds, and seizures by the constables, and conveyances to the jail, followed by yelling, hooting drunken hounds.
THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.—On the mantelpiece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial, and it quite filled up the bottle. Childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscow, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery.
One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.
More than thirty years ago we tried this experiment with a cucumber. We laid a bottle on the ground by a bill of cucumbers, and placed a tiny cucumber in the bottle to see what would be the result. It grew till it filled the bottle, when we cut it from the stem, and then filled the bottle with alcohol and corked it up tight. We have it now, all as fresh, with the little pickers on it as it was when first corked up.
HE HAD BEEN TO SEE "PINAPORE."—He came swaying up from below, singing, "For 'I'll little Buttercup, Dear Little Gutter Pup—"
when the judge asked him if he would stop his noise.
"No, no, no, Squire—I'll lose it—I'll lose it—I'll lose it."
"Lose what—what have you got to lose?"
"Lost the tune, man. Went 't the opera last night—see little Gutter—"
"And where did you go after the opera was over?" asked the court.
"Went straight to the hotel—straight, my bill is in the fellow that keeps the paper—"
"Yes, you are evidently a little gutter pup," said the judge, sadly. "Your hotel bill will be five dollars, with the understanding that you follow the company out of town, and play the character of gutter pup somewhere else."

Flatter not yourself with contrarities of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you make your choice and be content. No man can taste the fruit of autumn while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of spring. No man can, at the same time, fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile.
—An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir astmatic; it is very good." "Will it make you feel better?" he asked, with a pained, pathetic smile.

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