

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 Convulsions follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—

Helmhold's Buchu
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMHOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any 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,
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 offspring of Dyspepsia.

"HELMHOLD'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.

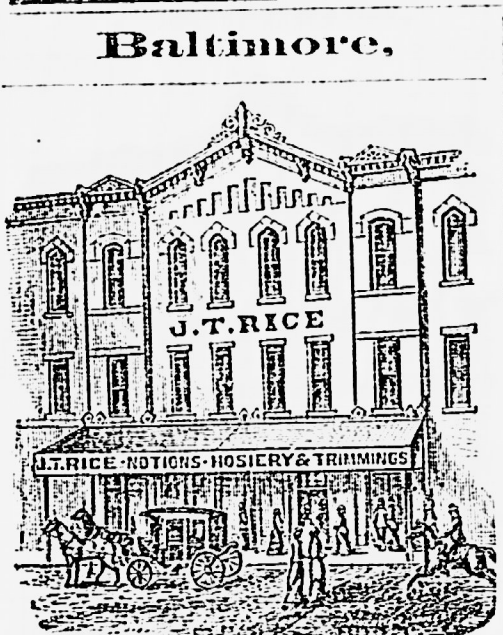
PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE,
Or Six Bottles for 85.

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.



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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-ly.

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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, '79-ly.

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 \$20 per Dozen
To \$15 per Dozen
To \$9 per Dozen
To \$5 per Dozen
To \$3 per Dozen
To \$2 per Dozen
To \$1 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 \$2.50 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 of Eutaw & Charles Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Aug. 10, '78-ly.

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-ly.

CHARLES P. STEVENS
FURNITURE.
No. 5 CALVERT ST.
BALTIMORE.
March 1, '79-ly.

Wm. Heinekamp,
373 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Feb. 1, '79-ly.

May 8, '79-ly.

Baltimore.
STOVES,
PLOW CASTINGS, &c.

The subscribers having purchased the FACED
PATENT STOVE, &c. of the late Am-
strong & Co., combining same with their well
known long established business, are pre-
pared to furnish at
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. HIBB & SON,
Warehouse and Salesroom 23 and 41 Light
Street, Baltimore, Md.
Foundry—Port Deposit, Md.
May 31, '79-7m.

THEODORE MOTTU,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Seasoned Lumber,
Shingles, Laths, Fencing, Pal-
ings, Shelving.
DRESSED FLOORING,
READY-MADE SASH, DOORS, &c.

126 Pennsylvania Ave.
BALTIMORE.
Dec. 22, '77-ly.

THOMAS A. AGNEW & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
DEALERS IN

TEAS, LIQUORS, FLOUR,
BACON, FEED,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.
203 W. PRATT ST.,
(S. E. Corner Eutaw Street.)
Baltimore, Md.
FINE Medicinal Liquors a specialty.
April 26, '79-ly.

MESS NELLE 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-ly.

EDWARD NORRIS,
Baker and Confectioner.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
FRESH BREAD, MARYLAND BISCUITS,
PIES AND CAKES.

Together with a good assortment of Confection-
ery, 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-ly.

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

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

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD
COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's
Store, Elicott City.
Feb. 10, '78-ly.

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

Office—AT COURT HOUSE.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
&c., and practice generally before the Depart-
ments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '78-ly.

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

Will be at Elicott City on Orphans' Court
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every
month.
March '79, '78-ly.

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

Office—At the office of "The Elicott
City Times," in the Town Hall.
DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-ly.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
Office—At the Court House, Elicott City.
Oct. 12, '78-ly.

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

THE QUAKER LASS.

There's many a lass with blooming cheeks,
There's many an eye that has learned to speak,
And many a wit at ball and rout,
And many a head for such wifery,
But give me a beautiful Quaker girl,
There are those that please and those that
charm,
There are those that boast of a lovely form,
Of pretty teeth or a pretty foot,
Or having sprung from a noble root,
Or with her hair all decked with gems and curls,
But these are unlike the Quaker girls.
Have you ever gazed on a lovely face
By nature decked with every grace—
That told of a soul all pure and bright,
Of a mind that glowed with virtue's light,
That spoke of a heart of nature true?
'Tis the Quaker girl exposed to view.
Has you ever felt of a lily hand,
That shivering gave you a refreshing cool,
Have you ever chatted (we all know how)
And smiled at her simple "thee" and "thou"
Or laughed when she frankly told you "yea,"
Which is the fashion you know with the
Quakers?
There is kindness beaming in every eye,
And truth in every look and sigh,
And there is honesty breathed in every vow,
And it seems no worse for its "thee" and "thou."
So hoast if you will of each lass you see
But the Quakeress is the one for me.

Macaulay as a Historian.

Macaulay will be remembered rather
as a man who could do many things bril-
liantly than as the author of a history.
Yet Macaulay's *History of England*, what-
ever its defects, is surely entitled to rank
as a great work. We do not know as
whether grave scholars or the reverse
to the honor that it has won for its author.
The successive volumes of Macaulay's
History of England were run after as
the "Waverley Novels" might have been
at the zenith of their author's fame. Liv-
ing England talked for the time of noth-
ing but Macaulay's *History of England*.
Macaulay had never before in our country
been treated in a style so well calculated
to render it at once popular, fascinating,
and fashionable. Every chapter glittered
with vivid and highly colored descrip-
tion. On almost every page was found
some sentence of glowing eloquence or
gleaming antithesis, which at once lent
itself to citation and repetition. Not one
word of it could have failed to convey
its meaning. The whole stood out in an
atmosphere clear, bright, and incapable
of misty illusion as that of a Swiss lake
in summer. No shade or faint haze of a
doubt appeared anywhere. The admirer
of Macaulay had all the comfort in his
studies that a votary of the Roman
Catholic Church may have. He had an
easy guide. He had no need to vex
himself with doubt, speculation, or even
conjecture. This absolute certainty about
every thing was, beyond question, one
of the great sources of Macaulay's popu-
larity. That resolute conviction which renders
of a more intellectual class are especially
inclined to distrust his "set" character.
For the ordinary reader to hear any sto-
ry if they suppose the narrator does not
know all about it in such a way as to
render question or contradiction impos-
sible. But although this was one of the
causes of Macaulay's popularity, it was
not the most substantial cause. It was
his style, his manner, his aptness of
his illustrations, and the animated
ideas of men, places, and events before
the reader—these were among the sources
of success to which his admirers must
look with the greatest satisfaction. It is
of late somewhat the fashion to disparage
Macaulay. He was a popular writer, long
that in the natural course of things
it has come to him to have his title to
work, even to faith, very generally
questioned. To be unreasonably ad-
mired by one generation is to incur the
certainty of being unreasonably dispa-
raged by the next. The tendency of late
is to assume that because Macaulay was
brilliant he must necessarily be super-
cilious. He was in all respects a better
advocate than he was a writer. He was
complex, contradictory and paradoxical
in his opinions. Nothing delighted him
more than to throw off an animated de-
scription of some great person, who having
been shown in the first instance to pos-
sess one set of qualities in extreme prom-
inence, was then shown to have a set of
exactly antagonistic qualities in quite
equal prominence. It was merely
describing a paradox. It was to "solder
close," as Timon of Athens says, "im-
possibilities, and make them kins." There
was something too much of trick about
this, although it was often done with so
much power as to bewilder the better
judgment of the calmest reader. But
his convictions happened to be right in
his view of an event, he made
his convictions clear with an impressiveness
and a brilliancy such as no modern
writer has surpassed. The world owes
him something for having protested by
precept and example against the absurd
notion that the "dignity of history" re-
quired of historians to be grave, pomp-
ous, and dull. He was not a Gibbon,
but he wrote with all Gibbon's delight in
the picturesqueness of a subject, and Gib-
bon's resolve to fascinate as well as to in-
struct his readers. Macaulay's history
tries too much to be a historical portrait
gallery. The dangers of such a style do
not need to be pointed out. They are
amply illustrated in Macaulay's spark-
ling pages. But is there something to be
learned from the splendid qualities are far more
conspicuous still than their defects. Per-
haps very recent readers of history, too,
may feel disposed to be grateful to Mac-
aulay for having written without any
profound philosophical theory to ex-
pound. He told history like a story.
He warmed up as he went along, and grew
enamored, and angry with that other.
No doubt he frequently thus did harm to
the trustworthiness of his narrative where
it had to deal with disputed questions,
although he probably enhanced the charis-
m of his animated style. But he did not
set out with a mission to expound some
theory as a race of a Londoner, and
therefore pledged beforehand to bend all
the moral world to the duty of bearing
witness for him, and proclaiming the truth
of his message to mankind.

Intellect in Brutes.

Mr. Wm. Hogg tells of an incident he
witnessed when calling on a friend.
While they were sitting in the study, the
French window of which communicates
with a garden at the back of the house,
and had a crank latch by which it could
be opened on either side, a cat presents
herself outside the window, plucking at
some time and finding no help from
within, she resolved to trust to her own
powers. Eying the latch which was
four feet above her, she made a spring,
caught hold of the crank with her fore
feet, and putting her hind feet against
the other half of the window as a ful-
crum she pressed open the window. This
she would do several times in the evening.
His friend informed Mr. Hogg that the
cat had never been taught to do this.
Mr. J. J. Cole, of Maryland, Sutton Sur-
vey, writes: It has been my custom to
have—not a letter-box in a door in the
usual way, but the plate and flap in the
bottom of a window-shade near. I had a
window on hearing the flap moved by the
postman, and which when shut out, used
to jump on to the window-sill and rattle
the flap, and when the servant was seen
through the glass, jump down to be let
through the door. I knew a horse which
during week-days went round and round
to the left, grinding in the cellar of a
snuff maker in London. On Saturdays
however, he turned him out in a field at his
place in the country, where his horse
went round and round all day long un-
winding himself the other way. Why?
Mr. B. G. Jenkins describes a scene he
witnessed between the large insect
known as "daddy long-legs," and a smaller
spider. "The former got caught by one of
its hind legs by a pedant, thread of cob-
web about eight inches long, at the other
end of which was the smaller spider. The
spider cautiously descended on the
thread, doubling it as it came, and se-
cured the insect leg more firmly. He
then ascended about three inches, and
drew the insect up about half an inch;
but a violent resistance on the part of the
latter induced him to give up the attempt.
He however went up to the top of the
thread, and coming and coming
strengthening it at the same place, evidently
attempted once more to raise his prey
but without success, for the insect re-
sisted so stoutly that it appeared to me
to stretch the thread. The spider Mr.
Jenkins writes, saw clearly that the in-
sect was too strong for him, that he would
never be able to draw him up to the cen-
tre of his web, and that if he did not take
care to strengthen it, he would lose his
prey altogether; so, on the principle that
half a loaf is better than no bread, he set
to work to reduce a portion of it. The
hind leg of the insect, to which he had
his web fastened, was composed of four
jointed portions. Round three of these
he busied himself weaving a web, and
Jenkins noticed particularly that he did
not go up to the last jointed portion—
that he attached to the body. Having well
secured these three he moved up to the
joint, and for a few moments appeared
perfectly still. Suddenly the insect
darted away, leaving three-quarters of its
leg behind. What other explanation it
had than that the spider disconnected it
at the joint? Query ascending the web,
and of course the leg as well, properly placed
the latter settled down at the union of
the two uppermost portions, gorged him-
self with juices from above and below,
and then retired for the night.
Dr. G. Frost sends the following good
story: Our servants have been accustomed
during the late frost to throw the crumbs
remaining on the breakfast table to the
birds, and I have several times noticed
that our cat used to wait there in ambush
in the expectation of obtaining a hearty
meal from one or two of the assembled
birds. Now, so far, this circumstance in
itself is not an "example of abstract rea-
soning." But to continue: "For the last
few days this practice of feeding the
birds has been omitted. The cat, however,
with an almost incredible amount of fore-
thought was observed by myself, together
with two other members of the household,
to scatter crumbs on the grass, with the
obvious intention of enticing the birds.
Mr. A. Petrie writes: I knew a Snye
terrier, who being told to carry a bag-
ging, carefully experienced along his
centre of gravity. A minute after he had
the bag came to a narrow path through
a wood: Here Snye considered, dropped
the rod, took it by the end, and dragged
it under him lengthwise, till the open
road was gained, when he took the
rod by the centre of gravity again,
and went on. This could not be a copy
of the human actions, but the result of
original reasoning.
Mr. A. Petrie writes: In my own fam-
ily I had a tabby cat, who when
turned out would let herself in at another
door by climbing upon some list nailed
around it, then pushing up the click-latch,
pushing the door with herself hanging on
it, away from the post, so as to prevent
the latch falling back into its place, and
then dropping down and walking back to
the fire.

A Black Pearl.

About a year ago an ill-dressed and
neely looking Jew went into a jeweller's
shop in the Herrengasse, at Pesth, drew a
small paper parcel from his pocket, un-
folded it carefully, and took from it a little
black object. Holding it up before the
jeweller, he asked:
"What is that worth?"
After scrutinizing it very closely for
some time, the jeweller replied:
"That is worth a great deal. It is a black
pearl, one of the greatest rarities. I have
seen many a gray one, but never before a
black one. It has one fault, a small
breach, which shows that it was formerly
in a setting; but its value is very great.
Where did you buy it?"
"A gentleman wishes to leave it with
me in pawn, and I want to know what it
is worth."
The jeweller said he could not exactly
tell, the thing being such a rarity.
"May I lend two hundred gulden upon
it?" asked the Jew.
"Three times as much, at the very least,"
replied the other.
"Will you not buy the pearl?"
"No, indeed," said the shop-keeper.
"There is but one firm in the monarchy
which would have an opportunity of sell-
ing it again; that is the court jeweller,
Biedermann, at Vienna."
The Jew left with the pearl. Next day
he appeared at Biedermann's shop. Bie-
dermann, however, made a short proposi-
tion with his would-be-customer. He had
not sooner seen the black pearl than he sent
for the police, and had the Jew arrested
on the spot. At the hearing of his case
the Jew said his name was Isaac Roth, and
that he was the owner of a pawn-shop in
Grosswardein. One day he saw a great
star going on outside the house of a neigh-
bour and no religionist, Herr Gyuri. Upon
inquiry, he found that poor Gyuri was in
trouble for non-payment of taxes, and
that the local officer was seizing his furni-
ture. Roth paid the needed sum, twenty
gulden, out of his own pocket, and Gyuri,
out of gratitude, presented him with the
pearl, of whose immense value he had no
conception.
This story was confirmed by witnesses
from Grosswardein. Gyuri, as it seems,
had been the confidential servant of a re-
nowned man, Count Louis Battyani, and
when Battyani died, he presented his
servant with his breast-pin as a memorial.
Gyuri, under the pressure of want, had
already sold the gold in which the breast-
pin was set, but he would not part with the
jewel, partly out of esteem for his late
master, and partly from a notion that it
was of no great worth.
The pearl, as the court jeweller Bied-
ermann at once perceived, must have been
stolen property at some period in its ad-
ventures. Being an authority in the his-
tory of famous jewels, he recollected that
three black pearls, he recollected that
the English crown, and that they were
stolen from that important symbol about
two centuries ago. They were renowned
as the only black pearls in the world,
according to the belief of that time.
The English government, as Her Bied-
ermann stated, advertised for them in
vain. How Count Battyani got hold of
the pearl nobody knows, but it is con-
jectured that he must have bought it at
the house of old curiosity shops—places in
which he delighted to rummage; while it
is certain that he was ignorant of its
value, or he would scarcely have be-
queathed it to a servant, without any
hint of the greatness of the bequest. The
Jew of Grosswardein, according to the
story current in Vienna, is now thanking
his black pearl for the foundation of his
fortune, since the English government,
hearing of its discovery, have bought it
from him for the sum of twenty thousand
gulden.

At the head of the imperial Russian
colleges for girls is Prince Peter of Olden-
burg, who is very faithful to his
charge. A while ago there were many
complaints of the poor food furnished at
the Smolting Convent, where 400 girls are
educated. Prince Peter resolved to know
the true state of things for himself. So
he went to the convent just before the
usual dinner hour, avoided the main en-
trance, and went to the kitchen. At the
door he met two soldiers carrying a huge
steaming caldron.
"Halt!" he called out. "Pat that ket-
tle down."
The soldiers of course obeyed.
"Bring me a spoon," added the prince.
The spoon was at once produced; but
one of the soldiers ventured to begin a
stammering remonstrance.
"Hold your tongue!" cried the prince.
"Take off the lid; I insist on tasting it."
No further objection was raised, and
his Highness took a large spoonful.
"You call this soup!" he exclaimed.
"Why, it is dirty water."
"It is, your Highness," replied the sol-
dier. "We have just been cleaning out
the laundry."

A mosquito is always ready to put
in an appropriation bill.

How a Woman Goes to a Fire.

After balancing herself on the window-
sill of a fourth story window and betting
that it is on Fifth avenue or the Bowery,
or somewhere, "so now," she suddenly
starts up as if an idea had struck her, and
she says to herself, "I am going to that fire,
and there's no use talking." Then she
begins to get ready. She stands before
the mirror and twists and turns her own
hair in all manner of ways to see how
it will make the most show; then she
spikes on one dozen pulls and bangs on
the frizzes so that they will look like "sea
weed round a clam," after stowing away
a pound or two of hair pins and vowing
that her arms are just ready to drop off,
she casts one more approving glance at
her hair, and votes eight to seven that it
will do.
When the dress to wear is the next question
before the dressing house. To decide this
momentous question, she goes to her ward-
robe, but, like Dame Hubbard, "when she
came there the aforesaid wardrobe was
bare," as it were, for all of her dresses had
been worn somewhere before. Finally she
selects one which when buttoned up will
not permit her to take a long breath,
although she affirms and is ready to swear
that it is "just as loose as can be," but at
the same time admits that when she gets
that dress on she never can button her
shoes; as shoes cannot button themselves,
they are buttoned by proxy and with a
hair pin, as the buttoner is not in the
place where "I always put it." She always
is of opinion that her feet must have
been cooled by reason of having worn round
the house those big slippers and "you had
better leave two or three of the best but-
tons unbuttoned." She then proceeds to
put on her outer garments and a half a jiffy
her self that she will be ready in 15 minutes.
At last the climax is reached when she
goes for her new bonnet. She takes it
on the back part of her head, and then
looks fourteen ways to see how the thing
sets; turns sideways and takes the bearings;
then a little to the north-east and
again takes the latitude and longitude;
then she pokes it a little here, bends it
there and mashes it indiscriminately so
that it will not look stiff and set; then
she seizes a hand-glass and takes a retro-
spective view of her head and all thereto
appertaining. Now she adjusts her veil
so that the lower edge shall come exactly
to the tip end of her nose; then she pow-
ders up a little so that her face will not
shine like a bottle, "smooths down the
corners of her mouth, says prunes, puts on
her avenue smile and sails forth to find
that fire.

The Folly of Virtue.

A very good and pious-looking young
man applied for a position in a well-known
store last week. After he had introduced
himself and made known his wants the
proprietor informed him that he would
like to have a clerk if he could get one
that would suit him.
"I suppose you go to church, eh?" he
commenced.
"Yes, sir."
"Do you drink?" continued the mer-
chant, eyeing him sharply.
"Never to touch a drop."
"Do you use tobacco in any form?"
"Here the young man pushed the quid
into the roof of his mouth and replied
with a smile that was child-like and
blatant: I never use the weed and never
did. I consider it the lowest and most
shocking habit that a man can be addicted
to."
"How do you frequent the policy shops?"
"No, sir, never!"
"Do you go to the National Theatre, dog
fights, or boxing exhibitions?"
"Never was at any in my life," was the
emphatic reply.
"Can you tell the ten of diamonds from
the tray of hearts?"
"I know nothing whatever of cards."
"Do you bet?"
"Do you bet, I don't!"
"Suppose said the merchant, a man
should offer to bet \$1000 to \$10, that a
three-legged goat could outrun a grey-
hound would you take him?"
"No, sir!"
"Then you won't do for this establish-
ment; we don't want you—we never hire
fools!"

Peculiarly Jolly Funerals.

Some persons seem determined to make
merry after they are dead, or at least af-
ford their survivors the means of doing
so. One old man left a bequest to a city
parish on condition that the church bell
should ring a merry peal once a year;
for there was a dark side to this picture,
for the peal was rung on the anniversary
of his wife's death, whereas a tolling was
to mark the anniversary of his wedding
day. An advocate of Padua in the six-
teenth century directed that none of his
relatives should shed tears at his funeral;
singers and musicians should be engaged
to supply the place of the mourners; 50
of them were to walk with the priest be-
fore the coffin, each receiving half a ducat
as a fee; twelve maidens in green habits
were to carry the coffin to the church, sing-
ing cheerful songs as they went; lastly, all
the clergy of Padua, and all the monks
except those who wore black habits, were
to be invited to follow. Every man to re-
ceive an honorarium. Every man to re-
cite before half a century ago had some
time before left instructions concerning the
mode in which his obsequies were to be
observed. All the musicians of the
town were to be invited to attend, and
to play dancing and hunting tunes during
the procession; his horse and carriage
were to be decorated with flowers and
were to be driven under the church door
to the grave; and (but this must have been
a very difficult point to settle) his property
was to go to the relative who laughed the
most joyously on the occasion.

The Americans lead the world in
every thing and especially in fast eating;
this has made Dyspepsia our national dis-
ease, though now under perfect control by
the use of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills.
Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents.
—Young man, in beginning a court-
ship, be sure you don't write, and then
go ahead.

—What must people do in order to
go to heaven? asked a Sunday-school
teacher of her youthful class the other day.
"Die, I suppose," was the prompt reply
of a little maid; and the teacher ques-
tioned her no further.

—A mosquito is always ready to put
in an appropriation bill.