ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
LOUIS J. & J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
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. IX. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878. NO. 13.

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

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY.
OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall

CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
18 Law Buildings, Baltimore, Md.
March 9, '78-tf.

J. D. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Office—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.
Oct. 7, '76-tf.

I. THOMAS JONES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.
Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
Dec. 12, '74-tf.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office—Nearly opposite the Court House.
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office.—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLICOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27'69-1y.

WM. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.
OFFICE—20 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.
July 27-72-tf.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.
Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City.
Jan 6, '72-1y.

ALEXANDER H. ROBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6-'75-1y.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NO. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.
Jan. 29, '70-1y.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. Fayette street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78-1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City is prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.
He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3, '69-tf.

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

NATHAN SHIPLEY,
LAND SURVEYOR.
Surveying at prices to suit the times.
P. O. ADDRESS,
COOKSVILLE, HOWARD COUNTY, MD.
Feb. 23, '78-3m.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c., Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.
MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first-Class securities, in Sums from $1000 to $10,000
June 24, '71-tf.

THE FLIRT'S LOGIC.

What, give up flirting? The idea!
I'd like to know, indeed,
What sacrifice you'll next require,
There is no real need
Of eating thus three times a day,
I'll give that up if so you say

Why, Tom, I flirt when other girls
Would have a cry, and find
It more soothing to the nerves
And cheering to the mind.
A damp, unpleasant Niobe
No man shall ever make of me.

Not flirt? Then what's the use of eyes,
Or lips, or golden hair?
Did Harry kiss me? Yes, he did,
You need not stand and stare
Like any Gorgon. He's my own
Dear cousin, and so handsome grown.

Not flirt? Why is it sunbeams play,
Birds sing, or mount afar?
I like to be "the hope," "the life"—
"The very guiding star"
Of every handsome man I see,
I want them to make love to me.

Not flirt? Why e'en the staidest flower
Nods in coquettish glee
To every naughty zephyr that
Comes whispering over the lea.
They say I'm like the flowers, and so
I do just as I see them do.

I'd flirt with grandpa, dear old man,
If he were still alive,
I oft converse with little Ben,
Who's only just turned five.
And still, to keep my hands, make
Sweet eyes at Bruno, or old Jake.

Grow old? Well, all the men I know
Will grow old, too. I'll wear
The sweetest caps and daintiest ties,
And crimp my snowy hair.
I'll hang my walls with pictured beaux,
To cheer my heart while knitting hose.

Matrimonial Superstitions.

In olden days, June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. But in these latter days May is a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw.

Another pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive," while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

"May never was the month of Love,
"For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet but kind,
For Love is full of showers!"

But if old sayings ruled the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, everybody determined, like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by wedding on the 31st December.

In times gone by, candidates for connubiality were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

"Advent marriage doth deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty,
Septuagesima says thee nay;
Eight days from Easter says you may;
Rogation bids thee to contain,
But Trinity sets thee free again."

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "The Book of Davis") that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into join-hand—namely, seven in January; three each in February, March, May, and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst, and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 19th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 13th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

Monday for wealth;
Tuesday for health;
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses;
Friday for losses;
Saturday no luck at all."

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be one of the principal actors in it. Before getting into bed, the curious damsel raises one leg, and plants it against the foot of the bed, hoping by this simple action to induce the patron of bachelors, good St. Nicholas, to show her in her sleep the counterfeit presentment of her destined husband. "To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse and not for the better;"
and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio: "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden, it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent, on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church-door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to English north-country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church-yard; or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bridemaids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe also to the bridemaids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly-wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be, by any mistake, broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party venture off dry land, they must go up-stream; should they be foolhardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bridemaids, will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief, in the north of England, that one of the wedding guests will die within a year, unless the party counts even. Another comical idea is, that whichever of the two, bride or bridegroom, goes to sleep first upon the wedding night, that one will be the first to succumb to death.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventures in the great lottery of life, are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad, on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland, the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments, to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfares she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the recever, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go barebeaded to church; and, while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence, and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priestis prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in their chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England, good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bedquilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this, one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family), sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

The Cornish well of St. Keyne possesses

"The quality—that man and wife,
Whose chance or choice attains,
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains;"

but, in Sweden, the damsel ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house, can attain her wish by merely contriving to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or, failing in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

The lately-revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly-wedded couple for luck, is a very old one. In the Isle of Man, the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent, the shoe-throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practised too in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it use to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled. In England, the bride, from between the sheets, threw her left stocking over the shoulder of one of the company, the person upon whom it fell being marked out as the next individual to be married. In some places, the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door-step as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being, that before the water dries up, another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia, the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly-married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.

The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister too lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the school-master will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in England.

A Queer Witness.—About ten years since a young man of New York, of very good character, hired a horse from a livery stable to ride out to a little town about twenty miles distant. Unfortunately, about half way out, the horse was taken ill and died. The livery man sued him for the value of the horse, representing that the horse had been killed by fast riding. One of the young man's witnesses (rather green or supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way of talking very low) was called to the box and questioned bus by the prosecutor:

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner at the bar?"

"Y-a-a-s" (very slowly drawled out.)

"How long have you been acquainted with him?"

"About three years."

"Well, sir, please state to the court what kind of a reputation he bears as regards fast or slow riding on horse-back."

"W-a-a-l, suppose if he was a riding with a company of persons who rode very fast, and he did not want to be left behind, he would ride fast, too. And if he was riding with a company that rode very slow, and he did not want to go ahead alone, I suppose he would ride slow, too."

Judge (much enraged): "You seem very much inclined to evade answering questions properly. Now, sir, you have stated how the gentleman rides in slow company. Now, sir, I wish you to state to the court how the gentleman rides when he rides alone."

"W-a-a-l, having never had the pleasure of riding with him when he was alone, I don't think I can tell!"

Our Lucky Day.

There is no lack of remarkable days, in the lives of great heroes and humble yeomen alike. Cæsar had his ominous ides of March, and Jack the sailor dreads evil Friday. The almanacs of every nation on earth are filled with mysterious signs, telling the credulous husbandman when to sow and when to reap; and the customs and usages of all lands designate certain days as favorable or fatal to weddings. The one common feature in all these superstitions is, however, the evil, augury which seems invariably to attach itself to such peculiar days: they bring death, according to an old prophecy; or at least, they are disastrous to weighty enterprises. They are anticipated with vague but harassing doubt; they are passed in deadly dread; and they leave behind them, even when all has gone well, but an increased fear of what they may bring in their speedy return. All the more gratifying is it, therefore, to meet with one of those rare days which seem, in advance, to have been marked with a white stone, and which, not superstition, but history itself, points out to us as full of happy auguries. Every now and then, a man is heard to boast that such a day has for many years been propitious to all his plans; and occasionally real good-fortune has come, with strange and startling regularity, on the same day, more than once in a life. But, rare as these cases are, a day full of happy promises for a whole nation is still rarer—and yet such a day we can boast of in our Fourth of July.

It assumed its strange and mysterious influence over our national destiny in the very first records of our existence. Walter Raleigh, in his restless activity and enlightened ambition, had fitted out, at his own expense, two small but stanch vessels, and sent them, under two trusty captains—Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlowe—to sail toward the setting sun, and to explore the unknown seas that lay in that direction. Full of courage and high hopes, the adventurers had left their native land in the month of April, 1584, and, after the manner of those days, sailed slowly and cautiously by way of the southern route, touching here and there on many a rich island, to refresh the crew and revictual their vessels. At last they ventured boldly into unknown waters, and began anxiously to gaze from masthead and poop, wondering what strange marvels there would arise before their amazed eyes on the western horizon. Their expectations were to be fully rewarded; for we read, in the quaint but graphic "Account of the First Voyage made to the Coasts of America" (Hakluyt, iii., 301), the following report:

"The second of July we found shole water, wher we smelt so sweet and so strong a smel as if we had bene in the midst of some delicious garden, abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be farre distant; and, keeping good watch and bearing but slacke saile, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and forine land."

Thus, it will be seen, it was on a fourth of July that the Tudor flag of England was for the first time unfurled in sight of our land, and that the foundation was laid for the empire of a new race on this continent. The delighted crew then went on shore, landing, in all probability, on Woroken Island, outside of Pamlico Sound, and formally took possession of the New World in the name of the queen's majesty. But when the two captains returned, full of glowing accounts of the surpassing beauty and the matchless fertility of the newly-discovered land, and after a surprisingly short passage landed, in the month of September of the same year, once more in an English harbor, all England was in a glow of excitement; and court, city, and country, listened eagerly to the strange tales of the new Indies, and gazed with awe and wonder at Manteo, the Indian, who had come home with the sailors—a living evidence of what was by many fondly believed to be the true El Dorado. The queen herself, in her frigid virginity, could not resist the universal enthusiasm; and, when she heard the reports of the two captains, "as the greatest mark of honor she could do the discovery, she called the country by the name of Virginia, as well from that it was first discovered in her reign—a virgin queen—as that it did still seem to retain the virgin purity and plenty of the first creation, and the people the primitive innocence" (R. Beverley, "History of Virginia," p. 3).

Many generations of English settlers had already been born in the New World, and countless tribes of natives had disappeared forever from among the nations of the earth, when the Fourth of July once more asserted its mysterious connection with the fate of our country. A solemn meeting, it had been arranged, should be held in the central town of Lancaster, in the new province of Pennsylvania, and there appeared on one side the commissioners of the great seaboard colonies, and on the other a motley crowd of deputies from that powerful confederacy of Indians known as the Six Nations. After much speaking and bargaining, in both of which engagements the simple children of the forest proved by no means inferior to their wily and experienced adversaries, the conference was brought to a happy close on the Fourth of July, 1741, when "the Indians gave, in their order, five yo-hahs and the English agents three hurrahs." Two striking features characterized this memorable meeting. On the famous day Canaqueago, an eloquent Onondaga warrior, rose solemnly from his blanket, on which he had been seated, and addressed the Englishmen present in these remarkable words: "We have only one thing further to say, and this is, we heartily recommend union and good agreement between you and your brethren. Never disagree, but preserve a strict friendship for each other, and thereby you, as well as we, will become the stronger." Strange advice, most assuredly, to come from such a source! The practical result of the meeting, in the next place, was, that for the sum of about four hundred pounds sterling, the Indians made "a deed recognizing the king's right to all the lands that are or shall be by his majesty's appointment in the colony of Virginia;" and the lands of Maryland were, in like manner, confirmed to Lord Baltimore, within definite limits. "Thus," says Bancroft, "did Great Britain at once acquire and confirm its claims to the great basin of the Ohio, and, at the same time, protect its northern frontier" ("History of America," vol. iii., p. 450); and thus the Fourth of July became once more all-important to our destinies, bringing us, by a solemn treaty, an absolute right to the Great West by purchase, and laying the corner stone of a new, vast empire, soon to be added to the earlier colonies on the sea-coast.

It was only short ten years later, when, under peculiarly startling circumstances, and with the distant thunder of war already filling all hearts with fear and awe, that another Fourth of July added new significance and even greater importance to that remarkable date. Commissioners had met in the town of Albany, in the State of New York, to confer upon a plan of union of all the colonies, in anticipation of a war with France. The necessity of thus securing their existence, threatened by a formidable enemy, was felt by them all; the means of averting the danger and the way of accomplishing the union alone were doubtful. Benjamin Franklin, whose calm, cool mind fully appreciated the vast importance of the proposed union, had drawn up a plain, practical plan; to this all the colonies agreed, except Connecticut, and on the Fourth of July it was signed. Although, subsequently, the British Government refused its assent, and consequently the proposed concert of action could not be made available for the time, there can be no doubt that this plan of a union of the colonies served as a basis, if not as a model, for the successful union of later days, and that, therefore, the conference of Albany, marked once more by the mysterious date, was of the utmost importance for our national existence.

The paramount significance of that day as the date on which the Union itself began its glorious career, is too well known to admit of more than a mere reference. The careful reader of history, however, cannot fail being struck by the remarkable coincidences which seem to follow the month and the day throughout our annals. On the fourth of July, 1754, Benjamin Franklin, then slowly rising in the esteem of his countrymen, had signed the Treaty of Albany; on the fourth of July, 1776, the same great American, now known all over the world as a statesman and a philosopher, signed once more the Declaration of Independence. Nor does the importance of that day end here. On the fourth of July, 1754, George Washington, then an humble officer in a colonial army, had been compelled, by the fate of war, to surrender at Fort Necessity, the rude stockade at Great Meadows. He withdrew with his troops from the basin of the Ohio, and for a time, in the valley of the Mississippi, from it mouth in the Gulf to the head-springs of the Ohio, the lilies of France were triumphant. On the fourth of July, 1776, the same George Washington was successfully commanding all the armies of America, and was beginning the great war that was to end in the defeat of England and the birth of a new nation!

—"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train, the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What's it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" pointed the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat, "Yes." "What does it pull for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The man on the engine." "What engine?" "The one in front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told who what?" "Told you." "What for?" "Oh, be still, you are a nuisance." "What's a nuisance?" "A boy who asks too many questions." "Whose boy?" "My boy." "What questions?" The conductor came in just then and took up the tickets and the train pulled to the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was, "What conductor?"

—The question is, has Grant seen any Grecks bearing gifts?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Anxious to Wed.

The afternoon services had ended and the congregation were busily arranging themselves for the benediction, when the parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice,—

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silks, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed inclined to rise. Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming the first unheard or misunderstood, repeated:—

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young man, who occupied a seat in the broad aisle during services slowly arose and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good looking and well dressed, but no female accompanied him. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who, he supposed, was yet to arrive, and at last remarked to the young man, in an undertone:—

"The young lady, sir, is dilitary."

"Yes, sir."

"Had you not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"I, sir?" said the young man; "how should I know of the lady's movements!"

A few moments were allowed to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why, the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged clerical.

"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and I wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered in a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves, and when, after the church was closed, the story got amongst the congregation, more than one girl regretted that the young man who really wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony had been obliged to depart without a wife.

—Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of "wind" should be wynde but insisted, contrary to Walker, that "gold" should be goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced "wind" with a short "i" by saying:

"I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounced it winn'd."

An illiberal critic retorted this upon Sheridan, by saying,

"If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

—"Ten dollars fine for driving over this bridge faster than a walk." "What does that mean?" asked a little Indianapolis boy, who was riding with his father. Father explains: "If we whip up and go fast the policeman will stop us and take us to the Mayor, and he will not let us go till we pay ten dollars." Silence in the carriage. Meditating boy speaks: "Papa! if it warn't for the policeman and for God, what lots of fun we could have, couldn't we?"

—Linderman's eagle recalls the conversation at the show:

Daughter—"Law, ma, look at that beagle."

Mother—"Vy, you bignorat gal! hit's a howl."

Showman, politely—"Axes parding, mum, but it's a 'awk."—*Courier-Journal.*

—"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in that church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in a church." "So I am," said Friend Obediah, "but then, if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

—"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I really think it is time we had a greenhouse." "Well, my love, paint it any color you please; red, white, or green will suit me."

—Some men are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them, and some are natives of Ohio.