

MY BIRTHDAY.

My birthday!—How many years ago?
Twenty or thirty?—Don't ask me!
"Forty or fifty?"—How can I tell?
I do not remember my birth, you see!

THE PRICE OF A CURL.

"Alice Grey, I was under the impression that you were rather a sensible young girl, but I am now heartily ashamed of you; behaving like a baby because circumstances are not as you would have them don't help you out of your difficulties, so you had better dry your eyes, and think of earning a living, like a sensible young woman."

Taking a pair of shears which lay on the counter near him, the gentleman snipped one off, and held it up in the sunlight.
"How very beautiful!" exclaimed a voice behind them.
It suddenly occurred to Alice that she had made a most absurd mistake, and that the gentleman whom she had been addressing was not a barber at all. Alice stood blushing, while the gentleman asked gayly—
"What do you think of my purchase, monsieur?"

"Not at all. It is worth that to me. I suppose that monsieur would give you a hundred or so for the rest, but I think you had better keep them.
He looked so kindly and spoke so earnestly that she could not help replying:
"I will."
How happy she felt as she hastened home. The cloud that was so black in the morning was broken, and the sun was shining around her. As she sat sewing that afternoon, she sang softly to herself:

"You have been making a picture of Miss Grey, I see. That's right."
"Don't you think that she's pretty, papa, when she has her hair down?" inquired Cassie.
"I know you think so, Puss," he answered, pinching her cheek. "When Miss Grey has had her hair dressed, I would like to see her alone. I will pass again soon."
The children repaired to the house, and Alice sat wondering what Mr. Balfour had to say to her. Was he going to be married soon, and was some one else to take charge of the children? Her master stood before her holding out his hand. She laid hers in it, and wondering why he held it so tightly and so long.

John Balfour introduced his affianced wife to his company that evening. None of them had ever seen her before, and many inquiries were made concerning her, but no one discovered who she was. Alice looked very pretty that evening, in her lace dress and curls. Her forehead was partly hidden by a little cloud of ringlets, which helped to soften the rest of her face.
She danced with the gentlemen, conversed with the ladies, played and sang for all. Even Miss Gaylor admitted that she was charming, and in the course of time they became fast friends.

Italian Street Gallantry.

To such a pitch of perfection do the juneoese doree of Rome, Florence and Naples carry this street business of woman admiration, that a wife upon her husband's arm is no more exempt from it than a pretty seamstress carrying a dress home alone to its owner. For these golden youth have a manner of elevating the eyebrows and of pushing up the lips to the shape of these familiar epithets, so that though not a sound of them is heard, the wayfarer woman, though a fool, cannot fail to understand the intent.
One day, in speculative and inquiring mood, we watched a natty young Roman, behind whom we walked for nearly the whole length of a corso, and when, finally, we mounted the steps of the capitol just behind him, and heard him whisper "sympatica" in the ear of a rather dry-looking spinster, whose astonishment thereat nearly made her drop the English guide-book in her hand, we calculated that she was the eighty-ninth or ninetieth woman of every age and all nations to whom he had whispered since we first noticed him. Silly American girls, just arrived in Italy, are very apt to be misled by this habit of Italians, and to come home from their promenades, or return to their own country, with tremendous stories of the tidal wave of admiration that followed them everywhere they went. One American bride, not long ago, close to view the matter very differently, much to the amusement and ridicule of the other ladies—older to Roman ways—who dwelt in the same hotel. This bride, who was neither very young nor very beautiful, came home one day and took to her bed, from which she did not rise for two days. To all inquiries concerning the cause she replied, with tears and blushes, that a great, nasty, horrid Roman had spoken to her in the street, and told her how lovely she was, and that the shock to her sensibilities had been so great that she had not been able to hold her hand up since.

A Parisienne's Winter toilet.

The Vie Parisienne had a grimly terrible article on the art of keeping warm in winter. The article was addressed to the typical reader of the journal, the jolie Parisienne, the spoiled child of public opinion, but the counsels of perfection to her as to the art of keeping herself warm may be read with general profit as a sort of last word on the subject of Parisian luxury. The directions are under sixteen heads, and they constitute in their ensemble a sort of whole duty to million aise women toward her own precious skin. "An hour before you get up," says the author, "your maid will light your fire and screen it with a silver framework, lined with rose silk, which will temper the heat and give to the whole room a sort of rosy morning light that warms where it illumines." Then she will bring you on a silver plate-warmer your cup of chocolate, hot and foaming, which you will drink from the warmer itself, munching the white your rusks, served on a little gold toast rack, kept hot in its turn by a little live charcoal, sprinkled with vanilla to perfume the air. After you have taken your chocolate you will snore again for a couple of hours. Then you will put on a deshabelle of pink satin, lined with swansdown, enveloping the whole body from head to foot. The waistband and the fastening of this garment must be in velvet, so as to be warm to the touch. You may now pass into the bathroom, the atmosphere of which will be kept at an agreeable temperature by little gusts of rose-scented vapor pumped through an aperture in the wall. The next part of our subject is a delicate one; but honi soit qui mal y pense. It is now time to draw on the stockings lined with flossy silk, long and perfumed, and gartered with Russian sables clasped with cat's-eye stones set in diamonds. The boots are to be lined with swansdown, and trimmed with Russian sables as well. Our precious product of high civilization is now in her dressing-room, whither we may, perhaps, be allowed to follow without any offense. This is to be made comfortable by means of an immense foot-warmer, some two metres square, which is to form a kind of second flooring all about the dressing table. The blinds may be colored to represent the "ardent rays of the sun," and the padding to keep out the draught is to be trimmed with natural flowers. This will make the place look and feel like a summer bower in the depth of winter. The maid may now "fumigate the nape of the neck" with a little benzoin to make it supple—an exquisite characteristic provision, for with countenance filled with all that is lovely in woman, exclaimed: "These hands shall take him out." On hearing this, her noble father hesitated no longer; they were married, and he gave them a princely fortune. Catherine Carroll, the second daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, married about the year 1802, the distinguished lawyer and statesman, General Robert Goodloe Harper, of South Carolina. Mr. Carroll having purchased the splendid house built by Hugh Young, in South Gay street, presented it to his daughter, with an income sufficient to keep up the elegance of their establishment. It was the first house in Baltimore where the drawing-rooms were thrown open once a week for the reception of their friends. At these brilliant soirees congregated all the beauty and fashion of the city. General Harper was an eminent statesman, politician and orator, and his office was always filled with students of law. Three children survived—Charles, who married Miss Chatelle, of South Carolina; Robert, who died on one of the packets returning from Europe, and Emily, who inherited all her father's benevolence.

Charles Carroll, the only son of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, married Harriet, the beautiful daughter of Benjamin Chew, of Germantown, Penn., whose other daughter had married Col. John E. Howard, of Belvidere. Charles Carroll of Carrollton built for his son "Homewood," on what is now Charles-street avenue, and his son lived there until his death. Charles, his only son, who married Mary Digges Lee, a granddaughter of the Hon. Thomas Sim Lee, the second Governor of Maryland, inherited Doughoregan Manor, so called by Charles Carroll of Carrollton's grandfather after an estate of the same name in Ireland, which he lost by confiscation. Charles Carroll, of Doughoregan Manor, was the father of Honorable John Lee Carroll, the present Governor of Maryland; Mary Carroll, who married Richard H. Bayard of Delaware; Louisa Carroll, who married Dr. Jackson, an American representative at a foreign court; Harriet Carroll, who married Honorable John Lee, State Senator from Carroll county, and Elizabeth Carroll, who married Dr. Richard Tucker.

A CHIPPER OLD GRANDMOTHER.

A correspondent of the New York World says that a few days ago a physician of Windsor, Vt., was called to visit a patient living some miles out of the village. He drove out, and, as he was hitching the horse, the door opened and a young woman with a child in her arms came out. They greeted each other, and she said: "Oh, you are the doctor, come to see grandmother. She's pretty sick. You'll find her in the house." He went in and found a woman about, who said: "Oh, you are the doctor. You will find grandmother in that way." In the room to which he was directed he found an aged, white-haired lady lying on the bed, with her face the other way. She was quite deaf, and did not notice his approach until he sat down and began to feel her pulse. She turned and said: "Oh, you are the doctor. I'm not sick. It is mother you want to see. You will find her in that room." So into the next room he past, and at last was in the presence of his patient, whose daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter, and great-great-granddaughter he had encountered. He found her so reduced by disease and old age (she was 97) that he saw no chance of her living more than a week. He told the family so, but, at their request, left medicine and directions. Some three weeks after he was driving by, and saw an old lady picking up chips. He pulled up his horse, intending to ask when his patient had died, when she looked up and said: "Oh, you are the doctor that came to see me when I was sick." She is still living, as chipper an old lady of 97 as you will not often see.

Famous Maryland Families.

Elizabeth Carroll, the eldest daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was the most elegant woman of her day. Her fascination of manner won all hearts, and Washington in particular was extremely partial to her. She was the reigning belle at Annapolis, and Washington often visited her in his postchaise with four horses, accompanied by Miss Custis and his retinue of servants. Judging from his account books, he used to go to the Annapolis races in a grand way, and while there used to spend his money like a "gentleman." He was a constant contributor, too, to the Annapolis "clubs," of which there were a great many. He bet on the horses and bet on cards. He bet on the theatre and took his friends with him, and he apparently enjoyed himself to the full. The following is a transcript of his account of the expenses at the Annapolis races in 1762: "Travelling expenses, £2 10s 11d; servants in eling expenses, £2 10s 11d; to the play trip, 17s; sundry tickets to the ball there, £1; sundry tickets to the hall there, 12s; two boxes of claret, £25 in Maryland currency, £20 14s; horse, £50 in Maryland currency, £40; charity, £2 3s; cash lost on the races, £1 6s; cash paid for a hat for Miss Custis, £4 4s; cash to Miss Custis at Annapolis, £2 11s. This was an extraordinary large amount for Washington to spend, even after he had deducted "£13 won on cards." The next year the races took place two weeks earlier, and Washington was promptly on hand with his retinue of servants and with money to spend, though with not so large an amount as he scattered about the year before. His account this year stood: For travelling expenses, £4 16s 10d; sundry play tickets, £5 16s; ticket to the ball, 6s; cards and racing, £3 16s; servants, £1 15s 3d. He was probably restrained by the presence of young Mr. Custis, who made his first appearance at the races, and whose expenses amounted to £3, not itemized.

Miss Carroll finally married in November, 1786, Richard Caton, an English gentleman, who came to this country the year before. He was considered at this time a poor young man, and her father opposed the match. When he found all his arguments in vain, he called in the assistance of his friend, Thomas Cockey Deye. At the earnest treaty of Mr. Carroll, Mr. Deye conversed with the daughter, but found her mind was not to be changed. Mr. Deye informed Mr. Carroll, when he resorted to the last extremity. "Go," said he, "and ask her if he gets into jail who will take him out." The friend delivered his message, when she raised her beautiful hands, and with countenance filled with all that is lovely in woman, exclaimed: "These hands shall take him out." On hearing this, her noble father hesitated no longer; they were married, and he gave them a princely fortune. Catherine Carroll, the second daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, married about the year 1802, the distinguished lawyer and statesman, General Robert Goodloe Harper, of South Carolina. Mr. Carroll having purchased the splendid house built by Hugh Young, in South Gay street, presented it to his daughter, with an income sufficient to keep up the elegance of their establishment. It was the first house in Baltimore where the drawing-rooms were thrown open once a week for the reception of their friends. At these brilliant soirees congregated all the beauty and fashion of the city. General Harper was an eminent statesman, politician and orator, and his office was always filled with students of law. Three children survived—Charles, who married Miss Chatelle, of South Carolina; Robert, who died on one of the packets returning from Europe, and Emily, who inherited all her father's benevolence.

Taving the Chances.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning a ragtag boy with a very short coat on stood and looked through a gate on Lewis street at another ragtag boy about his own age who sat on the doorstep and tried to look very meek and humble.
"Try'n to be awful sweet, ain't ye?" sneered the first ragtag.
No reply.
"Try'n to make the naburs believe yer a reg'lar little lamb?" continued the aggressor, who evidently ached for a row.
No reply; but ragtag on the steps heaved a sigh and seemed inclined to spit on his hands.
"But everybody knows ye fer a snide and a coward, and I'm going to lick ye fast time I catch ye outside the gate!"
"See here, Jim," softly replied number two, as he rose up. "I'm try'n to be good, so as to get a Shetland pony in my Christmas stockin'." Ma said if I didn't have another fight she'd git me one, but she's near sighted and a little deaf, and I'm goin' to pound the ground with you and risk the chances!"
Then ragtag number one flew up the street, hat in hand, and after him came number two, holding his hat on with one hand and reaching out for the back hair of number one, while a woman opened the door, looked after them, and said: "Must be that another barrel of cider has fallen from a wagon and busted."

Baltimore, the father of Charles Carroll, a Member of Parliament at Dundalk, and Miss Howard, who married the Hon. Henry Howard, the Earl of Carlisle. The third daughter of Mr. Caton, Louisa Katherine, married Sir Telton Bathurst Hervey, Baronet, and subsequently, in 1819, Francis Godolphin D'Arcy, seventh Duke of Leeds. These three sisters, their attractive graces and winning manners, were the belles of English society, as well as that of Maryland.

During the Commune.

Fighting was going on at Clamart, near Menden. General Duval, having been made prisoner by General Vinoy, was shot dead. The foaming rage with which the fighting was carried on is indescribable. Two combatants, one of the regular army and a federe, had met at a bath establishment on the Avenue Nemilly. They began fighting, until by successive attacks made on one another, they reached the roof of the house. When they were there, they threw away their rifles and began a hand-to-hand struggle, the trooper trying to free himself from the grasp of his enemy and to make his escape. Seeing this, the federe drew a knife from his pocket, and as he was going to stab him the trooper laid flat on the roof, and by a rapid movement held one of his enemy's legs, and fell on the pavement, a height of twenty-five yards. Neither of them were killed, but the trooper had his face besmeared with blood and dust. The federe, having fallen on the trooper's body, had the best of it, and killed him by stabbing him in the head. One could not help being struck with the contrasts presented in the city itself, destruction and death raging in some of its quarters intersected by barricades, while elsewhere was leveling to the ground its beautiful environs; at the same time its fashionable boulevard crowded with elegant folks loitering and smiling as if nothing was going on. The theaters were open. Light-hearted people were heard saying, "Well, they're fighting there, let us enjoy ourselves here!" The cafes were ordered to be shut by midnight, unless precaution—you could see the light through the interstices of the shutters, and men and women chatting, snacking, playing and drinking, while the annons were roaring in the distance, the mitrailleurs rattling incessantly, and the musketry crackling without intermission. This was not all; after spending part of the night in these dens of infamy, it was considered a good job to spend the rest in hiring a cab, and the weather being fine, to drive to the Arc de Triomphe and see how the fight was "progressing." The troops of the National Assembly, re-inforced by the arrival of the prisoners made by the Prussians at Sedan, grew in strength, and their assaults against the forts occupied by the federes and the wall of the city became more successful. Confusion and despair began to reign in the camp of the Commune. They tried to restrain the advance of the regular army by deeds of violence and cruel retaliation. They arrested during the night of the 6th M. Dignery, the cure of the Madeleine, the Archbishop of Paris, and several other dignitaries of the church and political men of high standing. The same night the Archbishop's residence was pillaged. A man named Raoul Bignault had been appointed Prefect of Police; unprincipled, daring and unfeeling, this officer issued a decree by which any person suspected of being a partisan of the National Assembly should be immediately arrested and tried. He might as well have stated, "Shot without trial." The delivery of letters was interrupted; gas was cut off; Paris was in the dark, with the exception of a few lamp posts. To make good the deficiency by death or wounds in the army of the Commune, groups of armed men were ordered to enter the house at night and seize in their beds every fit man to carry a rifle. Men above sixty years were exempt. Finding, however, that this method of recruiting did not answer their expectations, owing to many avoiding to sleep in their own houses, they had recourse to the following stratagem, which I saw myself from a window carried into effect with the utmost brutality: Ten men were posted at each side of the two ends of a street with their backs close to the wall. The street had no other issue except by the two extremities. As soon as the street was seen to contain a sufficient number of passers-by worth catching, the soldiers coming from both sides formed a barrier at both ends and arrested everybody. Women, children and elderly men were set at liberty; all the others were armed and sent to the front to fight against the regular army. Terror and distraction were at the highest pitch. The inhabitants of Nemilly, Conbevoise, and those who were still in the military zone had been left homeless. With whatever they could get hold of they took refuge in Paris. Hundreds of small vehicles were seen coming in loaded with mattresses, blankets, kitchen utensils, etc., to take shelter wherever they could find it.—Count Orsi in Fraser's Magazine.

"Now, Miss Alice Grey, I know that you are in a bad fix, and you must make an effort at once to help yourself, for an empty purse won't sustain an empty stomach. I almost expected to get an answer to my advertisement to-day, but I suppose I will be disappointed as usual.
"How stupid not to have read to-day's advertisements, there might have been something suitable for me."
Taking up the paper she read over the list of Female Help Wanted. There was nothing there, and she was turning the paper over with a sigh, when her eye caught something which attracted her attention.
"Is the young lady who applied in last Thursday's paper for a position as governess, will send her address to No. — Clay street, she will hear of a place."
Her heart stood still for a moment, and then commenced to beat in a most uncomfortable manner. "I'm so glad! I will hasten there immediately," she said, standing before the mirror to don her hat and threadbare jacket. "I wonder why I curled my hair to-day! These long curls are quite an improvement on the bob at the back of the head. I do believe that they make me almost pretty. Well, when I am comfortably settled, I shall have curls every day, and then perhaps I shall catch a lover, or rather they will catch one for me." She laughed merrily at the idea of having a lover, and hastened down the creaky stairs that intervened between the garret and the first floor of a four-story, third-class lodging house.
On arriving at No. — Clay street, she was informed that the gentleman was not in, but he had left a note for her which she eagerly read:
"DEAR MADAM:—If you are willing to take charge of two headstrong girls, six and eight years old—salary three hundred and fifty dollars a year—leave your address, and I will call for you next Saturday afternoon at half-past two, and take you safely to your new home.
"Yours respectfully,
JOHN BALFOUR."
Leaving her address, she was hastening home when she became conscious that she was hungry, and was without money. Happening to pass a hair store, the thought suddenly occurred to her that she might sell her hair.
"I must get something to eat, for I am very hungry, and it is a long time until next Saturday. This is but Monday. I hate to part with you, my dear old curls, but I suppose I must, so here goes."
She entered at once, and noticing a gentleman sitting behind the counter, marched straight up to him and demanded of him in her decided fashion:
"How much do you give for curls such as these?" holding up one for inspection.
"Really miss, I'm not in the habit of buying any curls."
"Very well," she turned to go.
"One moment, miss, I will take one if you are willing to sell it."
"And why not all?" she demanded.
"Well, you see, I have no immediate use for them."
"But why do you keep so many of those artificial things (pointing to some) when you can get these natural ones which I think you could sell much better?"
"Yes, they would sell much better if the price were the same, but you must know that natural curls cost us more than those. I cannot afford to buy your curls at present. Business is dull. I will take one however, as I have an order for a watch chain of that color."
I suppose I must. I need the money. Even a little would be a great help.

"The said and dear our days may be, A sunbeam shines thro' all; It doth rest on our hearts and minds, As it rests on the cottage wall. For the golden sunshine of the heart Will charm away every ill; And will make us feel that the darkest cloud Has a silvery lining still."
Alice had everything in readiness when Saturday came. The curls were replaced by the bob on the back of the head. She had thought of curls, but was afraid they looked too girlish. She had been very quiet all day, and had kept her thoughts strictly to herself; this was something unusual in her.
At length a gentleman was announced, and for the last time she descended the creaky stairs. She started when she looked into the gentleman's face. Could it be? Yes, it must be, for a golden hair chain hung from his vest.
"Miss Grey, I believe."
She bowed.
"I presume you know my name, John Balfour."
She bowed again, for she could not trust herself to speak. During the week, she had never ceased to think of the gentleman in the hair store. Would he recognize her? She had no right to expect, but she almost hoped he would. She wished he had been some one else, but yet she felt a thrill of gladness, because it was he. Little was said during the twenty miles' ride. Mr. Balfour was busy with his newspapers, and Alice was busy with her thoughts.
John Balfour had been a widower some five years. He was but thirty-seven, handsome, rich and talented. He was very quiet, and spent much of his time alone. His servants were warmly attached to him, and his children thought there was no one like papa. Many wondered why he had never married the second time. All the mamas in the neighborhood had tried to catch him for their daughters, but unsuccessfully.
The housekeeper informed Alice, however, that Mr. Balfour was to be married soon to a distant relative of his, Miss Addie Gaylor. The children often spoke of Cousin Addie, but they did not seem to love her.
"Cousin Addie is in Europe, and is to visit us on her return," said Mabel.
"I presume your cousin is very beautiful and accomplished," ventured Alice.
"Yes, she's pretty, but I don't like her, because she won't play with me, and she is always so afraid of soiling her dress," said Cassie.
"Is she very fond of music, but papa says that you play with more expression, and better time," said Mabel.
"Is she promised to bring me a big wax doll from Paris," said Cassie. "And I think that's kind of her, because I tease her so much."
"Cassie teases everybody except you. She told me the other night that she loved you next to papa."
"Will, Mabel, you said that you wished papa would marry Miss Grey instead of Cousin Addie."
"Hush, children, you must not talk so," said Alice.
None of the group had noticed a tall, manly figure standing in the open door. His face wore an amused and rather pleased expression.
June came, and with it, Cousin Addie. The children will have a holiday while Miss Gaylor remains," said Mr. Balfour, one morning.
Alice bowed. She felt as if she would like to cry, and for what reason she knew not.
The house was filled with company. There was much merry-making in the parlors and on the lawn; there were walks and drives and picnics, but poor Alice seemed to be entirely forgotten by everyone, and, oh, how homesick and weary she was! She watched the merry throng from the nursery window, and how could she help noticing how much Mr. Balfour and Miss Gaylor were together. Miss Gaylor was tall and stately and beautiful; and plain little Alice did not wonder that men should fall in love with her.
Alice was in the habit of walking with the children in the garden when the company were off on excursions. One day they three were seated on the grass under a shade-tree, making rosy wreaths, when Cassie suddenly exclaimed—
"Can't we take down your hair, Miss Grey?"
"If you wish to."
Four little hands were soon at work, and Alice's hair fell in curling masses on the grass.
"Why don't you curl your hair, Miss Grey?" said Mabel. "It is so pretty."
"You may curl it for me," she answered.
"Why, Miss Grey, here is a piece ever so much shorter than the rest. Why doesn't it grow?" demanded Cassie.
"It was cut off."
"Did you ever see papa's watch chain?" said Alice, blushing. "Perhaps he thinks that little girls should not know anything."
A footstep sounded on the gravel walk, and in an instant Mr. Balfour stood before them. The children ran to kiss him, and Alice stood blushing and confused.

"I thought you intended to marry Miss Gaylor," said Alice, a few hours later.
"I did not think of marrying any one but you," he answered. "I want a wife who will be a companion to me, and a mother to my little girls. You are the only woman that I know of that can be all this."
John Balfour introduced his affianced wife to his company that evening. None of them had ever seen her before, and many inquiries were made concerning her, but no one discovered who she was. Alice looked very pretty that evening, in her lace dress and curls. Her forehead was partly hidden by a little cloud of ringlets, which helped to soften the rest of her face.
She danced with the gentlemen, conversed with the ladies, played and sang for all. Even Miss Gaylor admitted that she was charming, and in the course of time they became fast friends.
John and Alice were married quietly after the company went home. They live happily together surrounded by a large family of curly headed children. Mr. Balfour claims that his chain brought him a wife, and Mrs. Balfour adds, laughingly—
"I knew that my curls would catch a lover for me, some time."
To such a pitch of perfection do the juneoese doree of Rome, Florence and Naples carry this street business of woman admiration, that a wife upon her husband's arm is no more exempt from it than a pretty seamstress carrying a dress home alone to its owner. For these golden youth have a manner of elevating the eyebrows and of pushing up the lips to the shape of these familiar epithets, so that though not a sound of them is heard, the wayfarer woman, though a fool, cannot fail to understand the intent.
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