THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1869. NO. 40.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
1 " for any less no. of insertions		1.00

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Job Printing.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF

CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,

Attorney at Law,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.

Office next door to residence, Main street. may9-y

DR. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.

Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.

December 19th-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

PLOWS

AND

PLOW CASTINGS,

Manufactured by the Subscriber,

And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.

ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

THE MARYLAND

Brick Manufacturing Company

MACHINES,

County and Yard Rights for Sale,

For particulars, address

THOS. C. McGUIRE, Secretary,

ap16-tf P. O. Box 290, Baltimore, Md.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

G. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [jc14-y

PUMPS.

Everybody who has use for a pump should buy

MORRELL'S

Fire Engine,

DEEP WELL

AND

FORCE PUMP.

Send for a Circular.

POOLE & HUNT,

jo14-1y Baltimore, Md.

Choptank Nurseries,

DENTON, MD.,

KEMP & KERR, Proprietors.

AS the season for transplanting is now close at hand, we hereby inform our friends and patrons that we can furnish them with *complete* selections for orchards of

Apple & Peach Trees,

PEAR, (DWARF & STANDARD)

Cherry, Plum, Apricot

—AND—

NECTARINES.

We have, also, a fine stock of

GRAPE VINES

And Strawberry Plants,

which we offer at moderate rates.

☞FARMERS! Look to your ☞Interests, and buy no more ☞Inferior Trees, such as are ☞huckstered around thro' ☞the Country by Foreign☜ ☜and bogus Agents and Tree Brokers.☜

We invite you to come and inspect our stock and learn our terms before purchasing elsewhere. Remember, we send out stock of no kind whatever but what we guarantee to be exactly what we represent it.

Health, vigor and correctness is our aim in the cultivation of Nursery stock; and for our patrons to have full satisfaction is the end we aim at in our sales. In addition to what is enumerated above we can sell you, at reduced rates,

SHADE & ORNAMENTAL TREES,

FLOWERING SHRUBS,

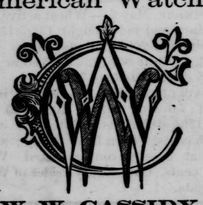
of various kinds, &c., &c.

We ask a trial to prove our advertisement.

Respectfully yours,

fe25-odno12y KEMP & KERR.

WESTERN AND American Watches.



W. W. CASSIDY,

No. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

ASKS ATTENTION TO HIS

Varied and Extensive Stock

OF

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

AND

SILVER-WARE.

Customers may be assured that none but the best articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store. A fine assortment of

RODGER'S CELEBRATED PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.

All orders by mail promptly attended to. jan7-1y

LADIES & GENTLEMEN!

Here is one More Chance for Bargains at the Old Stand of

H. BLACKISTON,

OPPOSITE THE HOTEL.

He has just returned from the city with a large and well assorted stock of

Spring Goods,

consisting of

Ladies Dress Goods, of various styles,

Cloths, Cassimeres,

Cottonades, Kentucky Jeans, and Linens, coarse and fine for Gentlemen's and Boy's Wear,

Ready Made Clothing, a good stock,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, coarse & fine,

A Splendid Stock of Notions, too numerous to mention,

Fine Calf Boots and Gaiters for Gents,

Fine lot of Lasting Gaiters and Morocco Bals. for Ladies; also Children's Shoes, a nice assortment,

A Fine Stock of Hats, direct from the Manufacturer in New York,

A Splendid assortment of Queensware and Crockeryware,

Hardware and Tinware,

A Splendid Assortment of Peters & Woolley's Hoop Skirts and Corsets of the latest styles,

A large stock of Groceries,

Stock of Oils, viz: Coal Oil, Train Oil, Linseed Oil, Machine Oil,

An assortment of Baskets, suitable for marketing,

And a large variety of other goods too numerous to mention.

Just call in and examine for yourselves, and if you wish to purchase I will try to give you the worth of your money. My motto is, "deal justly with all," and not to puff my goods.

☞Nearly all kinds of trade taken in exchange for goods. H. BLACKISTON.

N. B.—Friends and customers, I am in need of money, and have been waiting for you, whose accounts have been standing 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, to call and pay up. And if you do not call soon I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of calling on you. Please don't put me to that trouble (ap8-y) H. B.

MEAL AND FLOUR.

FOR SALE for the cash, at the new Enterprise Mill, near Denton. Positively no credit at this mill.

apr29-tf. EMERSON & ROSHY.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.

PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excedted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.00
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.20	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborongh, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep,"—"to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eye half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

ONLY ONE FAULT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

You may see it in Greenwood Cemetery.—A splended tomb stone, with a woman's name upon it. Not Ruth Holly though that is the name under which you shall know her—but a prouder name, and one you may have heard. Flowers grow about her tomb, and the turf lies softly over it. You would scarcely guess her life and its sad end as you stood there. Rather would you fancy that love and tenderness surrounded one, over whom such costly piles of sculptured marble rears itself, from her birth unto her death.

It is a story such as I seldom write—this life of hers—one that cannot be ended by happy reunions and the sweet sound of marriage bells, but there are too many such stories in the world to be quietly passed over, if, haply, there be any warning in them.—The lives of others are, if we read them rightly, the best sermons ever preached, and this of Ruth Holly's is only too true. Yet it began very sweetly, like some old pastoral poem. She loved, and was loved again, and the man she loved had *only one fault.* He was young, he was brave, he was witty, he was handsome, he was generous; his love was devotion, his friendship no lukewarm thing of words; he had great talent and great power. His eloquence had thrilled many an audience worth thrilling. What he wrote touched the soul to the very quick. He was an amateur painter and musician, and everywhere was loved and honored and admired. He had only one fault in the world—he drank too much wine, at times. When he did so he turned, so said convivial friends, into a very demi-god. It was wrong; but not so bad as might have been, and he would sow his wild oats some day, they said, loving him as his friends all loved him; and so Ruth thought. Sweet, loving, beautiful Ruth, to whom he plighted his troth, and wooed in verse and song, and with his most eloquent eyes, long before he put his passion into words; but so did not think Ruth Martin's father. This one fault of Edward Holly's overshadowed his virtue in his eyes, and he refused him his daughter's hand, giving him the reason why plainly and not kindly.

"You'll be a drunkard yet, Ned Holly," said the old man, shaking his head sternly. "I've seen men of genius go the same road before. I've often said I'd rather have no talent in my family, since it seems to lead so surely to dissipation. My sons are not too brilliant to be sober men, thank heaven, and as for my daughter, only a sober gentleman shall have her for a wife; you'd break her heart, Ned Holly."

So the dashing man of letters felt himself insulted, and retorted hotly, and the two were enemies.

"Ruth suffered bitterly; she loved her father, and she loved Edward; to disobey her parent, or to break her lover's heart, seemed the only choice offered her. She had other lovers, she had seen much society, and had been introduced to the highest circles in France as well as in England; but amongst all the men she had known none pleased her as Edward Holly did. Not what one styles an intellectual woman herself, she reverenced intellect, and her affections were intense. The struggle in her heart was terrible.

She met her lover by stealth, against her father's will; but for a long while she resisted his entreaties to marry him in defiance of the old man's refusal. At last, angered by her persistence in obedience, Edward accused her of fearing to link her destiny to the fortunes of one comparatively poor—one who must brave his own way up life's steep hill without assistance. The unmerited reproach sunk deeper into her warm heart and in a sudden impulse of tenderness and sympathy she gave him the promise he had so long sought in vain. They were married that evening, and before morning were upon their way to a far off city where Edward, sanguine and conscious of his power, believed that he should make for himself a name and position of which any woman might be proud. To her father Ruth wrote a long and loving letter, imploring his forgiveness, but the answer crushed all hope within her bosom.

"As you sow, so must you reap," were the words the old man wrote. "I have no longer a daughter," and Ruth knew that henceforth—(for she had been motherless for years) she had in all the world only the husband for whom she had sacrificed fortune, and, what is worth far more, the tender protection of a father.

In those early days Edward did his best to make amends for all, and she was so proud of him, and so fond of him that she soon forgot to grieve.

She heard his name uttered in praise by all. She knew that he had but to keep steadily on to mount to the proudest seat in fame's high temple, and for a year she had no fear of his faltering. Now and then a feverish something in his voice and manner, a strange light in his eye, a greater flow of eloquence in his talk, a more passionate demonstration of love for her than usual told that he was under the influence of wine, but the fact only seemed to enhance his power of fascination: never was he so brilliant. Almost could Ruth have laughed at the sermons preached by temperance folks, of the harm sure to follow wine drinking.

If the story could end here, the true story of Ruth Holly's life, it would be almost a happy one, but, alas, the sunny slope down which it seemed so easy to slide, daily grew darker as the years flew on. How they began to tell her the fate before her, Ruth hardly knew.

A little flash of shame came first when his step was unsteady and his voice too loud.—Then a grieved tear or two when he was unreasonable. Then a sorrow that kept her heart aching night and day; for the man who had first won ispiration from the glass now lost it in its depths. Lectures to be delivered were not given to the expectant public because of the illness of lecturer.

Ruth knew what the illness meant, and tried to hide it. Literary work was neglected also. Money was lost that might have been easily won. Debts grew and credit lessened; the handsome suite of rooms were exchanged for one quite shabby. Ruth's dress became poverty stricken, her husband was out at elbows and at toes—he was intoxicated from morning until night, and yet she loved him and clung to him, and in his sober moments he loved her as fondly as ever. Sometimes the old strength and the old hope would be aroused in him and he would struggle to regain his lost position, but it was all in vain; rum triumphed, and five years from her wedding day Ruth found herself with her one remaining child, the first had died within a year of its birth, in the dingiest of wretched tenement houses in a state bordering on beggary.

Edward had been more madly intoxicated that day than ever before; he had even given her a blow; and now, as the night were on, he muttered and raved and called for brandy, and cursed her and himself, until she trembled with fear. At last, as the clock struck ten, he started to his feet and staggered out of the room, vowing to get drunk somewhere.

Poor Ruth stood where he had left her, for a few moments. The memory of the past was strong on her that night. Just at this hour five years before they had fled from her father's home together. How tender he was, how loving, how gentle! How he vowed that she should never regret that night, and how had he kept those promises? He had broken every vow—he neither cherished nor protected her. His worldly goods he had given to the ravenous demon, drink; his love had become a something scarcely worth having, and yet she loved him and clung to him. She tried to feel cold and hard to him, but she could not; she strove to remember the blow he had given her, the oaths he had uttered, but she answered herself as she did so. "It was not he who did it—it was rum." She listened to the uncertain, reeling footstep in the street below and burst into tears.

"My poor darling," she whispered, as she thought some grievous calamity had smitten him into the thing he was, and he had not himself "put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brain" unmindful of her woe and of her shame. She thought of him reeling helplessly along the street, and feared that some harm would come to him. He might injure himself, or some one might injure him. He might fall in some out of the way place and lie there undiscovered, and so freeze to death that bitter night; and in her agony of terror, poor Ruth could not restrain herself from following him.

Her poor, weakly baby slept, she wrapped it in a blanket and laid it in its poor cradle. Then she threw her warm shawl over her head and hastened down the street, busy this late Saturday night with market going people of the poorer classes.

A little way before her reeled the handsome broad shouldered figure of her husband, and she a lady bred and born fastidious, elegant, accomplished, reared in luxury, heard poor laborers' wives warn their children to beware of the "drunken fellow."

She heard coarse laughs at his expense, and under the shadow of her shawl her cheek burnt hotly; but for all that she never thought of going back and leaving him to himself. As soon as she gained his side she called to him by name:

"Edward! Edward!"

He turned and stood unsteadily looking at her, in a bewildered way.

"You?" he said. "You ought to be at home this time of night."

"So ought we both," said Ruth. "Come, dear."

He threw her hand off.

"I'm my own master, he said, "I'm not tied to any woman's apron string! and staggered away, Ruth following, through the long streets, with every face turned toward them as they passed—some contemptuous, some terrified, out at last upon the waves, and there the besotted man sat down more stupefied by the liquor he had swallowed, in that fresh, cold air. Ruth was thinly clad—the chill of the sea blast seemed to reach her very heart. She thought of the babe at home and tears coursed down her cheeks.—Again and again she plead with the mad man at her side. Again and again she tried to bring to his mind some lingering memory of the past days when his love and protection had been hers. In vain: wild fancies filled his brain; demons born of fumes of rum, held possession of his senses. Sometimes he thrust her from him, sometimes he gave her a mauldlin embrace and bade her bring him more liquor, but go home he would not. The distant hum of the city died out at last; all was still with the strange stillness of a city night. The frosty stars twinkled over head. Now and then a night boat passed up the river, with measured beat and throb. Once a ruffianly looking fellow sauntered past them on the pier; but though he flung her an insolent word and a yet more insolent laugh, and went away singing yet more insolently, he did not approach them. So benumbed had Ruth grown, so cold to the very heart was she, that the power of motion had almst deserted her, when at last, as the church clock not far away tolled the hour of four, the degraded man staggered to his feet and reeled homeward. She followed feebly; only clinging to the balustrade could she mount the wretched stairs. It was bitter cold within as without, but she was glad to find herself at last under shelter. Her babe still slumbered and she did not wake it.—Her frozen bosom could only have chilled the little creature. There were a few bits of broken wood in a corner, and with these she made a fire in the old stove and crouched over, striving to gain some warmth, while her husband slumbered heavily upon the bed in the corner, to which he had staggered on his entrance.

Thus an hour passed by, and Ruth also fell asleep. The silence, the pleasant warmth at her feet, the fancy that all her trouble was over for the night lulled her to pleasant dreams. From them she was awakened by the loud ringing of the factory-bell and by the sound of cries and shouts in the streets below. She cast her eyes toward the bed—her husband was not there—toward the cradle—it was empty. She flew to the window—the street below was full of factory boys, with their tin kettles. Some great jest amused them mightily. They roared, they danced, they tossed their ragged caps on high, they shrieked in unmusical laughter: and the object of all this mad mirth was only too evident—for on the steps of the liquor store opposite stood Edward Holly, holding his child in his arms, exhibiting for the benefit of the delighted crowd all those antics of which an intoxicated man alone is capable! He called on the grinning master of the gin seller to "give this child some brandy;" and turned the screaming infant about in a manner that left no doubt that he would end by dropping it upon the broken pavement.

Wild with terror, Ruth rushed out into the street, and made her way through the crowd to the spot where her husband stood; but before she reached him the scene had changed.

Some boy, more brutal than the rest, had thrown a handful of mud into Edward Holly's face; and he, reeling and blaspheming, had dashed forward to revenge the act.

The child had been flung away at the first step, but fortunately, had been caught by an old negress who, though a degraded creature herself, had enough of the woman remaining to save the infant from injury.

And now the whole horde of boys beset the drunken man, pelting him with sticks and stones and decayed vegetables from the kennel, and revelling in the brutal delight with which such a scene always seems to inspire boys of the lower classes.

Ruth saw that her babe was safe and that her husband was in danger, and, forgetful of all else, flew toward him. She cared nothing for the jeers of the mob; before them all she flung her arms about him, and interposed her beautiful person between him and his assailants. The head that had carried itself a little proudly in the presence of the highest in the land—that had seemed more queen-like than that of the empress herself, at the Court of France—that had awakened the envy of titled English women while she dwelt among them—dropped itself low upon the bosom of the drunken wretch who was the jeer and scorn of a low mob; and only in love and pity, not in anger, did she speak to him.

"Come home, Edward! they'll hurt you, my poor love! Come home with me."

Mad as he was—filled with the demon of drink, to the exclusion of the soul God had given him—the soft, sweet voice, the fond touch of the white fingers, awakened some memory of the past in the man's breast.

"Go you home, girl!" he whispered; "I'll kill them! Don't fret. I'll kill 'em and—"

"Come home, darling," she whispered again, and he stooped and gave her a kiss. At that the boys yelled derisively, and flung more mud and stones at them.—One threw a stone—a heavy stone, sharp-pointed and jagged. Whether he even intended to strike the man was doubtful; but the missile flew fiercely through the air and crashed against the golden head of the devoted wife. A stream of blood gushed from the white temple and poured down upon the bosom where it dropped never to lift itself again—never, never more. Only with a quivering shudder of pain she felt for the face of the man who had sworn to love and cherish her, and had broken that vow so utterly. Hers had been truly kept.

"Good bye, Edward," she whispered. "I can't see you now—kiss me. Oh, be good to baby! Be good to baby!" and no word more.

The crowd was hushed to silence. The culprits slunk away in terror. A sobered man bent over the dead woman, whose hands had dropped away from his breast, and the love and truth and tenderness of her heart were all manifest to him in that terrible moment—manifest in vain, for repentance could not restore her to life, nor blot out the love which had crushed her heart through all those weary days of her sad married life.

"What is the matter here?" cried a voice as a portly man forced his way through the crowd. "A woman hurt?"

"A woman killed," said the policeman, "and that brute is the cause of all," and the gentleman bent forward and started back with a cry of anguish.

"It is Ruth," he said. "My Ruth!" and fell back into the policeman's arms in a death like swoon. Forgiveness and repentance had come alike too late for poor Ruth Holly. Her father could give her nothing but a grave.

The child born amidst want and penury, nourished by a half-starving mother, pined away and died in the luxurious home to which its grandfather bore it; and now as the old man sits alone in his splendid home, he sometimes hears a strange, wild cry in the street outside, through which a drunken creature reels and staggers, howling ever and anon, "Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!"

It is Edward Holly, who ever, in his drunken madness, searches for his murdered wife. It is the pitiful, horrible, heartbreaking wreck of the once splendid, beautiful man of talent who had only ONE FAULT.

Sambo, why am dat nigger down dar in de hole ob de boat like a cicken in de egg? I gives him up. Ans—Because he couldn't get out if it wasn't for de hatch.

A RAILER against marriages thinks that the creation of woman was simply the change of a bone in a man's side to a thorn.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3528-0076.jpg