THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1869. NO. 44.

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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.

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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

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FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

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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

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County and Yard Rights for Sale,

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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.

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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. [je14-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.

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,		12.80
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,	4.30	
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 Greensborough, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
dc3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight shadows gather round me,
Gather closely round my chair;
Ghostly shadows, faint and weird-like,
Flit around me everywhere.

Now they creep across the ceiling,
Now and across the floor they glide,
Till they reach some distant corner,
And in deepest darkness hide.

And without, around my dwelling.
Mournfully the night wind wails.
Whisp'ring to the solemn pine trees
Solemn, wild, unearthly tales,

While I watch the creeping shadows,
While I listen to the wind,
Forms of dear ones gone to Heaven
Gathering round my chair I find;

Forms of those I loved in girlhood,
Merry boys and maidens gay:
Ne'er thought I that I'd be living
After they had passed away.

Close besides me stands "my hero,"
Fair and frank, with eagle eye;
I remembered how friends mock'd me,
Said my ideal was too high.

But I waited, waited waited hoping,
And he came along one day;
Twenty years we spent together;
Then one Spring he pass'd away.

Low beneath the sod we laid him,
Laid my hero down to rest;
Now sweet rose-vines climb above him,
Scattering fragrance o'er his breast.

'Twill not be long before I meet him,
I grow weaker day by day;
Time has creased my brow with wrinkles,
And my hair is turning gray.

* * * * *

Deeper, darker grew the shadows,
And she slept within her chair—
Slept the sleep that knows no waking;
She had left this world of care.

The Widow and her Son.

"Mother, I will be everything to you I can be; I promise you that.

The boy lifted his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow manlike in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. There was a world of love in that soul! a love that was not only lip deep, but was proved by acts of self-denial.

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because, as he spoke there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a country store, five miles from the cot, or rather cabin where they lived.—It was but a small pittance, but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing, could scarcely do the little that order and neatness called for at her hands.

One dollar a week! It was a very little sum, but better, much better than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer, and could, if he chose sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother; for the tender Christian words that came from those pale lips, he was bravely willing, after a day's hard work to walk the five miles, dark and tedious though the way was.

Often he came home bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was sweet to the invalid because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds, the widow looked from her little window facing the hilly road along which the hay wagons went on their way to the city, and said, as the twilight deepened earlier than it was wont, "he will not come to-night." The wind blew fiercely, and sent the limbs of the old apple trees rattling against the clapboards, and threw the rain as with spite over the little meadows, sheeting them and making dreary music. So the widow, quite confident that Henry could not venture out in the storm, read her Bible till her heart was kindled with the holy words, and putting out her light went to her rest.

She knew not how long she had slept when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice so dear to her was crying "Mother? Mother?" At first she thought it was a dream; but listening intently she heard blending with the wind that cry, and a sound against the latch greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastened the door, and behold there stood Henry, a piteous sight indeed, covered with mire literally from head to foot. His face was wet, but the honest, happy smile was in no way abated.

"My boy, how could you come on such a night?" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother, the storm couldn't keep me from you," was the hearty response.—I've had the greatest time, though, you ever did see—lost my way, got into the creek, and it must be midnight; but I meant to come, for S. gave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew you needed it."

"My dear boy!" sprung from the mother's full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale cheeks.

"I wonder I havn't thought of it before" she added musingly. "After this I'll put a light in the window. To be sure it won't show far; but when you get to the hill it will be pleasant to see it and know that I am watching for you.

For three years the lamp was placed in the little window every night. People often remarked, "as bright as Mother Locke's little window," and it became a favorite saying with the neighborhood.

At the end of that time young Henry was offered a good chance on board a whaling vessel, and he resolved to accept it. It cost him no one knew what a struggle to part with the being he loved with an almost worshiped affection. But he knew the time had to come when he must go forth in the world to do battle for himself and her; and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems to me, Henry," said the mother, when with trembling lip she parted from him, "as if I must still put a light in the little window. I shall think sometimes that I hear the sound of your voice. O, Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters!"

* * * * * *

The long voyage was ended; but another was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet with unfailing regularity, with feeble step and trembling hand, nightly, the dear woman trimmed the little lamp and placed it in the window. Still when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon the bed and the neighbors came in to take care of her, she would say, "Put the little lamp in the window—my Harry will be thinking of it!"

Night after night, and ever until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying sometimes, "Shall I live to hear his steps? Will that feeble flame still burn when my life's light has gone out?"

"I have longed to see him," she said, "I have prayed earnestly, but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked suddenly, a few moments after; "it is growing dark."

Alas, it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

"Oh! my boy," she whispered; "tell him I will put a light in the window of Heaven to guide his footsteps there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the sufferer's face and it smiled in the calm majesty of death.

A funeral followed; humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness all through the hamlet: and on the hillside, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among those who stepped from the decks none were more hopeful more joyous than Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of the sea so far unscathed. No blight of immortality had so far fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at every nightfall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her. Strangely enough, he never dreamed that she might be dead.—It did not occur to him that perhaps her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no, he only thought of the pleasant light of the window that her hands had trimmed for him. So he journeyed to his native town.

Yonder comes one who trudges on laggingly—a farmer in heavy boots and frock, his whip in his hand.

He cheers on his oxen, but suddenly stops amazed:

"I see you know me," said the young sailor, smiling. "Well, farmer Brown how is—?"

"Know you? why how tall you have grown! So—' his eyes drop, his mouth trembles—"So you have got home?"

"Yes, and glad to get back again. How is mother?"

"Your mother," he says, in a low, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill-tidings before they are told in words.

"Yes, yes—is she well? Is she expecting me? Of course she is; we're late by a full month."

"Your mother, Henry. Well—the old lady"—he plays with his whip, or rather strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

"There—you need not speak!" cried the young man in a voice of sudden anguish, and recoiled almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and burried his face in his hands.

"Henry, my poor lad, your mother's—"

"Don't, don't! cried the other, showing now a face from which all color had fled—"Oh! my mother! my dearest mother!—she is gone, gone—and I am coming home so happy!"

For some minutes he sobbed in agony.—How dreary the world had grown. The flowers had lost their fragrance, the sun its warmth; his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

"A message for me?" It seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes," says he, "so my dame told me, and so the minister said—"Tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteeps there.'"

"Did she—oh did she say that? God bless you for telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will think you are still waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now but I know the light is burning."

Slowly and reverently he went to the hillside graveyard, and there he knelt and wept upon the lowly grave. But not there he sought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments he saw the beautiful soul he called mother, and streaming from the brightness of her glorious home, a slender beam seemed to come trembling to his very feet. Then he knew the light was place in the window of heaven.

Once more he knelt in the little room where he had left her. Nothing was moved; but oh, how much was wanting! There on the window still stood the little lamp—that brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible; and kneeling by her bedside, as if she could hear him, he consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness.

From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of of heaven.

How is coal now?" inquired a gentleman of a son of the Emerald Isle who was dumpping a load of coal in Fulton street. "Black as iver, sir be jabers, responded Patrick.

AIN,T I SWEET?

[From Peters Musical Monthly.]

My good mamma, she feels so sad,
And says I am a flirt.
Because I go to promenade
All in my walking-skirt;
She thinks I ought to be ashamed
To go out in the street,
With clothes, she says, all fussed and fixed,
To show my little feet.

We want the sanction of the gents
In all our style of clothes;
And yet I love to please mamma,
But more to please the beaux.
And ever thus you'll find it is,
When ladies walk the street,
The'll try and manage some good way
To show their pretty feet!

Our bonnets now are but a "*mite*,"
Though "*mighty*" dear they cost;
Beneath our furbelows and bows
Our little forms are lost;
The tiny heels upon our shoes,
They are so gay and neat,
And soley made, you may be sure,
To show our handsome feet!

With parasol above me held,
And our "mamma" to see,
I fascinate the darling men
Where'er I chance to be.
"Oh, what a charming, lovely girl!"
I hear them oft repeat;
To make their hearts go pit-a-pat,
I show my pretty feet!

CHO.—Ain't I sweet, ain't I sweet?
I know I'm sweet, and have a right
To promenade the street,
And glad there is a style
To show my pretty feet,

A Womans Work.

The truthfulness of the following sketch, by Rev. Thomas K. Ceecher, of what some women accomplish, will be appreciated by farmer' wives, and perhaps its publication may induce greater sympathy for his partner in some husband's minds:

"I declare that the woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-tenths of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade, and work at it; a mother's and housekeeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work hours, and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and an incessant confusion of tasks.

Let any man do a woman's work for a single day—wash and dress the children, having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is underway to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash boiler on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for the washing; the dish water heating, and the luncheon brought out ready for the school children; a nice dinner in the father's dinner pail; the beds made after proper airing; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers, the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of lower rooms once to three times a day, according to the number of men to bring in the mud; the actual washing and outhanging of the clothes; the drying, sprinkling, and to-morrow the ironing, the same sorting and mending of them, and the provision of new ere the old give out; the making of bread three times a week, with cake and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in, and not to be forgotten in their season; childrens manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please her husband's eye; the tired man to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired wife, and the home made cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he goes to bed, so that he can put them on in the morning; the children to be helped about their lessons, and reminded not to forget their Sunday school lessons; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs to be attended to, and matters in general to be kept straight around home. Meanwhile, papa must not be hindered about his work, because his work brings the money. Yes, man's work brings the money, but does not so tax the head, and heart, and hand, as woman's work does."

JUST A TRIFLE TOO COOL.—I have heard of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such a character, I think, was the conductor who, when he ran over a man, said, he "never liked to do it, because it mussed up the track so."

And speaking of saws, and following up this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into a hardware store, and rapping a great buzz-saw with his knuckles, remarked, "I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week," I think that one man exhibited too little emotion for the occasion.

As cool a person, under the circumstances as I ever heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said, "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he!" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance. "Will you be good enough to see in which half he has got the key of my carpet-bag." To a sensitive mind his anxiety seems to have been misplaced.

There was a reprehensible moral obtuseness in the remark of a man who inquired of the sheriff the night before the appointed day of execution, "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour does this little affair of mine come off?"

SQUEEZING the hand with some persons is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is truly surprising. We must take hold of a lady's hand as we would a hot potato; afraid to squeeze lest we should burn our fingers. Very fine, truly! Now, it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand we got in our clutches, especially a fair one. And the ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hands when he gets hold of them does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession, and that he has a heart a thousand times smaller than the eye of a cambric needle.

Social Intercourse.

Without friends what is man? A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, symetrical indeed in its form, beautiful and exquisitely finished, outrivaling the most lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which decay has shaken her black wing, and left its leaves blighted; its limbs contract as they die; its roots, rottenness, and its bloom death, a scathed lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are rushing us eastward, when the clouds are black above, and the muttering thunder growls along the sky, when our frame is palsied by the skeleton hand of disease; or our senses whirled in the maelstrom chaos of insanity, when our hearts are torn by the separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flourishing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from portentious storms, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind within the attraction of sympathetic kindness, pour the "oil and balm" of peace into the yet festering wound, and deliver the aching heart from the object of its bleeding affection.

WHIP ME, BUT DON'T CRY.—A pious father had devoted great attention to the education of his son, who had maintained an unblemished reputation until the age of fourteen, when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood.

The father's grief was great; and he determined to punish the offender severely.—He made the subject one of prayer; for it was too important, in his esteem, to be passed over as a common occurrence of the day.

He then called the son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was broken up. He wept aloud. He saw the struggling between love and justice in his parent's bosom, and broke out with his usual earnestness, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please; but don't cry."

The point was gained. The father saw that the lad's character was sensibly affected by this incident. He grew up, and became one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in America.

A BRAVE old darkey, during the last Millerite excitement, had boasted that "he wa'nt afraid ob de angel ob de Lord. No sah!"

The darkey slept in a room finished off with a rough partition. One night just as he was getting into bed he was startled with a knocking on the partition which made it jar.

"Who dar!"

"The angel of the Lord!"

"What ur want?"

"Want Sambo!"

Out went the light, and under the bedclothes went Sambo.

"No sich nigger here, sah! been dead dese tree weeks."

A FEW years ago, at the conclusion of a sermon, the preacher requested some one to pass around the hat, and "take up a collection." A young man, a stranger in the place, jumped up and commenced "circulating the hat" in such a way as to finish the job at the door and pass out with the proceeds. The preacher eying him as he went out, observed: "If that young man runs away with that money he will be damned." A deacon sitting by the window, seeing him make off down the street, responded, "And if he hasn't run away with that money, *I'll* be d—d!"

MANY years ago a Boston lawyer got lost while traveling in the woods on Cape Cod. Coming to a house, he rode up to the door and accosted the lady of the house as follows: "Madam if you will tell me who I was, who I am, where I am going, I will give you a dollar." She eyed him a moment, and then said: "You were Kent, the minister; you are now Kent the lawyer; you are in Flamouth Woods, and you are going to the devil." He handed her the dollar and rode on. The lady happened to know him.

BILL went into a hardware store,

"You sell all sorts of nails here?" said he the the obliging gentleman behind the counter.

"Yes, my little man, all sorts of nails,"

Says Billy: "I'll take a pound of toe nails if you please."

Exit Billy, sharply followed by a set of toe nails, done up in a heavy boot.

A LITTLE youngster, two and a half years old, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his fingers in his mouth, and says: "Mama, me dot pegs tumming in my mouf and dey hurt me." And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vel, de first night I opens store I counts de monies, and finds him nix right, I count him and dere be tree dollar gone, and vot does yer tink I does den?" "I can't say," "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since.

A WORTHY Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

AN Iowa man telegraphed to a sheriff in Illinois directing the arrest of a man who was elopeing with his wife. He added "He owes me one hundred dollars. If he pays let him go."

"Well, madam, how's your husband to day?" "Why, doctor, he is no better," "Did you get the leeches?" "Yes; but he only took three of them raw I had to fry the rest!"

BEHIND time—The back of a clock.

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