THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1869. NO. 16.

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.

J. S. URICK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS just returned from the cities with a fine stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which he will make to order at good rates, consisting of French, English and German cloths, &c., &c. [oc22-1y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1-y

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

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the 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 St. my9-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. dec19-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

M. M. ANDREW,

Successor to J. Thomas Jarman

Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,

GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word. My12-y.

T. H. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. BARECKSON.

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

GEO. W. SPURRY,

Manufacturers' Agent for

Mill Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS,

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.
je10-y

NEWARK ACADEMY,

NEWARK, DELAWARE,

Prof. EDWARD D. PORTER, A. M. Prin.,

A First-class Mathematical, Classical and Scientific

BOARDING SCHOOL

For Boys and Young Men, will commence its one hundred and first Academic year

September 1st, 1869.

For full information, send for circular. jy29-3m

Select Poetry.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.

Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies—
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruit,
Seen by the spirits eyes.

And music deep and wondrous sweet
Among these flowrets move,
Singing the heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirits love.

A world of beauty, wholly made
Of man's interior life,
His holy thoughts, those "fragrant flowers"
Which do not grow in strife;

The "fruit," his deeds of love on earth,
That "music sweet," the breathing
Of the immortal soul to God,
And harmony receiving.

O ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
And dwell before His face,
O ye are building, day by day,
Your own abiding place.

Your words of love, your gentlest thoughts,
Your slightest acts are there—
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.

Then fill your hearts with heavenly thoughts,
Your lives with deeds of love,
And beautiful beyond compare,—
They'll bloom for you above.

Thus may ye build a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, 'mid the joys which angels know,
The peace of God abounds.

Be Kind to the Erring.

Be kind to the erring, the humble and meek,
T'is the coward alone that would trample the weak;
Ye know not how deeply the past they deplore—
In charity cover their sins evermore.

Be kind to the erring, the lowly, the sad;
Oft circumstance ruleth, whose chain driveth mad;
Ah! boast not thy virtue, but scan thy heart o'er,
Communion with self crusheth pride evermore.

Commune with thyself; think how reckless thou art,
Enriching thy coffers to wither thine heart;
Take warning by thousands on yonder dark shore—
Remember thy soul must exist evermore.

NETTIE'S PICNIC.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Plenty of sandwiches, Jane, and the ham cut thick, remember. And don't forget the fowl and pickles, the jelly and the champaigne, for Al is very particular to have good wine at our picnic's."

Pretty little Nettie Edson gave her hair an extra crimp as she called from the dining-room to her cook, who was preparing the dinner for the pleasure-party.

"And, Jane," continued Mrs. Edson, "if Al comes back before I am through dressing, just tell him I say we will need an extra carriage."

She threw the white plaid muslin dress over her head, and fastened the small waist while she was speaking; then caught the filmy lace collar, and adjusted the watch and chain in time to meet her husband at the door.

"Ah, Al, did Jane tell you?"

"Jane told me nothing, puss, for I came in the path-way. Are you ready?"

"Most. But you must have Tino and the phæton brought around, for Phil and his girl are to join us. They came up last night to Uncle Merry's, and auntie sent word just now that we might expect them."

Nettie Edson spoke quickly and excitedly as she fixed the jaunty little hat on her hair.

Her husband—the husband of but three months—smiled proudly upon her, and laid his hand lovingly on her shoulder.

"Listen, Nettie darling, while I read you my first lecture, will you?"

She pouted prettily, but made no reply.

"This Cousin Phil, you know, pet, is a most fascinating fellow, and as unprincipled as agreeable. He and I were never favorites with each other, and because of that, because he is not a good man, I caution my birdie against being too friendly."

"What else, Mr. Edson?"

Nettie folded her hands demurely, and a mischievous smile dimpled her mouth.

Her eyes were cast down, so she did not see the blush that reddened her husband's face, nor the light that gleamed in his handsome eyes.

He waited a moment before he replied: then he spoke coolly, calmly, no trace of the brief passing emotion visible in his tones.

"There is another reason, Nettie, my darling, why I warn you against my cousin.—The young lady to whom he is engaged to be married is an old friend of mine, and, Nettie, dear, we were betrothed once."

Mrs. Edson's eyes glanced quickly up, but they met only her husband's clear, truthful ones. She looked at him a moment, then laughed gleefully.

"And what of that, Al? Do you suppose I am going to be jealous of this young lady because you once admired her—loved her?"

Suddenly she dropped her bantering tone and laid her head against his breast.

"Albert, you love me, don't you, better than any one in all the world?"

Her sweet lips were raised for a kiss before he replied, almost passionately in his vehemence:

"God knows, and you know, my precious one, how fondly I love you!"

He wound his arm around her in a silent token of his affection. But romance was hardly a characteristic of merry Nettie Edson, and she broke away from him, laughing merrily.

"Nonsense, Al! what shall I care for Phil Merry or his lady-love, Miss—what's her name, Al?"

"I used to call her Susie—her name is Miss Carlton."

"Then I'll show Miss Susie Carlton that Al Edson has a wife who loves him dearly, and who is loved better than she ever was."

She proudly drew her slender, graceful figure to her full height—and then she could only reach her husband's shoulder—and for a moment glanced at him fondly; then, as the sound of carriage-wheels grated against the curb, she ran out to welcome the party who were to join them for their day's pleasuring.

She was a tall, haughty girl, this Susie Carlton whom Nettie saw as a strange gentleman handed her down, and a sensation of shivering horror crept over Nettie as the lady went boldly up to Albert and extended both hands in enthusiastic welcome.

"Al—Mr. Edson, I mean—I am so glad to meet your wife. I've been anticipating today for weeks."

Albert beckoned Nettie to come, and taking her hand within his, he led her to the guests.

"This is Mrs. Edson, Miss Carlton, Mr. Merry."

He spoke coldly, proudly, and then put his arm around Nettie's waist, as if to shield her.

Miss Carlton kissed her fondly.

"Mrs. Edson, I am pleased to know you, and trust we shall be the best of friends—your husband and I were once."

Her keen, bold eyes were raised a moment to Al's face, but he would not see them, while little Nettie bowed sternly in return for the compliment.

Mr. Merry was watching Nettie, and Al was watching him.

○○○○ ○○○○ ○○○○

The woods were delightfully cool and breezy, alike enjoyable to the grateful guests from the crowded, heated city, and more rural picknicker.

Nettie, who presided over the table, flew hither and thither, her hat thrown off, and her bright, sunny hair windblown over her fresh, sparkling face. She looked every inch some fairy forest-nymph, as she glided quietly among the green shrubs and the fresh, scented grass, bending over the limped stream to refill the crystal pitchers.

Phillip Merry lay, lazily smoking, on a grassy knoll, watching her from under the shade of his Panama, and thinking what a charming cousin he had, while at another point, laughing and jesting with her companions, Susie Carlton was striving her best to win one smile, one glance, from Al Edson.

Suddenly Phil threw his cigar away.

"Cousin Nettie, allow me to assist you.—Your load is too heavy for those tiny hands."

He looked pleasantly up, and Nettie met his kind, brown eyes, and laughingly allowed him to remove the pitcher from her hands.

"Al surely will not object to this," she thought, as Cousin Phil walked beside her. "He doesn't look so very wicked, after all."

"Has my gallant cousin left all the work for you to perform? or does he think Miss Carlton's company so entertaining that all thoughts of food are driven from him?"

Nettie's face flushed indignantly, and a sharp answer trembled on her lips.

"But I am a brute to speak so, especially when he is the husband of so charming a young lady. Now, Cousin Nettie, shall I help you spread the cloth, or shall I carry more water for your boquets, or may I pile green for the seats—or what?"

He had observed the clouding of that truthful face, and hastened to dispel it by a little timely good behavior.

And innocent little Nettie forgot his implied insult, and only remembered that Cousin Phil was a splendid hand at table-ornamenting, and surely Al could not find fault because he carried greens for her.

She did not dream of censuring Al because he did not come to her aid; for if he wanted to listen to the merry group around the lemonade-barrel, of course he ought to stay and enjoy himself. Poor, dear Al so seldom indulged in a day's recreation!

"Oh, we are getting on famously," she said, exultingly, when he came to inquire how matters were progressing.

Directly after him came Miss Carlton.

"Why, Phil, you are false to your liege-lady. Mr. Edson, will you allow that?"

She turned a bewildering face to Al, who feared to look at her.

"See, Mr. Edson, Phil and your wife are so amicably adjusting the dinner-affairs.—Suppose Nettie's husband and I examine those exquisite ferns over yonder on the rocks?"

She raised her hand—that fair, white hand from which the loose sleeve fell away, partially revealing the snowy, faultless arm—and pointed to the gray tree-topped rocks at a little distance before them, a dreamy light in her beautiful eyes as she looked inquiringly at Al.

He shivered as he realized how powerful her influence was. How he longed, yet dreaded, to accompany her; and, in his mute appeal for help to withstand the temptation, he turned to Nettie, who, with gracefully-folded arms, leaned wearily against a tree.

A moment before, Susie Carlton had darted a glance at her of such intense hatred, such withering scorn, that she trembled from head to foot.

"Mrs. Edson, may your husband go?"

The mock-deference in her tone fired Nettie's anger; and then it was that she met her husband's eyes, and the look he hoped to meet, which would have strengthened him against this woman's power, was not there. In its place was a light in her eye that he never saw before.

"Mr. Edson can consult his own inclination, and use his own discretion."

She spoke coldly, probably; but it was meant for Susie Carlton's imperious question, not for her husband.

But her tone, her apparent indifference—above all, the sarcastic smile that Phil and Miss Carlton exchanged—galled him, and he bowed to Suisie.

"You are putting yourself to unnecessary trouble in obtaining my wife's permission.—I am ready to escort you up the hill, provided Mr. Merry will answer for Mrs. Edson's safety and comfort during our absence."

He offered his arm to her, which she immediately accepted, and they walked slowly off.

Nettie gazed after them, while a quiver of pain darted through her heart. A sensation of vague evil oppressed her, and she turned away from Phil Merry.

"Come, Cousin Nettie, we may as well enjoy our *tete-a-tete* while they are gone. May I smoke in your presence? or—"

His flattering tones produced a disagreeable impression on Nettie, and she answered, sharply,—

"My convenience need not be consulted. Smoke, or do not, as it suits you."

Phil opened his eyes widely, while an amused smile played under his moustache.

"Cousin Nettie," he responded, gravely, "you are not angry with me because your husband saw fit to accompany Miss Carlton after fern?"

He fixed his brown eyes searching on her, and she flushed angrily.

"Mr. Merry, I shall not take the trouble to think whether I am angry with you or not; but if Miss Carlton is no more of a lady than to invite a gentleman to go with her—and a married man at that—I pity her."

"Miss Carlton is a strange person, you will find, if you know her. She is strongly attached—"

"Not to Mr. Edson?" interpolated Nettie, furiously.

"No—O no!—to you, I should have said," he added, laughingly, to think how easily she was appeased. "And for that reason she naturally admires your husband."

Almost loathing the man who, by such specious deceit, strove to ingratiate himself into her favor, she went rapidly away, not noticing her proximity to the fern-bed till she heard voices near her; and, turning to note the direction of the sound, saw she had ascended the hill to its very summit.

She neared the spot from whence the sounds proceeded; a familiar voice smote her ear, and she listened.

The speaker was Al—her own husband.

"Susie, those days have passed, and forever. We must not recall them. We should not remember them."

"That is true," murmured a wooing, gentle voice that curdled Nettie's blood as she listened. "That is true, Albert; but have you, have both of us never done that which we had better left undone? It may appear wrong, Albert, for me to refer to my early love for you when you have a wife, but I plead guilty, and you will not sentence me?"

Nettie leaned forward, and, through the leaves, saw that Susie Carlton was sitting at her husband's feet, while her hands rested on his knee, and her bewildering eyes were looking tenderly in his. Nettie turned deathly pale, and folded her cold hands convulsively together. Was she dreaming? Could this be Al—her Al—her husband? She saw the fierce light of his eyes, that always looked the gentlest love at her. She heard his voice, that only spoke to pet her—to utter some tender, caressing words—deep and low as he talked with that woman.

"You remember, Albert, we parted hastily, angrily and on a very slight provocation. You recollect that I asked you to forgive me my cruel words, and you said, 'Never'. But, Albert, if I repeat my question, and beg you to forgive me now, you will, will you not?"

She saw Miss Carlton extend her hand, imploring, and in a trance of horror she awaited to see if Al would take it.

She did not wait long; for, after a moment's hesitation, he lifted his own and grasped hers passionately. A volume of triumph was evinced by her manner as she spoke.

"Thank you, thank you, Albert! I know you mean whatever you say—whatever you do. Now we are friends once more as of yore?"

Her wondrously enchanting voice was luring him; and, scarcely knowing what he did or said, he murmured an assent.

"Then, dear Albert, since you acknowledge your love for me, why let that baby-faced child stand between us? She never can love you as I do—for I love you. Albert—nor do you care for her as you do for me; do you?—do you, Albert?"

Nettie seemed suffocating as she breathlessly listened for the answer, standing so still and pale, her fingers driven tightly in her hand till the nails had drawn the blood to her pink palm.

"O Susie! Susie! beautiful charmer! you are ruining me! Let me alone, I beseech you!"

Nettie saw the half-fond, half-defiant smile on his face as he gazed on her sweet, siren face.

"But that doesn't answer my qustion.—Albert tell me."

He raised his arm and drew her head to his breast and looked eagerly into her eyes; then moved by some wicked inspiration, bent over and kissed her.

Nettie started and screamed, Susie sprang confusedly up and Albert caught her in his arms.

"Dearest, what is it. Your cry has alarmed all our friends and they are hastening to us. What is the matter, birdie? Are you ill?"

Al pressed her closely to him, but she sprang from him and loooked searchingly around.

"Where's that woman?—that wicked woman?"

She looked for the hill with its wealth of fern, but it was a quarter of a mile distant. Instead, there was the table, just as she had spread it, and, at a respectful distance, reclined Phil Merry, smoking and napping by turns.

Farther away were scattered the party, and laughing and chatting with her sister-in-law, was Susie Carlton.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, helplessly of Al, who was caressing her cold, pale hand.

"I'm sure I can't say what, darliug, except that you were sleeping very imprudently on this mossy tree-trunk for nearly half an hour; and while I was watching how lovely you looked, you started, and screamed and awoke."

She looked doubtfully at him.

"Al, you've not been after ferns, on the mountain?"

Her wistful face was upraised pleadingly to his.

"On the mountain? Why, birdie, what does ail you? The mountain is fully ten miles off."

"And Miss Carlton, where has she been?"

Her lips began to quiver, and he held her tenderly against him.

"She has not left that seat for nearly two hours."

A happy light dawned in her tearful eyes, and with her tiny hands she drew his face down and kissed him once, twice, three times, on his lips.

"I had a dream, darling, that's all."

And to this day Albert Edson does not know what that dream was, or why at times Nettie looks at him so tenderly, as if she had nearly lost him whom she loves so truly.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home, how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams
To love and rest and comfort all.
When wear'd with toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light of home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there;
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door
The weary laborer to greet
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart;
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

American Homes.

The homes of America, says Timothy Titcomb, will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than anything else. The chief end of life is to gather gold and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or book for the eager hands of childhood.

Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meagre, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from such a stall, glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life will be none at all, or nothing good.

Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell or home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly.—Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres to such children have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's presence obliterates associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you strive to build up for yourselves and for your children a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home which will be to those whose lives have been associated with it the most interesting, precious spot on earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial friendship and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influences flow into neighborhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root and receiving generous culture. And then I would see you, young husbands and young wives, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances, but those of utter poverty, can justify you in denying these influences to your children.

The Vagabond Sage.

An old man of very active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought up, the other day, before a magistrate, charged with vagrancy. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself had.

"What business?"

"None; I'm a traveller."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travellers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the country."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons; a good writer who will not write too much, and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

POWER OF HABIT.—Professional habit seems entirely to change the character of many men for the time being; and your model of benevolence and forbearance at home is often severe and harsh in his business dealings abroad. Probably, the tiger is placable in his den—perhaps uxorious; and, doubtless, the laughing hyena, though morose and sardonic while foraging for carrion, is jolly in the midst of his family.

THE WIND is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So, goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding objects we are assured of its existence.

BUSINESS neglected is business lost.

The Story of a Physician.

An eminent physician, in *Hearth and Home* tells the following excellent story for the benefit of young mothers. He says:

"An intelligent young mother inquired some days since how she could best preserve her child's linen clean and sweet when changed frequently during the day. I directed her never to dry it by the fire, but in the sun and open air if the weather permitted. You thus not only avoid saturating the air of your room with the volatile and poisonous gasses driven out of the linen, but the sun's rays have powers of cleansing and disinfecting, which artificial heat has not, and will purify and preserve the linen. She followed my directions, but as is too often the practice, dried and aired it in the nursery window.—Her fastidious husband remonstrated in vain against this unseemly exposure. Believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist, he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window in full view from a central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flapping conspicuously in the breeze and asked sarcastically: 'My dear, what is that displayed from our window?' 'Why,' she promptly replied, 'that is the flag of our Union!' Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag with a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, said, as they walked homeward, 'And long may it wave!'"

A Good 'Un.

We heard the other day a capital anecdote of a witty clergyman who is said never to come off second best in a jocular encounter.

One day he was passing down one of the streets of a large village in the State where he was settled, when he was observed by some waggish hangers-on at a public house which he was approaching. One of these fellows, knowing that the reverend gentleman was a "hard case" at a joke, said that he would bet drinks for all hands he could head Mr. H———.

"Done," was the response from a number.

As Mr. H——— came opposite to the merry group, the proposer of the bet called to him. Mr. H——— halted and drew near, whereupon the confident chap thus addressed him:

"Mr. H———, we have a dispute here of some importance, which we have agreed to leave to you as one competent to give a correct decision."

"Ah! what is it?"

"It is in relation to the age of the devil—will you tell us how old he is?"

"Gentleman," said the imperturbable minister, "how can you presume me acquainted with matters of that sort? You must keep your own family records!"

The minister went about his business, and the vanquished gentleman went in and bled freely.

MAN DOES ALL THAT.—It would appear as if the prediction of Fitche was near its fulfilment. He said, "When everything useful that is found in one end of the world is immediately communicated to all men, then will humanity rise to a development of which we at present have scarcely any notion."—But what does man not perform? In the balloon he rises five thousand feet above the highest mountain; he sinks his plumb-line fifty thousand feet into the sea and brings up the ooze: he weighs the earth and finds its bulk to be equivalent to fourteen quadrillions of pounds; by means of the spectroscope he is enabled to recognize the materials in the photosphere of the sun; he fuses flint, lead and potash; he produces a lens by which he penetrates into and discovers the wonders of the starry word, as well as those of minute microscopic life. From coal-tar he prepares the most radiant colors; from shavings, brandy. He blasts rocks with gun-cotton, and contrives machines which work better and more rapidly than human hand. He literally travels by steam, paints with light, and writes with lightning.

STOOP A LITTLE.—The following story, related by Dr. Franklin in a letter to Dr. Mather, has been often told, and is well worth telling again:

"The last time I saw your father," says Dr. Franklin, "was in 1724. In taking my leave he showed me a short way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turned toward him, he said hastily: "*Stoop! Stoop!*" I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, "You are young and have the world before you; *Stoop a little* as you go through it, and you will avoid many hard thumps!" This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortune brought upon a people by carrying their heads so high."

A YOUNGSTER who had been detected by his father in the act of stealing some fruit stored for winter consumption, was angrily bidden to go into the next room and prepare himself for a flogging. Having finished the work which he had in hand, the inexorable parent armed himself with a stout horse-whip, and went in quest of the culprit, whom he found ornamented with a hump at which Quasimodo himself would have shuddered. "What on airth have you got on your back?" asked the wondering sire. "A leather apron," replied John," three double. You told me to prepare myself for a severe flogging, and I guess I've done the best I could!"

TIT FOR TAT.—Two Irishmen were in prison; the one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch.

"Hallo, Mike, what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other.

"And sure, Pat, I haven't any time-piece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

"WHEN MEN break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouting out immediately, and growing in its place."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3528-0186.jpg