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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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The American Union

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1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
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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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

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

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Denton, Md.,
Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.
Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.
Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.
All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. MYERS,
PRACTICAL
Watch and Clock Maker,
SILVERSMITH,
JEWELLER, &C.,
my29-3w DENTON, Md.

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

SEWING, SCOURING, &c.

MRS. SALLIE SIMPSON, hereby announces her readiness to do sewing of all kinds, at reasonable charges. She has had considerable experience in the preparation of men's garments.
Grease spots and dirt removed from clothes, and garments scoured at moderate prices.
Jan 27-tf.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.
AUCTIONEER,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.,
HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [je10-1y

MILLINERY.
Mrs. R. A. SISK
Opened on Saturday, April 23rd,
A FULL STOCK OF
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
Of the very Latest Fashions,
☞COME AND SEE. [ap28-y

MANTUA MAKING.
Latest Spring Fashions.
Having just received from the great emporium of fashions the latest spring fashion plates and patterns, we have opened at our old place of business, and solicit calls from our lady friends.
Dresses Cut and Fitted,
or anything else in our line of business done in a neat and tasteful manner.
JULIA PARK,
R. A. DUNNING.
Denton, April 14-tf.

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.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or unexpressed;
The motive of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold; he prays!"
The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word and deed and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flock on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds—
Oh, could we catch their strains!
Oh, Thou! by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

The following articles appeared in the Denton *Journal* of last week, and we reproduce them in our issue of this week, by special request.

MR. EDITOR:—

Your correspondent wishes to call attention to matters of public interest and importance in this communication.

He is under the impression that the *public schools* of the county is an interest second to none in social importance. How our County School Commissioners have performed and are performing their duties is a matter of inquiry. The law under which the assessment for school purposes in the county for this present year, reads as follows: Chap. 3, Sec. 4, "The County Commissioners of such county are hereby authorized, empowered, directed and *required* to levy and collect such a tax upon the assessable property of such county as the Board of County School Commissioners shall designate." Elsewhere in the law it is provided that the schools shall be continued for "*ten* months in each year." It also designates the days to be known and kept as holidays during these *ten* months: "Thanksgiving, Christmas, from Chrismas-eve to the 1st day of January inclusive, Washington's birth-day, Fourth day of July, from the Sunday before Easter, to the Monday after Easter, inclusive, and the Monday of Whitsuntide."—This is all the law we need to quote to these gentlemen. Now let us look at their wonderful arithmetical capabilities. These gentlemen were empowered to fix the salaries of the teachers, and having knowledge of the number of schools in the county, together with the cost of each school, and the exact amount obtainable from the State fund, we respectfully ask how comes it to pass that they could not figure out how much tax to levy on the assessable property of the county?—The fault is not to be laid at the door of the County Commissioners for they have no discretion. What to-day is the reason that the schools of the county are closed? Did they find themselves *unable* to figure out the tremendous arithmetical problem? What! with a learned secretary receiving an ample salary per year; and *such a board* of weighty men; consisting of men who, though they never set "squadrons in the field," yet wear the title of military heroes; sapient and learned quandam legislators, whose eloquence—almost Demosthenean—has thundered in days gone by in the capitol of the State? Shall we suppose *these men* incompetent to tell how many dollars and cents it would take to keep the schools of the county open—as the law says they *shall* be—ten months in the year? Alas! alas! had such misfortune been foreseen a tyro from one of the lowest forms in any of our primary schools, might have done for them what even a mouse is said to have done for the majestic lion when taken in the net, as the old story goes. But a truce to *badinage*. Is not *this* rather a key to the mystery.—These fossils of a mythologic age have been unaware of the business for which the people made them School Commissioners.—Each one of these gentlemen have perhaps had a greater interest in grinding some favorite or political axe than they have had in the proper performance of their duty.—Did they fear that personal unpopularity, which should beclouds their future political aspirations, would be the result of imposing the necessary taxation. If so, then gentlemen you have made a great mistake! The people, taken in mass, are like each man taken separately who never object to receiving his money's worth for his money; but they don't like to find the county disgraced, its schools closed prematurely, and a formidable bill of expenses for services rendered by you, when no adequate services has been performed; numerous meetings to the tune of three dollars *per diem* for each, out of the people's pockets, and for what? will any of the gentlemen tell us? Had the money to pay for these unnecessary and abortive hob-nobbings been applied to the payment of current expenses of the schools they had not now been closed. Carlyle has hit off by the mouth Dr. Francia, the dictator of Paragua such miserable doings. "Can I have you sit here droning over business, your hearts asleep in mere gluttony the while; eating drinking and smoking while your neglect disgraces others. Up! swift to work and hear the crack of the government horse-whip and consider what the cut of it is like to be." Alas for you, gentlemen, the people, whose mutterings are already heard, forbid your indulgence of aspirrtions for the future; they intend to consign you to a place in which your memory will rot. Look at Dorchester! her schools go on; her Commissioners came up boldly to the work, and throughout the county from Cook's Point and the Islands to Federalsburg, though embarrassed in finances, her citizens point with pride to their open schools and are enthusiastic in praise of their Commissioners. But we of Caroline are compelled to hang our heads in very shame. Our Commissioners, we are assured, have proposed to cheat even our teachers out of their holidays; docking their wages on these days. Can this be?—We only add it as being one of the numerous rumors afloat. If there is anything wrong the people are entitled to know it; if your action, in closing the schools are based upon reasonable grounds those reasons should be given. If you are satisfied that a simple *pronunciamento*, announcing that the schools will close on a certain day, and remain closed until the fall term, the public, in whose interest this system of schools was established, are not. Let us have the history of the matter, and if our ignorance of the subject, coupled with our enthusiasm in the cause of education, has caused us to say anything improper we are ready to make all reasonable acknowledgements. Until this is done we will not hold our wrath.

DOWN THE COUNTY.

Letter from Federalsburg.

FEDERALSBURG, June 20th, 1870.

Mr. Editor:—We attended the corner stone laying at the new Masonic edifice, in New Market, on the 15th inst. A full report of the affair has already been published, but we want to notice this circumstance: that while the zeal and industry of the ladies was worthy of all praise,—leaving nothing undone in their department—we are sorry to record that the brethren of the *Mystic Tie* on the committee of arrangements were over slumberous. For instance when we looked for your familiar face, and others of Temple and Coates' Lodges, we looked in vain, and learned, alas! from our breteren that only a single poster was to be found in Cambridge. One wayworn and attenuated straggler reached us, by accident, the evening before, and Denton and Easton failed to hear in time to admit of preparation. The secrets of the institution *ought* to be kept; but such a keeping as this they commandeth not. 'Tis well to observe our axiom in the circle of beneficence—"What thy right hand doeth let not thy left hand know," but the laying of corner stones and building of temples are not in this category. The committee should have heaved a strain and used printers ink. But while we were enjoying the affair "we minded you still though far away."

With regard to the schools here, they are to go to the end of the term. As to Caroline county's engagements, see journal of School Commissioners of 1868. We rely on her honor, implicity, to come up to her word.

To-day there was organized the Choptank and Nanticoke Sunday School Association, for the purpose of doing something that would mean a little for Christ's cause.—About forty laymen and ministers were present from all the contiguities of the Dorchester & Del. R. R. The objects and aims of the association will be set forth in a copy of the proceedings to be forwarded you. It is not difficult to see, at a glance, how much such an organization could do if well run.—We hope the churches, of all denominations, will wake up to its claims and actively support them. The past history of the church—the particular branch to which we belong—has been glorious. The greatest of living writers has said of England that "Her past history has been a glorious one, but that now he was grieved to see that now they were (the people) mostly all gone away to wind and tongue," he would recommend *work*, and not expect to succeed by "tremendous cheer." If the gentlemen of the cloth will allow so obscure an one as ourself to whisper a word, we would say Christianity is a life; and like the human life this divine one, in the soul and body of a man, is to be manifested by activities. The comatose christianity which never gets beyond "How do you feel brother?—a question for the Doctor,—should merit be substituted by "What are you about?" The commercial—the industrial world, rather—the secular professions, are beginning to look on this comatose condition, and its representatives, as an impracticability—mere imaginary workmen. *They* push things, shoulder things, and shake the world of industry, of politics, of commerce, while you are hob-nobbing on how do you feel brother, and certain states of inward experience, instead of being after the Master's "*business*," not after slothful and imaginary states of experience. Up swift and do your duty, black-coat brother, gather in the lame, the halt and the blind, and go out swifty to do it; remembering that they, too, can be guests at the table, and the master will be pleased to see them; and remember, too, those words "inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." Lift up the red cross standard under which ye are captains, as Judah's lion was lifted up to gather the tribes of Israel to battle—and let all who come not to do battle for a cause more sacred than Israel's remember and fear what is in these words "curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants threof, because they come not up to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty." Now all people who will, all chistian people especially, we think, can find in this association, if living within the "length of their cable-tow," work to do. They should be at work gathering the children, into companies, battalions, regiments, divisions and army corps, to rear and drill them for soldiers to do battle against the hosts of mailed demons who too long have held sway in these communities. Let us see the review of an army corps, at least, at Hurlock's on the coming fourth of July. U. S.

RELIGION is majestic in the state; it may be grand in the church, in the church building a great institution, in the swaying the destinies of millions of men. But piety looks lovier and sweeter at home; not arrayed in her court dress, nor set off in her church regimentals, but dressed in her comely week-day, work-day clothes. It is a little striking that the word piety, which so often rings in the Christian Church, is mentioned only once in the English Bible, and then coupled with the admonition to show itself first at home.—*Theodore Parker.*

WHY should a rooster's feathers always be smooth? Because he always has a comb with him.

Blue Eyes Behind a Veil.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast—that was not an unusual occurrence—and he was a little disposed to be cross, which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind his newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply, save unsocial monosyllables to the gentle remarks of the fresh-looking little lady opposite—to wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering her forces for the grand final onslaught and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the reading sheet, it came.

"Dear, didn't you say that you were going to leave me a hundred dollar for my furs to-day?"

"What furs?" (Rather shortly it was spoken.)

"Those new sables, dear; my old affairs are getting shockingly shabby, and I really think—"

"Oh, pshaw! what's the use of being so extravagant? I haven't any money just now to lay out in useless follies. The old furs are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge, good meek little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence; she only sighed a soft inward sigh, and presently began on a new track.

"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's to-night?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone? How would it look?" Mrs. Edge's temper—for she had one, though it didn't very often parade itself—was fairly roused. "You are neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once. You never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress as you did once."

"Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting upon a woman, can he?" growled Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Miss Waters last night, when you never thought to ask me if I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache. I don't believe you care so much for me as you used to do!"

And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty, with tears in her eyes and a quiver on her lips.

"Pshaw!" said the husband peevishly.

"Now don't be so silly, Maria!

"And in the stage yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl rround me, while Mr. Brown was so very affectionate to his wife. It was mortifying enough, Henry, it was indeed."

"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his overcoat to escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending. "Am I the sort of a man to make a ninny of myself doing the polite to any female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had a shawl on or a swallow-tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the Deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself that evening as he ensconsed his six feet of iniquity in the south west corner of a car at the City Hall.

"Go ahead, conductor, can't you? What are you waiting for? Don't you see we're full and it is dark already?"

"In one minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman with a basket on board. "Now, sir, move up a bit, if you please."

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable, didn't wan't to move up, but the light of the lamp just ignited, falling full on the pearly forehead and shinnig golden hair of the new comer, he altered his mind, and did move up.

"What lovely eyes," quoth he mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile.

Real violet blue! the very color I admire most. Bless me! What business has an old married man like me thinking about eyes? What would Maria say, the jealous little minx? There—she's drawn a confounded veil over her face, and the light is as dim as a tallow dip. But they were pretty eyes."

The fair possessor of the blue eyes shivered slightly, and drew her mantilla closer round her shoulders.

Are you cold, Miss. Pray, honor me by wearing my shawl. I don't need it at all myself."

She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not refusal.

"No trouble—not a bit!" said he, as he he arranged it on the taper shoulders; and then as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor, he said to himself, "what a slender, lovely little hand! If there's anything I admire in a woman it is a pretty hand. Wonder what kind of mouth she has got?—It must be delightful if it corresponds with the hair and eyes. Plague take the veil!"

But "Plague," whoever that mystical power may be, did not take the veil, so Mr. Edge's curiosity about the mouth of the blue-eyed damsel remained ungratified.

"Have you room enough, Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer to me."

"Thank you, sir," was the soft reply, coming from behind a veil, as Mr. Edge rapturously reflected—"Like an angel from the gloom of a dark cloud." And his heart gave a loud thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shabby overcoat in a nestling sort of a way.

"Decidedly, this is getting rather romantic," thought he; and then, in an audible whisper, "What would Maria say?"

The rest of that long, dark, rainy ride was delicious with that shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some freak of nature it happened to be at the very street where he intended to stop. And under all circumstances we can hardly blame him when, the car stopped so suddenly that she caught instinctively at his hand for support, for the squeeze he gave the plump, showy palm.—Any man in his senses would have done the same thing—it was such an inviting little lilly.

Out into the rain and darkness our two pilgrims sailed, scarcely more than able to steer their course by the glimmering reflection of the street lamps on the streaming pavements.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as long as our paths lie in the same direction," said Mr. Edge, courteously relieving her of the burden as he spoke. "And—and—may be you'd find it less difficulty walking if you'd just take my arm?"

Well, wasn't it delightful. Mr. Edge forgot the wet streets and the pitchy darkness—he thought he walking on roses. Only as he approached his own door he began to feel a little nervous, and wished that the lovely incognito wouldn't hold on quite so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the lookout for him, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to a fair traveler. Besides his sweeping declarations of the morning—she would be sure to recall them.

As he stopped at the right number and turned around to bid the blue-eyed a regretful adieu, he was astonished to see her run lightly up the steps to enter likewise. Gracious Apollo! He burst into a chilly perspiration at the idea of Maria's horror.

"I think you've made a mistake, Miss," stammered he, "this can't be your house?"

But it was too late; she was already in the brilliantly lighted hall, and turning round she threw off her dripping habilaments, and made him a low courtesy. "Very much obliged to you for your politeness, sir."

"Why, it's my wife!" gasped Edge.

"And happy to see that you havn't forgotten all of your gallantry toward the ladies," pursued the merciless little puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty) all in a dance, with roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor, in vain search for a loop-hole of retreat; but the search was unavailing.

"Well," said he, in the most sheepish of all tones, "It's the first time I ever was polite to a woman in the cars, and hang me if it shan't be the last."

"You see dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I was somewhat belated, didn't expect to be delayed so long, and hadn't any idea I should meet with so much attention in the cars, and from my own husband, too. Goodness gracious, how aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke."

"If you tell that old harpy," said Edge in an accent of desperation. "I shall never hear the last of it."

"Very probably," said Maria, provokingly.

"Now look here, darling," said Mr. Edge, coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world! I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York if you'll keep quiet—you shall on my honor."

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid furs that filled the hearts of all her female friends with envy; and perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a scrupulously courteous husband ever after.

A Beautiful Incident.

As a stranger went into church in a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, while a girl who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movements of the other two. They wore a piece of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and afflictions.

The girl began by planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the graves; when the stranger thus addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place those flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No sir, father lies here, too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter—they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer; but the stranger looked so kindly at them, at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"Oh! we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid because you love them?"

"Yes sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parent kindness.—Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them when alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind and affectionate conduct towards these departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart.

How will all things, at the last day, look with another face; how the humble, self-denying Christian, that is now the hissing and offscouring of the world, will then be exalted above all heavens, and seated in the same throne with the Son of God; and how all those mighty nothings, that scorn and laugh now at the religious soul, will tremble in that day like an aspen leaf, and wish that they had considered the things which belonged to their everlasting peace, while "the candle of the Lord shined over their heads," and God caressed them to their happiness!

Never be led by the nose. It may be convenient to others, but it is unpleasant to yourself.

[From Punchinello.]

NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE.

A MIDSUMMER ODE.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh for a vale which at mid-day the dew cumbers!
Oh for a pleasure trip up to the Pole!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but Zeros all ranged in a row!
Oh for a big, double-barrelled hygrometer,
To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow!

Oh that this cold world were twenty times colder!
(That's irony red hot it seemeth to me,)
Oh for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh for a grotto to typify heaven,
Scooped in the the rock under cataract vast!
Oh for a winter of discontent even!
Oh for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh for a soda-fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post agaist the hot sky!
Oh for proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold pizen!"
And oh for a resting-place in the cold grave!
With a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow lies on
And deepens the chill of its dark-running wave!

Profanity.

Profane swearing, to say the least of it, is a very inexcusable and vulgar practice, and should be held in abhorence by all pure-minded persons and lovers of order and virtue. And as one would avoid the company of the thief, so should he forsake that of the swearer.

Profanity is at once a violation of good manners, and of good morals. If the love of virtue is too low in a man to produce upon him a wholesome restraint—he should have politeness enough to respect the laws that govern gentlemen.

We look upon profanity, not only as an offence against all that is pure in the sanctions of religion, but we regard it as an offence against the good order of society; and any one indulging in it openly should be regarded as a disturber of the public peace.

There is certainly nothing manly in the practice; it is low and cowardly, and those addicted to it are self-degraded. It is an easy thing for a vile person to swear.

But the practice is an offence against public order and not unfrequently leads to disastrous results. There are, indeed, some men who swear for pastime. The habit in them is so inveterate, their tastes are so viciated, their natures so groveling, that they are lost to all sense of shame, and seem not to be aware of the foul indecency they perpetrate. But most men who swear do it in anger, under the influence of some undue excitement, and it is frequent in such cases that they will employ offensive language, which provokes retort—this engenders strife, which leads to blows and bloodshed.

The utterance of an oath has been the turning point in many a man's character.—A youth considers himself virtuous till he commits this offence; thenceforth he is prepared for any and every species of crime.—All forms of vice and licentiousness follow in its wake. Many a man has become a murderer in consequence of profane swearing.—Under excitement some one uses profane epithets towards an associate, the insult is resented, an affray follows, in which the loss of life is the result, then come sorrows and woes.

The swearer is a criminal against society and no well regulated, virtuous, loving community should allow a person to go at large, within its borders, unbranded, who is addicted to the vice of swearing. No position of wealth, or of social or official standing should screen a man from public scorn, or from the visitation of legal retribution, who pollutes the atmosphere of a christian or civilized land with the breath of profanity.

INGENIOUS EVASION.—The eyes of one of one of the brethren at Calvary church were recently closed. The trick was done by a dutchman. The brother had a house to rent. It was located opposite to a down town-graveyard. The brother refused to rent it to a person having children. As the dutchman had no less than thirteen of these expensive blessings, he was slightly nonplused, being himself a member of the Church, it was impossible for him to lie, and he did the next best thing—he came Quaker over the brother.—When making application for the house, he took with him his entire tribe of olive branches. He turned them into the graveyard to play. He then opened a negotiation for the occupancy of the premises.

"You know the terms?" said the Calvary.

"Yah, I know der terms."

"And you're satisfied with them?"

"Satisfied? Yah."

"You have no children?"

"Mine childrens (with a sound that came as near to a chuckle as to a sob) ish all over dere in a grave yard." The Dutchman sadily pointed across the street.

"Poor fellow!" said the Calvary brother: "very sorry for you. Sign the lease, and here's the key."

The other day, the Calvary brother called for his rent. He found one youngster racing through the hallway with the cat harnessed to a frying pan, while another was drumming "Shoo fly" on the bannisters with a pair of potato mashers. Fancy his feelings.

HE raised the daughter of Jairus from her bed, the widow's son from his coffin, Lazarus from his grave, the dead saints at Jerusalem from their rottenness, that it might appear no degree of death can hinder the efficacy of his over-ruling command. He that keeps the key of death, cannot only make way for Himself through the commonest hall, and outer rooms, but through the inward and most reserved closets of darkness.

AN ice-house laborer being killed by a lump of ice falling on his head, the verdict was, "Died of hard drink."

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