THE AMERICAN UNION.

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The American Union

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J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

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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.

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

The Great Choptank

HOTEL,

ALEX. STEWART, Pro'pr.

DENTON, MD.

Is now open to the accommodation of the public. No pains will be spared to give general satisfaction.

Comfortable stables and a No. 1 ostler.

Opposite the Court House.

jy14-2y.

MANTUA MAKING.

Fall Styles. Winter Styles.

We would announce to the ladies of Denton and vicinity that we are prepared to perform mantua making in the highest style of the art. We have now, and are constantly receiving

The Latest Fashions

from the great emporiums, and feel ourselves able to please the most exquisite. We have a large assortment of patterns cut in the city by which we can cut or make dresses of any style.

Patterns for Sale.

May be found at the residence of Mrs. Todd.

JULIA PARK,

oct6-tf. ADDIE M. TODD.

LADIES The EUGENIE is the most useful article ever invented for your use. Circulars free. Mrs. Morgan, P. O. Box 2436, N. Y. jy38-3m.

GENTLEMEN, The GRANT CIGAR TIP is a novelty and a pleasure. Sample 30 cents. A Grant, P. O. Box 4390, N. Y. [jy28-3m.

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS for sale at THIS OFFICE.

[Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.]

THE BETROTHAL.

BY DON O'HOOTIZ.

The soft, silver light of the raising moon,
O'erspread, with its beauty, the realm of night,
Shedding a halo soft, o'er hill and dale,
Mantling all nature with a veil of white,
While the petaled flowers and leaf-crowned trees
Were fanned and kissed by the soft summer breeze.

All nature subdued—in grandeur robed;
A scene to be loved when the mind is at peace—
A time for pure thoughts, of the good and true—
A time when all sorrows and troubles should cease—
A fitting scene for lovers' long strolls—
For that sweet intermingling, happy communion of souls.

On a moss-covered mound, by the river's side,
The lovers stood, in speechless mood;
He, loving in silence as long as he had loved;
She, loving him, in silence was wooed.
He thought no angel purer than his dark-eyed Maud;
She, in her simplicity, thought him a god.

Yet spoke they not, each heart was too full;
Love that is pure is oftenest concealed,
While passion false, oft mistaken for love,
At a moment's advantags is quickly revealed.
Love is ever gentle, tender, long-lasting and pure;
False, fleeting passion, no joy can secure.

O, that the false could be banished in truth,
That truth might dwell in the peace it craves!
O, that hearts that love as these did love,
Might be free from the bad world's cross-beating waves.
But never lived man by Satan not tempted—
No one is free, none are exempted.

O, enchanting power! the force of love,
That dreams of the pure, not of sin—
That binds two hearts like these as one,
And whispers of joys that are now to begin;
That portrays only life's more beauteous side—
Speaks peace to the bridegroom, joy to the bride.

He caught her to himself in fond embrace;
"Wilt thou be mine?" in anxious tone.
"I will," O, blissful words to hear,
While the soft love-light in her dark eyes shone.
"To the most gracious God," he cried, "I lift
My soul in thanks for this thy matchless gift."

GREENSBOROUGH, Oct. 26th, 1870.

THE LABORING MAN.

Never judge a man by the quality of his clothes. If a man is habited in a garb filthy and ragged—that is one thing; but the simple garb of labor may cover the best of men. Among the many unfortunate mistakes which have been made in the latter respect is the following, which happened within my own knowledge, and observation.

Christopher Goodhue, at the age of forty, amassed a fortune in mercantile pursuits, and lost his health. His physician told him he must leave the city and quit the business.

"Of course you must have employment, and that, too, of a kind that shall exercise your best business faculties. Now I think, my dear Goodhue, I have just the thing for you. You have been at Walker's Falls, up at Franklin?"

"Yes."

"Well, those large mills are for sale—both the woolen and paper mill, together with a machine shop belonging to them. The former owner is dead, and his widow wishes to sell. Two hundred thousand dollars, cash, I am sure will buy the whole property. You can pay that and yet have enough to make you independent.

"And then if you buy, you will naturally improve two or three natural water privileges which are now idle. Think of it, dear sir. A healthy, salubrious and invigorating mountain air; a retired and delightful location; fish and game of all sorts ready to your rod and gun whenever you wish relaxation and recreation; and the very best school in the country for your children."

Mr. Goodhue was taken with the idea; but like a prudent man, he said he would speak with his wife. He did so, and she, sensible woman, said: "Let us go from the city. O, we can be so happy in the free, fresh air; and not only you but our children and myself will be better and stronger."

So Christopher Goodhue went up to Walker's Falls, in the beautiful village among the mountains, and bought the mills, together with all the improved water power, and within two weeks thereafter he had removed thither with his whole family, and entered at once heart and soul, into the work of improvement.

"Now Molly," he said to his wife, "you know that I have come up here for healthful exercise, and shall hire men to do the drudgery of close office work. We must fix up around the house. I am going to dig and delve in the garden. So you must make me a pair of overalls and a frock. I must dress for the work I do."

Mrs. Goodhue smiled, but the cheerful tones of her husband, already vimmy and robust, made her heart glad, and she and the girls set to work cheerfully and merrily upon the clothing for the new laboring man.

People were rejoiced when they knew that a wealthy business man from the city had bought the mills, because those same mills employing nearly two hundred hands, were the life of the place, and the real good, and prosperity of other business depended npon their thrift and successful management.

The principal store at Walker's Falls, was kept by a man named Ralph Stover. He had managed to work into the bulk of trade through the partiality of the former proprietor of the mills, with whom he had shared the high profits on the goods sold upon order to the employees of the mills. He was honest as the world goes; but with him Honesty was Policy, and nothing more.

Eben Shackford kept the other proper store, and when I say "proper store" I mean a regular country store, where goods of all kinds, qualities and varities are kept, and where farmers can dispose of all sorts of transportable produce. Shackfork was truly an honest man—honest from the very inmost instinct of his heart. With him honesty was not so much a principle as a part of his nature. He had not laid up much money. His trading was mostly confined to an old run of customers among the neighboring farmers, while those who had money to pay for their goods had been monopolized by the more stirring and scheming Stover.

"I declare," said Stover, "I must go and see Mr. Goodhue, and make some arrangement for securing his custom and his orders. I calculate his trade and influence will be worth more than a thousand dollars a year clear profit. He must have got settled down by this time, and ready for business. I wish I knew what sort of a man he is.—But I shall know how to take him after I have studied him a while. I can read human nature pretty well."

The trader was preparing to leave when a laboring man entered the store—a man habited in blue overalls and frock, and wearing upon his head an old straw hat.

"Mr. Stover I think?" said the new comer.

"That's my name."

The laboring man started at the abruptness of the tone. He was not used to being answered in that way, nor was he used to hearing traders speak so to a customer.

"I want to get a little paint, sir. I am—

"My boy will attend to you. I am busy."

"But, sir, your boy may be as ignorant of the compounds I require as I am. I am going to paint a floor, and I know that I want some yellow ochre, some lithrage and—

"I am not a painter, sir," broke in Stover roughly. "My boy will put up whatever you may want."

"Then you cannot accommodate a customer with the benefit of your knowledge concerning the respective quantities for a specified purpose."

"Knowledge isn't one of my commodities. You'll find that at the Academy. Here John, if this man wants anything sell it to him."

And thus speaking, Mr. Stover put on his hat and left the store, evidently thinking that his customer, whom he had seen, was either an itinerant laboring man, or a farmer from the back region, who would want to pay for his goods in poplar wood or old potatoes.

Ralph Stover went to the mills, where he found an architect and an engineer from the city superintending extensive alterations and improvements. But Mr. Goodhue was not there. They thought likely he was at his house, so to the house Mr. Stover wended his way, where he was informed by a lady that if Mr. Goodhue was back from an errand upon which he had been out, he would probably be found in the garden.

Next to the garden, where our interesting trader found a man in blue overalls and frock, engaged in making a flower-bed

"Is Mr. Goodhue about here?"

"That is my name, sir."

"But I mean the man who owns the place—who owns the mills."

"I am the man."

"*You!*—eh?"

Mr. Stover beheld the customer to whom he had behaved so indecently at his store.

"Really, Mr. Goodhue, I had no idea—I—"

"If you have any business with me, sir," interrupted Mr. Goodhue, respectfully, but sternly, "I will attend to you, otherwise my time is precious."

"Upon my soul, Mr. Goodhue, I must ask your pardon. I had no idea it was you. But—if you will give me your custom—I think I could make it much to your interest as—"

"Stop, sir," commanded Mr. Goodhue, with a wave of his hand. "If I wish to trade with you, I will call at your store. I suffer no man to inflict his begging for custom upon me at my home. Good-day sir."

And while Mr. Goodhue returned to his work, Ralph Stover had read his man well enough to know that further remarks would be useless; so he turned moodily and unhappily away.

Mr. Goodhue found Eben Shackford to be an honest, upright, conscientious, and accommodating tradesman, and with him he made arrangements for the supply of goods for himself and workmen.

Shackford throve, and was grateful and happy; the laborers in the mills obtained their goods vastly cheaper than ever before; while Ralph Stover, in bitternes of spirit, curses the hour in which he was led to insult a customer who chanced to be habited in the garb of a LABORING MAN.

TIMID PEOPLE.—It is the habit of some people to laugh at the terror which is experienced by others at the heavy thunder-crash, or the flashing lightning. This is both cruel and wicked, since the victim is no more to blame for it, than for the color of his eyes and hair,—in fact, like them, it is often hereditary. Such persons should be pitied and soothed, and allowed during these periods to be always near some one whom they love and confide in. More especially is this true of children, some of whom suffer more than words can tell from this, as well as from other causes of fear. Deal gently with such; it is the only way to eradicate their fears; ridicule and harshness will only confirm them. The child "afraid of the dark," should never be enforced to encounter it unattended and unwatched. Idiocy has often been sad result of a contrary treatment. Let parents and teachers then be thoughtful in these regards.

A SUBSCRIPTION was lately opened to purchase a crown for the King of Italy, who it appears, has no such article in the royal wardrobe. The list was soon full, when the king sent for the chief movers in the matter, and thanking them in right kingly fashion, begged them to employ the money to found an asylum for the blind in Florence, which will be done. "The King's Crown" is the appropriate name suggested for the building.

A PHILADELPHIA woman earns her livelihood by fainting in front of large stores and hotels, into which she is carried. A purse is made up for her, and she is sent home in a hack.

A Common Mistake.

Many a man seems to regard the household duties of the wife as not to be compared for a moment with those which engross his attention. He expects, if business has perplexed or made him anxious, to have his wife's sympathy when he comes home at night, but never imagines that during the day anything could have occurred to trouble that wife. He returns from his workshop or counting-room soured, perhaps, by some bad bargain, annoyed by a stupid workman or unreasonable employer, morose from some ill-spoken word, and expects to be received with smiles; it matters not how surly may be *his* looks, his wife must be in press, in countenance, in a word, all sweetness and amiability. He may have no pleasant word, may take his place moodily at his table, but his wife's words must be affectionate, and his wife's looks full only of gladness. What, he thinks, has she to trouble her? And this when the poor wife has through a long and weary day been toiling with family work and vexatious care till her head is aching and foot and hand and heart are sore with the worry. The tea is dispatched silently, very likely with sombre complaints over the trials he has had during the day, or the badness of the times; and then the evening paper is taken in hand and pored over until the very advertisements are devoured, or the reader's face is bowed upon the crumpled page in sleep. Or, if he be not weary enough for that, he seizes his hat, and rushes for the reading room or more probably for the lounging-place where such as he do congregate; here with a fragment of a segar in his hand and his desultory talk from his lips, he lingers till the noise of closing shutters warns him to leave. He goes home again he can go nowhere else. Meanwhile the wife has with heavy heart and tired step got the little ones into bed, and, as best she could, has worn away the long hours of the evening in silence and loneliness. Should a thought of his selfishness or injustice cross the mind of the husband, he responds with ready self-complacency, "I require relaxation and must see my friends." The night is witness of the same or greater lack of sympathy. Perhaps the babe is not well and is restless. But that is not his business. It matters not that the poor pale wife has had the child in her arms through the long day—a day's work with a sick babe, one of the weariest of mortal toils—he must not be disturbed. I have known such a husband provide a distant sleeping apartment that he might not be disturbed, and he snoring in leaden unconsciousness while a frail wife, with swollen eyes, and limbs that almost refused to obey an iron will, was walking to and fro with the child.—*Life at Home.*

Why Lace is Costly.

Many people wonder why what is termed real lace—as lace made by hand is called to distinguish it from that made by machine, which is called imitation—is so costly. The following paragraphs from a foreign exchange explains the reason:

The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest perfection in Belgium. The finest specimens of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating.

It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that render the genuine Brussels grounds so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the larger widths as many as eight hundred on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace. Belgium annually sells of this lace alone to the value of $4,000,000. Chantilly lace is always black, and is used chiefly for veils and flounces.—It is very fine, and is extensively worn.—Mechlin lace is made at Mechlin, Antwerp and other localities.

FOR THE BOYS.—"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked diappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked—"Can't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. A woman told me you had been after a boy; but is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged" said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain that God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody just like you." It was the doctor, and the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in the world, standing on the corners, sitting in shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come so. Almost everything worth having, like the ore in mine, must be sought for.

LOST wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health may be regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue; but who ever again looked upon his vanished hours? Whoever recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or erased from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

FAME is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands, that some fellow by good luck holds on to it.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

He comes not! I have watched the moon
Sink slowly in the dusky west,
And, like the fading of her light,
Hath hope died out in my sad breast.
'Tis midnight, but he comes not yet;
All vainly still I watch and weep—
How long, O Father! O, how long
Must I these lonely vigile keep?

O, for one hour of happiness
Such as I felt when love's deep spell
Was woven first around my heart,
Ere from its shrine my idol fell.
But now, alas! a fearful doom
Of wretchedness, and woe, and fear,
Is mine—that fate to watch and pray,
With aching heart and bitter tears.

I listen to the ceaseless stroke.
Which marks the weary hours go by,
And start and tremble at the sound
Of e'en the night-wind's gentle sigh.
I gaze upon my children fair,
And listen to their low, sad breath,
Till, in my broken heart's despair,
I almost wish their sleep were death.

A blight hpon the drunkard's child
Rests ever, from life's opening morn;
O! must my loved one feel the sting
Of the world's cold, unfeeling scorn?
Dear Savior, thou whose soul hath felt
Deep sorrow's fearful agony,
O, fill my weary, fainting heart
With strength that only comes from Thee.

Hiram Green's Experience as an Editer.

"Whooray! Whooray!" I exclamied, rushin' into the kitchen door, one mornin' last spring, and addressing' Mrs. Green. "I've been invited to edit the *Skeensboro Fish Horn.* Fame, madam, awaits your talented partner.

"Talented Lunkhead, you mean," said this interestin' femail; "you'd look sweet editin' a noose paper. So would H. Ward Beecher dancin 'shoo-fly' along with Dan Bryant.—Don't make a fool of yourself if you know anything, Hiram and respect your family."

The above conversation was the prelude to my first and last experience in editin' a country paper

The editor of the "Fish Horn" went on a pleasure trip, to plant a rich ant who had died and left him some cash.

Durin' his absence I run his paper for him. Seatin' my form on top of the nail keg, with shears and paste brush I prepared to show this ere community how to run a noosepaper.

I writ the follerin' squibs and put 'em in my first issue.

"If a sertin lite complexion man wouldn't run his hands down into sugar barrels so often, when visitin' grosery stores, it would be money in the pocket of Skeenboro merhants"—

"Querry.—Wonder how a farmer in this town, whose name we will not rite, likes burnin' wood from his nabor's wood-pile?"—

"We would advise a sertin toothles old made to leave off paintin' her cheeks, and stop slanderin' her nabors. If she does so she will be a more interestin' femail to have around."—

"Stop Thief."—If that Deekin, who trades at one of our grocery stores, and helps himself to ten cents worth of to-backer while buyin' one cents worth of pipes, will divide up his custom, it would be doing the square thing by the man who has kept him in to-backer for several years."

These articles was like the bustin' of a lot of bombshells in this usually quiet boro.

The farmers met at Simminses store. After trying' on the garment about steelin' wood, it was hard to decide who the coat fit the best, but each one made up his mind to pay off an old grudge and "pitch into the Lait Gustise."

All the old mades met together in the village milliner shop, where the Sore-eyesiss society held meetings once a week, and their false teeth trembled like a rattlesnake's tail, when they read my artickle about old mades.

It was finally resolved by this anshient lot of caliker to "stir up old Green."

Headed by Sary Youmans, the crossest old made in the U. S., and all armed with broomstick and darnin-needles, the door of my editoral offiis was bursted open, and the whole caboodle of wimmen, famishin' for top hair, entered.

They foamed at the mouth like a pack of disappointed Orpheus—C—Kerrs, as they brandished their weepins over my bald head.

"Squire Green," sed a maskaline looking' specimen of time worn caliker, holdin' a copy of the *Fish Horn* in her bony fingers, "did you rite that 'ere?"

"Wall," sed I, feelin' somewhat rilled at the sassy crowd, "s'posen I did or didn't, what on it?"

"We are goin' to visit the wrath of a down-trodden rase upon your frontis piece, that's what we is, d'ye hear, old Pilgarlick?" said the exasperated 16th Amendmenter, as she brought down her gingham umbrella over my shoulders.

At this they all rushed for me. With paste-brush and shears I kept them off, until somebody pushed me over a woman who had got tripped up, when the army of infuriated Amazons piled onto my aged form.

This round didn't last more'n two minutes, for as soon as they got me down, they all stuck their confounded needles into me, and they left me looking more like a porkupine than a human bein."

I hadent more'n had time to pull out a few quarts of needles, before in walks 2 big strappin' farmers.

"Old man, we've come for you," said one of 'em. "We'll larn you to slander honest folkes."

At this he let fly his rite bute at my cote skirts.

I was home-sick, you can just bet. Then t'other chap let me have it.

"Down stairs with him," sed they both, and down I went pooty lively for an old man.

Just as I got to the bottom I lit on a man's head. It was Deekin Perkins comin' to bust "my gizzard."

"Hevens and airth," sed the Deekin as he tumbled over in the entry way. I jumped behind a door, emejutly, as the farmers proceeded to polish off the Deekin, was willin' to forgive both of 'em, as the Deekin groaned and yelled.

Yes siree! it was soothin' fun for me, to see them farmers welt the Deekin.

Steelin' up stairs agin, I was brushin' off my clothes, when in Ebenezer.

"Sawtel," said he, ceasin me by the cote cote collar and shakin' me, "He larn you to rite about steelin' sugar; take that—and that," at which he let fly his bute, and down stairs I went agin Eben urgin' me on with his bute.—

Suffice to say the whole village called on me that day, and I was kicked down stairs 32 times by the watch. Hosswipt by 17 wimmen—besides bein' stuck full of needles by a lot more.

I got so used to bein' kicked down stairs, that every time a man come in the door, I would place my back towards him and sing out:

"Kick away, my friend, I'm in the Editorial biziness to-day—to-morrw I go hents—there's rather too much exsitement runnin' a noosepaper, and I shall resine this evenin."

When I got home that nite, I looked like, an angel carrying a palm-leaf fan in his hand and clothed in purple and fine linen My body was purpler than a huckleberry pie, and my linen was torn into pieces finer than a postage-stamp.

"Sarved you rite, you old fool," said Mrs. Green, as she stood rubbin' camfire onto me. "In ritin' noosepaper articles, editors orter name their man. A shoe which haint bilt for anybody in particular, will get onto evrybody in general's foot. When it does, the builder had better get ready for numerous bootin's, from that self-same shoe."

Between you and I, Maria is about ½ rite. Too-really ewers.

HIRAM GREEN, ESQ.,
Lait Justice of the Peace.

Sleep and Habit.

Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus an old artilleryman often enjoys tranquil repose while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their pondrous hammers; and the repose of a miller is in no wise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others is by them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile, some boys were so exhausted that they fell asleep on the deck amid the deafening thunder of that dreadful engagement. Nay, silence itself may become a stimulus, while sound ceases to be so. Thus, a miller being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed by its noise; but this, so far from inducing sleep, prevented it altogether; and it did not take place until the mill was set going again. For the same reason, the manager of some vast iron works, who slept close to them, amid the incessant din of hammers, forges, and furnaces, would awake if there were any cessation of the noise during the night. To carry the illustration still further it has been noticed that a person who falls asleep near a church, the bell of which is ringing, may hear the sound during the whole of his slumber, and be nevertheless aroused by its cessation. Here the sleep must have been imperfect, otherwise he would have been insensible to the sound.—The noise of the bell was no stimulus; it was its cessation which, by breaking the monotony, became so, and caused the sleeper to awake.—*Macnish.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—Mark Twain, in his Memoir of Ben. Frankiin, says:

"What an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was. In order to fly his kite on Saturday, he used to hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning.

He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock.—One can see the almost infernal satisfaction he took in giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time with only 2 shillings in his pocket and 4 rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

Franklin said once, in one of his inspired flights of malignity:

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

As if it were an object to a boy to be healthy, wealthy and wise on such terms.—The sorrow that that maxim has cost me through my parent's experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result, my present state of general debility, ignorance and mental aberation. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy.

If they had let me take my animal rest where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all men."

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came."

AT an agricultural horse trot in Scranton, Pa., last week, the driver of one of the horses was thrown from his sulky, while his horse kept on his way. He gathered himself up, took a short cut across the ground, intercepted his horse, remounted the sulky, and won the heat and the race.

MORE outrages against foreigners are reported from China. The mob at Pekin have destroyed the Catholic buildings and the Chinese government refuses to take measures to prevent similar outbreaks.

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