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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. XI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1870. NO. 20.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.

PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after, MONDAY April 4, 1870, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

GOING NORTH. LEAVE.	A.M.	GOING SOUTH. LEAVE.	A.M.	P.M.
Delmar,	11.00	Phila.	8.30	5.00
Laurel,	11.15	Baltimore,	7.25	2.40
Seaford,	11.35	Wilm.	10.10	6.25
Bridgeville,	11.50	New Castle	10.30	6.45
Greenwood,	12.05	State Road	10.35	6.50
	A.M.	P.M.		
Farmington	12.15	Bear,	10.45	7.00
Harrington	7.00	12.30	St Georges	11.00	7.10
Felton,	7.15	12.50	Mt. Pleas't	11.10	7.2
Canterbury	7.20	1.05	Middletown	11.25	7.45
Wil. Grove	7.25	1.10	Townsend	11.35	7.55
Camden,	7.35	1.15	Blackbird	11.40	8.00
Dover,	7.50	1.25	Sassafras,	11.50	8.10
Moorton,	8.05	1.40	Clayton,	12.00	8.20
Brenford,	8.10	1.45	ARRIVE.	P.M.	
Smyrna,	8.05	1.40	Smyrna,	12.10	8.30
Clayton,	8.20	1.55	LEAVE.		
Sassafras	8.25	2.00	Brenford,	12.05	8.25
Blackbird,	8.35	2.15	Moorton,	12.15	8.30
Townsend,	8.40	2.20	Dover,	12.30	8.55
Middletown	9.00	2.35	Camden	12.40	9.05
Mt. Pleas't	9.10	2.45	Wil. Grove	12.45	9.10
St. Georges	9.25	3.00	Canterbury	12.55	9.15
Bear,	9.35	3.15	Felton,	1.05	9.25
State Road,	9.45	3.20	Harrington	1.25	9.40
New Castle	9.55	3.33	Farmington,	1.35	
ARRIVE.			Greenwood,	1.50	
Wilm.	10.15	3.55	Bridgeville,	2.00	
Phila.	11.45	5.25	Seaford,	2.20	
	P.M.		Laurel,	2.40	
			ARRIVE.		
Baltimore	1.05	8.10	Delmar,	2.55	

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached will leave stations named at the following Changed Hours, (subject to delays incident to freight business,) viz.: Going South, leave Wilmington about 4.00 A. M.; New Castle, 4.45; Middletown, 6.30; Clayton, 7.30; Dover, 8.50; Camden, 9.15; Felton, 10.10, and be due at Harrington 10.30 A. M. Going North, to leave Harrington about 3.05 P. M. Felton 3.50, Camden 4.55, Dover 5.35, Moorton 6.00, Clayton 6.50, Middletown 8.20, New Castle 10.00, and be due at Wilmington 10.30 P. M. Subject to delays incident to Freight business.

This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Delaware Junction and Dupont.

New Castle Trains.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7.40, A. M.

Leave Philadelphia 12.00 M., and Wilmington 1.10 P. M., for New Castle.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11.40, A. M., 8.00, P. M. Leave Clayton for Smyrna, 8.40, A. M., and 2.00, P. M., to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.

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

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after Monday, April 11th 1870,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH. LEAVE.		GOING SOUTH. LEAVE.	
Easton,	6.00 P.M.	New York,	12.30 P.M.
Woodland,	6.15	Baltimore,	2.40
Cordova,	6.25	Philadelphia,	5.00
Hillsboro',	6.40	Wilmington,	6.25
Ridgely,	6.50	Clayton,	8.25
Greensboro',	7.05	Kenton,	8.35
Goldsboro',	7.15	Slaughter's,	8.50
Henderson,	7.25	Marydell,	9.00
Marydell,	7.35	Henderson,	9.10
Slaughter's	7.45	Goldsboro',	9.20
Kenton,	8.00	Greensboro',	9.30
ARRIVE.		Ridgely.	9.45
Clayton,	8.10	Hillsboro',	9 55
Wilmington,	10.15	Cordova,	10.10
Philadelphia	11.45	Woodland,	10.20
Baltimore,	1.05 P.M.	ARRIVE.	
New York,	4.55	Easton,	10.35

FREIGHT TRAIN,

WITH PASSENGER CAR ATTACHED:

GOING NORTH. LEAVE.		GOING SOUTH. LEAVE.	
Easton	10.30 A.M.	New York	12.00 P.M
Woodland	10.50	Baltimore	7.25 A.M.
Cordova	11.05	Philadelphia	8.30
Hillsboro'	11.20	Wilmington	10.10
Ridgely	11.35	Clayton	12.10 P.M.
Greensboro'	11.55	Kenton	12.20
Goldsboro'	12.15	Slaughters	12.35
Henderson	12.25	Halltown	12.50
Halltown	12.50	Henderson	1.05
Slaughter's	1.05	Goldsboro	1.15
Kenton	1.25	Greensboro'	1.40
ARRIVE.		Ridgely	1.50
Clayton	1.50	Hillsboro'	2.00
Wilmington	3.55 P.M.	Cordova	2.15
Philadelphia	5.25	Woodland	2.30
Baltimore	8.10	ARRIVE.	
New York	10.30	Easton	2.50

By the above arrangement, close connections will be made both ways, and passengers will arrive early both in New York and Baltimore, and will be able to visit Philadelphia and Baltimore and return same day.

All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

Md. Steamboat Company.

The steamer Kent will discontinue her trips to Oxford, Cambridge and Denton after October 31st, 1870.

On and after Tuesday, Nov. 1st, 1870, the steamer Highland Light will leave Baltimore Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9.30 P. M., for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge, Denton and intermediate landings; returning, leave Denton 12.30 P. M., Cambridge 5 P. M., and Easton 8.30 P. M., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. [no3-tf.

More Cheap New Goods

Just rece[illegible]y H. Blackiston from Baltimore and Philad[illegible]ia. Persons in want of goods will find it [illegible]heir advantage to call.

The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md., BY J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

Terms: $1.50 per annum, 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. E. E. ATKINSON,

Having located on the farm lately occupied by J. W. Atkinson, offers his professional services to the citizens of the vicinity. no3-tf.

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,
ADDIE M. TODD.

oct6-tf.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

Smile Whenever You Can.

When things don't go suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.
Since life is oft pe plexing,
It is the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus spoil your to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from yonr casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse;
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse!)
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up you moral span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

CAST OFF.

"Will I forgive you? How dare you ask it, Ida Rossitur? Never, so help me Heaven!"

There was a fierce glance in the black eyes with which Winfield Grey steadily regarded the handsome woman standing pale and with compressed lips before him.

She had been for a solitary walk on the sea shore, little dreaming she should meet the man who, in her heart of hearts, was the only enshrined idol.

She had seen him coming, when his eyes, keen and bright though they were, had not yet discerned her graceful figure wending among the crags and cliffs of the rocky, wild beach; and, with a cry of intensest delight upon her lips, she hastened to meet him.

She was a faultlessly beautiful woman, this haughty heiress, Ida Rossitur, whose dark, oriental eyes had slain scores of victims; whose lustrous masses of ebon black hair had driven scores of lovers half crazy. She knew her power, and how to use it; and before she had seen twenty-two summers drop their load of sweet scents, she had acquired the well-earned reputation of a coquette.

But every soul has its mate; and Ida Rossitur had met the master of her destiny; she loved. Yet, so strange is the inconsistency of woman, that, though caught and wooed by Winfield Grey, him whom she so adored, her habit of coquetry would not permit her to show him a preference.

Not that she intended losing him; and on the moonlight night when he told her his love in terms so passionful that her heart almost ached with the joy, when he pleaded the sweet rumor that was going the rounds, of their engagement, she gracefully warded him off, fully intending to confess all on the morrow.

Alas, for what we will do "to-morrow!" Many are the hopes that are crushed for their waiting for the morrow; the resolutions buried that "to-morrow" was to see fulfilled!

And Ida Rossitur, when the morning dawned, learned that Winfield Grey had left the shore that very morning while she was dreaming of him.

She was too proud to inquire; too proud to write; and when, hours later, she was playfully taunted with slaying another victim, and that Winfield Grey, she was too reservedly haughty to refute the aspersion, and by a cold bow, gave credence to the rumor.

All this, the one precious episode of her life, that had been crowded into one blissful fortnight, two years agone, came rushing over her as she saw Winfield Grey walking quietly along, all unconscious of her near proximity to him.

"Winfield, oh, Winfield, can it be possible?" She reached forth both her beautiful arms, a glorious light that he could not have misunderstood, glowing in her dark eyes.

He started, raised his hat, and would have passed on.

"You are not angry with me, Mr. Grey?" Her tones were pleading, but he looked passionless as a statue.

"I have not forgotten our last interview, Miss Rossitur."

His cold, steely tones raised a fearful anguish in her heart.

"Nor I. I have been waiting ever since to tell you—to tell you how—I—loved you!"

The proud woman had spoken at last; and a beautiful blush overspread her face as she looked almost wistfully at him.

His own cheeks reddened, but he never moved his eyes from her face.

"I am grieved the confession has come too late, Miss Rossitur. I care nothing for you."

She stood like one petrified, her eyes growing bright and wild.

"Not care for me!—not—care—for—me?" She repeated the words slowly, distinctly, an awful gray pallor the while stealing across her face, her eyes riveted on his handsome countenance.

"I do not, Miss Rossitur; good morning."

He bowed and walked on.

He had only taken a dozen steps, when there came a clutch on his arm that almost made him cry out. He turned to see Ida again.

"Stop a moment, I am mystefied. I may be crazy for all I know. But I must have it from your lips again, those lips I have dreamed so often about! those lips that told me the only news I ever cared to hear."

She spoke in a peculiar dreamy way! then, before Grey could frame an answer, her eyes filled with tears, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Winfield, my darling, my darling, don't say you have ceased to care for me! why don't you know I love you, I worship you?"

He would have been less than human had not his heart throbbed at her confession, but he smiled coldly.

"Two years ago, Miss Rossitur, I sued for that love; you cast it off. To-day you offer it? I cast it off. Remembering as I do the shame, the bitter agony of that night, I can never forget it or forgive it."

She seemed not to hear the last words.

"You cast me off—you cast me off!"

"That is rather a harsh term, Miss Rossitur. I did not say so. Please be so good as to excuse me."

"No, no! Once more, Winfield, forgive me, oh, do forgive, will you not? I can't live without your love, Winfield!"

She clasped her hands pleadingly, and rested them on his arm. A moment he gazed into her beautiful, stormy face; then, with a calm, almost scornful turn of the lip, spoke.

"Will I forgive you? How dare you ask it, Ida Rossitur? Never, so help me Heaven!"

It was an awful blow to the proud woman, whose sin was loving too well! and as Winfield Grey lengthened the distance between them, a look of most pitiful agony convulsed her features.

Gradually his receding figure grew smaller and smaller, and as he turned an angle that hid him, there swept over her form a perfect gust of emotion.

Unutterable despair was written on every lineament, and in the words she moaned, lurked a lifetime of grief. "Cast off!"

• • • • • • •

The early June sunshine came in a golden quiver all over the delicate pink and white velvet carpet that covered the floor of Marian Thorne's dressing-room, and while with light fingers it touched the rare statuary, the costly toilette ornaments, it lingered longest, and most lovingly, on the slight, graceful figure that stood before the dressing-mirror.

She was a golden-haired girl, this dainty Marian Thorne, with eyes the very shade of purple violets; shadowy, serene eyes, that seemed ever looking out into some misty, uncertain cloud-land.

Now, she was looking at herself, arrayed in a costly robe of creamy white satin, where fell cloud on cloud of shimmering lace; where gleamed pure pearls, and soft white kids.

"What, Marian? surely you are not growing vain enough to try on your wedding-dress to note the effect?"

Marian laughed as the young girl held up her hands in amazement.

"Do you consider this vanity? If you do, I must plead guilty. I wondered how I would look as a bride, so I put on the robes."

"As if you couldn't have waited for to-morrow noon. Well, I guess Mr. Grey will thing you're an angel just floated down.—Oh, Marian, *chere*, you are faultless—perfect!"

Marian smiled, and turned again to the beautful reflection.

"I think my dress is very becoming and I am pleased for Winfield's sake. And yet, with all the rapid preparations progresssing, you can't tell the gloom that comes over my spirit at times—as if some hidden vial of wrath was about to be poured upon me."

Marian's eyes were gazing away, away off, as if seeking to wrest the secret from her future.

Gracie Rose and gave a little scream.

"Oh, you superstitious girl you—and yet, Marian I have heard it was a bad omen to try on a complete wedding-suit. And here you are, nothing wanting, even the kids, the slippers, the veil, and all."

Marian smiled, and shook her head.

"Nonsense, Gracie. Yet, to comfort you, please notice I have not on the wreath."

The young girl laughed joyously."

"Good; there's hope yet, then. Hark!—there comes Mr. Grey, now. Shall I send him up?"

A little blush flew to Marian's fair face.

"Yes, I'd like his opinion."

A moment later, and Winfield Grey stood beside her.

"My beautiful darling! almost my bride! almost my darling wife!"

He kissed her fondly, then stepped back to regard her toilette.

"Perfect, little Marian. Pure as angels' raiment, but none too fair for you, darling. If you only were a little less serious."

He laughed as he spoke, but the young girl's face grew graver.

"I have such a strange feeling, Winfield. Night after night I dream of a barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find you. And there is a tall, dark, magnificent woman, who haunts my dreams; with eyes like a very demoness, that seem scorching my heart out of my body. Then, when I waken, I am so exhausted that the fright follows me half the day."

Her wistful blue eyes were lifted to his face, but she had noticed the pallor that shifted across the proud, handsome features as she mentioned the "tall, dark, magnificent" woman.

He laughed, and smoothed her light curls away from her forehead.

"If I could but forget the sensation the vision causes."

"Perhaps you don't love me, Marian?" he said gravely.

"Oh, Winfield, you know I do; please don't say so, you hurt me."

He kissed her sweet, quivering mouth, just as Gracie returned to assist Marian to remove her bridal robes.

"We'll excuse you now, Mr. Grey," she said merrily. "I'll bring Marian down presently, in a more hugable form."

He threw the pretty bridemaid a kiss, and went whistling downstairs, happy, and forgetful of the "tall, dark, magnificent woman."

"I'll take them off, Gracie," said Marian, as his, her betrothed's, steps sounded further away; "but, if I spoke the truth from my heart, I should say I think I'll never put them on again."

Gracie glanced in unappreciating curiosity at the bride elect.

"You talk so, and still are sure you love Mr. Grey?"

A glorious light came into her blue eyes.

"Love him, Gracie? You never can know how much."

"Then there's no danger that you won't wear this in old Trinity to-morrow at midday," returned matter-of-fact Gracie.

o o o o o o o o

It was a new grave, over which the flowers of but seven weeks had bloomed; at its head stood a costly tomb-stone, and a wreath of immortelles was twined about it.

On its snowy-white surface were carved letters that were unspeakably precious to fond hearts; and the letters read thus—

"Sacred to WINFIELD GREY,
Aged 28."

On the high, sweet-scented turf, knelt, in pitiful abandon, a young, fair-haired girl, whose black robes swept the spot where her darling lay at rest.

She did not moan or cry, but unspoken agony was making her slender frame quiver with despest emotion.

A little away, standing defiant and stormy was a noble, commanding woman, her sable garments trailing to the very sides of Winfield Grey's grave.

Her hard, bright eyes were watching the fragile form that was kissing the sod so passionately, all unconscious of the presence of any one, till her own name, spoken in clear musical tones, startled her.

"Marian Thorne!"

She sprang to her feet, and gazed at the intruder.

"I spoke to you, Marian Thorne, because I have a right to do so. You loved him, but not half so much as I did—there, don't scream, for I am telling the truth. I worshipped him; he hated me. You loved him; he worshipped you. That's all the difference. You were to be his wife; I was 'cast off! cast off!' Oh, those words will ring in my ears through eternity!"

Marian sank to the ground, covering her face with her hands, white, stern and passionless.

Ida Rossitur continued.

"The day he deserted me, that day I knew a vengeance would follow him. I knew not what it would be; but when the papers told me he was dead, had died of heart disease on the wedding morn, I felt 'twas only just. He had crushed my heart, and I had to live, just as you will live, to suffer till the end. He cared not for the sacrifice I made to win him, and now, lying cold and still under the summer daisies, he knows not the fearful sacrifice you have been compelled to endure in giving him up."

With a reverential tenderness she bent over Winfield Grey's grave and kissed the weeping, widowed bride; then departed as she came, silently, mysteriously, leaving alone, in the early twilight, the stricken girl to bear alone her burden of sorrow.

How Matches are Made.

A block of wood two feet long, and of a thickness sufficient for the length of a match, is placed upon a little iron shelf in machines, not a great deal more ponderous than a sewing machine. The shelf moves forward by little jumps, bringing the end of the block just above a cutter composed of tiny circles of steel, which takes off twelve splints at each ascending stroke. The splints then pass between the links of a chain, as it is called, composed of two pieces of wood (each the length of a common clothespin, and of the same shape were it open at both ends) placed together, their convex sides towards each other. These pieces are linked at either end in twos, the pairs about an inch apart, forming a continuous chain two hundred feet in length. This chain passes through the machine directly over the cutter, the splints as they are separated from the block being received between the two sides of the clothespin links, which are grooved to suit them. The chain moves just rapidly enough to take up the results of each cutting as the knife performs its work. Passing along a few feet, a little hammer jumps up from the floor and strikes each link with force enough to dislodge the imperfect splints, which are but slightly held, and they drop upon the floor. A few feet farther on the chain passes over a wheel, which revolves slowly in a tiny reservoir of melted brimstone, the ends of the incipient matches getting a bath as they pass. After this they move forty or fifty feet further, until quite dry, when, on their return course, they are held down by a steel finger, and made to just taste the liquid phosphorus, which is taken up by a second wheel from a reservoir similar to that which holds the brimstone. They then finish their journey of forty or fifty feet, by which time they are quite dry. At the end of the course the chain passes over a wheel elevated above the cutting-machine, from which it falls perpendicularly. As each link reaches a tray made to receive them, the matches, smoking and threatening to ignite, are gently pushed from it by a sliding piece of steel, which is thrust out often enough to dislodge each row as it is brought along by the endless chain. This, emptied of its contents, soon passes again through the machine, over the block, to receive another package of its tiny freight within each of its innumerable links.

Eight of these machines (the writer has reference to a particular manufactory) are running constantly, making eight hundred gross of matches per day, a gross numbering fourteen thousand, and chipping away in the course of a year six hundred thousand feet of pine lumber. This lumber is thoroughly dried in a kiln before being prepared for the machines. Two hundred and fifty thousand feet of bass-wood are annually made into shipping cases. Three hundred pounds of phosphorus are taken up yearly by these endless chains from the little reservoirs.—*Laura M. Doolittle, in Harper's Magazine for December.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN used to say the very best story he ever read of himself was this: Two Quakeresses were travelling on the railroad, and were discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man." "Yes; but the Lord will think Abraham is joking!" the first replied, conclusively.

Hair pins are now called switch-tenders.

Mark Twain's Nag.

I have a horse by the name of Jerico.—He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and this fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it is correct, I have the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes to with the utmost partiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it is now, I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always, it would get monotonous after a while. The creature shied at everything he has seen to-day except a hay stack. He walked up to that with an intrepidty and recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill anyone with admiration to see how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley-sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day. He is not particularly fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down on it too hard sometime or other, and has to fight flies with his heels. This is all very well—but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much of a variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs, too. I do not care particularly about this—only I do not like to see a horse too sociable.—*The Innocents Abroad.*

SLEEP.—"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Every man must sleep according to his temperament. But eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or little less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life.—A man may hold out for a time, but Nature keeps close account, and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen impoverished railroads that could not keep the track in order, nor spare the engines to be thoroughly repaired. Every year track and equipment deteriorated. By and by comes a crash and the road is a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with men. They cannot spare time to sleep enough. They slowly run behind. Symptoms of general waste appear. Premature wrinkles, weak eyes, depression of spirits, failure of digestion, feebleness in the morning, and overwhelming melancholy; these and other signs show a general dilapidation. If now sudden calamity causes an extraordinary pressure, they go down under it. They have no resources to draw upon. They have been living up to the verge of their whole vitality every day.

HASTENING HOME.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the willows upon its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp earnestly and eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, but still our hands are empty.—Our course in youth and in manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short-lived enjoyments. The stream bears on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our eyes, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.—*Bp. Heber's Farewell Sermon.*

TO TRAIN A HORSE TO STAND.—The "American Stock Journal" contains the following directions: "Take your horse on the bare floor and throw a strap over his back and fasten it to his right fore foot; lead him along and say 'whoa,' at the same time pull down the strap, which throws him on three feet and makes him stop suddenly. This is the best way known to teach 'whoa,' though you can put on the war bridle, and say 'whoa,' and give him a sharp jerk that will stop him about as soon as the strap to his foot. Then put him in harness, with the footstrap, as directed under the head of "training to harness," and drive him up to the door. The moment he undertakes to move take his foot and say whoa. Get in your carriage and get out again, rattle the thills, make all the noise getting in and out you can: give him to understand, by snatching his foot each time he moves, that he must stand until you tell him to go; and after a few times you can put the whole family in the carriage and he won't stir out of his tracks.

JOSH BILLINGS sums up his mortality experience thusly:

"Men, if they ain't to lazy, liv sometimes till they are 80, and destroy the time a good deal as follows: the fust 30 years they spend throwing stuns at a mark, the second 30 they spend examining the mark to see war the stuns hit, and the remainder iz divided in cussing the stun throwing bizziness and nussing the rumatiz.

"We should live in this life az tho we war walkin on glaze ice, likele tew fall enney moment, and to be laughed at bi the bystanders."

A YOUNG lady, upon one occasion, requested her lover to define love. "Well, Sal," said he, "it is, to me, an inward impressibility and an outward-all-overishness."

A TEACHER, catechising his scholars, put the following question: "What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches," cried one of the youngsters.

AN Irish lover remarked that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swate heart is wid ye."

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