# The American Union.

**The American Union**

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JOHN H. EMERSON.

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**Rates**

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

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Respectfully announces his readiness to call sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot or Dorchester counties. Charges less than any auctioneer's. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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J. GILMOUR & SONS, Proprietors.
The only Hotel in Baltimore furnished with a Passenger Elevator and Fire Escapes. Has accommodations for 300 Guests. Terms, $3 per day. Opened May 1st, 1871.
my11-1m H. H. FOGLE, Manager.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL
NORTHWEST CORNER OF
Fayette & St. Paul Sts.,
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Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.
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July 24, 1867.—y

E. H. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.
Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,
GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
*COMMIFSION MERCHANTS,*
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Denton, Md.,
*Will visit Greensborough 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—Nearly opposite M. E. Church. [ap1

E. P. JUMP. JOHN JUMP.
E. P. JUMP & SON,
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Oysters, Poultry of all kinds,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
114 Light Street Wharf, (Up Stairs,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞Consignments respectfully solicited, and prompt remittances made. (All orders will be promptly attended to when accompanied by the cash. [je29.6m.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Burlington, N. J. W. B. CONAWAY, Federalsburg, Md
R. H. WOOLSTON, Medford, N. J.
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WHOLESALE
*COMMISSION MERCHANTS,*
AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Strict attention to consignments. Orders for shipping promptly attended to. [mr16

L. SHANLEY DAVIS,
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
STAND NO. 4,
Opposite 142 West St.,
Between Barclay and Vesey, NEW YORK.
Sales Reported Daily.
*Returns Once Each Week.*
REFERENCES:
J. Rhodes & Co., Federalsburg, Md.
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Established March 25, 1855.
F. E. MARINE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
*No. 53 West Pratt Street,*
BALTIMORE, MD.
All kinds of Country Produce, except Liquors, sold at the highest price.
Refers, by Permission to
Mr. Thos. Higgins, Vienna, Dorchester Co
Mr. M. S. Fletcher, E. N. Market, " "
Mr. F. J. Henry, Cambridge, " "
Mr. Wm. McMahan, New Hope, Md.
Mr. B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing, Md
Mr. John Nichols, Gilpin's Point, Md.
jy28-y.


## Poetry.

### TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Forty little urchins
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you mind the rule?
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching public school.

Forty little pilgrims,
On the road to fame,
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations—
Birds of every feather—
On a common level
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief,
Skilled in all its arts.
That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are ratling,
And in the corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling,
Others cutting didoes—
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty,
From such association!

Anxious parents drop in,
Merely to inquire
Why his olive branches
Do not shoot up higher;
Says he wants his children
To mind their p's and q's,
And hopes their brilliant talents
Will not be abused.

Spelling, reading, writing,
Putting up the young ones,
Fuming, scolding, fighting,
Spurring on the dumb ones;
Gymnasta, vocal music!
How the heart rejoices
When the singer comes to
Cultivate the voices!

Institute attending,
Making out reports,
Giving Object Lessons,
Class drills of all sorts;
Reading dissertations,
Feeling like a fool—
Oh, the untold blessing
Of the Public School.

## The Power of Innocence and Truth.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

One afternoon, in the month of June, a lady in deep mourning, and followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons of the city of N———. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present just then, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and I am unable to work."

He glanced at her and then at the little child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was somewhat surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions gave her some change, then turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress; Can't some of you help her a little?"

They all cheerfully acceeded to his request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady; and why are you driven to such a step?"

Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and since you ask why I am driven to this step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the door labeled "whiskey,"—that is what has driven me to this—Whiskey.

"I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home forever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth some called mine, lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup.

"You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, and nothing left me in this world but this little child," and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that a shaded face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a place like this to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature; I appeal to your better heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money you receive across this bar is the same as taking the bread from out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? that it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh, sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow men also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered, in a voice tremulous with emotion, but thank God from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing "Little Bessie" for them. Shall I do so?"

"Yes my darling, if they wish you to," replied the mother.

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet, childish voice the following beautiful song:

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I've been wand'ring all day
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day—
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white:
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead?

Oh! if the temperance men only would find
Poor wretched father, and talk very kind,
If they would stop him from drinking, why then,
I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread,
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside, and the unemptied glasses remained upon the counter; all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song as it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost etherial beauty, and looking so trustingly and comfortingly upon the men around, her beautiful eyes illumined with a light that seemed not of earth formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years, now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and entreaties of friends to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both her little hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel, you have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If ever there were angels on earth, you are one; God bless you, God bless you!" and putting a bill in the hand of the mother, said: "Please accept this trifle as a token of regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness no wealth can ever repay. And remember whenever you are in want, you will find in me a true friend," and at the same time he gave her his name and address.

Taking her little child by the hand she turned to go, but pausing at the door said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at last broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any of you want more you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drank my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—that he had sunk too low ever to reform. There is a temperance organization in this city called the Temple of Honor, and at their next meeting I shall send up my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

"I—I—I, and I," several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that this lady with her little one could have gone into every hamlet, town and city, throughout our country, and met with like results.

## Miscellaneous.

### *A Remarkable Dream Verified*

The Louisville *Commercial* of Tuesday says: Yesterday a gentleman of the highest character, a minister of the gospel, related to us the following remarkable facts, which were furnished him by Rev. I. N. Thompson, a well-known Methodist minister, of Southern, Indiana, and formerly presiding elder of the Mitchell district. One of Mr. Thompson's parshioners had a very singular dream, which ran about as follows, as he related it to his family the next morning. He dreamed that in walking through one of his pasture fields, he came upon a certain tree near the path he was following, and which had an opening, from rot, on one side. Near the foot of this tree, coiled alongside the path, he saw in a dream a large yellow rattlesnake, and this snake, his dream told him, had bitten him. After relating the dream to his family the next morning, he concluded to go to the pasture, and there beside the path at the foot of the half rotted tree, lay coiled up a large rattlesnake. Seizing a small limb from a tree lying near, he struck at the snake, but in doing so his foot slipped and he fell upon the poisonous reptile, which bit him upon the cheek, he hastened to his home, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, where, two hours later he died in great agony. This story is almost an incredible one, but it comes to us from such a high source that we cannot doubt its truth.

### *The Rainbow.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

A little after a thunder storm a beautiful rainbow bridged a portion of the sky. A little boy, called Henry, saw it from the window, and cried out full of joy, "Such wonderful and lovely colors I never saw before. Yonder, by the old willow on the stream, they reached from the clouds to the earth. Surely the leaves are all trickling down with the beautiful colors. I will run and fill all my color shells in my paint box with them."

He ran as fast as he could to the tree; but to his annoyance, the poor boy found himself standing there in the rain, and could no longer perceive a single color. Wet through and out of heart, he turned back and complained of his disappointment to his father. His father smiled and said, "These colors cannot be caught in any shell, they are only the rain drops, which so brightly painted for a little while in the rays of the sun. But so it is, my dear boy, with all the splendors of the world, though they may seem to be very beautiful, they are only empty show."

If outward show thy foolish heart deceive,
Instead of joy, it will be thine to grieve.

A REMARKABLE MANUSCRIPT.—Among the manuscripts which were probably burned in the recent conflagration of the archiepiscopal palace at Bourges, France, the most remarkable was, without doubt, the order for the execution of Jesus Christ, which was the personal property of the family De la Tour d'Avergne. The order runs thus:

Jesus of Nazareth, of the Jewish tribe of Juda, convicted of imposture and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, having for his sacrilege been condemned to die on the cross by sentence of the judge, Pontus Pilate on the prosecution of our Lord, Herod, lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea, shall be taken to morrow morning, the 23d day of the ides of March, to the usual place of punishment, under the escort of a company of the Praetorian guard. The so-called Kings of the Jews shall be taken out by the Strunean gate. All the public officers and the subjects of the Emperor are directed to lend their aid to the execution of this sentence.

(Signed) CAPEL.

Jerusalem, the 23d day of the ides of March, year of Rome, 783.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.—Fortune, success, fame, position are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely striking, growing, living in a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through, if you want to be anybody or any thing. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart admires the stearn determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure.—Drive right along then in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful.

A POOR TOPER, as a last resort for more drink, took his Bible to pawn for liquor but the landlady refused to take it.—"Well said he, "if she wont take my word or God's word it's time to give it up."

And he went and signed the pledge and kept it faithfully.

WHEN conscience is awakened nowadays, it don't like to say, "Is it I?" half so well as "*It is you.*"

## Religious Reading.

### *The Drop of Water.*

A little drop of rain fell into the opened leaves of a rose. It was a comfortable cosy home for it. The bed on which it rested was soft as velvet, and the perfume of the rose was delicious. For awhile the drop was happy as it could be.

By and by it grew tired of doing nothing. It is not right thought the little drop that I should be idle when there is so much to do. The buds are spreading their leaves to the sun. The vines are hanging out the tiny grapes. The birds are building their nests. The bees are at work. Even the sunshine is busy warming everything into life. But I, what shall I do? I will wait and watch. The Great God will find something for a drop of water to do in His own good time.

While it was thus thinking, clouds came up into the sky until the Heavens grew black with them. Then the rain fell merrily enough and the little rain drop leaped from the rose's heart to join his brothers and sisters. Together they all ran down the garden path, through the hedge, and over the meadow grass, till with a glad laugh, they leaped into a brook and sped away towards the sea. But our little drop was not lost. It helped to water miles of meadows and roots of trees in the forests. It helped turn the wheels of huge mills and factories. It helped to bear up great ships and steamers with all the wealth and precious lives they bore. And so it was happier than when softly cradled among rose leaves. At last it swept out into the ocean and as it went it sang: "Happy is the little drop of water. The dear Lord did not make me for nothing. Work and sing.—Work and sing."

Little children, God has something for you each to do. Find what it is, and do it.

### *Preaching not Sermon Making.*

It is safe to lay down one thing: It is not sermon making that is required in our day; it is important that the minister know how to make sermons. But the thing he has to do is to preach; and the greater the intelligence, the greater the sympathy with men, and the greater the strength of love out of which he does it the better. Many an hour which many a minister spends over the nice adjustments of a sermon, he ought to spend in making himself more of a man. Preaching ought to be out of a full mind and large nature. The sermon should be, not a strained and difficult effort, but the outpouring of such a nature; and the immediate preparation, however pains-taking, and it can scarcely be too much so, needs to have regards chiefly to that upon which the audience may feel; to the truths themselves, rather the frame work they are built upon; to meat rather than the skeleton.—In conclusion, and once again, we exhort preachers to break up their uniformity, to vary the style of the sermon they write.—Adopt often a simple structure, and if the hearers should get instead of highly organized discourse plain instruction practical advice, or an eloquent talk, they will take it all the better.

THE SPIRIT'S PRESENCE.—To suppose you have the spirit's presence and yet remain an utter stranger to its influence, is the topmost of enthusiasm the soaring pinnacle on which its floating weather cock is fixed. So this blessed guests comes to lurk in your bosom like a spy in a camp or a thief in a cellar, and stealeth in and stealeth out without your notice; mighty fine! But you are not such a wild enthusiasts in common life as to suppose there is money in your pocket when you feel none, or bank-notes in your drawer when you find none. If you never feel any symptoms of patience you cannot well suppose yourself possessed of any; and why should you dream of the Spirit's presence when you never find any tokens of it? The Spirit's influence must be felt, or it cannot profit and the very offices of the Holy Spirit do suppose and warrant such a feeling.

WHILE we look high we see some stars and we can scarcely see them because they are dim; but if we look low we see much brighter stars, shining in a lower sphere.—And those stars that strike us the least, and those that shine the brightest, have all of them their appointment from God.—But these are little consequence in comparison with the realities of true religion. For let a person be born of God, whatever station he may fill, he will fill that state—he cannot help it any more than the sun can help shining or any more than the moon can help shining when the sun shines upon it; he will fill that state as a child of God, because the light of the glory of God shines in his heart through Jesus Christ our Lord. He that has that light must shine as a light in the world.

ONE of the Saviour's most delightful discourses second only to the sermon on the mount, is that delivered at Jacob's well to but one listener—and that one a poor despised Samaritan women, it encourages the heart of a minister, of course to be able to preach to multitudes—often it fosters vanity and pride. But let him not count it condescension, when the occasion calls for it, to speak the truths of the gospel to solitary listeners, or to "two or three," gathered together in the name of Jesus. For he that converteth one sinner from the error of his way saves a soul from death and hides a multitude of sins.

## Temperance Column.

### *How Senator Wilson Achieved Greatness.*

Many years ago a young man, whose name has since rung through the land, was sitting at a table, an invited guest in what was called "first society." It was almost his entrance into the charmed circle, for he was poor, of obscure birth, a shoemaker by trade, the son of a dissipated, degraded man, and without education, except as far as his own earnest, persevering effort had obtained it. But he was rich in integrity, courage, and reliance on God, and with the strength that is only given through right principles of life he had made his way amidst difficulties, such as you who read this can hardly dream, and set out on a career of true, noble manhood.

At that time it was a universal custom to put wine on the table when guests were invited; it was regarded as only common courtesy to offer it even to callers. Ministers drank it; the most respectable people of all classes, who could afford the expense, were in the same habit.

The host himself asked the young man to take wine with him. It was counted rudeness to refuse.

Was it an easy thing, think you, for him, then and there, to say No?

But he had temperance principles. He had seen, yes bitterly felt, in his childhood's home and his opening manhood, the evil of intemperance, and he knew that it was the one glass at dinner that began the downward tendency; that without the beginning the terrible conclusion would never be reached, and believing total abstinence was the only safeguard for others and himself, he would not sanction by his act, however trivial it might seem, the violation of that principle. Cost little or much, cost favor or feeling, he would be true.

"No," he said courteously, quietly, but firmly; "I never take wine."

Brave, resolutely, has he maintained his ground through after years up to this time. That victory made every subsequent one easier. On the side of temperance, humanity, right, and God himself, Henry Wilson firmly stands. Like him, boys, learn to say, No!

YOUNG women, you don't know how much influence you have over young men. If you would labor earnestly, we should not have so many dissipated young men in our land. Do not let them fill the drunkard's grave. I suppose you will say, "I am not to blame; I don't believe we have anything to do with young men's getting drunk." Think a moment. Did you ever do anything to prevent them? Did you ever go with a young man when he had been drinking a little? "I believe so."—Well, did you think as much of him as you did before he drank? "No." You did not let him know it, did you? "No."—You should have said to him: "If you drink, I will not go with you any more." You might have saved him from a drunkard's grave. Will you say to the young man who is attentive to you, that you do not mean to go with any young man who drinks one drop of liquor? He may shun you for a few days, but he will think of it, and will make up his mind that you are right; for what woman wants a drunken husband?

AN APT TEXT.—Jonn Brobst was recently drowned at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., while under the influence of liquor. The family, being members of Rev. Mr. Yeiser's church (Lutheran,) he made it the occasion of a sermon preached on August 6th. His text was taken from Exodus 21: 28, 29:

"If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death." He applied this to the liquor-seller.

IN a letter from Palmyra, Missouri, they tell some amusing anecdotes of one of the earliest settlers there. He was the first postmaster. If a man wanted a letter he would be compelled to hunt up the postmaster, and would be very likely to find him in the field ploughing. On enquiry if there was anything in the post-office for him, the postmaster would stop his team, sit down on the ground, and removing his hat, take out the letters deposited there, running them over to see if there was one for the applicant. "I declare," he would sometimes remark, "this post office is increasing so, I shall be compelled to buy a bigger hat."

"I ONCE dreamed," said Pat, "that I called upon the President, and he axed me wud I drink. I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a drop of punch. "Could or hot?" axed the President; "*Hot*, yer excellency, said I, and he stepped down in the kitchen for some bilin' water; and before he got back, I woke strait up; and now it is distressin' me that I didn't *take it could.*

RIDING DOWN HILL.—Josh Billings says; —"Most men will concede that it looks foolish to see a boy drag a heavy sled up hill for the fleetin' pleasure of ridin' down again. But it appears to me that the boy is a sage by the side of a young man who works hard all the week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night.

## Wit and Humor.

### *Take A Drink.*

The Cincinnati *Times* tells a story of a green young couple from Ripely county, Ohio, who were "doing the exposition."

At last the "gal," whose name appeared to be Jerusha, intimated to Rube, that she was suffering for a drink of water, and he not caring a "continental darn" for expenses, started in search of some place where water could be found. Observing one of Babcock's fire extinguishers—of which there were a goodly number in the building, charged ready in case of fire—he broke for it, under the impression that it was a hydrant.

"Here, Rusha," said he, "is one of them tarnal new-fangled city notions, where we can get a drink."

"Why, Rube, what is that?"

"That? Why, that's a hydrant, of course. You can't fool me on any of your patent notions. I'm posted; I've been to town afore, I have!"

Rushe, whose confidence in her "fellah elicited our unqualified admiration, took all he said as being gospel, but seemingly puzzled, nevertheless.

"Why, Reuben," says she, "how in drink out of this jimcrack concarn?"

"Just take hold of that brass consarn," (indicating the nozzle,) "and put it in your mouth, and I'll show you a sight by ginger."

Rusha did as directed. Applying the nozzle to the capacious orifice in her frontispiece, she awaited events nor did she wait long, for Rube turning on the cock, Rusha uttered a scream, and what with spitting and sputtering and making wry faces, Reuben saw more sights than he had ever dreamed of.

At length Rusha got her mouth cleared.

"Thunder and Mars, Rube! what on earth do you call that stuff? Why, it's bitterer than gall!"

"O, pshaw! you're green, Rusha. Why, that's Ohio river water. It's not near as good as the water in your dad's well—not by a long chalk. But it's the only kind city folks has. Let me show you how to drink it."

So saying, Rube opened what nature had intended for a mouth, but what would answer for a model for a traveling cellar door, and putting the nozzle there, gave the cock another turn, and took one swallow, when he too cavorted, and tore around as though a hornet had mistaken his mouth for its nest.

"Well, gall, I'll be gosh almighty goll darned! May I be eternally flabergasted and cut to bits, if that ain't the rottenest, tarnelest, ornariest, stinking water I ever did taste! Tell you what it is Rusha, that's some of that new kind of water city folks have got to drinking. Sulpher water, they call it. I always heard tell that it tasted like rotten eggs, and that's 'em and no mistake. Let's go to the hotel, Rush, for I begin to feel squeamish in my inwards.

So saying, Rube and Rusha walked off, while the large number of visitors who witnessed the scene were making the building shake and bursting their sides with laughter over their ludicrous blunder.

PENSION MONEY.—A young and apparently verdant slip, who gave his hailing as "old Varmont," found himself interrupted, on a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent on displaying their own smartness at the expense of that Yankee.

"Well, Jonathan," says one, "where you bound?"

"Doaun to Boston on a little tramp."

"What's your business in Boston?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"O I'm doaun after my pension money," responded greeney.

"Pension money!" ejaculated whiskeree, how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"O," answered the countryman, "I get four cents every year—tew, to mind my own business, and tew, to let other folk's business alone.

The answer was entirely satisfactory, and that crowd had no more remarks to offer.

AT one of Peter Cartwright's camp meetings he was much annoyed by a noisy sister, who "took part" more frequently that was acceptable. He had called on all to kneel while some one should lead in prayer. She struck off at once with much feeling and power. Cartwright, not recognizing her voice, shouted, "Amen!" A brother kneeling close by, whispered: "It's Ann Jordan praying." Cartwright, looking round and seeing that it was so, cried out: "I take that amen back!"

AN Illinois woman committed suicide by hanging herself to an apple tree. At the funeral a neighbor, noticing the sad appearance of the husband, consoled him by saying that he had met with a terrible loss. "Yes," said the husband, heaving a sigh, "she must have kicked awfully to shake off six bushels of green apples that would have been worth a dollar bushel when they ripe."

WHILE a vender of greens in Boston last week was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade, his poor old nag baulked and refused to budge an inch. The fellow finally began to belabor the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler, "nothing but greens."

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