American Union.

PUBLISHED BY J. H. EMERSON. | A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Truth and Virtue. | $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. | DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 1. 1880. | NO. 38

FREE LIBRARY BALTO. MD.

The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements occupying the space of six lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries one half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, to be paid for at special rates. Fractions of a square counted according to actual measurement. Special contracts made with yearly, half-yearly and quarterly advertisers.—Bills payable according to contract. Advertisements not ordered a given number of times will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Job Printing neatly executed at the lowest rates.

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practicein the Courts of Caroline.

Legal Notice.

THE undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regularly attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

CLEMENT SULLIVANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
may30-y. Cambridge, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to the collection of Claims, Sales of RealEstate, &c.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

T. N. GOULD. W. K. H. N. GOULD

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 94 LIGHT ST WHARF,

(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of Grain & Produce Solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers & Groceries, Promptly Attended to.

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

I HAVE commenced the tailoring business on Second Street, Denton, adjoining J. T. Comegy's Blacksmith Shop, where I am prepared to do all kind of work in first-class order relating to my business. [nov14-1y.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Denton, Maryland.

Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neck Ties, &c., for sale cheap.

mar20-tf. C. H. B

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,

—WITH—

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

Give us a trial and be convinced that we get highest market prices, and are more prompt in keeping you posted and making remittances than most Philadelphia houses. [jan30-y.

New Fall and Winter

MILLINERY.

Miss Allie D. Newnam

HAS just received and has now open at her residence opposite the M. E. Parsonage, Front Street, a splendid assortment of

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY,

which she offers to the ladies of Denton and vicinity at astonishingly low prices. Her stock has been selected with great care and embraces the latest styles and fashions of almost every needed article for the ladies. Call and see them before making your purchases.

oct30-tf.

BEST business you can engage in.—$5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

THE OLD WOLRD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the swift closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our wordly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us trob and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sing away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life a dream.

A FLYING RUMOR.

"They say it's really true that Ida Sterling has good reason to be jealous of her haughty cousin, Irene.'

"Indeed! May Fleming was telling me something about her intimacy with Mr. Sterling.'

"Oh, of course it's only a flying report, but she ought to keep within bounds. I have not mentioned it to any person exceept Jesse Lee and Maud Miller.'

"Why, it was the principal topic at the sewing society, and everybody seemed to decide against her. There's a great deal more than was at first supposed. How did the talk first get about Mrs. Palmer?'

"Why, Sally Jones, the washerwoman, heard her say to Mr. Sterling, 'Now, Frank, don't forget.' She thought that was a queer charge, so when he came home watched, and saw him hand her an elegant ring. She put it on and ate her dinner right before Ida. Sally told me the next day when she washed for me, and I felt it my duty to tell Ida's mother.—Mrs. McKay went right over and asked Irene where she got that ring. She turned very red in the face, and said it was a present.'

"Poor Ida!—I wonder if she knows they were out riding last week? I saw them going by chatting and laughing, as if nothing was the matter.'

"It's a perfect shame to have such doings in our village. Just because she's city bred she thiuks she can come here and flirt with the single or married men.'

"Didn't it make you almost jealous last week at Judge Maxwell's party, when she danced with your husband, then drew him into the conservatory and put a bouquet in his button-hole, with a forget-me-not in it? It vexed me, and I felt so sorry for you.'

"Well, I'm not of the jealous kind, and Mr. Carter is too old to begin to flirt now; but I saw her talking with your husband as if she was enjoying herself finely.'

"Yes, but I kept him in view, and she didn't put a boquet on him. She scarcely noticed anybody but the judge's family and a few of the gentlemen, the naughty thing!'

"I wonder why Ida invited her here? It was so much pleasanter before she came.'

After Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Palmer had eased their minds of this bit of gossip, the latter hurried away to call on another of her neighbors.

"It seems to be all the talk about Irene Sanderson and Mr. Sterling. Mrs. Carter thinks she is hardly to be trusted with any of our men.'

"Why, Mrs. Palmer, you frighten me!—She asked my husband yesterday to drop a letter in the office for her. I wonder if it wasn't for him?'

"I shouldn't wonder. Mrs. Carter thinks she's a grass widow, or an old flame of Frank's, following him up. But, Mrs. Cherry, if I were you, I would know who the letter was for, if she sent one by my husband.' And again the little gossip hurried off to some other point.

That evening Mr. Cherry had business at his office, and as soon as he was fairly out of sight his wife followed and saw him go to Mr. Sterling's. A few minutes later she also rang their bell, and upon entering the room said,—

"Why, Mr. Cherry, I thought business called you to your office?'

"So it does; but I called here first to let Miss Sanderson know I was ready.'

"Oh, yes, I see she is ready to go out.'

Frank and Ida exchanged glances, and Mr. Cherry's face flushed, but Irene, turning to the lady, said,—

"I have a little business at your husband's office. Please excuse me for not being able to enjoy your call.'

"Certainly; I shall only stay a few minutes.'

Mr. Sterling went out with them, and as the door closed Mrs. Cherry said,—

"What possible business can she have at my husband's office after six o'clock? His hours are from seven to twelve and from one to three.'

"She is in danger of losing some of her property, through her uncle's nephew, and Frank promised to go with her to consult your husband this evening. He can't leave the store in the daytime.'

"It seems to me Mr. Cherry is very obliging to her. I never knew him to be so accommodating before.'

"Well, you needn't be afraid of Irene; she's as true as the stars above us.'

"Why, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Palmer told me you had good reason to be jealous of her.'

"I have been told that at least six times a day for a month past, but I don't believe a word of it.'

"You don't? Didn't your husband give her a ring?'

"Yes; her engagement ring. The solitaire was loose, and she came near losing it. Frank took it to the jeweler's, and twice forgot to call for it; and one day she said, 'Now, Frank, don't forget.' She told me she felt like a widow without her ring.'

"Do you think her very beautiful, Mrs. Sterling?'

"Yes; hers is a high style of beauty. She is rather tall, a willowy, graceful motion, beautifully shaped head, bright blue eyes, chestnut hair, as fine and soft as silk, fine teeth, fair, low, broad forehead, and white skin tinted like a blush rose. Yes, I call her very handsome.'

"Well I don't consider her half as good looking as you; but your husband told Mr. Cherry he thought her the handsomest woman he ever saw.'

"I am glad my husband has such good taste. If he should say I was the handsomest woman he ever saw, I should be ashamed of his judgment.'

"Well, Mrs. Sterling, I thought I would just warn you a little; but I see I get no thanks for my pains.'

"Oh, yes, thank you, Mrs. Cherry. It's delightful to hear all the gossip of a country village. Do call again—it gives us any amount of sport. Irene enjoys it too, amazingly.'

Mrs. Cherry went home indignant, not knowing what to think of Ida's conduct.

Frank Sterling was a thriving young merchant who had come from a neighboring city with his accomplished wife, to the town of Marysville, to engage in business. His mother-in-law had always lived there, but Ida McKay had many advantages over her companions. She was rich, and had wealthy relatives in the city, where she spent her winters. Her education was not confined to the limits of the village high school, but she had spent four years at college, with her Cousin Irene as a roommate. They became inseparable, though Irene was haughty, and Ida gentle and approachable. When Frank Sterling won the sweet, winsome girl, he became as a brother to Irene. There was no thought of jealousy in her heart, for he chose her before the proud beauty. Ida had no idea what a talk her coming to the village would make. She was almost as much a stranger as her cousin.

Mrs. McKay was frightened when the first tale reached her, and hurried away to warn her daughter. The girls took it as a good joke, and resolved to see how great a fire a little matter might kindle. Frank was taken into their confidence, and without departing one step outside of the strictest propriety, with their eyes open, they saw and heard many amusing things. All their intimacy was constructed into a cause for shame, and from the first small beginnings, every married woman in Marysville imagined her husband in love with Irene Sanderson. They swept past her with heads erect and averted eyes, catching away their garments, lest they might touch hers.—She was intimate with Judge Maxwell's refined family, and frequently went there to enjoy a good laugh over the town excitement.

Among the gentlemen who considered himself one of her favorite admirers, was a simple fellow whom she one day met at Judge Maxwell's, in the conservatory, and asked him the names of several new plants. This condescension from the proud girl set him almost beside himself, and the next day he sent her an elegant boquet. She returned her thanks, placed it in a vase upon the parlor mantel, and very demurely told Ida and Frank that Mr. Morrison sent it.

Now Mr. Morrison was one of those unfortunately tall people whose small head was stuck on a very slim, long neck, way up in the air like a giraffe's; his arms were three feet long, and his lower limbs two thirds of his entire height, which was six feet six inches.—The idea of his sending boquetts to Irene Sanderson was too funny for Frank, and he nearly exploded.

"He will call this evening,' said he, when he could find time to speak for laughing.

"Then I shall dress in my prettiest, and behave beautifully,' she answered, catching her cousin's merriment. "I like tall men—something to cling to.'

Frank was right. At seven the bell rang, and the tall gentleman was ushered into the parlor. His coat was not of the latest cut, but a long waisted frock. The sleeves had not allowed for the crawl, and his pants just covered the red tops of his boots.

Frank and Ida were ready for fun, and when Irene swept into the room in an elegant light blue silk, cut *en princesse* style, with diamonds flashing at her neck, ears, and in the butterfly brooch that held her rich satin sash, he sprang to his feet and stared at her with mouth and eyes open.

"Good evening, Mr. Morrison,' said she, in her soft, musical voice, extending her jeweled hand to be grasped by his rough palm. "I presume I am indebted to you for those beautiful flowers? You have excellent taste in arranging a boquet.'

"I am glad you like it,' he stammered.—"Judge Maxwell said you would not accept it, but I kinder thought you would, because I knowed you liked flowers.'

"Of course, Mr. Morrison,' and she sank into a luxurious chair near him, her rich dress falling about his feet. "How should Judge Maxwell know my taste?'

"I just told him I guessed I knowed your preferences about as well as he; but Miss Sanderson, you needn't mind calling me 'Mr. Morrison,' it sounds so distant like. Just call me 'Bill,' and I'll feel better acquainted.'

"Excuse me, but it's not city custom to call a gentleman by his first name upon so short an acquaintance.'

Frank could bear no more, and made some trifling remark, at which they might all laugh, and recover their equilibrium. Ida had a cough without any cold, and so an hour passed, in which various excuses were framed for giving vent to their secret merriment. Irene set her caller perfectly at his ease, and when he left he was so deeply in love, that Frank declared his face shone like an angel's.

A few days later Mrs. Palmer saw her husband walking half a square with Irene, and when he came into dinner she would not speak to him.

Lawyer Cherry asked her to step into his office a few minutes to talk about business matters, and when his wife heard of it she threatened to leave, if he ever did the like again.—But the more jealous the women grew, the more men sought her society. She could not go upon the street without being joined by some gentleman, and she chatted as gaily with Mr. Morrison, the old bachelor, as with the young doctor, and as freely with a married man as a single one.

But they never said silly things to her more than once, and no married man presumed to kiss her hand a second time. She never placed herself in any man's way, but if she had an errand up street or down, she went when it suited her, regardless of those who were watching her. After spending a most delightful summer with her cousins, she left Marysville, and not a single misdemeanor could the gossips attach to her name, though the entire village had been in a ferment during her stay.

When Mr. Morrison heard that she was going, he came and offered her his hand and fortune, the latter a ten acre farm, but she kindly told him her heart was in another man's keeping, and he must try and forget her.

Ida, through the summer's experience became so disgusted with the society of Marysville that she persuaded her husband to sell out and start for the West.

Many of the women were heartily ashamed of their conduct, but the men were as much piqued at the coolness with which Miss Sanderson could wind them around her finger, and not harm herself, as were the women at her beauty and wit. So they compromissed matters, and when the next beautiful woman came among them, they were not so ready to believe the first flying rumor.

A Scene in Church.

Mr. Collamore is very deaf. Last Sunday in the midst of the services Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider traveling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and consequently, in his nervousness, he hit Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures the cause of the occurrence. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what he meant. It was painful to Hoff, The eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face, and in desperation exclaimed: "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'posen there is, what's that to you?" said Collamore. "You'll know what it is to be baldheaded yourself some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the congregation smiled, and the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, and "got more in it than yours. But you let it alone—do you mind? You let my head alone in church." Mr. Collamore, shrieked Hoff, there was a bug on your head, and I brushed it off this way," and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling his hymn book at Hoff he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew, and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. Then the services proceeded. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

Why She Missed the Boat.

She was to meet her adored one on the 9 o'clock Oakland boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out, when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eyebrow. Rushing to the glass to rectify this; she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed pimple. A dab of lihe white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start, when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear and a 'hyke' in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an inch of blonde must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed very plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek which suggested a scrap of court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a sign board on a thinly frozen pond. Then she tipped the glass and stuck in the curling tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twich here and a pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little soake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heels once or twice to settle herself, and seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage started for the ferry, where a smiling ficial, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bar.

A LAND WITHOUT ELOPEMENTS:—Elopements are not believed in in Lapland, for if a man marries a maid without her parents' consent the penalty is death. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If a maid outruns her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion for marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend to meet some casualty, and voluntarily halt before she comes to the mark or the end of the race. Thus, none are compelled to marry against their wishes, and this is the cause in this poor country why the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.

A young man who went to Leadville about six weeks ago writes cheerfully back to his friends: "I have gained three pounds since I came here, and gained it all in half ounce installments. Haven't been shot in the head yet."

Humors of Gambling.

It is odd that among all the desperate people who shoot themselves at Monte Carlo not one has spared a bullet for the croupier who deals out destiny. Very lately some traveler chanced to knock at the door of a lonely American shanty. No one answering, the traveler entered. He saw a dead man sitting at a card table with the blue mark of a bullet wound in his forehead. The murder was easily explained. The dead man held four aces in his stiffened hand. Opposite him on the rough log table lap four kings, with which his opponet had hoped to win, and, being met with four aces, had taken hasty revenge. Now, confirmed gamblers believe religiously in the good and bad effect which certain couplers exercise on their fortunes. One croupier always deals in such a way that there are no regular "runs" or *series*, not even a run of alternate blacks and reds. Another is a more fortunate croupier, when his had is in, "runs" are not frequent.—As the cream of the gambler is to back a run and see his capital doubled at every 'coup,' this croupier's luck is eagerly followed, and he receives elegant presents of cigars and champagne. It is unnecessary to add that these observances are as purely superstitious as the red man's dance round his red cedar tree. Croupiers know the value of their place too well to try the trick of substituting arranged packs of cards for those of the *direction*, and theories of their luck are wholly fantastic. A place like Monte Carlo, full of money and full of dupes, naturally attracts gentleman who correct the errors of fortune in ways more or less ingenious. A certain Comte de Montvilliers has left a legendary fame. At Wiesbaden he found out a way of stopping the gas by which the rooms were lighted. He laid his plans well, in a moment all was dark, and the Count was off with an armful of bank notes and as much gold as the ancestors of the Alcmæonidæ carried from the treasure house of Crœsus.—Next night the rooms were lighted with lamps. Montivilliers, who was an intelligent bandit, changed his method. He managed to sneak under a divan in the rooms, and stayed there until all the company and croupiers had departed. When all was darkened and silence he crept out, lighted a dark lantern, and uncovered the roulette table. With a pair of pinchers he gently tightened the wires of all the red compartments, so that the roulette ball could not easily enter them. Next day he backed black, and naturally with success. But a judicious croupier had marked the run on black and examined the roulette wheel. Without saying anything, he reversed at night the arrangement of Montivilliers, who next day lost all he had gained by resolutely backing his favorite black. Scoundrels who have not the nerve for these heroic measures watch the tables and sweep up the stray money of the unobservant. It has happened to detect an ameteur thus removing a stake to another color, where the ameteur proved unsuccessful. One of these scoundrels hit on a really happy thought. A player had left a large sum of gold on red, where it was doubled and doubled again. Two louis rolled off, undetected by the owner, to the marked off space called *enveres*, where they prospered and became twenty-four louis. A thief who was looking on knew this, and the head croupier was also well aware of it, and of the intentions of the robber. But the latter succeeded. Sliding up to the real owner of the money, he said, "Sir, will you do me a favor? I have twenty-four louis on *enveres*; I dare not take them up for my father-in law has just entered the room, and I have promised him I will never play.' The other bowed politely, raked in his own twenty-four pieces of gold and shortly afterward presented them to the ingenious guardian of orphans moneys.

A More Excellent Way.

Pastors in large cities say they were never before so often asked by church members:—May I go to the theatre? the opera? etc., tho' not a few go without asking, it is said. Similar inquiries, involving the question of indulgencies that "the world" claims as its own, and spiritual Christians have very generally kept clear of, are not uncommon in places of all sizes. Well, now, if one's heart is in such places, perhaps the rest of him may as well go with it. But in that case why not avoid his church membership? Two masters are one too many for successful service. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," were foretold as among the signs of "perilous times" that should come. Are they already here?

We are reminded of a convert, a lawyer of strong sense and ability, afterwards Governor of one of the New England States, who had been fond of certain kinds of amusements, particularly the opera, in which line he was no mere critic. When the matter of joining the church came up, his former associates, in a congregation that looked leniently on such amusements, rallied around him and urged him to remain with them, where he could "go on unquestioned very much in the old way, and yet stand well in the church.' "Ah," he replied, "you urge as arguments for staying with you the very considerations that lead me to another church. When my heart covenanted with Christ, it meant a changed life. My Savious demands that change. I need it. And I need the watch and care of those Christian brethren to help me hold to my covenant. I shall go with them.' He went, and still "holds true.'

Instead of forever debating how near to Satan's kingdom one may go unharmed, is it not safer and every way wiser, to see how near to Christ one may habitually live; and by cultivating a taste for better things, easily settle these questions that else may come up through life.

WHAT SHE WANTED.—Here is the sort of a husband a San Francisco girl advertises for in the Chronicle of that city:

A man with good looks and plenty of money, generous to a fault and easy to manage, who keeps his carriage and will give his wife another, who has a good time himself and will let his wife go to the matinee and opera without getting jealous or looking cross, who will give her an open credit at a first class dry goods store and ask no foolish questions about what she does with her pin money. A lawyer or leading merchant would do; a stockbroker, having a seat in the big board, would be preferred. I would not be unreasonable; in case of failure I would be willing to travel for a time in Europe; and as a matter of reasonable and prudent business precaution, I would have my husband put a first class residence and all the valuable silver-ware, furniture and diamonds in my own name where they would be safe from the importunate demand of avaricious creditors.

"13, 15, 14" VICTIM.

He stood and gazed with a placid mien
And a cheerful and confident smile
At the little square box with the 'gem fifteen,'
And he said he'd bet his pile.

That he could finger it out right thar;
So he jumbled the blocks about,
And then he remarked, "It's simple, I swar,
And I reckon I'll work it out."

So he tackled it sharp for an hour or more,
And his hands he ran through his hair
As he jumped right up and fearfully swore,
And his eyes had a maniac's glare,

That he'd "be dashed if the dash, dashed fool
That invented this game was here,
He'd smash his dash, dash, dashed skull
And chew off an end of his ear."

But after another hot hour had flown
The bead drops down 'gan to roll,
And he raved in a way that, the people all say,
Struck terror to each watching soul.

For Thirteen—Fifteen—Fourteen—alas!
Were all that he got for his pains.
So he frantically swallowed of poison a glass
And with a bullet he bored out his brain!

—*N. Y. World.*

He Failed.

When a Quincy lady came to the door in answer to the bell, she found there a well preserved specimen of the genus tramp. Removing his tattered hat, he essayed a polite bow, and said:

"Madam, when I lost my little all in the fire at Chicago, and there received injuries which rendered me totally unfit to perform labor—'

"That will do, sir,' interrupted the lady.—"That dodge died from overwork years ago. I cannot help you.'

"Four years hard fighting in the glorious army, which, by prowess of arms, crushed that hydraheaded monster rebellion, should entitle me to the consideration of all the loyal people, madam. It cannot be that the glowing fires of patriotism are soon smothered in the breasts of our loyal women?'

"How old are you, sir?'

"Twenty years ago to-morrow, Madam, my first infant wail was borne upon the air of this glorious country.'

The lady smiled, and replied:

"How noble must have been the feelings which actuated your parents to offer as a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country, their darling year-old infant!'

This rather stumped the tourist, who began to perform a mathematical problem upon his smutty fingers. After a moment's reflection, he again came up to the scratch:

"Madam, can a poor wanderer, who lost every friend in the world by the yellow fever in Memphis, successfully strike you for a little sustenance?

"Yellow fever sufferers are entirely too numerous. I just turned away seven of them in one crowd.'

"Well, good bye, madam; but remember my words. When you hear of the exiled nobleman having returned to his beloved France, and when the Quincy papers publish his account of his dying and leaving a fortune to a poor family who fed him while a wanderer in this city, you will just git up and howl and swear at yourself for refusing him a bite.'

He dodged the umbrella hurled at him, and sailed for the gate. From the sidewalk he yelled:

"Sa-a-ay! when the Western Senator that's waiting for funds from home, and the man that was blowed up by a cannon last Fourth of July taps you for a hand out this morning, tell them they'll find Hungry Jim from Toledo working the free lunch saloons on Hampshire street, and he marched off singing:

Rustly bums, jolly chums,
We live like royal Turks;
When we have luck, a bummer's chuck
No help for the man who works.

Put Life Into Your Work.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indespensible to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over nice and fastidious about work. Pitch in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and what it is not his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest Emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England—*to learn the business.* That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance in your word and on your act. Be mindful; have your mind on your business; because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work; do not go about it in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.—An absent-minded man, traveling with his wife in a railroad car, left her side to get a drink. When he returned he dropped into a seat immediately in front of his better-half beside an unprotected female over whose head the snows of about thirty-eight summers had glode. His wife was looking out the car window at the scenery, and didn't notice his awful blunder. Presently without turning his head, he impatiently remarked, "Jane, how often have I told you not to starch my shirts so infernally stiff?" The ancient female, whose forward name happened to be Jane, screamed, "Monster!' and fainted on the spot, and the absent-mined man looked uncomfortably warm as he changed seats.

"How big is man?" That depends. We have known some very small men who were so very, very big that it was a mystery how they crowded themselves into their trousers, and we have seen some very big men who were so very, very small that it was a mystery where they kept their alleged souls.

Woman's Rights.

The following are the opening sentences of an address on this subject by Mrs. Skinner:

Miss President, feller wimmin, and white trash generally; I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if man had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain their principles but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well 'spose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was a betting man, I would bet $2.50 they are.

The only decent thixg about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then they threw it into our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian Bend and said, "Twan't me," and woman had to father everything and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]

Out of Sorts.

Some people are always 'out of sorts.' The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said, "Mr. N———, this will be good for your grass crops.'

"Yes perhaps; but it is bad for the corn and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop.'

A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said: "Fine sun for your corn, sir.'

"Yes, pretty fair; but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather.'

Again on a cold morning, and said: "This must be capital weather for rye, Mr. N——.'

"Yes; but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward.'

The world is full of such complainers. They keep society in a ferment. Every one that comes in contact with them is made unhappy. Their faces are long, their spirits are sour, their words are doleful. With such people everything is 'out of sorts.' Whether the weather is hot or cold, dry or wet, whether the sun shines or is obscured by clouds; under all circumstances there is the same gloomy outcry. If the weather is good for the corn, it is bad for the wheat; if it is good for the wheat it is bad for the rye. Thus they drag through their lot complaining, and nothing that God can do for them, nor the whole realm of his providence, renders them at all comfortable.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.—We have great faith in truth, for God is on the side of truth. Sometimes misstatements and misrepresentations seem almost victorious. Money, power, influence, numbers, associations, parties, socities, and hosts of honest but misguided men may stand on the side or error and wrong; but God is always on the side of truth, and he giveth us the victory. That which is not true must die. Errors and misrepresentation must perish. They may be presented smoothly, plausibly and officially; they may be believed by good men, peddled by gossips, multiplied by the press, endorsed by majorities, and scattered like thistle-down where no mortal can pursue or overtake them; but they must die. All untruth is mortal. Time will chase it, justice will grapple it, God will kill it.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.—Let us not deceive ourselves, but ever bear in mind that what we desire our children to become we must endeavor to be before them. If we wish them to grow up kind, gentle, affectionate, upright and true, we must habitually exhibit the same qualities as regulating principles in our conduct, because the qualities act as so many stimuli to the respective faculties of the child. If we cannot restrain our passions, but at one time overwhelm the young with kindness, and at another surprise and confound them by our caprice or deceit, we may with as much reason expect to gather grapes from thistles, or figs from thorns, as to develop moral purity and simplicity of character in them.—*Dr. Combe.*

FUN AND SENTIMENT.—Show us a man who has a lively vein of humor in his composition, and we will show you a man who is full of sentiment, whose heart is tender and sympathetic, and who is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow traveler on life's highway. Humor, sentiment and charity are the three golden links that bind the paragraphic fraternity together.

"See that my grave's kept green,' he warbled under the window of his fair one's domicile one pleasant night last week.

"I'll 'tend to the grave business, young man,' shouted her enraged parental ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second-story window.

No more concert that evening.

"PROFESSOR,' said a cheeky Soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?' and the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, sir; brass has no effect on them;' thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of scribs.

"BEG pardon, sir! But, I've just caught these two young rascals making a slide in front of your doorstep, and they say as you gave 'em permission.'

"It's quite correct; I did, policeman. The fact is, I expect my mother-in-law to luncheon.'

There is probably nothing in this transitory world that yields larger and quicker returns on the amount invested than poking a wasp with your finger to see if he feels well.

"This is spanking fine vinegar," said John Henry. "Ought to be spanking," replied the hopeful, as there's "mother" in it."

Mrs. Partington says Ike has bought a horse so spirituous that it always goes off on a decanter.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3531-0030.jpg