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The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

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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. [ja4-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.

SPRING and SUMMER

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 SPRING & SUMMER 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.

may13-tf.

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.

mar28-tf. C. H. B.

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.

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.

TIMOTHY SEED in store and for sale at B. G. STEVENS.

Poetry.

"THEY SAY."

"They say!"—ah, well, suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.

"They say!"—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all, the best you can?

"They say!"—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say!"—oh, pause and look within,
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
And lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power,
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

Hearts or Diamonds.

"If we were only rich,' Sarah sighed, "I need not do such work as this? I am so tired of it! it is so disagreeable!"

Lola, Sarah's widowed sister, twelve years older than the seventeen year old beauty, who was sewing and sighing, only said, gently, "We are no poorer to-day than we have been for many years, Sarah.'

"No, but,' faltered Sarah, drooping her blue eyes, "it is my birthday, and I would like to have something pretty to wear to Aunt Kate's this evening. No matter how much I trouble myself over this dress, it is an old muslin, after all.'

"But it will look very nice.'

"Nice!' said the girl, impatiently; "I want something more than nice! I am tired of turning old dresses, dyeing bonnet ribbons, patching, darning and contriving. I want dresses, jewelry, and a carriage? I want to try what it is being rich.'

"Sarah!' Lola said, looking at her sister.—"What has Mr. Gilbert Lee been saying to you?'

The crimson blood tinged Sarah's face and throat, and her fingers trembled over her work.

"Tell me!' urged Lola.

"Nothing. At least nothing more than he has said a hundred times before. But he wants to see me this evening, and—and—'

Sarah paused again, and then said, speaking very rapidly, "I promised Charley he should go with us to Aunt Kate's this evening.'

"And you think this afternoon's interview will make you regret your promise?' Lola said, sadly.

"I don't know.'

Sarah put her work aside abruptly, and took a seat at her sister's feet.

"I don't know. Lola, did you love Frank very, very much.'

"Yes, dear.'

"And yet he was poor. He only left you the cottage and garden when he died. Were you ever sorry that you married a poor man, Lola?'

"Never, Sarah,' was the firm answer. "No wealth could have made me as happy as Frank's love. We were poor, worked hard, and had heavy sorrow when our babies died of scarlet fever, both on the same day, when Frank broke his arm and lost his situation—bitterest of all sorrow, when Frank, too, died; but I never regretted my marriage for one moment, Sarah. If it were all to live over, I would marry Frank.'

There was a long silence, then Sarah said in a low tone, "Gilbert Lee is very rich, Lola.—His wife need not turn old dresses nor cook dinners.'

"Gilbert Lee's wife may be very happy, Sarah. He is a man for whom I have a great respect—an honorable man, generous and tender; but Sarah, his wife will not be happy if she does not love him.'

The door bell rang at this moment, and Sarah went out, returning with a small package and a boquet of choice flowers.

"Two presents, Lola!' she said, with flush of pleasure on her round cheek. "No name with either, only a card of birthday congratulations. The flowers are from Charley, I am sure. He always sends me a boquet for a party. But this—O, Lola! did you ever see anything so superb?'

For the little package, upon being opened, was found to contain a jewel casket, upon whose cushion of deep purple velvet rested a diamond bracelet, throwing forth brilliant rays of light from its clasp of pure gems. Even Lola gave a cry of admiration as Sarah lifted the splendid present and clasped it upon her round white arm.

"Gilbert Lee!' said Sarah, "and his wife may wear such bracelets with satin and velvet robes. See how it sparkles, Lola! Oh, I never saw anything half so beautiful in my life!'

"It is beautiful,' Lola answered, with painful contraction at her heart, as she watched her young sister's beautiful countenance, radiant with pleasure at her gift. "But are you forgetting your flowers, Sarah? Shall I put them into water for you?'

"Yes,' said Sarah, still turning the bracelet on her arm, "if you will, Lola. Oh, if I only had one silk dress to wear with this to-night!'

"You mean to accept it, then? You know what that will imply, Sarah—such a costly gift as that?'

"That I must say 'Yes' when Gilbert Lee comes this afternoon. I know! I will say 'Yes.' I am tired of poverty, and I mean to have some of the delights wealth will bring.'

Lola said no more. She left Sarah to finish trimming her white muslin, and admire her gift, and busied herself about the house until she saw Gilbert Lee coming up the garden walk.

Then she went into the sitting-room, where Sarah was folding her dress, and drawing her little sister into a close embrace, she whispered, be sure of your own heart, Sarah.'

Sarah ran lightly to her own room to smooth her hair and slip on another dress. In her hand was the velvet-lined casket, containing the diamond bracelet. She put it upon her table, and from the vase near them rose the perfume of the boquet of flowers. It filled the room with delicious fragrance, and Sarah bent over the vase and nestled her cheek against the tender, beautiful blossoms.

"Dear Charles!' she whispered. "He knows I love flowers. How thoughtful he is, and how he loves me!'

The flowers wrapping her in sweet incense were telling Sarah all the secrets of her heart when Lola tapped at the door.

"Mr. Lee is waiting, Sarah.'"

Never had Sarah in the bloom of her beauty, looked so dignified and womanly as she did when she entered the little parlor where Gilbert Lee awaited her. Never had he so longed to take her to his heart and home as he did when she answered his suit with gentle firmness that was a new beauty in her manner.

Throwing aside all coquetry, she gave him his refusal with a truthful expression in her blue eyes, as her low voice said, "I should wrong you, Gilbert, and be false to my own heart if I married you.'

"You do not love me?'

"Not as your wife should love you.'

Then, seeing his look of pain and mortification, she added, bravely, "Had I known you sooner my answer might have been different; but before we met I had given away all my love.

"Thank you for telling me that,' he answered, earnestly. "I shall respect your confidence.'

He was gone before Sarah remembered the bracelet.

"I must send it,' she told Lola, when her sister came to her again. Then looking into the gentle, sweet face, she whispered, "I think I was true to my heart, Lola.'

Not long after a white-robed little figure, in the old muslin, frilled and fluted until it was a marvel of snowy prettiness, came fluttering into the parlor for the finishing touches of Lola's deft fingers. Upon the bosom of the white dress was a cluster of Charley's flowers, and there were more twisted in the nut-brown curls.

Charley glanced at them as he came in; but he looked grave and pre-occupied. Never in three years of courting had he approached Sarah with such a solemn air. Lola, guessing what was coming, was stealing away, but Charley put his hand on her arm.

"Stay!' he said in a grave voice, "I have no secrets from you. You knew long ago what I meant to ask Sarah, for you begged me to wait until she was older. She is seventeen to-night, and she must know her own heart. "Sarah'—his voice thrilled with an infinite tenderness as he spoke the name—"I love you. Will you be my wife?'

Sarah, somewhat awed by his grave manner, put her hand in his, without any other answer than a vivid blush and downcast eyes.

In a moment the old Charley, radiant, sunny Charley—was there again.

"You do love me? Oh! Sarah, I have been so wretched! Gilbert Lee was here to-day, and you are wearing his flowers. I saw him sending them to you.'

"His flowers? I thought they were yours.'

"No. I—I didn't send flowers. I have a confession to make, Sarah, if you will hear it.'

The three sat down cosily, as if there were no parties in prospect, and Charley holding Sarah's hand fast in his own, said—

"You never heard me speak about my father, but to-night I must tell you something of him. When I was I mere boy, not more than five years old, the gold fever in California took fast hold of his imagination, and he was one of the first gold seekers who sailed from Liverpool to dig wealth from the ground, and wash it from the waters of California. For a little time my mother heard from him, but the intervals between the letters grew longer and longer, till, after five years of watching and waiting, she ceased to hear at all. I was but twelve years old when my mother died. My uncle Harold Green, took me into his family, and educated me with his boys. He was not a rich man, and I knew I must depend upon my own exertions for support, as soon as I was old enough to work. Still he insisted on my attending school until I was eighteen, and then gave me a year's tuition at University College in London, before I started into the world for myself. I was clerk in an office near my house until three years ago, when, through a friend of my uncle, I took a position in the bank of this town. Then I met you, Sarah, a little girl, but the sweetest and most winsom little girl in the world. Your sisters's kind hospitality to the stranger, the poor clerk, enabled me to see you often; to love you fondly followed very soon. But I was poor, and you had often told me how bitter and galling poverty was to you. I had no wealth to lay your feet, and you were but a mere child; so I spoke no words of love, bound you by no promise, hoping to win gold to offer you before you were much older.'

"What a fearful mercenary creature you must have thought me!' said Sarah, laughing.

"Then,' Charley said, "Gilbert Lee came. He was very rich, bought the grandest house in the neighborhood, and added to its attractions by a lavish outlay of money. He was young, too, and handsome, with a winning tongue and gentle courtesy of manners. He saw you, Sarah, and he loved you. I did not dare urge my suit then. I did not dare ask you to clasp hands with poverty, when there was wealth waiting for your acceptance. I waited, and to day I knew Gilbert Lee had a private interview with you. I came to night, to hear the worst, and find you love me, Sarah. You will be my wife, though Gilbert Lee offers you his superb home! My story is not yet finished. Yesterday I heard from my uncle of my father's death in San Francisco. The money hardened him against home, wife, and child. To pile dollar upon dollar, to add to his hoard, he changed his name and allowed his own family to mourn him as dead. Not till death came to tear him from his treasures did he resume his own name and make a will by which (now, Sarah, don't scream) he leaves me, his only son, heir to a hundred thousand pounds!'

The announcement made by the once despised lover caused the utmost surprise, which was in no wise lessened later on.

Sarah did not scream, but her very lips grew pale.

"It is all ours, Sarah—your, mine, and Lola's. I have no sister except Lola, you know; and my love for her will increase if she will please order you a wedding dress as specdily as possible, and then come to our home to keep her scapegrace brother in order. But, Sarah, though I did not send you the flowers, I did send you a birthday gift—a bracelet!—Will you not wear it to-night?'

"You!' cried Sarah. "Oh! if you knew how nearly I returned it to Gilbert Lee. It is in a packake directed to him, with a note of thanks, but declining his gift, at this moment.'

But it figured at Aunt Kate's party, and only a few weeks later, lent its brilliant jet of light to beautify Sarah's wedding dress when she became Charley's wife, having chosen between diamonds and hearts, and found herself in possession of both.

About Tooth-Pulling.

An Oil City man was standing in front of a dentist's office with an anxious, unhappy look in his eyes, and two yards of flannel round his lower jaw. He cast sorrowful glances upward to the dentist's sign, and in a hesitating sort of way placed his foot on the lower stair; then came out to the street again, as if he had forgotten something. Colonel Solon came along at this moment, and with a thougutful interest in the man's welfare, said:

"Toothache, eh! Goin' to have it pulled? No? Well, you'd better go right up afore your courage fails you. Worse thing in the world is pullin' a tooth. I've been through the war, had both lungs shot away, fifteen bullets in my head, and doctors run a probe through a hole in my shoulder right down my body to my toe—thought 'twould kill me. But man alive, I never knew what pains was 'till I had a tooth pulled. Maybe you think the toothache is horrible. It is. It's awful! But wait till the dentist runs them air iron tongs in your mouth, pulls the tooth right down through your jaw bone and then yanks away as if he was pulling on an old engine, and yer'll think the toothache ain't no more to be compared to it than a fleabite is to a railroad accident. Yer had better go right up though, and have it right out. Don't let anything I said cause yer to back out. I merely wanted to prepare yer mind for it. An' don't yer take ether. Knew a man once, about your complexion an' build, who took ether an' he died. It's dangerous. Jest go right up an' have it out. I'll go up with yer, and see yer stand it when he begins twistin' the bones round. Yer won,t sleep a wink to-night if yer dont have it out; an' maybe yer won't anyhow, for sometimes the tooth breaks the jaw, inflammatory rheumatism strikes the what's-its-name nerve, and the what-they-call it sets in."

Just at this moment a young man practicing on a French horn in one of the upper rooms blew a long, ear-piercing blast, like the yell of a man in torment, and as the last sound echoed through the hall, the colonel said, "That's it, there's some one gettin' a tooth pulled now, and the dentist hasn't any more than just given the first twist either. Come right up and have yours yanked. Whoop! there he goes again!" as another terrible blast from the horn came down the staircase.—"Hold on, hold on!" yelled the colonel—but he wasn't quick enough to stop the man with the aching tooth, who rushed out of the doorway and down the street so fast that his two yards of flannel became unwound and streamed behind him like signals of danger—while the villianous old colonel sat down on the lower step and laughed till his eyes ached.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Parable.

Death and Sleep, the Angel of Slumber and the Angel of Death, were wandering, in brotherly embrace, over the earth. It was evening. They reclined upon a hill not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence pervaded the air, and the chimes of the vesper-bell ceased in the distant village.

Tranquil and silent, as is their custom, the two beneficient guardian-angels of mankind remained in affectionate embrace. Night draws near. Then the Angel of Slumber rose from his moss covered couch and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber.—The evening breeze carried them to the quiet abode of the weary peasant. Sweet sleep now embraces the inmates of the rural cottage, from the gray-haired sire who lean on his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The invalid forgot his pain, the mourner his grief the poor man his cares. All eyes were closed.

Now, after his task was ended, this beneficient angel again reclined by the side of his sterner brother. 'When the morning dawn breaks,' he exclaimed, with joyous innocence, "the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor! O, what happiness, unseen, to do good secretly! How fortunate are we, the invisible messenger of the good spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!'

Thus spoke the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death looked on him in silent sadness, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large, dark eye. 'Alas!'—said he, 'that I cannot like you enjoy the pleasures of gratitued; the world calls me its enemy and the destroyer of its joys!'

"O, my brother,' replied the Angel of Sleep, 'will not the good, on their awakening, recognize in you their friend, and thankfully bless you? Are we not brothers and messengers of one Father?'

Thus he spoke; then the eyes of the Angel of Death gleamed with pleasure, and the brothly genii embraced each other tenderly.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—As a wife and mother she can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children. By her thrift, prudence, and good management, she can secure to her partner and herself a competency in old age. By her tender care she can often restore him to good health. By her counsel and her love she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. She can do as much as man, perhaps even more, to degrade him, if she chooses to do it. As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance and folly; by want of affection she can make an outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings and strife into what has been a happy household. She can become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. As a mother her words and her ways should be kind, loving and good. If she reproves, her language should be choice and refined. The true mother rules by the laws of kindness; and to her children the word "mother" is synonymous with everything pure, sweet, and beautiful.

RIDDANCE OF VERMIN AND INSECTS.—A French journal states that chloride of lime scattered about where rats and mice frequent will cause them to desert the spot. A solution of it brushed over plants will effectually protect them from insects. If scattered over ground infested with grubs, it will free it from them entirely. Bunches of cotton or tow smeared with a mixture of chloride of lime and hog's lard, and tied about in different parts of a tree, will guard it against the attacks of insects, slugs, grubs, etc., and drive away those already in possession.

Was it Fancy?

It is curious what strange phantasies come into the brain of one who is dying. Things never dreamed of before find expression as the last breath ebbs away, in a language so simple and beautiful that it almost seems to flavor of the incense of heaven that hovers over the fast-chilling form, waiting to bear the soul upward.

Sunday night a little waif—an orphan—died in a hovel on the flats. She had always led an uncouth life, in harmony with her surroundings. Her father and mother died years ago—the mother barely lived to hear the little one lisp her name— and yet, just before she died the other night, the child turned her big dark eyes up to a star that you could see twinkling through the cracks in the roof, and exclaimed, as she stretched out her little hands:

"Oh! there's mamma come to get me!"

The sad, tired expression that rested on her face changed into one of joy and expectation as she gazed upward, and turning to one of the watchers by her side, she said:

"Won't you please open the door and let her in?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you come, mamma; for maybe I couldn't have found you all alone, for heaven is so big."

Her lips trembled and moved after she had ceased speaking, as if she was whispering very low to some one, but no words escaped until, as her face grew paler, she claaped her hands tighter and sobbed:

"Is that it over there, mamma? And is that God?"

Then the tiny hands relaxed their hold upon the imaginary form they embraced, her eyes opened slowly and the little one was dead. Who can tell if it was a fancied spirit that came to meet her? Perhaps it was; it might have been a phantasy that came with the death cloud; and then, again perhaps the eyes of her inner soul were opened that she might catch a glimpse of what lies beyond us.—in the Land of the Real.

Warts.

As much as warts and corns may be thought to resemble each other, they are quite different in origin, character and means of cure. A corn is simply a thickening and hardening of the scarfskin, or epidermis. It is always caused by pressure. And we may here state that, so absolutely are they thus removed, a protracted period of sickness will gradually lift them wholly out of the flesh.

A wart, on the contrary, belongs to the skin proper—the vera cutis—and consists of an abnormal growth of one or more papillæ, in which the nerves and blood vessels terminate. For this reason, while the substance of a corn is as insensible as that of the finger-nail, the substance of a wart is peculiary sensitive beneath the scart-skin which covers the head of the papillæ, and which these carry with them as they push upward.

In most cases, as the equalized action of the parts is restored, they go off by themselves. They can be speedily removed, however, by touching them repeatedly with nitrate of silver or by applying nitric acid to their extremities. Care should be taken not to touch the adjacent skin.

Many superstitious notions prevail respecting the cure of warts among the people. They have been handed down from the remotest times, when superstition had more to do with medical methods generally than true science.

In the aged, when the cuticle is hard, the epithetical cells, instead of developing upward, develop downward into the tissues, and give rise to painful tumors, which the physician alone can eradicate.

Sometimes moles tend to enlarge and become painful. A little nitric acid applied to them a few times will arrest the tendency.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Model County.

A correspondent in the Lebanon "Daily Times" referring to the results of prohibition inquires:

What is to be done with Potter county. An exchange says. At a recent term of the quarter Sessions Court of Potter County, Pennsylvania, the District Attorney informed the Court that he had no indictments or bills to present to the Grand Jury; the Sheriff also, stated that he had no criminals in the prison; and the directors of the poor reported that they had no one to keep at the county's charge or expense. Potter county has had no tavern license for ten years, and this is given as the reason for the lack of court business.

Being curious to know whether or not this statement was made in accordance with the facts in the case, I clipped it out of the paper and inclosed it in a letter to the Prothonotary of Potter county, requesting him to inform me of the facts in the case. In due time I received the following:

COUDERSPORT, Pa., March 12, 1880.

I. L. Kephart—Dear Sir:—Yours of the 10th received. I reply with pleasure. At our December term of court we had no jury, for we had nothing for them to do. We have no poor house in the county, for we have no use for one. Potter county has had no licenses to sell whisky for nearly thirty years. Therefore our jail is empty about ten months in the year.

Respectfully yours,
O. H. CROSBY, Prothonotary.

CAN YOU?—Can any one tell why men who cannot pay small bills can always find money to buy liquor and treat when among friends?

Can any one tell why young men who are always behind with their landlords can play billiards night and day, and always be readp for a game of cards when money is at stake?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families, who have no income and no work, when others, who are industrious, are half-starved?

Can any one tell why four-fifths of the young ladies prefer a brainless fop under a plug hat, with tight pants and a short coat, to a man with brains?

Can any one tell why it is that some mothers are always ready to sew for the distant heathen when their own children are ragged and dirty?

Can any one tell how a man who is always complaining that he cannot afford to subscribe for the local newspaper, and every week borrows it from his neighbor, can afford to attend every traveling show that comes to town?

ANOTHER disastrous conflagration in Pennsylvania is chronicled. This time seventy buildings in the town of Edenburg, Clarion county, were destroyed, including all the principal public and private buildings, and involving a loss of $150,000.

A Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspicious twilight over his eyes, that flirtations may look to him like victories, and that my bill my strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, oh fortune! my crimps, rats and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

Enable the poor to shift for themselves and save me from missionary beggars.

Shed the light of thy countenance on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace, and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moth out of my saddles, I beseech thee, oh fortune?

When I walk before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wriggle, and add new grace to my gait.

When I bow myself to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy my enemies with the guile of jealousy, and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster my plumpers.

Let the lilly and the rose strive together on my cheek, and may my deck swim like a goose on the bosom of crystal water.

Enable me, oh Fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap dog, and rain down hail and stones of destruction up on those who shall hurt a hair of Hector, my kitten.

Smile, oh fortune! most sweetly upon Dick, my canary, and watch with him fondness of a spirit over my two lily white mice with red eyes.

How a "Masher" was Sold.

She was a beautiful girl, fair as the morning handsomely arrayed, little gloved hands that you could even like to have box your ears.—Drawn by the irresistible facination of his inviting eyes, she approached the masher, who made room for her beside him. Her eyes beamed on him in beauty only equalled by his own; her voice was sweeter than the song of the siren when she spoke to him. She had to speak to him, how could she help it?

"Sir,' she said, and the music of the voice thrilled the car—"sir, is this seat engaged?'

He looked up at the vision of glowing cheeks and laughing eyes, marble brow and clustering curls, and he relented; even the masher's heart warmed toward the lovely girl, the latest victim of his manly charms.

"Oh, certainly not,' he said, and his bow was a study of grace for the steam man. "Oh, certainly not; you are entirely welcome. I shall only be to happy—'

"Then,' cried the charmed victim, "Mother, you can sit here beside this gentleman.'

An old woman, seven-three if she was a day, with no teeth and only one eye, a small box, a big band-box in a bag, a green reticule and an umbrella, two paper bags and a piece of calamus root, tottered into the proffered seat and satdown and piled her things into the young man's lap. And the girl, the beautiful girl, went and sat down beside the passenger with the sandy goatee, who was so bashful that he couldn't and didn't say a word to his companion all the way to Newark, and blushed to his ears every time the fat passenger winked at him.

Be Candid.

If people in this world would be more candid, and especially with their recognized friends, all things would work much more satisfactorily together. If you see or hear anything about one of your friends, call him and tell him candidly precisely what you heard—not in a gossipping manner, but as a true friend. This will not hurt you, but will do him good. It will post him and enable him to act differently, perhaps, than he otherwise would.

If your friend is a business man and is dealing with all sorts and kinds of people, and he is crabbed, cross and irritable—is short to his customers, tell him of his error. He may be provoked and angry at you for telling him of his fault, but it will do him good and result in his favor at last, and in the end he will come to you and acknowledge that you have spoken truthfully, candidly, and he will thank you for pointing out to him his error.

If you see in the social circle a man whom you know to be a wretch, a human beast, it is your duty to advise and caution your friends against such a man. At first his pleasing, polite manner may almost convince your friends that you are wrong, but, such people are always exposed at last, and you will receive thanks for your timely warning. Your advice, perhaps, may not be received in a friendly spirit, but the time will surely come when your reward will be the lasting gratitude and friendship of friends.

THE POTATO TRADE.—The New York *Tribune* last Sunday published an interesting sketch on the potato trade. New York is put down as the chief potato market in the country, with an estimated daily consumption, including Brooklyn of 10,000 barrels, besides a large supply for the shipping trade. The annual potato crop of the country is now estimated at nearly 200,000,000 bushels, of which New York State produces 25,000,000 bushels or 10,000,000 barrels. Outside of New York large supplies are received from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Nebraska. From January the Bermuda Islands, South Carolina and Virginia are relied upon for early potatoes. It is said that while New York is the leading market, the facilities provided are far behind those of Philadelphia and Baltimore. It is admitted that the neglect of the Legislature to pass a law compelling dealers to use a standard measure should be remedied.

TO KEEP OFF INSECTS.—Very few insects which insect houses can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, etc.—Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of water. Let it stand on the fire until the alum is all dissolved; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in closets, pantry, shelves, etc. If, in whitewashing, plenty of alum is added to the whitewash, it will keep off insects.

A dressmaker got mad because her lover serenaded her with a flute. She said she got all the fluting she wanted in her regular business.

The Game of Fifteen vs. Twenty.

"What is the puzzle of fifteen they are all talking about? asked Mrs. Melrose, as her husband dropped into an easy chair the other evening.

"Well, I'll explain the principal of it,' he replied. "Suppose, now, you ask me for $15 to buy a bonnet?'

"Yes, that would buy a common bonnet.'

"I give you the money.'

"Oh, yes! very much you do! I'd like to see myself get 15 out of you for any such thing. You'd have about a thousand excuses, to keep me waiting a month and then give me about $7 to buy a bonnett and a ton of coal together.'

"As I was saying, I give you the $15' he went on, a shade of sadness crossing his face.

"Yes, in your mind.'

"Now, the game is to make that $15 get fifteen different articles, instead of one. You could buy me three white shirts, five collars, a pair of socks, a silk handkerchief and a new pipe, making eleven articles. Your bonnet would make twelve, and the other three articles could be shoes for the children. Thousands of loving wives are playing the game.'

"They are, eh! Well, let 'em play! When I get my hands on $15 of your money I'll march down town and play the game of twenty.

"What's that, dear?'

"Why, I'll pay out all I've got and run you in debt $5 more.

Shaking Their Relations.

One of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanity with which people shake their relatives. Recently a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of our leading citizens from the citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter he remarked:

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see anybody who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?'

"I spent six weeks there last fall, and I don't really think I ever met such a fine family of genial, hospitable and cultivated people.'

"Yes?'

"Yes, indeed—I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are, indeed, the—'

"Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them there a year, and I think they are about the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spent a month with the crowd for the whole town of Cleveland.'

"Indeed,' said the other. "Well, since you've been so candid about it I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole family are the toughest collection of old fossils I have ever had the misfortune to be steered against.'

"Put it there, young man—you show good sense. Let's go out and take a something.'

In a few minutes more the two men were pledging perdition to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.

CLING THE CLOSER.—We heard a comforting and delightful sermon recently from the text, "And a little child shall lead them." The minister used this illustration: We take our little child in our arms out of the bright gas lit parlor, to carry it to its bed. The hall is dark, and almost unconsciously the tiny arms tighten, the head nestles closer in its trust because we have come away from the light. So God, for the sake of having us cling more closely, sometimes carries us in the dark. Perhaps it is loss of property, or the going out of dear ones forever from the home, or the weary struggle for bread, or the coldness of those who have been valued friends. Perchance we have been misjudged, or harshly criticised, or unappreciated. God is carrying us in the dark. Do we cling closer and trust more fully? Can we believe that, although we cannot see the road over which we are going nor whither it leads, if we cling to Him, He will carry us safe home?

"COME HOME EARLY."—Simple words, yet what a world of meaning they contain! Lips which are white and still enough now have whispered them some day. Joy and anticipation breathe them alike, while despair forces them from aching hearts which have grown almost stone in their mighty sorrow. And yet, they are daily murmured in some ears; and oh, heed them well. Come home early. A dear form waits for you, and the minutes seem like hours, and the hours to be days in your absence and the bright eyes will grow dim, and the trusting, patient heart, weary with its waiting. Then come home early. Come while love waits to greet you. Come in from the fierce life-battle purer for the great love which is yours and the dear lips which murmur so tenderly in your ears.—"*Come home early.*"

"YES," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What," exclaimed the judge, "how could that be" "Please your honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."

Two gentleman from Ireland were standing at the Fairmount water works in Philadelhia, watching the big wheels splashing the water, when one of them remarked: "Mike, isn't this a square country where they have to grind their water before they can use it?'

A woman in New York accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it was a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

Two young men were passing a farm-house where a farmer was trying to harness a mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the horsemen. "Of course he will," said the farmer. "He draws the attention of every fool that passes."

A husband telegraphed to his wife; "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came; "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

"THE darkey's hour is just before the dawn, remarked Sambo when he started out before daybreak to steal a young chicken for breakfast.

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

A wag got hold of an editor's whiskey bottle and labeled it, "To be continued in our necks."

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