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$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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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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jan9-ly.

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AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

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

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

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

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REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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apr4-y.

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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.

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

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may13-tf.

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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.

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U CAN MAKE money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly out-fit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Poetry.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute will!
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the head
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check to flow of golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadows flows;
All over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall.
And the heart to its depth be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

The Mysterious Message.

The 6.20 evening train, No. 39, was over an hour late that night. Cause enough, Heaven knows. For 12 hours the storm had raged, and now, instead of showing any signs of breaking, the rain came down in torrents from an inky sky, and the thunder rumbled ominously over head. A bad storm to drive an engine through, as anybody would have known, and the wonder is that No. 39 was not three hours late, instead of one. Old Luke Granger, the trustiest, nerviest engineer on the road, rounded the curve just below Red Ravine Station at 26 minutes past 7. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the headlight cut a hole in the darkness. The second stationbridge might have given way in a storm like that, and I was beginning to get nervous over this thought.

Somehow everything made me nervous that night. It was just the kind of weather when things look all out of gear, any way. Then, I suppose, the knowledge of that money-package being due and its failing to come on the 11.30, as it should have done, had its effect on me. I didn't relish the idea of keeping $13,000 in cash until the next day. Eldridge & Ricketson had been down themselves to meet the morning train, and, if the package had come, I could have turned it over to them at once, and that would have been the end of the matter.—But it didn't come. That's a way things have in this world when you most want 'em.

There wasn't a soul at the station that night except myself, and there were only two passengers who got off the train. I speak of them that way, not mean to be disrespectful, or make light of solemn things; only its a habit, I suppose; for most people would say there was only one passenger that got off at Red Ravine, seeing that the second of at 'em was carried out of the express car in a wooden box. Usually, when a body was coming on, I got word of it beforehand, but this one took me quite by surprise, and added not a little to the nervousness I already felt.

"Who was it?' I asked, as the box was carried into the station.

The passenger who had got off the train, and who was a stranger to me, answered my inquiry:

"The body is that of my sister in-law,' said he. "She was the neice of Thomas Eldridge—doubtless you know him. Her death was very sudden. She is to be buried in Mr. Eldridge's lot, here.'

"Then I suppose the body is to be left in my charge until to-morrow?' said I.

"Yes,' answered the stranger. "Do you suppose I can get to Mr. Eldridge's myself to-night?'

"Well,' I replied, "it's a good four miles, and in such a storm as this—'

"I'll wait until to-morrow,' interrupted the stranger. "There is some sort of a hotel here, isn't there?'

"Yes, a good one. You'll have to foot it, though; but it's only a matter of a quarter of a mile, and you can't miss your way, for the road up the hill leads straight to the house.

Here I walked out on the platform and made my way to the express car, where the money-package, which all along I had secretly hoped wouldn't come, was delivered to me by the messenger. As he gave it to me, he said:

"You want to keep a sharp eye on that, Billy. There's enough in it to make one of your Red Raviners put a bullet through your head and never give you the chance to object.'

"I'll look out for the Red Raviners, and the package, too,' said I, confidently enough. But, if the truth had been told, I didn't like the suggestion which the messenger had made.

The train moved off quietly, and I swung my lantern, as was my habit, by way of bidding good night to old Luke Granger. Then I went into the little station-house with the package clutched tightly under my rubber coat, expecting to find the man there who had come on with the body. But he had gone, being anxious, no doubt, to get to the hotel as quick as possible. No. 39 was the last train which stopped at Red Ravine until 6.10 the morning. So my work for the night was done, and had only to lock up the doors, see that things were all right about the place, and sit down to my newspaper in the little room which served as my sleeping-quarters.

Twenty years had passed since I first found myself installed at Red Ravine as telegraph operator in the railway station. Being content with the humdrum sort of life, and faithful to my duties, I had come by degrees to attend to all the work which the place required. That is, I was the ticket agent, the baggage-master and the keeper of the station, besides acting for the express company and continuing my charge of the telegraph key. These combined labors made it pretty close work for me, but they all yielded a very comfortable income; and, as I was troubled with no unsatisfied ambitions, I counted myself well fixed. As I have intimated, I slept in the station, partly to keep guard on the company's property, and partly from choice; for, being a bachelor and without kin, I had nothing to attract me elsewhere.—My duties had grown a sort of a second-nature, and I had lived in the little town so long that the young generation had come to speak of me as "Old Billy." That was, I suppose, because my hair was getting gray and my joints a trifle stiff.

The Red Ravine Station was a wooden building, about 40 feet long by 20 wide. It was divided into two compartments, the larger one being for freight and baggage, and the smaller one for passengers. My own little room was only a piece partitioned off from the freight quarter, about 10 feet square, and connected by a door with the box of an office in the passenger's room, which served both for selling tickets and holding the telegraph key. In this latter apartment, also, was placed the old-fashioned iron safe, in which I locked up valuable express packages when any happened to come to Red Ravine. The village, I ought to explain, had grown up entirely through the influence of the great iron works of Eldridge & Ricketson. There were rich beds of ore a few miles to the north, and these, as well as the big foundry, which employed four or five hundred hands, were controlled by the firm I have mentioned. There had been some trouble at the works recently—a strike or something growing from delay in paying the men their wages. That is how it happened that the $13,000 money-package came into my keeping for a night.

Well, when I had made all snug about the station, and got off my wet clothing, I sat down comfortably with pipe and newspaper, to enjoy my customary reading. The storm outside continued to rage more and more fiercely, but within things were cozy as could be. I had a blazing fire in the stove, a cheerful light, an easy chair, plenty of good tobacco—the one luxury in which I was really extravagant—a fresh newspaper, and a bottle of good Holland gin, wherewith to make my regular nocturnal toddy. Certainly, these was pleasant surroundings for an old fellow like me, and, as a rule, they yielded as much solid comfort as a man has a right to expect in this world. But that night things all seemed out of gear, as I have said. My pipe didn't soothe me as was its won't; try as I might, I couldn't get interested in the newspaper; an uncomfortable feeling of dread—a feeling that some shadowy but horrible thing was about to happen—possessed my mind; and even when I mixed up a toddy, a considerable stronger one than usual, it failed to bring the relief I had hoped for.

"It all comes of that pesky money-package,' I muttered to myself. "Why couldn't it got here on the 11.30, and saved me of this job of keeping it over night?'

Just at that moment came a terrible clasp of thunder, and a flash of lightning vivid enough to make the lamp seem dim. I had locked up the package in the safe, and put the key—there was no combination lock—in my pocket. But I had not the largest faith in the security of the old safe. It had occurred to me often that a person could open it, even if he wasn't a skillful cracksman. It was my custom to leave my door open between my little room and the ticket-office, so that if Red Ravine was called on the telegraph-key I could hear it. The instrument had been clicking away at a great rate for the last hour; but it was none of my business, I had paid no attention to what was going over the wires. I judged now from the dearness of the lightning and the jerky sounds of the instrument, that the storm was playing the mischief with the messages. I passed into the ticket office, where a light was burning, and stood for some time thinking whether the money package would be less exposed in the safe than it would be under the mattress of my bed; and I finally concluded that the latter place would be hardest for any possible thief to reach. So I took out the heavy brown envelope, and stowed it away in the mattress.—Then I took a second glass of toddy, which was usually against my rule, but which I thought the circumstances warranted.

Once more I sat down to my newspaper and pipe, but with no better success than before.—The storm seemed now to have centred right over the little station. Peal after peal of thunder rent the air, and the lightning played about the sky like phosphorous on an inky background. If you have ever chanced to be in a telegraph office during a thunder storm, you may have seen the electricity dash down the wires in a way to make timid people nervous. Even veteran operators, like myself wouldn't want to undertake to receive that sort of message. I was tempted to close the key, but the meaningless ticking had a sort of fascination for me in the mood I then was. It was like the incoherent mutterings of a maniac, where now and then, at long intervals only, could one distinguish a word or sentence.—Maybe the extra allowance of toddy had made me more imaginative than usual, and given a weird coloring to my thoughts; for listening to the rapid click-click, I remember of fancying that some spirit hand had got hold of the key, and was pouring out a wail of woe over the wires.

I was too restless to sit still and too nervous to go to bed. Besides, even if I had been so upset in my mind, it is doubtful whether I could have slept through such a storm as that. To occupy myself about something I relighted my lantern, went out into the freight-room, examined again the bolts of the doors and the fastenings of the windows, and returned to my room more worried and upset than ever. Just as I entered my own nest, the of the lantern fell squrely on the wooden box. Oddly enough, until that moment I had forgotten all about the dead young woman. Thinking so steadily of the $13,000 had, I suppose, driven the box out my mind. But I can't say it was any comfort to have it brought back now; for a corpse is never the most cheerful of company, and feeling as I did then, I would a great deal rather have no company at all.

I must have been the imp of the perverse, I suppose, that compelled me, after the box had been brought back to my mind, to leave the door open so that I could sit and stare at it with morbid curiosity. As I have already said, my sleeping apartment was partitioned off from the freight room, and was connected with the latter by a door. The body had been placed in such a position that, when the door was open, the head of the box was in sight.—Two or three times I got up to shut the door, but some strange fatality drove me back to my chair, and caused me to keep in view the box with its sad freight. All this time the storm raged, the thunder discharged its mighty batterries, the lightning dashed and the mad ravings of the telegraph continued. I caught my hand trembling as I tried to refill my pipe. Nervousness, no doubt; but possibly an observer might have thought Old Billy was frightened.

I had just risen to wind the little clock on the shelf, when suddenly out of the hitherto meaningless ticking of the instrument sharply and distinctly came to my ear these sounds:

.—.— —-. . ...—... . —... . —..

which in spoken words meant:

WATCH THE BOX!

I started as if a charge of electricity had shot through my frame. I stood motionless, clutching the back of the chair and with my eyes riveted in a vacant stare at the table in the ticket-office. I knew this was no work of an excited imagination. The words, to my practiced ear, were as plain as if shouted in clarion, tones. There had come no call for Red Ravine, and the message ended without signature or mark, but abruptly, as it begun. More than that, it was not the writing of any operation on any section of the line. I would have sworn to that with as much positiveness as you would to the tones of a voice with which you are familiar. In the dot-and-dash alphabet we learn to distinguish who is handling the keys almost with as much accuracy as other distinguished hand-writing. And in all my experiences I had never heard the sounder click off a message like that.

While I stood dazed and almost paralyzed—for you must remember that Old Billy's nerves were strung to a terrible pitch that night—the rapid and unintelligible click-click was resumed as if a demon again had got hold of the key. It was fully five minute before I mustered courage to pass into the ticket-office and sit down at the table myself. Not once in that time had I turned back to look at the box. Almost on the instant of my sitting down at the table the clicking stopped short, as it had done before, and then those words were repeated:

WATCH THE BOX!

Every dot, every dash, every letter, every word came with such horrible distinctness that it seemed to send a sharp pain tingling through my ears. It was like the loud whispering of some ghostly voice. Then, again broke out the jargon of sound that turned the clicking into meaningless confusion.

I sprang up from the table, and with the now strengthened conviction that it was no delusion, no fancy, but the sound had come plainly over the wires, I felt my courage returning, and resolved to heed the mysterious warning. The rolling thunder and the mad roar of the storm no longer depressed me. I stepped boldly back into my room, and rested my eyes unflinchingly on the wooden box. What was it mysterous freight? Why had the phantom of the storm sent those startling words over the wires? What unknown hand had reached out from the very lightning itself to warn me of some impending danger? These questions rushed through my mind as I felt the dread fear disappearing, and found myself of a sudden grow strangely calm.

The clock struck 10. I turned to the shelf and with a hand that no longer trembled, inserted the key, and wound it composedly. Would it be the last time that I should perform that simple task? No matter. Happier than most men, because content with my humble lot, it should never be said that old Billy flinched in the face of duty. For that night it was my duty—my one, sacred, all important duty—to guard the treasure left to my sate-keeping. And guard it I would while life remained.

When I finished winding the clock I took down from the shelf an old rusty pistol which had lain for years undisturbed. It was not loaded, nor had I either powder or bullet anywhere in the station. But the weapon was ugly-looking, and carried a sort of silent force in case of too aggressive argument. After examining the rusty lock, I put the pistol on the table, made a fresh glass of toddy, drank it, lighted my pipe, and—closed the door that opened into the freight room. Now that I was thoroughly myself again, I found it was easy enough to shut out the sight of that ominous oblong box.

It was not until the clock struck again—that is 11—that I made up my mind to go to bed. All this time the storm held on, although the thunder began to rumble more distantly. I threw off my coat and slippers, put on the light in the ticket-office and turned that in my sleeping-room down to a low flame. Then I drew the money-package from under the mattress and pinned it securely to my woolen shirt under my vest. This done, and with the table so placed that I could reach both the lamp and pistol, I opened the door into the freight-room some three or four inches, and then threw myself upon the bed. Just as my head touched the pillow the instrument, which had grown quiet now, chicked off for the third time, loudly, distinctly, slowly, its word of warning:

WATCH THE BOX!

This time the warning was not needed. I had not gone to bed to sleep, but for the very purpose of watching the box. Standing as it did with the head close to the door, and therefore close to the box itself, the bed afforded the very best point from which to keep an eye on the suspicious freight. Had my faith in the telegraph clicking been less, or had my own senses of a great responsibility deserted me for a single moment, I certainly should have given up the job of watching as foolish; and, in that case, it is not likely that this narrative would ever have been written. But I believe in the thrice-repeated message, and I did not let drowsiness overcome patience. Twelve, one, two,—how very slowly the hours seemed to drag themselves! The low flame of the lamp went out, as the oil had run dry. What a relief it was to hear the clock strike! At last, somewhere about midnight the storm had broken. I could see the stars as they came out, through the window in the freight room, which was on a line of vission with the box. How strangely still it seemed after the mighty roar of the storm and the sharp claps of thunder! Not a click from the instrument now. Not a sound save the steady ticking of the clock. Still I lay listening, watching, with facultics all alert, and my eyes always on the oblong box.

A little past two—perhaps ten minutes. The silence almost painful in its profoundness. Nothing but the tick-tick of the clock, when to my eager ear had taken on this sound, which it kept repeating over and over:

'Watch the box! Watch the box!'

What was that?

Not the clock, not the instrument.

No, it was the sound as of the grating of iron. Faint, very faint, yet still audible to my ear. Breathing regularly and deeply as one breathes in sleep, I lay and listened. Another interval of silence, and then the grating sound came again, this time a trifle louder than before. The light of the stars shining through the window made the objects in the freight-room just visible. Almost simultaneously with the second grating noise I saw the cover of the wooden box rising slowly from the end furthest removed from the bed. I could feel my heart thumping away like a sledge hammer, but I continued to breathe heavily and to watch keenly. Gently and noiselessly the cover was pressed upward until it reached an angle which completely shut out from my view the window beyond. A moment later the figure of a man came out from the shadows while the box-cover was let down as noiselessly as it had a moment sooner been raised.

This, then, was the burden of the box. This was the meaning of the mysterious warning which the sounder had spoken.

With a cat-like tread the figure moved, toward the door of my room. Still I lay as in deep sleep. On the threshold the figure paused, and a moment later a single ray of light like a silver thread pierced the darkness and fell upon the bed. Luckily, it did not strike my face, and in an instant I had closed my eyes. As I had anticipated, the ray of light was directed toward my pillow, and by the sense of feeling, I knew it rested a moment on my face. Satisfied that I was in deep slumber the figure still with cat-like tread, glided through the bedroom and into the ticket-office. My eyes were wide open again by this time. The light from the dark-lantern had increased, but its rays were now turned towards the safe. Obviously the robber believed the treasure he sought was there. I waited until he han knelt down to examine the lock, and then, with a step as noiseless as his own, I slipped from the bed and towards the half-open door. So intent was he in examining the safe that it was not until I was within reach of him that he heard me. He sprang to his feet, bringing the glass of the lantern full in my face, and reaching for his revolver, which he had laid upon the top of the safe. But he was too late. With the rusty old pistol, held by its long barrel, I dealt him a crushing blow on the head just as his fingers grasped his own weapon. He fell heavily without uttering a groan. The lantern was extinguished as it fell, and with trembling fingers I struck a match and lighted the lamp in the office. As its rays fell upon the upturned face of the robber, I saw that blood was flowing from the wound I had inflicted, and I saw too that the man's face was delicate in its outlines and intelligent in its expression. I had time to notice no more, for I felt now, that the long, nervous strain was over—now that the danger was past—the need of aid. So, after hurriedly binding the unconscious man's feet and arms and bathing his head in cold water, I pulled on my boots and overcoat and started in hot haste for the hotel.

Half way on the road I met a covered carriage, drawn by one horse. I took it to be the turnout of Matthews, the hotel proprietor, and wondering where he could be out for at that hour, I shouted his name. I got no response. Then I cried out at the top of my voice:

'I've killed a burglar down at the station!'

Whoever was in the carriage must have heard me, but the horse must have quickened his sharp trot and dissappeared in the darkness.

They gave me a great deal more credit, the people of Red Ravine, for that night's adventure, than I deserve. And I do not blame them for laughing at how things came out. For when a party of us got back to the station, my unconscious burglar had dissappeared, and the tracks next morning showed that the covered carriage which I had met on the road, had drawn up at the platform. Who was in it? Well, I couldn't swear, but, I have a notion that it contained the gentleman who had come on with the dead body. At all events, neither he nor the body was ever seen in that town again. I had the satisfaction of delivering the money package safely to Eldridge & Ricketson, but the check they gave me was really not merited. For what would have happened had it not been for the mysterious message which no man sent?

The Bewitched Clock.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe May, weed who thus burglariously, in the dead of the night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somthin' or other, and wake up the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middld of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth; then, said he, and stood running to the hue old-fasioned clock in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at that clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! It's father!"

"The deacon by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?' cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and drew the door behind him.

The deocon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe and lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes then I'll go and feed the critters,"

"Hadn't you better go and feed, the critters first, sir, and smoke afterwards," suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz-z—ding—ding? went the clock.

"Tormenting lighting!" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously.

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the old deacon. "Striking five! It's struck a hundred already.'

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm. "What is the matter with the clock?'

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years and never did I know it to carry on so before.'

Whic! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It 'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it.'

"It's bewitched,' said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause advancing resolutely toward the clock. "I'll see what's got into it!'

"Oh, don't," cried the daughter affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife clung to the other.

"Don't chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon, "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness.'

But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped off his coat and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell as of a fiend in distress came from the inside, and then the clock case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especialy Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clockcase existed only in his distempered imagination.

Health in Summer.

The danger from sunstroke or exhaustion is not very great for people in ordinary health, but any physician will indorse the statement that too great care cannot be exercised to ward off those diseases which inevitably follow imprudence during the heated term. Too many people observe the same rules of living in the dog days that they do in the bracing atmosphere of fall or winter, and, as a rule, they pay dearly for their imprudence. Even in the matter of clothing but little care is taken to provide against suddee changes of temperature, or during periods of intense heat to reduced the temperature of the body. Many persons also expose themselves to the sun in the most reckless manner, while others are equally imprudent as to the kind and quality of their food. The latter is a most important consideration. The simpler and more nourishing the food the better; yet how few restrict themselves or show the least discrimination in selecting the supplies for their tables during the summer months. Frequent bathing, moderate exercise, abstention as far as possible from all excitement, rigid supervision of drainage, cleanliness not only in the living room of the house but in the obscure places about the premises—these are safeguards which no person, however robust his health, can afford to disregard. The list of ills that follow the neglect of these ordinary precautions is very long, and all are serious in their effect upon the human frame.

GOING HOME WITH GIRLS.—The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take their initative before their beards are respectable. It is a great trial either for a tender or a riper age, for an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing well that there are a dozen girls inside, or knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in a few moments all eyes will be turned upon him. It is a severe test of courage to go before these girls and make a tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and to sit down and dispose of his hands, without putting them in his pockets, is an achievement that few boys can boast of. If a boy can go so far as to measure ten yards of tape with one of the girls sidee to cut it at each end, he may stand a chance to spend a pleasant evening. Let him not flatter himself that the trials of the evening are over. Then comes the bread and butter; the girls don their hoods and their shawls, and look so sausy and as if they didn't want anybody indeed to come with them. Then comes the pinch, but the boy with the most pluck goes up to prettiest girl in the room with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth and stammers out the words: 'Shall I see you home' she touches her fingers on his arm, and they walk home, feeling as awkward as two goslings.

"Jane," said a fond mother, sticking her head out of the bedroom door, 'it is 11 o'clock. Tell the young man to please shut the front door from the outside.'

A FATHER'S TESTIMONYE.—A drunken father arose from his sleep one day, after he had been drinking, and saw his little daughter preparing food, and turning to her in a tone almost tender, he said Millie, what makes you stay with me?" "Because you are my father, and I love you," said the child. "You love me?" answered the wretched father. "Millie, what makes you love me? I am only a miserable drunkard. Everybody else despises me. Why don't you?" "Dear father," said Millie, her eyes filling with tears, "my mother taught me to love you, and every night it seems, in my dreams, as though she stood by my bed and said, 'Millie don't leave your poor father, he will get over the power of strong drink some day and then how happy you will be!' His poor heart could not stand against such love as this. Taking her in his arms, and weeping like a child, from that day he became a temperate man.

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty, whether it be the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frality of things around us, is ony a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

DON'T READ THE PAPERS.—There is a man up in Milton, Me., who never reads the papers. He has two large ice houses on his farm and he improved the few cold snaps of the winter by filling them for the summer emergencies. He didn't know anything about an ice famine, and so when a speculative neighbor, who does read the papers, came around and offered him $500 for his ice crop, he greedily closed the bargain, and chuckled to himself as he thought how much wiser he was than the other man. He didn't however, the next day, when another man came and uffered him $2,000 for the same lot of ice, and when his first caller finally sold it for $5,600 to a Boston ice company, he was heard to tell his family what a confounded, dashed, addle-pated idiot he was.

TELL us not in mournful numbers
That this life is but a dream,
When a girl that weighs one hundred
Gets outside a quart of cream,—
And then wants more.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the girls know what they need,
But on cream they are the durndest
Set to show their grit and greed.
No encore.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
But never let us go a-wooing
Girls that want a second plate.
How's that?

HIGH HEELED BOOTS DELETERIOUS TO THE EYES. "A Boston physician,' writes Professor R. A. Proctor, "from the result of his experience states that the use of high heeled boots causes injury to the eyes—not only weakening the sight, but producing a sensation of constant pain. It is not altogether so surprising as might be supposed that the eyes should thus sympathize, as it were, with the feet; for it is well-known to physicians that the eyes suffer in a specific manner when other parts of the body are affected, and there are some ailments, whose presence the physician has even been able to detect in this way when the patient himself would have concealed the real nature of his illness.'

RATHER HAD BRADY.—When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room, which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell?" he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye haint got but one left."

Poor Herbert, how I wish you did not have to slave so hard from morning till night!" murmured his wife, as, with a fond caress she seated herself on her husband's knee, and gently stroked the auburn locks from his lofty brow. And the grave, stern business man understood her at once, and said: "Well, Susie, what is it—a bonnet, or what? Don't be too hard on me for money is scarcer than ever."

THERE is nothing so charming as innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge-cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him.'

You may say what you please about it, but there is luck in horse-shoes. A woman nailed one up against the wood-shed a month ago, and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a cent for more than two years.

THE editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven year, but if you kant spell enny better than you may jes stoppit.

"My club, said Mr. Sleek when he was invited to join one, my club is at home.' "Yes, responded one of the boys, "and the old lady generally has it ready for you when you get there."

A bright little-5-year old miss was taken to the barn to see some sheep, and after looking at them for a moment she exclaimed, "Oh, auntie, see, the sheep all wear their hair banged."

The reason "the boy stood on the burning deck" was because it was too hot to sit down.

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