The American Union.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD.

E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS:

$1.00 per annum. Invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

VOL. XXV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1885. NO. 45.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions,	–	$ 1.00
1 " "	1 month,	– –	1.50
1 " "	3 "	– – –	2.20
1 " "	6 "	– – –	5.00
1 " "	12 "	– – –	10.00
¼ column,	one year,	– – – –	15.00
½ "	"	– – – –	30.00
1 "	"	– – – –	60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

LOVE'S HARVESTING.

Nay, do not quarrel with the seasons, dear,
Nor make an enemy of friendly Time.
The fruit and foliage of the falling year
Rival the buds and blossoms of its prime.
Is not the harvest moon as round and bright
As that to which the nightingales did sing?
And thou, that call'st thyself my satellite,
Wilt seem in autumn all thou art in spring.
When steadfast sunshine follows fitful rain,
And gleam the sickles where once passed the plow,
Since tender green hath grown to mellow grain,
Love then will gather what it scattereth now,
And, like contented reapers, rest its head
Upon the sheaves itself hath harvested.

—*Alfred Austin, in the Current.*

MISS BASHBY.

A $500 PRIZE STORY.

"The old Bee-hive is a-goin' to be tore down," said Keturah, as she placed a plate of buckwheat cakes on the breakfast table.

"The Bee-hive torn down!" said mother. "Why, Keturah, who told you?"

"Jones's boy, when he kem to borrer the wheelbarrer. He says, says he, 'They're a-goin' to tear down the old Bee-hive;' and time enough too, says I; it haint been fit for human creeters to live in this long time."

"Edward," said mother, "have you heard anything of this?"

Father slowly emerged from the depths of his morning paper. "What! Oh, the old Weatherbee place! Yes, I believe the town has decided that it is unsafe to live in, and so better be tora down."

"Poor Miss Bashby!" said mother.

"What will become of her?"

"Poor-house, most likely," answered father, dreamily, again absorbed in the stock list.

The old Weatherbee house, or the Bee-hive, as it was called, stood on a hill just at the outskirts of the village. A winding lane led up to it from the main street, a lane that in summer was a tangle of blackberry and sweet-brier bushes, with here and there a gnarled oak-tree leaning against the old stone wall. People said that it was once a pretty avenue that led up in gradual windings to the fine house on the hill.

But the once fine house was now a dilapidated old building, and only a cart track wound up the hill among the tangle of neglected trees and shrubs. It was a two-storied, squarely-built house, with huge chimneys, and small diamond-paned windows. A flight of stone steps led up to the front door, and a long L connected the main house with huge barns and outhouses.

But the windows were broken, a part of the main roof had fallen in, and only two low rooms in the L had been habitable for many years. There, Miss Bathsheba and her invalid sister, Miss Patience, had lived, dependent for their daily bread on the pittance the two earned by plain sewing and the kindly charity of the neighbors.

Miss Patience, who, Miss Bashby often scornfully declared, 'hadn't a bit of Weatherbee pride in her," received gratefully the assistance of friends, but Miss Bashby could not forget that she was a Weatherbee, and accepted what was given her more as her right than as a gift.

Often mother sent us children up the long lane to the old house, with some little delicacy to tempt the appetite of the invalid. I dreaded, yet was half glad to go. The old house, and the two tall women with their quecr, old-time ways, had a strong fascination for me.

As I stood on the worn steps, knocking at the door, and heard the slow tread of Miss Bashby echoing down the long passage, I felt like placing my basket on the door-sill and running away.

"What do you want, child?"

"Please Miss—Miss Weatherbee—mother sent you this."

"Oh!" said Miss Bashby, calmly, as she lifted the snowy napkin, "jelly! It looks nice; I hope it will taste as good as it looks. Tell your mother that the last she sent was a little too strong of lemon; I hope this is better."

Then the soft voice of Miss Patience floated out through the doorway; "Is that you, Sadie Allen? Tell your mother, dear, that we are very thankful for her kindness." Then Miss Bashby shut the door with an emphatic bang, and I knew, as well as if I had heard it, that Miss Patience was receiving a lecture, repeated for the five hundredth time, on her want of pride.

At last one day, poor Miss Patience, weary of life, slipped out quietly, and was laid to sleep with the rest of her grand family in the great Weatherbee tomb.

I have no doubt Miss Bashby sorrowed long and bitterly for her sister, but the tears she shed, if any, were all in secret; no one ever saw her weep. An extra bow of black on the old fashioned bonnet; a sterner set to the thin lips; a few added crow's feet under the cold gray eyes—that was all.

And now the old house was to be torn down—not fit to live in—but what could be done with poor Miss Bashby? Not many of the neighbors had any sympathy for her, but mother's tender heart was touched. "If she has to go to the poor-house, it will be the death of her," she said.

"Oh, children, don't you think we ought to ask her to spend the winter with us? I can't bear the thought of her going to the poorhouse."

"Why, Mother Allen!" was the universal exclamation, "how can we?"

"Oh! I don't like her," said Ned gruffly, "she is so horribly proud."

"Oh, mother!" I said, "do you really think we ought? Isn't there some other way?"

"Never mind," said mother, pleasantly; "we will say no more about it. Perhaps it wouldn't be best. I shall not ask her unless you are all willing."

But the next day there were signs of capitulation among us. Strange to say, our big boy, Ned, was the first to surrender.

"See here, mother," he said, "I don't want to be mean. Let her come. I can stand it if the rest can.

Will said quietly, "Poor old thing! I don't care if Ned doesn't."

Then I, too, said, but with a forboding heart, "We will try and get along some way."

But there still remain one tower of strength to storm.

When Keturah heard of it, she exclaimed, "The Lord love us! Comin' here? Not if I know it! Now, Mis' Allen, do be reasonable! I've lived with ye more'n fifteen year—nussed most all the children [illegible] helped fetch 'em through the [illegible], measles and et cetery. [illegible] mean old creeter—" [illegible] warningly—then the kitchen door was shut, and only the occasional sound of mother's pleading voice and Keturah's angry sniffe came to us from the scene of battle.

When mother came out of the kitchen some half hour later, we knew by the quiet smile on her face, and the subdued rattle of dishes from Keturah's domain, that the latter was vanquished.

So the very next day Miss Bashby came. We gave her the south bedroom, and had an open fire, and a cosey arm-chair beside it, ready to welcome her. But if an idea that she would show any gratitude had crept into our minds, we were doomed to disappointment. Hoping she would say that she was pleased with her room, I walked softly by the door, and glanced in. She was standing by the dainty bed, closely examining the sheets and pillow-cases.

"H'm, h'm," I heard her mutter, "cotton, all of 'em: gentlefolks used linen in my day," and then she sighed heavily.

The autumn days went swiftly by, and the cold, snowy days of winter came. Miss Bashby had been with us now two months, and we got on very well. Keturah was most patient of us all, and won golden opinions from mother. The boys were courteous and respectful, but said very little to Miss Bashby; I think they were half afraid of her. Little Joey we tried to keep out of her way altogether, as the only time he visited her room, she said she didn't like little boys. But the gaze of her large round spectacles, and the sharp click of her knitting needles, had a curious fascination for the little man. Often when he was unusually quiet, on hunting him up, he was found just outside Miss Bashby's open door. Once, on coming to take him away, I heard him ask solemnly, with his brown eyes fixed on her wrinkled face:

"What makes you look so, Miss Bashby? You is all wizzled up! Is you skin too big for you?"

One day in January, a cold, clear, frosty day, there came a letter saying Aunt Mary was very ill.

After a hurried consultation, it was decided that mother should start at once for Brunswick, where Aunt Mary lived, and that father should accompany her. After many hasty directions to Keturah and me, they started to catch the early train. Mother's last words were, "Be kind to Miss Bashby."

For a few days things went very well. The boys were less unruly than usual, Miss Bashby was quite amiable for her, and Keturah was as sunny as a May morning. But alas! the peace was of short duration.

One morning, in going down the cellar stairs, Keturah slipped and sprained her ankle. It was very painful, and poor Keturah, with many gasps and groans, could do nothing but lie helpless on the kitchen lounge and give directions about the work.

"Keturah," I would question, as, with sleeves rolled up and a long apron on, I went resolutely to work, "how much molasses do you put in the gingerbread?"

"Oh, Miss Sadie!" poor Keturah would groan, "only to think of me a-lyin' here like a log, and you, such a little spindlin' creeter, a-doin' my work. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"But, Keturah, do tell me how much molasses, or I shall never get the gingerbread done."

"Oh land! Bring me the jug, and I'll measure it for you. Goodness, child! not that two-quart bowl! What are you thinkin' of? It only takes a cupful. Oh, Lord! to think of Keturah Skinner ever comin' to this pass!" and so on during the long day.

Miss Bashby was particularly disagreeable just at this crisis. No wonder she complained of the cooking. Poor Keturah, lying helpless on the lounge, couldn't see to everything, and so the bread was heavy, the pie-crust like dough, and the coffee a very unsettled beverage.

The boys, good fellows, laughed and joked about it; said they had never enjoyed anything so much in their lives. But Miss Bashby—she said nothing, but the gesture of disgust with which she pushed away her plate at table, and gathering her shawl about her, marched majestically to her room and shut the door, was worse than anything we had to bear. Poor Keturah, with her promise to mother fresh in her memory, could only shut her mouth resolutely and groan.

One bright, cold Wednesday afternoon, Keturah, whose foot now allowed her to hobble about a little, was helping me finish the kitchen work, and Miss Bashby was safely shut up in her den, when Will and Ned rushed pell mell into the kitchen, with a loud demand for Josey.

"Just let us take him on the ice a while! We won't keep him long. It is such a splendid day; the ice is as firm as can be, no danger at all. Get the little chap ready, there's a good sister, and hurry up about it; we can't wait."

With a questioning look at Keturah, which she answered with an emphatic nod, I hastened to get the little cap and mittens and gray ulster, while the proud owner of these boyish garments danced and pranced and wriggled with delight, till I could scarcely get them on, and I only had time for a word of caution before a grand rush was made for the door, and Joey was off in high glee.

"Old Dr. Wilbur is a hitchin' up his team," said Keturah, as she glanced out of the window for a last look at the retreating boys. "I guess some of them poor trash over to Hingham's Corner is took sick again. They alwus send for Dr. Wilbur, 'cause he alwus goes when they send, and he never charges 'em nothin'. Them kind is mighty 'cute!"

Smiling at Keturah's philosophy, I hastened my work of getting the kitchen tidy.

But hark! What was that? Loud shouts, followed by an ominous silence, and then a wild, confused murmur of steps and voices. Keturah and I gazed at each other in dismay. Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and Will, with cap and coat off, with disheveled hair and face as white as death, staggered into the room and flung himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"Will!" said I, breathlessly.

"Will Allen!" gasped Keturah, rushing to his side and tearing his hands away from his face. "What is it? Tell us, quick!"

"Oh!" groaned the poor boy. "Oh, mother! mother! And you left him in my care! Oh, Joey! Joey!"

"What about Joey? Oh, Will, what has happened to Joey?"

"Drowned!" said Will, desperately. "Went down through a breathing-hole. They fished him out, but, oh, dear! he's dead. Oh, Joey! Joey! They're bringing him home—"

There was a tramping of feet outside the door, and a crowd of men and boys entered, one among them bearing a dripping, half-frozen burden in his arms.

Was that our Joey?—the little white face set and rigid, the small hands hanging helplessly down, the brown eyes closed, and the long hair, wet and shining, flung back over the dripping clothes.

"Poor little chap!" said the burden-bearer, in a choking voice. "Guess he's done for. Ye see, he went in under so far, and we couldn't"—here his voice grew husky, and he turned away his face from us.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" wailed Keturah. "What shall we do? Somebody run for the doctor—somebody get somethin' to give him—somebody"—and she wrung her hands helplessly.

No one moved. The man still held his dripping burden; the crowd waited, awed to silence. I stood like a stone, my head whirling, my senses fast leaving me, when a new actor appeared on the scene.

"What's all this?" said a sharp voice, and Miss Bashby's head was thrust in at the door.

She took in the situation instantly.

"Keturah Skinner," she said in a commanding voice, "take the child and carry him into my room. Sarah Allen, get the big scissors and cut all his clothes off as quick as you can and wrap him up in blankets. Will, stop crying, and run upstairs for the brandy! Jim Spooner, go for Dr. Wilbur as fast as ever you went—he's just started for Hingham's Corner—run across lots and head him off. Dead? He shall not die! Hot water, Keturah; hot bricks—everything hot! Now, clear out, every pesky one of you" (turning to the crowd); "you can't do any good here!"

Oh, how we worked! we rolled the poor little body in blankets; we applied hot bricks and hot water; we rub the icy limbs.

Ten minutes went by—twenty. "Oh, Miss Bashby," I sobbed, "he never will wake! never!"

"Hush, child!" she said, and her voice was softer than I had ever heard it; "I think we shall bring him to. There! I do believe he breathes a little—don't stop a minute, keep right on working. Yes, I'm sure of it!"

Oh, what a moment of suspense that was! Surely he breathed. "Oh, God, only let him live."

"Yes," said Keturah, hysterically, "just as sure as you're a born sinner, he's comin' out of it!"

When the doctor came, Joey, though still apparently unconscious, had shown unmistakable signs of life.

"Well done, Miss Bashby!" said the doctor; "you saved the youngster's life this time. But it must have been a pretty hard fight. They tell me he was under the water several minutes."

All day and far into the night we watched by Joey's bedside. Poor little fellow, how like a ghost he looked! Strange to say when he became conscious and could speak, he would have no one but Miss Bashby about him. He mentioned us all away, and nestled his curly head down on her spare shoulder as if it was the softest resting place in the world.

How thankful we were, and how easy the daily tasks seemed! Keturah forgot her lame ankle entirely, and went about singing Methodist hymns in a low, hushed voice, interrupted now and then by a spasmodic choke and a hasty application of her cotton handkerchief.

When Joey was able to sit up, what a jubilee we had! though the laughter would melt into tears occasionally at sight of his little pinched face.

Should we write to mother about the accident?

We held a consultation and decided not to do so.

"She'll hear of it, perhaps," said Miss Bashby, "so you better say that he fell into the pond, but is all right now." So that is what we wrote.

As Joey grew better, Miss Bashby took up some of her irritating ways again; but do you suppose we minded them?

"If she was forty times as irritating," said Will, "I wouldn't say a word. Only think what would have happened if she hadn't been here!" and the recollection being too much for him, he began to whistle to choke back the tears.

"Law!" said Keturah, smiling, "do you think I care for her grumblin'? she might scold enough to take the roof off and I wouldn't mind! She's a smart one, though, ain't she? How she did take hold of things! Why, you and me was no more use, Sadie Allen, than them shovel and tongs. 'Twas Miss Bashby."

When we tried to thank Miss Bashby, she only said, shortly, "Oh, nonsense, child! I knew just what to do; had done it once before when brother Joshua was fished out of the river—forty years ago that was—forty years ago," and she turned away with a sigh. I said no more, but I thought mother will know how to thank her.

Joey, though a little pale and languid, was singing about the house in his usual sunshiny way by the time mother came home.

Poor Aunt Mary was dead and buried, and the tired look on mother's face, and the added lines of care on her brow, told of the trouble she had been through. That evening as we sat in mother's room, clustered about the open fire—Miss Bashby, with the everlasting knitting in her hands, sitting bolt upright in the big armchair—Joey cuddled up in mother's arms with his drowsy head laid lovingly against her arm, and the boys and I sitting on the rug at her feet—we told the story of Joey's drowning and how Miss Bashby brought him back to life.

All through the recital (told excitedly by each of us in turn), mother sat without speaking a word, the light of the fire shining on her face, showing how it paled and flushed as the story went on.

The tale was ended, and still she spoke no word, but her head was bowed over Joey's sleeping form, and her cheek was pressed lovingly against his.

Then suddenly she rose, and, laying him gently on the bed, came and knelt by Miss Bashby's chair, and drawing the poor old wrinkled face down to her own, kissed it lovingly. Then we children crept softly out of the room, leaving them together.—*Youth's Companion.*

Can You Find the "Ms."

Morgan, the engraver of the die for the standard or "buzzard" dollar, is said by the New York *Tribune* to have smuggled into his work in two places the initial letter of his surname. Although microscopic in size, these "Ms" are plainly discernible on the coin even to the naked eye after a careful search. An eagle-eyed Wall street man recently discovered one of these letters, and started among his acquaintances the following puzzle: "Find three letter Ms on the standard dollar." Two are readily found—one in the word "unum" and another in "America," but the third not so easily.

London is the largest city in the world. According to its last census the population numbered 3,832,441. It is now estimated at considerably over 4,000,000.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It is said that the South, instead of buying less meat each year, is annually sending more money to the Northwest in payment for meats. In several of the Southern states there are fewer cows and fewer sheep than there were in 1880. This is the case in Louisiana and Mississippi.

Wheat experts in the Northwest estimate that the yield this year will be about 413,000,000 bushels. This with the 121,000,000 bushels left over will make a total of 534,000,000 bushels. Of this amount 315,000,000 bushels will be required for home consumption, leaving 219,000,000 bushels for export.

A serious epidemic of whooping cough has run through the islands of the Fiji group. The malady has carried off all the very young native children, and left a decrease in the population of 3,000. A few years ago 30,000 persons in Fiji died of an epidemic of measles. Since the local government has done much to instruct the people in the laws of health.

It is not genarally known that Vermont has a gold mine. It is called the "Rooks," and is located at Plymouth. From annual report it appears that the mine produced from September, 1883, to January, 1885, $68,070 in gold, and paid four dividends, aggregating $46,000, the yield varying between $33.88 and $50.59, while the cost declined $16.15 to $7.20 per ton for mining and milling.

Mrs. Mary Breneman, of Lafayette, Ind., claims to be the oldest human being in the land. According to her account and that of her relatives, she was born at Lewiston, Del., on the 14th of March, 1778. In 1801 she and her first husband, William Colter, moved to Circleville, Ohio, making the journey in a wagon. Her youngest son resides in Rensalaer, in Jasper county, Ind., and is eighty one years of age.

The supply of fine fur is growing steadily smaller. Sables are on this account rapidly increasing in price, and may ere long be unobtainable. Some of the fur mantles now worn are well nigh historic. The costliest one known is said to belong to the Duchess of Edinburgh, its value being $60,000. Adelina Patti has a suit of sables that cost $40,000. Mrs. J. W. Mackey owns a mantle of the choicest bits of 10,000 black fox skins, for which $20,000 was paid.

The following table shows the wool clip of the world in million pounds:

	1880.	1870	1880.
Europe	715	807	665
United States	212	154	210
Australia	70	197	300
River Plate	56	167	260
Cape of Good Hope	28	46	52
Total	981	1,371	1,577

Thus, the wool clip of the above countries has risen 60 per cent. in 20 years, or four times faster than population, and yet prices have fallen only 22 per cent.

The *National Stockman* avers that those not conversant with the subject would hardly suppose that cattle will shrink more in process of shipment in severe cold than in severely hot weather, yet such is the case. Indeed, nothing will so quickly reduce the weight of a ripened animal as to subject it to a long ride in a stock car with the thermometer below zero. Animal life is sustained by combustion, and the bullock or pig in transit through an icy atmosphere is being slowly burned up in flesh and tissue.

A noteworthy incident is reported in connection with the prevalence of scarlet fever. In a house in which one child died of this disease the little one's clothes were put into a back shed to await further attention, and in the meantime they were tumbled about and played with by a pet dog. Soon afterward the dog was taken crazy and had to be killed. A cat also in the same family was affected in a similar way, and had to be killed. The animals undoubtedly contracted the disease by coming in contact with the clothing

A Noah's Ark race was introduced at a recent Madras (India) fair, and was a handicap for all animals bred in the country, the competitors including buffaloes, elephants, a goat, ram, emu and elk and other creatures, beside ponies and horses. The elephants were as placid as if moving in a marriage procession, and went over the course at a quick walk. The ram and goat, ridden by little boys, ran well, and the buffaloes went at a good gallop, but the emu would not stir, neither would the elk, until the end of the race, when it took fright and darted down the course at great speed. Finally, a ram was the winner, a horse coming second and a buffalo third.

The St Louis *Globe-Democrat* is authority for the following: "The most wonderful mountain in the world is Roraima, which lifts above its sloping sides a solid block of red sandstone about 2,000 feet high, some of the faces of which, according to Sir Robert Schomburgh, are 'as perpendicular as if erected with a plumb line.' It is the highest and most wonderful of table topped mountains situated in an almost inaccessible part of British Guiana. Its flat top is twelve miles long. The mountain sides are sloping and wooded to a height of 7,750 feet above the sea. Then rise the vertical walls of the vast sandstone formation. Cascades pour over the edge, the water falling 2,000 feet to the forests below, forming the sources of rivers."

In regard to the chartering of line steamers by the English government for war purposes the New York *Tribune* says: "The government charters these vessels for not less than six months, at a rate of 12 shillings 6 pence a month per registered gross ton where the government furnishes the crew; 22 shillings 6 pence where the companies furnish crew. This would make, for the ship alone, $20,796 a month for the Alaska; $15,492 a month for the Arizona; $22,125 a month for the Oregon; $23,400 a month for the Umbria, and $16,584 a month for the America. It was stated that these vessels are such great fuel burners that they would not be able to carry enough coal to last them more than ten days' full steaming, but in addition to their bunker space they can carry coal on the lower deck. The coal capacity of the Alaska is thus estimated at about 4,000 tons, and as her consumption is 253 tons a day, this would make a voyage of over 3,000 miles. The Oregon burns 337 tons a day, the Umbria about 300 and the America 182 tons."

A New York dealer in Japanese goods has fitted into the back of his store a real Japanese house in miniature. Only two rooms, however, are represented, corresponding to the American reception-room and parlor, but these are complete and exact in detail. The material for the frame-work is of Japanese cedar bamboo; a strong, transparent paper forms the little square panes for the windows, glass being only used by the lower classes. The moldings of the rooms are of a very artistic and beautiful pattern, and the ceilings are bamboo, braided in different designs and colored in different shades of brown. The floors are especially curious, being made very elastic, a sort of split bamboo or straw forming a padding underneath the squares of matting, which are finished separately with a neat binding. The rooms in a Japanese house are designated by the number of pieces of matting required for each, as the seven, six or five matted room. The reception-room is furnished with a sideboard with a rounded front, placed in one corner, on which are richly ornamented tea caddies, a huge teapot, and all the accessories of a hospitable cup of tea, which they offer to all callers; and a very elaborate lacquer and bronze table near by holds a decorative jardiniere. A little sliding door of paper, gayly painted with Japanese flowers, separates this room from the inner one or parlor. This is the "five-matted room," and has on the floor a very curiously wrought artistic bronze incense burner, and on one side of it is the box holding the materials for burning the incense. A lacquer reading desk stands near, on which is a book, a scroll and a pair of exquisite candlesticks. Handsome raw silk rugs, which serve for chairs, are laid on the floor.

The Ocean.

The ocean says to the dweller on its shores: "You are neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your mastodons and elephants; more numerous than all the swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crusts of the earth. Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as I saw the dark faces of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history? The raindrops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a living creature left his footprints there. This horseshoe-crab I fling at your feet is of older lineage than your Adam—unless, perhaps, you count your Adam one of his descendants. What feeling have I for you? Not scorn—not hatred, not love—no loathing, not indifference—blank indifference—to you and your affairs; that is my feeling, say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh, yes; I will lap your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations like a babe in his cradle. Am I not gentle? Am I not kind? Am I not harmless? But hark! The wind is rising and the wind and I are rough playmates. What do you say to my voice now? Do you see my foaming lips? Do you feel the rocks tremble as my great billows crash against them? Is not my anger terrible as I dash your agony, your thunder-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would crack an eggshell? No, not anger; deaf, blind, unheeding indifference—that is all. Out of me all things arose; sooner or later, into me all things subside. All changes around me; I change not. I look not at you, vain man, and your frail transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses; I look on the white face of my dead mistress, whom I follow as the bridegroom follows the bier of her who has changed her nuptial raiment for the shroud.

"Ye whose thoughts are of eternity come dwell at my side. Continents and isles grow old and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline and perish, to give way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go. Look on me! 'Time writes no wrinkle' on my forehead. Listen to me. All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language; the winds taught me their vowels, the crags and the sands schooled me in my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine, but I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence. Have you a grief that gnaws at your heart strings? Come with it to my shore, as of old the priests of far-darting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will forget your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the infinite and the eternal in your consciousness."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.*

The Cost of Living.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, an American writer of note, has been estimating what it would cost each individual for necessary food of sufficient variety per day and year; and also the value of the total amount of food upon which the people of the United States could subsist for that time. He makes it four billion, three hundred and forty millions of dollars annually for the whole people; and for each individual, eighty-six dollars and eighty-one cents per year; and only twenty-three cents and eight mills per day for each person. He gives the following table:

	Cts. per day	Cost per year	Total for the U. S
Meat, poultry, fish	9 70	$35 51	$1,765,000,000
Dairy and eggs	5.50	20 08	1,000,000,000
Foul and meal	2.50	9 10	455,000,000
Vegetables	1.98	7 21	360,500,000
Sugar and syrup	1.94	7 06	352,000,000
Tea and coffee	1.02	3 71	185,500,000
Fruit, green and dry	0.62	2 26	113,000,000
Salt, Spice, ice, &c.	0.49	1 78	89,000,000
Total	23.83	$86 81	$4,340,000,000

The above figures were obtained by taking the actual cost of feeding seventeen adult men, most of whom were hard working mechanics, and eight women, three being servants, for six months, in a Massachusetts town, and also that of the food eaten by seventy-two adult female factory operatives and eight servants in a Maryland town. It was assumed that the average of these two tables would be no more than a fair daily ration for all adults throughout the country. The cost of living in M[illegible] was less than thr[illegible] Massachusetts—bei[illegible] the former and twe[illegible] latter.—*Day Su*[illegible]

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Astronomical.

Gus de Smith and Miss Birdie McGinnis were taking a moonlight stroll on the beach at Galveston one night last week, when Gus remarked:

"How pale the moon looks to-night."

"You'd be pale too, if you had to be up more or less, one night after the other, for a week or more at a time.—*Siftings.*

Information Desired.

"And so you like the yarns we sea dogs spin?" asked the gallant young mariner.

"I dote on them!" [illegible]d the young lady passionately.

"And what shall I tell of the doings of us salts?" he tenderly asked.

"Oh, tell me how you luff," she innocently answered.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

It Was Upset.

"I upset the old adage this morning, that seeing is believing," said one gentleman to another.

"And how did you do it."

"Well, you know Jake Jones owes me ten dollars, and he told me two weeks ago that the next time he met me he would pay me, and I believed him."

"Did he not do as he agreed."

"I should say he did not, he only gave me a cold, ghastly smile, and asked me to run for alderman, and he would square the debt at the polls."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

His Reason.

"Judge," said a citizen, addressing a well-known jurist, "I thought, from the evidence, that your charge to the jury would save the prisoner, but instead of that, you came out plainly and said that he must be hanged. You certainly do not believe he is guilty."

"No, don't believe that he is," was the judge's reply.

"Then why do you think that he should be hanged?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I was very favorably disposed toward him and was about to advocate his acquittal when I heard that some time ago he shot the proprietor of a roller skating rink."

"But, my dear judge, you are not so partial to roller skaters, are you?"

"It is not that, my dear sir. He failed to kill the fellow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Vain Glorious Oyster.

A phantasmal little oyster was floating merrily around in a translucent stew, while the man who was eating the stew tried in vain to catch it with a spoon. Seeing a bologna sausage near by, the oyster said:

"How are you getting along over there?"

"Oh, they are demolishing me pretty fast," replied the sausage, "but I'll make them howl for it to night. I can teach people how to howl. I used to howl a good deal myself. How are you getting along?"

"Oh, I am getting along splendidly," said the oyster as the man made a vain and despairing dip at it with his spoon; "they are trying to catch me, but they can't do it. They can't find me very well without spectacles, and I'm not at all alarmed. I feel as gay as a lark."

Just then the man got a sifter and pouring his plate of stew through it, caught the little oyster before it squeezed through one of the holes and devoured it greedily.

Moral—A starving man is fertile in expedients; and human greatness is as unstable and precarious as it has been for several thousand years.—*Life.*

Her Indignation Overcome.

The actor Raymond in a recent interview with the Boston *Herald*, said: "What jolly times we did have in that old stock company. Carlotta Leclercq was a member of it, and I shall never forget a circumstance in which she figured. They had a prompter who was continually playing jokes on some of us, and one fine day I determined to pay him back if I could. Miss Leclercq had gone to New York about that time to act as support to Booth in a special engagement; so I fixed up a telegram purporting to come from her, offering the prompter a position with Booth's company, and telling him to telegraph back to Booth the lowest terms upon which he would accept the offer. There was a great time; the prompter of course went about telling of his excellent future prospects, and it got into the newspaper theatrical paragraphs, but, like all 'murders that will out,' the joke was soon discovered and then there was an uproar. Carlotta Leclercq was so indignant because I had used her name that when she joined the company again she would not speak to me. That was a dilemma. I said to myself, this will never do; she is too good a girl to be offended with me, so I walked up a flight of stairs that led to my dressing-room and deliberately fell down the entire length of them, and found myself almost at her feet on the back part of the stage. I lay very still, thinking she would come out and inquire as to any injuries I might have received. But she didn't come! Instead she turned her back on me and walked away. I did not give up yet, however. Soon after that we were playing on the New England circuit, and one day while she was dining at her hotel and just eating her soup, I walked in back of her, and reaching over her shoulder I attempted to remove her plate.

"What are you doing?" said she; "I have not finished my soup.'

"'Oh, yes ye have, ma'am' said I, 'and what'll ye have for ye dessert?'

"'But I don't wish any dessert yet,' she said, taking hold of the plate.'

"'Now, don't ye. Sure you dont know at all what yez does want.'

"'How dare you speak to me?' said Carlotta, angrily, rising and turning around to me as I stood without moving a muscle of my face, my attitude the very counterpart of a hotel waiter. 'Oh, you villain,' said she, as she gave in with a burst of laughter. 'Sit down and behave yourself, and I'll do anything to be friends with you.'

"And so she did. We never had a quarrel from that day to this."

Before and After.

The average man before marriage:

The average man after marriage

—*Webster Eagle.*

[illegible]re are more than 7,000,000 farm-[illegible]he United States, or nearly one-[illegible]f the entire population.

PUTTING JACK TAR TO BED.

Commodore Hollins' Amusing Substitute for Flogging.

"Veritas," in a letter to the Baltimore *Sun*, supplies the following interesting reminiscences of the late Commodore Hollins, who was the first officer to put in force the new system of punishing insubordinate seamen after the abolition of flogging in the United States navy.

Some time between the years 1848 and 1850, says the writer, the navy department sent circulars to all the senior officers of the navy, asking their opinions and sentiments as to abolishing corporal punishment in the navy, and suggestions as to the best methods of improving the condition of the sailors in the government employ. Three officers only advocated the abolition of corporal punishment, or, as it used to be termed, "flogging," in the navy. They were Captain McKeever, Captain Levy, and (then) Commander Hollins.

Commander Hollins, than whom no officer ever had better discipline when in command of men, urged the abolition of flogging, and at the same time commutation of the spirit ration, giving the men money instead of grog. At that time he was stationed at Pensacola. His suggestions caused both to be chaffed by his brother officers, who thought the service would go to the deuce if flogging and grog were done away with. He bore their laughter and jokes with his unvarying amiability and good humor, but remained in a woful minority.

In 1852 he was detached from the naval station in Florida. In the meantime the law had been passed by Congress abolishing whipping in the navy. Hollins came north. A sloop-of-war (I think the Cyane) was at that time being fitted out for sea. Although the law had been passed, there was no substitute enacted for the proper enforcement of discipline, and many of Hollins' brother officers suggested to the secretary of the navy that he should be sent in command of the sloop, on the ground that Hollins advocated "no flogging," and they were curious to see how he would get on without it. He received orders at once, and with his usual promptitude proceeded to take command of the first man-of-war (I imagine) that ever went to sea without rules and regulations. Shortly after the vessel had sailed the officer of the day appeared in the cabin with the report that one of the seamen was openly insubordinate, and refused positively to do his duty. The officer retired, and Captain Hollins remained in thought as to what measures he should adopt. His ready wit soon suggested an experiment. He went on deck and ordered the delinquent to his presence. The man appeared, a healthy, hardy-looking fellow of fine physique and in full vigor.

"Well, my man," said Hollins, "I hear you do not want to work; are you sick?"

"No, sir."

"What, well, and not want to do your work! Oh, you must be ill. Quartermaster," called Hollins, "take this man and carry him below. Put him to bed carefully, tuck him in; don't let him catch cold; put a screen around his cot and place a sentry, and see that he he is not disturbed. He does not like work nor exertion. Feed him yourself; put a napkin under his chin, keep him warm and comfortable, but by no means let him exert himself."

The whole ship's crew were on the alert to see what was to be the result of this (no doubt) test case. The man—W., I will call him—was escorted below, and the captains orders were carried out to the letter. W. was put to bed, was tucked in, fed by the quartermaster, his meals served on a waiter, and tended with great care. He was also screened from view, but the men were seen getting on gun-carriages or anything else, peeping from a distance to get a glimpse of the invalid. Had severe measures been adopted he would have had the sympathy and support of the crew, but this treatment excited ridicule and amusement, not sympathy for suffering or a feeling that their messmate was a martyr to tyranny and oppression. Thus matters rested for perhaps about thirty-six hours. At the expiration of that time, when Hollins appeared on deck after breakfast, he observed a group of sailors at the mizzenmast. As he approached they touched their hats, and he, knowing by the position they occupied, that they wanted a parley, remarked to the leader: "Well, do you want anything?"

"Yes, sir," said an old salt, "we come to speak for W., sir."

"Speak for W.?" said Captain Hollins. "Why, is he not comfortable and well cared for?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "he's too comfortable, and we've come to speak for him, sir. I think he'll die, he's so ashamed, sir, and we"—with a wave of his hand toward his companions—"we are willing to stand for him and go his security, sir."

"Well, replied the captain, "under these circumstances, I'll let him get up.

From that day there was no trouble, no insubordination on board that ship, and on more than one occasion when any one of the men in the watch was suspected of a desire to skulk some of his messmates were overheard saying, "You'd better look out, the 'old man will put you to bed."

It was an experiment that acted admirably, and was always a source of great satisfaction to Captain Hollins, as it proved to him that men could be governed by other means than flogging.

Wonders of the Body.

Suppose your age to be fifteen or thereabouts. You have two hundred bones and six hundred muscles; your heart weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 42,000 times per hour, 1[illegible],000 per day, 35,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the surface of your body of 88,541 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost seventeen miles long.

WORKING DAYS.

A-wooing you came with your dulcet voice,
Your manner so knightly and debonair:
Who would not proudly have been your choice,
When you wove her garlands so rich and rare?
It was well enough in the courting time
When your tongue spoke only in tuneful praise,
With love-words set to a silvern rhyme;
It is other now in the working-days.
Could ever she dream, that gentle girl,
When you pledged her the tenderest care for life,
That your brow would knit and your lip would curl
When