The American Union.

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JAMES N. TODD.

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The American Union.

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The UNION office would like the general public to understand that it is prepared to do All Manner of Job Work Neatly and Tastefully. It is Supplied with Presses that will do Work in the Best Manner. During the present year the UNION office hopes to turn out more Job Work than during any year since it has been organized, and in every instance it is believed satisfaction will be given. The office has gradually accumulated a supply of Handsome Job Types.

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We can supply Envelopes Any Quality and Color to be obtained in the market, and we can supply them with desired Printed Matter on the outside, and can do it at a Reasonable Price. We can supply an Envelope Printed at as low a price as $2.00 per Thousand, but we would advise everybody to use a better quality of goods. Cheap stationary does not look business like. At $3.5 per 1,000 or $2.00 per 500 we can furnished Printed Envelopes that no man should be ashamed to use.

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The first of the year, near at hand, when every business man will want to make out bills and close up his books. We should like to have them call and look over our Billheads, and select something that suits. We know that we can please, in Billheads in Quality, Color, Size and Every Other Respect.

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—AND—

Cards of All Kinds.

Dance Programmes, Wedding Cards, &c.

We have in sample some of the Most Beautiful Dance Programmes we have ever seen anywhere. They are Surprisingly Tasteful. We have also in sample about fifty styles of Wedding cards. Orders should be given five or six days before goods are needed.

If there is Any Manner of Job Work which you desire, we should like you to give us a call.

AMERICAN UNION,

DENTON, MD.

T J. McELHENIE,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

GRAINING AND PAPER HANGING executed in first-class manner. All work guaranteed. oct.22-y.

I STILL LIVE,

And if you want your walls repaired, or any light jobs of Plastering done, (if not to be done in too much of a hurry,) I am your man. H. A. H. MASON.

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—AND—
PLASTERING.

Having located in Denton, I desire to notify my friends and the public generally that I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the best manner. WM. H. MOWBRAY.
oct-15-y Denton, Md.

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R. S. FOUNTAIN,
PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
OF THE
Easton Marble Works

Has laid in a large stock of
MARBLE,
and can fill orders on short notice for
Tombstones, Monuments, &c.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED.
Regular Sizes of Tombstones for Friends.
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—GO TO—
SUMUEL PATCHETT,
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Who cannot be excelled in Goods or Prices—Everything of the latest designs and smallest prices.

There is no question of his taste in selecting Interior Decorations, such as
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The handsomest stock of these goods on the Peninsula.

Undertaking a Specialty.

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PRACTICAL
Horse - Shoer and Blacksmith.
PLAIN SHOES. 85 Cts.
STEFL TOLS. $1.00.

All work guaranteed and done in first-class manner and at correspondingly low rates. Call on me.
JOHN J. BARNES,
oct-29-y Denton, Md.

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AUCTIONEER,
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A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

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NEW HOME
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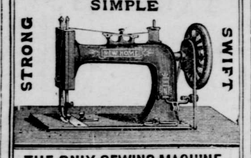
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HAS NO EQUAL
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ST. LOUIS MO. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
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R. S. FOUNTAIN,
Carriage Manufacturer.
24 Buggies Started at One Time!
FOUNTAIN BUGGIES lead the TRADE.
THE FAVORITE.
They stand the test in the severest trials.
PRICES WILL PLEASE ALL.
BUILT IN TWO GRADES ONLY.

I have some fine work, just finished, that has been up her way since the first of the year, and will sell them at great bargains. Some second-hand carriages that must be sold. A great sacrifice. Come and get one before they are gone.
Yours Respectfully,
R. S. FOUNTAIN.
Easton, Md.

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RUSSUM & LEWIS.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
DENTON, - - - MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. [apr.-tf.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the Drug Store, two doors above the Brick Hotel, when not professionally engaged.

J. W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.
BRYANT & TOWNSEND,
Attorneys-at-Law,
DENTON, - - - MARYLAND.
☞ Office opposite Court House.

A THANKSGIVING STORY IN VERSE

"Thanksgiving!—for what?"
—and he muttered a curse—
"For the plainest of food
and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work
and the shabbiest clothes?
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks,
it is they who can;
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man."
So said John White
to his good wife Jane,
And o'er her face
stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John?"
and he thought again;
Then glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
"I was wrong," he said:
"I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too."
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy:
And she kissed her John
as he went away;
And he said to himself,
as he worked that day:
"I was wrong, very wrong;
I'll not grumble again,
I should surely be thankful
for baby and Jane."
—*Boston Globe.*

AT THE FRONT.

The engine of the Eastern express broke her crank just where the line crosses "Big Wapoo" Creek. There was an up grade both ways, so that the engineer could not run by gravity in either direction. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the day before Thanksgiving, and there was at least a dozen people in the train who were on their way to a family reunion somewhere. There was a demure little Yankee school mistress and her sister from ever the divide. They were bound for their brother's, who had a ranch near the road a hundred miles farther east. There was a family—father, mother, and some five hearty well-cared-for boys and girls—who were on their way to the old folks' home still other hundreds of miles to the eastward, and then there were several men who wanted to get somewhere in time for the Thanksgiving dinner, and had trusted to the time table to enable them to do it.

Of course there were Westerners and Southerners on board who had no Thanksgiving traditions to look back upon and rather scorned the time-honored New England festivities as a Yankee institution whose importance was not for a moment to be weighed against the business engagements to which they were themselves hastening. All, however, agreed that it was a great nuisance to be detained here in a mountain valley, far away from all help, with nothing to do but wait until the train was missed and extra engines telegraphed for to haul it out of the way. We were gloomily watching the darkening landscape, when some one, with sharper eyes than the rest, looking keenly up the valley, said: "Isn't that a man on horseback just by the turn of the foot hill on the right?"

All eyes were turned forthwith in the direction indicated, and easily made out an alert, vidette like equestrian figure, just where a tolerably practicable mountain road rose over the crest of a low ridge. As we looked it was joined by another similar figure, and the two sat on their horses apparently consulting about the stationary train.

Presently they both put spurs to their horses and came dashing down the valley after the wild Western fashion of horsemanship. We passengers were standing and sitting, some inside and some outside the cars, for the evening was not an unpleasant one for the season, and there was perceptible among us an instant disposition to look to our revolvers. One or two even drew and cocked their six shooters, for the region was lonely and all had read of road agents and their daring raids. Just at this juncture the conductor came along, and seeing the approaching horsemen, reassured everybody by a cheery recognition, as the two riders pulled up abruptly at the foot of the embankment.

"How do, colonel? Here we are, stalled for the night, I reckon. Hope you won't fire us off your premises?"

"No fear of that. Glad to have you stay as long as you like. But what's the matter?"

"Crank broke," and then followed explanations and conjectures.

"When did you get your last dispatch from below?" asked the elder of the two horsemen.

"Three hours ago, at Blizzard City."

"Then you can't have heard about Salt River bridge?"

"No. What's the matter with it?"

"Swept away. There was a heavy rain in the Cross Hatch range night before last, and the run flooded and got away with a lot of felled timbers up above. The logs gorged at the bridge, and away she went. There's a construction train expected before morning, so I heard, but of course you can't cross for several days."

"I should think not!" said the conductor, adding some remarks which were perhaps justifiable at the time, but need not be repeated here.

A meeting was presently called in the rear car and the conductor stated the case. The wrecked bridge in question was some twenty miles distant, beyond a rough mountain chain. Conveyances could not be had for all hands anyhow and there seemed nothing for it but to picnic where we were. A few of the more athletic of the men determined to start at once and walk the distance so as to catch the first train to the eastward. The rest would stay by the train.

This decided, he whom the conductor had addressed as "Colonel"—he had dismounted and entered the car with the rest—stepped upon a seat and removing his soft felt hat, claimed attention for a moment.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he said, "you do not know it, but you are in a manner my guests. The road runs through my land here and our ranch is just out of sight over the rise yonder. I want to make you all welcome to my house. I have enough for you to eat and can give the ladies comfortable quarters. The men will have to put up with shakedowns on the floor."

This hospitable offer was gratefully received. Some of the passengers, however, preferred to stay by the train. The outcome of it was that about a dozen, including the three ladies aforementioned, equipped themselves for the walk to the ranche.

It was soon reached, and the colonel's companion having previously ridden home to give warning, there was a great bustle of preparation. The building was a log house of palatial dimensions and we men were told to make ourselves at home in a large room on the ground floor. No mention need be made of the details of the substantial supper, for the strictly Thanksgiving part of the narrative came afterward, when pipes and cigars were alight around the big fire place.

Among the passengers were two, both of them grave, reserved, rather well-to-do looking men, one evidently a Northerner and the other a Southerner.

The Northerner, Roscoe by name, had thus far watched our host with a puzzled expression. At length he spoke:

"Colonel, I begin to think I did not hear your name right. Is it Smith?"

"No," said our host, laughing good humoredly, "not quite. It's Akers."

"That's it!" said Roscoe, smiting his knee and leaning eagerly forward. "Tom Akers, don't you remember me?"

"No, I can't say that I do," was the reply, "and yet there is something—there was a Bill Roscoe in a regiment that I served with, but—but—what? Are you Bill Roscoe?"

And with that the two had each other by the hand and shook till they were both red in the face.

The Southerner knocked the ashes from his pipe on the hearthstone and shook his head, but nobody noticed him.

The two old comrades sat down together, and conversation again became general, until first one and then another of the company became interested in what the colonel was saying. "Let me see. We went into winter quarters about the first of that year, didn't we?"

"Yes; twenty years ago to a dot," said Roscoe. "By Jove, Tom, I believe I could do it over again if I got excited."

"Heaven forbid," said the colonel.

And the Southerner removed his pipe from between his lips to respond fervently "Amen!"

Every one looked round, a trifle startled at the deep tone, but Roscoe went on:

"Tom, old man, I am going to tell a story on you, right here to all these folks. Oh, you needn't blush and look round. Just stand by the door, one of you. No, open it and call the women in, if they don't mind the smoke. I don't believe his own wife and children know what a hero she married—his wife, I mean."

The ladies soon came in, coughing a bit at the smoke, and were given the best seats. Then Roscoe went on:

"As our colonel here said—and by the way, gentlemen, he was a real colonel and held the President's commission—as our colonel said, we went into winter quarters about November 1; that is to say, we had tents served out and made a regular camp instead of roughing it as we had been doing for the last eight months. We put up board stables for the horses and walled our tents so we could have fireplaces inside, and made ourselves as comfortable as you please. Still, being cavalry, and pretty well advanced, we did not expect to be altogether idle, and we weren't. Tom, here, was a first sergeant of my troop then. Strict he was, too, on duty, but off duty he was the best fellow in the world, and was really more in command of the company than the captain himself.

"Being a New York regiment we took a good deal of stock in Thanksgiving. The colonel got the governor's proclamation and had the adjutant read it on parade one evening, like the parson used to do at home, and some of us had boxes and barrels from friends, and we all laid out to have a gorgeous spread on the coming Thursday.

"Well, what should the Rebs do Monday night but ride in on the infantry pickets a mile or two on our right and stampede a green regiment, and our troop was ordered out in a hurry with three days' rations to chase them down the valley and teach them not to trifle with our Thanksgiving programme.

"We started out at daylight, hoping to make a clean job of it and get back by Wednesday night, at the latest. We rode all day and never saw a 'Johnny,' and camped Monday night in a patch of woods just off the pike, where we had a good line of retreat in two directions. Tom here was sent down the road with a strong picket, of which I was one, and the rest had their supper and turned in.

"About four o'clock in the morning I was sitting, chilly and sleepy, on my horse, it being my turn as vidette, and the sergeant and the other five men were huddled together under a tree trying to keep warm, when I thought I heard something very like the clank of a sabre down the road. I was wide awake in a second and cocked my carbine. I was in a deep shadow where I could look down the road, but it was a dark, starless night and there was not much to be seen. However, I shut my eyes tight for a moment and then opened them quick, and for just a second I could make out the forms of several mounted men riding under the trees at the side of the road a couple of hundred yards away.

"Of course I fired at them and wheeled my horse and galloped back to the picket. The boys were in their saddles before I reached them, and the sergeant formed us where we were and we blazed away, more to give the alarm than with the hope of hitting anybody.

"The fire was promptly returned and we saw there was going to be music. Then followed the usual falling back on the main body, firing as we went. One of our boys was knocked over and we had to leave him where he fell, for the rebs were pushing us, and we were not more than half way back to camp when there came a rattling volley from the woods ahead of us. We could see the flashes through the trees and guessed that our retreat had been cut off. In a minute we dashed up to the troop and found them all mounted and ready, but the captain had been killed at the first fire and the first lieutenant—the only other officer with us—was hard hit immediately after, so Tom was left in command.

"As soon as he saw how the land lay he gave the word 'Forward, fours right! Trot! Gallop!' and away we went up the road helter-skelter.

"There was no room, even if there had been time, for formation and a charge in line. Some of us drew sabres and had a chance to use them, but most of us used our revolvers and made a rush for it.

"Well, it was all over in three minutes. There was a wild scrimmage, shots and oaths, and riderless horses and the deuce to pay generally. My horse went down, and the rest, what was left of them, galloped on.

"Somebody put a pistol to my head, and of course I held up my hands and had them tied behind me, and then I sat on the dead horse and heard the fight go off up the road. Evidently most of the boys had cut their way through, for presently the recall was sounded and the Rebs came straggling back, and by daybreak they were calling the roll and making themselves comfortable in our camp. Two other prisoners were brought in, one of them Tom here and the other a fellow named Richards.

"We were put under guard and treated well enough, and after the sun was up the dead were brought in. There was a dozen all told, seven of them our men, and we got leave to write their names on a pine slab and stuck it up where they were buried.

"Then the Rebs started off on a raid of their own, and we three prisoners were sent to the rear under a guard of three men, two of whom were wounded and unfit for rough work. We three were on foot but not pinioned, and our guards rode along behind us.

"Tom had always sworn he would never go to Libby prison, but here he was on the way to it, and it looked as though he would have a chance to see Libby in spite of himself.

"Well, we tramped along for five or six miles and then the corporal in charge called a halt.

"'Cover these 'yer Yanks with your irons, boys,' he said, as he dismounted. 'We may as well hobble 'em while we rest.'

"He dismounted, and taking one of his blanket straps approached Tom.

"'Set down, Yank,' he said, but the next minute he got a crack from Tom's right that sent him heels up over a log, and Tom was off into the bushes like a deer. The other two shot at him but missed, and the corporal jumped up and chased him, but he was a trifle dazed by Tom's blow, and anyhow was no match for him in a foot race, so Tom got clear away.

"We were glad of it, of course, though our arms were pinioned the rest of the way.

"Now, Tom, you tell your part of the story. Hearsay evidence is not admissible in this court, you know.

Our host laughed, and his daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen, went over to him, as if to lend the encouragement of her presence, and stood beside him with her hand on his shoulder.

"Roscoe has made a fairly good story of it," said he, "but he hasn't done himself justice. It was my horse that was shot and he made me take his own. That's how he happened to be captured. His memory always was a little treacherous. Well, I ran through the woods until my wind gave out and then walked on two or three miles until I came to a narrow road running north. Following this awhile and keeping a sharp lookout I presently saw a horseman coming down the slope across a little run. You may believe I hid as quickly as I could, and watched him from behind a tree. He was a Confederate officer, well mounted and riding carelessly.

"Now, in the hurry, our captors had overlooked a little revolver which I carried in one of my boots. So I got it ready, and when he was opposite I stepped out and had him covered at ten feet distance. There was nothing for him to do but come down, and we exchanged clothes, and I tied him securely and left him quite comfortable with his head on a bunch of moss by the roadside. Then I rode off on his horse toward our lines. In a few minutes I struck the road that we had marched over so wearily in the morning, and after one or two narrow escapes got back to our lines, and who should I find there but Bill and Richards, who had managed to get the best of their guard shortly after my escape, and so we were all safe back for our Thanksgiving dinner after all.

"Oh, I forgot to say that my Reb officer was a bearer of dispatches which proved to be very important, and I got my promotion in consequence."

"Now, look here, Tom—that won't do!" broke in Roscoe, glaring with pretended wrath at his friend. "I shall have to take up your dropped stitches."

Every one turned expectantly toward him as he paused, and, seeing that the colonel was not inclined to proceed, he went on:

"When Tom struck that main road, as he told you, he didn't go north at all, but just cantered along south on our trail and overtook us in an hour. He had got himself up so we didn't know him at first, but he rode along with us, told the corporal who he was, heard the story of the morning's fight (the corporal took care not to mention his escaped prisoner), and then said, carelessly:

"'That strap is rather tight, corporal. Their hands are swelling. They can't march long that way. There are four of us now. I'll take the responsibility.'

"Then he halted us and unbuckled the strap, slipping his revolver into my hands as he did so. In a few minutes Richards tumbled the wounded man at his left off his horse. Tom had his pistol at the corporal's ear and the tables were turned.

"We thought it prudent to keep in the woods on our way back to the lines, so it was right in our way to pick up the bearer of dispatches, whom we found where Tom had left him, and you can just bet we were cheered when we rode into camp next morning with our four prisoners."

The young girl slid her arm round her father's neck and kissed him while he modestly kicked a log into position on the andirons, amidst a buzz of admiring approbation.

"Colonel," said the Southerner, rising and coming forward and extending his hand as a silence fell over the little company, "I want to thank you, sir, for having put that roll of moss under my head when you left me by that road in Virginia, sir. You tied me pretty blamed tight, but that moss was a great comfort, sir."—*New York Telegram.*

Inspecting Eggs.

One of the curious operations to be witnessed in New York is the inspection of eggs. In the large markets men may be seen testing eggs at almost any time, but especially in October and November. They work in dark rooms, where they keep a lamp burning in a box on the table before them. One of them will take two or three eggs in each hand and pass them rapidly between his eyes and the lamp. If the egg is good that is, if the albumen is still unaffected, the light will shine through with a reddish glow, which if the egg is affected will be opaque and dark. The inspector's practiced eye quickly perceives the least want of clearness in the eggs, and suspicious ones are re-examined, to be passed into "bad" or "doubtful" baskets. In this way over a hundred eggs a minute are often examined, and any one can test the goodness of eggs who will hold them up to a light in a dark room.—*Cultivator.*

Wake Up.

To be tired of the world and its whirl—
To surfeit of kiss, hug and curl—
To feel that no joy can unfurl
A fresh or new pleasure of life,
Suggests to the miserable man
(A wretch of the bachelor clan)
That he had best get—if he can—
A stirrer in shape of a wife.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The original estimate of the cost of the Panama canal was $120,000,000. That large amount of money was raised and has been nearly all expended, without any result to speak of. Hence M. de Lesseps now, naturally wants another $120,000,000, but, just as naturally, he finds it much harder to raise than before.

Of founding sects there is no end. The most lately reported has its habitat in Bessarabia, and is known as "The Nest for Godly People." Its members dig graves in their gardens, or in the earth floors of their cottages, and lie therein until most famished. This they do "to commune with God, confess their sins and examine their past lives," and they declare that at such times they "see saints and devils."

Professor Ludwig Meyer denies that the light wines and beers are diminishing the consumption of ardent spirits and claims that there is a steady increase in the use of both. In Holland, he says, the use of spirits has increased thirty per cent. within seventeen years; in Belgium it has doubled itself in the last forty years, and even in that home of wines, France, it has risen from an average of four annual liters per head to seven in the two decades from 1860 to 1880, i. e., an increase of seventy per cent.

It is estimated that on an average President Cleveland shook hands with 500 people every day during a part of last year. Statisticians have figured out that the physicial exertion necessary to accomplish this task would be power enough to saw four cords of woods, or, if applied to an engine, would give a force of six-mule power. The President sits in an easy chair during his receptions, but that is the only easy part of the business. He grasps the hands of his visitors firmly, and shakes them up and down six times.

It was foreseen years ago that California would produce ten times as much fruit as would meet the wants of local consumption. That point is now believed to have been reached, yet fruit culture is still in its infancy there. The only limit to production seems to be the foreign demand, and fruit growers are anxiously casting about to find markets for their crops. They have held several conventions to consider the subject, and will soon hold another. It is expected that they will be enabled to send two freight trains of fruit per week to the Eastern markets next year, and if the business is pooled it can be made profitable, otherwise not. The element of cooperation is essential to success.

The percentage of persons aged fifteen years and upward who can read is in Germany 94, in Great Britain 91, in Austria 88, in France 88, in Italy 72, in Spain 69, and in Russia 53. The percentage of those who can read, write, and work out simple arithmetical problems is in Germany 89, in Great Britain 81, in France 77, in Austria 74, in Italy 63, in Spain 49, and in Russia 39. The percentage of those who possess a fair acquaintance with more than one modern language is in Germany 69, in Austria 61, in Great Britain 34, in France 29, in Italy 28, in Russia 23, and in Spain 13. And, finally, the percentage of those who have some knowledge of the classics is in Germany 32, in Great Britain 21, in France 20, in Italy 19, in Austria 13, in Spain 7, and in Russia 2.

The king of Belgium's new state on the Congo is not to be allowed to have all its own way without twenty-three native chiefs of the neighborhood of Boma knowing the reason why. These chiefs have sent a petition to the king of Portugal praying for deliverance from "the ferocity of our greatest enemy." The spectacle of twenty-three black kings, all in a towering passion, would be enough to daunt Mr. Stanley himself. The chiefs complain that their lands were taken from them by fraud; that they have always considered themselves as the vassals of Portugal, and that they do not intend to be quietly dispossessed by the free state. Quite the contrary. They have 200,000 men who intend to make things pleasant around Boma if their masters do not get their rights.

William M. Singerly, the millionaire publisher in Philadelphia, has a fine farm in Montgomery county, Penn., where last winter he wintered 250 head of neat cattle, 800 sheep and thirty horses. At the southwest end of his main barn, separated from it by a covered driveway, are his silos, stone structures sufficiently large enough to hold 300 tons of ensilage each. His cattle are fed on ensilage three times a day, with also a liberal supply of grain in the rations. Mr. Singerly states that ten acres of grain fodder will keep seventy head of cattle during a term of six months through the systems of ensilage and soiling. During the fall about 1,000 tons of ensilage have been stored on this farm.

The Boston *Courier* says, that "a notable illustration of the value of commercial expansion is found in our commerce with Surinam. Situated only a few degrees north of the equator, Surinam is the seaport of a rich and fertile country, with which for many years our trade has been considerable, but within the last five years the trade has doubled. The importations of sugar and cocoa have increased, and nearly every vessel arriving from Surinam brings gold dust in considerable quantities. We export to Surinam large quantities of flour, beef, pork, butter and fish, and beside these products of land and sea we are beginning to send manufactured articles. The leading Dutch-American house in Surinam is that of Marcus Van Praag, all of whose shipments come to Boston and to a single house here. And what to uninformed persons will seem strange, is, that all or nearly all the cocoa that comes to Boston, whether from Surinam or from Holland, is taken by one man or by one Boston firm to manufacture. To receive a check for $100,000 on account of a single importation of cocoa is no unusual thing; and certainly this exchange of products is a very profitable one."

Some interesting statistics of the world's population have just been published, which contains tidings of comfort and joy for the fair sex. It appears that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature very properly worships the female in all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest and will bear pain to which the strongest man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than female. The proportion dying suddenly is one woman to seven men. One thousand and eighty men in the United States in 1870 commited suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, affections of the heart and liver are more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption is more deadly to the latter. All old countries, not disturbed by emigration, have a majority of females. Royal families show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long lived, the colored man exceptionally short. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women.

A Boy's Curious Memory.

Philadelphia has a human phenomenon in the form of an errand boy who has a marvelous faculty for remembering names, numbers and addresses. The *Times* says of him:

There are over 375 fire-alarm boxes in this city, and about 5,000 fires have occurred within the past four years. Joe Berliner knows the location of every box and the date of every one of the 5,000 fires. He not only can tell the date, but he is able to give the exact minute that the alarm was struck and what fire companies went to it. Joe lives with his mother at No. 883 Randolph street. About four years ago he walked into Mr. James' establishment and applied for work. He was asked what references he had, and he answered, "My mother." He was employed as an errand boy and has occupied the position ever since. Joe cannot read and on most subjects he is not particularly bright, but when it comes to anything about fires he is a prodigy. He is also a walking hat-store directory and knows the address of every hatter in the city. Joe was visited at his employer's place on Saturday and put through an examination that would have frightened a civil service applicant into a fit. He seemed to rather enjoy it and did not make a slip. Number after number was given to him from the printed list of fire-alarm boxes, and as quickly as the numbers left the lips of the speaker Joe would name the street where the box is located. "Forty-two, Joe?" would be asked. "Shur's lane and Main street, Manayunk," would come as quick as a flash. "Two thirty-nine?" "Twenty-first street and Fairmount avenue." "Seven thirty-four?" "Roxborough station-house." "When was there a fire over there?" "Second of January, this year. A stable burned down. The alarm came in at 8:30 A. M." "Three fifty-eight?" "Sixty-third and Vine. It was never pulled there, though, it used to be at Front and Lehigh avenue, but was moved." "Three fifty-five?" "There ain't such a box. There's three fifty-four; that's at Mount Airy and Main streets. It rang at 8:50 o'clock last Monday morning. Hadn't been pulled before for a year." "What's the number at Huntington street and Trenton avenue?" "That's easy—one-forty-five. Fire there on the third of February. Stable burned down." His answers were verified at the insurance patrol station on Arch street, above Fifth. The firemen all know him there. They call him Jo-Jo. Every day he stops in at the station to look at the horses and inspect the wagons. The men ask him all sorts of questions about fires and try to catch him in a wrong answer, but they never succeed. About two weeks ago two new boxes were put in, and when Joe came in he was given their numbers, 412 and 413. He had heard of them, and knew just where they were located. When he is not busy at Mr. James's store he amuses himself by pulling off his coat, lying down and getting some one to call out a number. Then he jumps up, shouts the location of the station whose number has been given and goes rushing down the store, pulling on his coat on his way, as he has seen the firemen do. He attended a night school about a year ago for just four nights. On the fourth night an engine passed the school-house on the way to a fire, and Joe was following that engine in less than ten seconds. He never went to school again. When his employer makes out his customers' bills he keeps Joe in the office. As soon as the name of a hat firm is called Joe gives the address, and so saves the trouble of hunting it up. Mr. James says he is perfectly honest and faithful, and is as good an errand boy as he ever saw.

All About Seasickness.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin medical society Dr. Neuhaus, who lately made a voyage round the world for the purpose of studying the phenomena of seasickness, gave an account of his observations.

He divides people who go to sea into three groups or classes—those who are never sick, the proportion of whom does not exceed three per cent.; those who are never well, who he likewise estimates at three per cent., and those who, after a few days' sickness, adapt themselves to their environment and suffer no further inconvenience. Seasickness, in the main is caused by the rapidly varying pressure of blood on the brain, due to the upward and downward motion of the ship. As the ship descends into the troughs of a wave, the pressure increases; as she rises to its crest, the pressure diminishes, and nausea is the natural and ordinary consequence of a sudden rush of blood from the brain. While journeying around the world Dr. Neuhaus ascertained, by personal observation and actual measurement, that when a ship is much tossed about the livers of those of her passengers who have not got accustomed to the motion become affected in a very remarkable manner. This is in part due to the loss of liquid in the system; but in bad cases, where the patient lies all day long in an almost inert condition, suffering from acute headache, the affection assumes one of the lighter forms of blood poisoning, from retention in the system of an element usually given off. Great relief may be obtained by lying on the side, with the head resting on the breast and the knees drawn up as near as possible to the chin. In this position the tension in the pressure of blood on the brain is reduced to a minimum, and the stomach and its nerves in a great measure are protected from the vibrations of the ship. Chloral hydrate may also be used with advantage; it soothes the irritated brain, and often enables the sufferer to obtain much needed sleep. It should be given in doses of one gramme, but only when the sickness has lasted three or four days, not before. Alcohol is worse than useless.

Fat vs. Lean.

"Ah, me!" sighed the lean man, "If I were a fat man,
How happy the world would seem;"
"S'death," moaned the fat man, "how happy you thin men—
"Oh, dear! if I could be lean."

So thus doth the lean man envy the fat man
While the fat man would fain be lean;
Oh, happy am I, not fat man or lean man—
Only betwixt and between.
—*Louisville Post.*

THE LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

Far, far away, 'neath the grassy slope
Of a mountain over the sea,
A fair blue lake lies ever at rest,
And the sunbeams merrily
Come down by day to shimmer and bathe
In its ripples clear and bright,
Where the wonderful stars are multiplied
Through the peace of the summer's night.

'Tis a strange, sad tale that the boatman tells,
As he rests on his idle oars,
A legend sweet of the lake so blue,
To the stranger on its shores.
It was many and many a year ago,
In a summer-time bright and sweet,
When a beautiful village nestled low
At the stanch old mountain's feet.

But a fierce, wild spirit it was that ruled
And dwelt on the mountain-side,
And never a man had dared to probe
The heart of its cavern wide.
Alas, for the day when they angered him!
Alas, for the people then!
Full well they dreaded the wrath to come,
Though they knew not how or when.

There dawned a beautiful summer morn,
A golden Sabbath day,
The villagers took their way,
While the bells in the spire softly rang
Till their sweetness filled the air,
And out through the lowly vestibule
Came the pastor's voice in prayer.

Then suddenly fell from the mountain top
A flood of waters as blue
As the summer sky; and the sunlight shone
On the waters, which grew and grew
Till never a trace of the village lay
'Neath the fleecy clouds above,
And only a fair still lake, at rest
Where once were life and love.

And, says the legend, when ever there dawn
The sun of a Sabbath day,
One hears the peal of the church bells soft,
And the murmur of those who pray.
In the village lying beneath the lake
Of that mountain over the sea,
Where the sunbeams bathe, and the stars at night
Are lying so restfully.
—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Weekly.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The keynote of good breeding—Be natural.

The grocer puts sand in his sugar, thinking he may thereby put rocks in his pocket.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Oh, what can be the matter?
For seven weeks or more
There's been no revolution
On Cuba's feverish shore.
—*Puck.*

Paregoric is the newest handkerchief perfume. Old maids like it. It is so suggestive of extreme youth.—*St. Paul Herald.*

A California farmer has shipped 56,000 pounds of mustard seed to New [illegible]. He believes in making it warm [illegible] public.—*Boston Post.*

A farmer once called his cow "Zeph[illegible]. She seemed such an amiable hephyr. When the farmer drew near, She kicked off his ear, And now the old farmer's much dephyr. —*Goodall's Sun.*

Some person advertises in an exchange that he wants "a live man to handle a new sewing machine." We suspect that he would not trust a sewing machine in the hands of a man, and yet we should think the [illegible] could handle a new machine as easily as he could an old one.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Detroit *Free Press* says some [illegible] low has patented "an automatic [illegible] that shuts up when the cow kicks." [illegible] may be a valuable invention, but we don't believe the ingenuity of man [illegible] capable of producing a contrivance that will cause the milker to shut up when the cow kicks. That is the time he or she opens out and uses language.—*Norristown Herald.*

Style on Slender Incomes.

It is a astonishing thing to observe the style which New York men are occasionally able to put on by dint of stretching out an income which is absurdly small, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Small clerks with salaries of twelve dollars a week pay seven dollars of it for their board, two dollars for their washing, at least two dollars for their car fares and luncheons, and yet manage to wear fashionable clothes. Of course they all owe their tailors more or less, but there is still mystery about it. Occasionally enlightened slightly, as when I saw one of the [illegible] gentlemen step into [illegible] some hat poli[illegible] I picked [illegible] were [illegible] rumies [illegible] The dearest desire [illegible] dandy's heart after he has [illegible] age is to wear a high hat.

This he keeps in order by dint of infinite care, and now by the occasional use of hat polish. The druggist who sold the stuff said there was a demand for it. "Formerly," he said, "young men used hartshorn for taking brown spots off their hats, and they still use it to take the shine off the seams of their threadbare clothes. This hat polish, to be sure, has a rather unpleasant odor, but that's a small matter compared to the beauty which it imparts to a rusty and weather-beaten hat." Some of these well-dressed but impecunious young men possess an amount of information about clothes, boots, hats and the like that astonishes men who devote their time to thinking of graver things, and even equals that of the feminine dresser. They will go five miles up town and patronize a little shoemaker in a side street, because he is cheap and has the knack of pasting a patch over a shoe with such cleverness that it is scarcely visible. Most of them have very old suits of clothes, which they put on as soon as they arrive down town, and they all shave themselves, black their own boots, smoke cigarettes, go through no end of deprivations, and endure heart-rendering miseries that they may be able to go with us girls in the best society.

A Big Territory.

The Estelle (D. T.) *Bell* commenting on the proposed division of the Territory says: Suppose Dakota could be painted red, white and blue and fastened to the Washington monument, it would make a flag that would float out across the Atlantic and make those Britishers out there tired of life. Pull Dakota out by the roots and throw it over the fence into the British posessions, and you have a hungry-looking hole big enough to bury Minnesota, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and what the cyclones have left of Iowa.

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