The American Union.

VOL. XVII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1877. NO. 51.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines) 3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month	1.50
1 "	3 "	2.50
1 "	6 "	5.00
1 "	12 "	10.00
¼ column, one year,		15.00
½ " " "		30.00
1 " " "		60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on firs insertion.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

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

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.,

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

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of Claims, Sales of Real Estate, &c. [oct-5-1y.

GRAIN. FRUIT.

Gould, Dukes & Co.,
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
GRAIN AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL. POULTRY.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHT'S,
328 North Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [3 30-1y.

Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
305 North Water St,
PHILADELPHIA.

For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
FRUITS, &c. FUR, &c.
☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

John B. Isler,
Land Surveyor,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.

On Tuesday at the Office of G. M. Russum, Esq., Denton, Md. [2-24-1y.

N. L. DOBBS,
Bricklayer & Plasterer,

IS PREPARED to execute work in his line at short notice. Orders left at this office will be attended to. Address Greensboro', Caroline county, Md. [4-13-1y.

PAINTING and PAPER HANGING.

E. H. FURNISS,
Easton, Maryland,

TAKES pleasure in informing the citizens of Caroline county, intending to have
PAINTING OR PAPER HANGING
done that by calling on him and examining his large lot of beautiful
PAPER SAMPLES,
they can be pleased in both style and quality. Those furnished with wall paper who may desire to do their own work themselves and at the lowest prices.

Painting done by contract or otherwise.—Paints furnished when desired. Orders forwarded to me at Easton will meet with prompt attention. [apr12-8m.

TAILORING

J. W. Irving,

FORMERLY of Centreville and lately of Chestertown, has located himself in Denton, and proposes to carry on the
Tailoring Business
in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit the patronage of the public.
Cutting, Scouring and Repairing
done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

J. L. STOLL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
GREENSBORO', MD.

IS PREPARED to cut and make entire suits in the latest style. Scouring and repairing done at short notice.

The latest Paris fashions regularly received. The patronage of the public is solicited.

CHOPTANK HOTEL,
Denton, Maryland.

HAVING leased the Choptank Hotel property, formerly occupied by Capt. Thos. E. Heather, I am prepared to accommodate boarders by the day, week or month, on reasonable terms.

LIVERY STABLE.

I also keep horses and carriages to hire on very moderate terms.

I hope by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of patronage.
jan11-y ANDREW BAGGS, Jr.

J. P. FIEROE,
CREENSBOROUGH, MD.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles & Harness.

Patronage solicited of all who want anything in the above line. Prices and quality guaranteed to suit. [2-24-1y.

W. F. COOK,
Watch Maker
AND JEWELER,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Confectionery, Notions &c., &c.
MAIN STREET,
may18-6m **GREENSBORO, MD.**

HOUSE CARPENTRING.

—:o:—

HAVING PERMANENTLY located in Denton, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to contract for the erection of Houses, either by contract or by the day. My work shall be done in a faithful and workmanlike manner, so as to give entire satisfaction.

REPAIRING

old buildings or improvements added in any style of architecture when desired. Persons contemplating building or adding improvements are requested to call and see me and get estimates. I hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Picture Frames of Walnut Gilt and all other kinds furnished to order.

My shop at present is opposite the Building and Loan Association.
WM. F. MURPHEY.
1-6-1y. Denton, Md

BLACKSMITHING,
AT LOW PRICES.
John T. Comegys.

I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmiths Business at the old stand, but after the first of January next, I will discontinue the Wheelwighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmiths business only.

I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.

Plain Shoeing - $1.00.
With Steel Toes - $1.25.

I have also the sole right of E. B. Burton's Sub-soil Pulverising Plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to any Plow at a cost of only $5.—Satisfaction Guaranteed.
JNO. T. COMEGYS,
Oct-12-tf. Denton, Md.

CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING

—:o:—

I GIVE NOTICE through this medium that I still continue to carry on at my old business stand

CABINET MAKING
ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Undertaking A Specialty.

No pains spared in trying to give satisfaction.
Persons taking measures for coffins should give the exact length of the corpse.
A good hearse, nearly new, a gentle horse and a trusty driver.
All material of the best class.
I will also brick up graves when desired.
Scythe and cradles at shortest notice of white ash.
All work put up with sharp tools.
Forty years experience in the above business
I flatter myself that my work cannot be surpassed on this shore. In my absence my brother, Collison Pritchett, will be found at my house or shop.
Orders should be sent in early for Scythe and Cradles.
Our thanks for past patronage.
Respectfully the public's ob't. servant.
5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT.

Poetry.

BLESSINGS OF TO-DAY.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we wate the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our dusty track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown,
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorned the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

THE WIFE'S ERROR.

A Domestic Story.

"Going to board at a hotel?"

The tone was one of utter amazement, and Mrs. Gordon flushed uneasily, as if the surprise was in some measure a reproach.

"You see, Aunt Lucy,' she said coaxingly, "this is so far out of town. If Harry and I want to make a call, or go to any place of amusement, it takes half the night to get home.'

"Not quite so bad as that, Lulu. Harry goes to the city morning and evening, so it cannot be so very far.'

"And I have to be up so very early, because Harry does not relish his breakfast alone, and Sarah never cooks a rasher quite as he likes it.'

"Well,' said Lucy gravely.

"Well,' half pettishly, "I hate housekeeping. I want to have my time for visiting and sewing.'

"You should have sufficient time for both, with such a perfectly arranged house, and so small a family.'

There was an interval of silence, while her aunt, full of painful thought, tried to think of arguments that were not censures, to coax Lulu Gordon from her new resolve.

She was Harry's aunt, not Lulu's, and her experience taught her the danger of this new step.

Orphaned when a boy, Harry had been her life-charge, and she knew well where his temptations were suited.

He was a frank, generous-hearted man, fond of society, inclining to "good company,' and of the easy good nature that is a blessing or a curse, as circumstances or strength of principle dictates.

Mrs. Henderson had spent many prayerful hours in the past, knowing Harry had not strength to resist many of the temptations "good fellowship' calls forth.

She had known of his engagement to Lulu with a trembling heart, for Lulu was an only child of doting parents, and spoiled by over-indulgence. But the change in his life caused by his marriage had exactly the steadying influence Harry seemed to need.

Lulu's father, who was not a rich man, had drawn up the savings of years to furnish a house for his daughter, and Harry had selected a cottage upon the outskirts of the city, because it combined the advantages of a low rent and a large garden.

He was a salesman in a wholesale house, drawing a good salary, and his interest in his house and garden was that of a boy with a new toy, but continued long after the novelty was over.

There was a steady, middle-aged woman engaged as a servant, who proved efficient and reliable, and Lulu at first shared her husband's pleasure in the novel dignity of house-keeper.

The only cloud upon the first two years had been the death of a beautiful boy, who brightened the house for six months before he was called to heaven.

It was a common remark among Lulu Gordon's friends that her house was a gem, and Harry's pride in it was very great.

He was constantly adding to the stock of pretty table appointments, toilet articles, or kitchen conveniences, and his rule was to buy the best only, so that little by little he had collected a choice assortment of household goods under his roof.

Through the spring and summer months, he would spend the early morning and evening hours in his garden, priding himself upon his fruit, flowers and vegetables, and if they cost as much as if bought in the market, the money was well invested in health and pleasure, as well as the article produced.

But while the pretty house and garden were the source of pride and happiness to Harry, while he studied to make them perfect for Lulu's sake, the little wife wearied soon of the monotony of household tasks, and fretted for the excitements of her girlhood.

Something of this she lost while her baby-boy filled her heart and hands, but after he died she again found time hanging heavily upon her.

Friends found the ride to her pretty home a long one, and did not 'drop in' as they had done when she lived in the city, while she tired also of the ride to and fro, that Harry bore patiently with home at one end.

She had not that strong love of home that is inborn with women, and did not derive the keen delight many would have felt from the mere possession of her household treasures.

She had no taste for dainty cooking, and did not care to be in the kitchen for hours for the satisfaction of placing some triumph of culinary art before her husband.

Sarah, the servant, cooked most things satisfactorily, though Harry lovingly declared Lulu's ham and Lulu's pudding had a delicious flavor all their own.

The little wife did not suspect how much of her husband's praise for her few efforts in household work was a tender device to waken a deeper interest in the home that was Harry's pride.

She did not realize how much self-sacrifice the pretty appointments about her represented.

Perhaps the goods and chattels might have possessed a higher value in Lulu's eyes had she known how much more than mere money they cost.

But Harry did not tell her that the pretty pickle-stand was the result of many less cigars a month, that her dainty etagree was a saving upon the winter suits and overcoats, that the pier-glass upon which she sat her heart was the result of close economy in the matter of town luncheons.

She had displayed all her treasures to her friends, she could trust Sarah with the work, and the time passed wearily when Harry was away, for Lulu was not fond of intellectual pursuits.

Her idea of pleasure consisted in the excitement of society or public exhibition, and she fretted at the enforced quiet of her semi-rural home.

Suddenly a great idea loomed upon her mind.

She would coax Harry to move into the city and lodge at a hotel, so she would be rid of the bother of housekeeping, and be once more near her friends.

The result of a month of persistent effort is shown in the conversation with Mrs. Henderson. Loving his wife more than his home, Harry yielded.

"I wonder if Harry is willing to leave the home he has made so perfect,' Mrs. Henderson said, sadly.

"Willing!' Lulu cried; "he would not listen to it for a long time. I believe there is a bit of his heart in every sauce-pan.'

"And you would make him give up all he has collected with so much care?'

"Oh, he will soon get over all that, when he does not see them. It is nearly the first of May, and we will not take the house for another year.'

"And the furniture?'

"We will have a good price for that.—We can live a long time on what we ought to get for the things, and Harry can save his salary.'

"Poor saving, Lulu. You may deeply regret this, dear. Few men feel so deep an interest in home as Harry, and it is dangerous to destroy that interest.'

But Lulu was resolute, in spite of Harry's evident reluctance, nothing moved by his lingering touch upon many of his household goods, purchased with such proud delight.

Her first regret was at the sale.

It was painful to see the dainty treasures Harry had collected passing into strange hands, at about one fourth of their value, to watch rough men tearing down the furniture and taking it away; to see dirty hands passing over the cut glass and china, and gathering up pretty trifles to take them away from the home they had adorned.

Sarah, sobbing over the packing and bewailing the desolation, was depressing, and Harry's long face was a keen reproach.

But the morning nap in the private hotel, the fact that Harry had only one to walk instead of three or four miles to ride, the absence of all care of the table, raised Lulu's spirits again, and she was quite ready to enjoy the first day of liberty.

It was not so pleasant in the evening, when Harry, after glancing at the newspaper, went out for an hour or two.

The other lodgers were strangers, and Lulu found her room lonesome.

Harry, after his long ride from business, had been glad to don slippers and dressing-gown, and draw up an easy chair, to enjoy a quiet evening in his cozy sitting-room.

Chatting, reading scraps of his paper, planning garden work, had made time pass quickly, and early rising necessitated early retiring.

It was all different in a little while.

Harry was only too welcome among his former friends, and his evenings were spent abroad, while Lulu gathered her friends in her own room, and without realizing it, husband and wife were drifting apart little by little.

Aunt Lucy, with a sinking heart, saw that the result she dreaded was coming with footsteps far more rapid than her worst fears had dictated.

Harry was soured by his wife's want of appreciation for what he valued highly, her determination to accomplish her own desire, even when she saw how painful the sacrifice was to him.

It hardened him.

And Lulu was mortified and angered when she found that Harry, instead of being her escort to evening pleasures, as she had fondly anticipated, preferred to seek his own companions and pursuits.

Each evening he stayed a little later away from the room that it was mockery to call home, and gradually he found himself drawn into friendly games of cards, that were more interesting if there was a small stake, though it was a long time before he called his amusement by the ugly name of gambling.

Worse still, in the fevered excitement of the game, the glass was too often lifted to his lips, and Lulu shuddered at the thick speech and haggard eyes that told the story of deep drinking. For her own part, the pleasure she had anticipated proved far greater in imagination than in fact.

It was not pleasant, when her friends came to spend an evening, to have them comment pityingly upon the fact that they never saw Mr. Gordon.

It became annoying to depend upon other escorts than her husband when she wanted to go out, and she was thrown into companionship with those that were far from pleasant.

Although the housekeeping had been somewhat extravagant, there were but three to provide for, and after six months Harry found his balance at the bank was smaller than it had been before since he was married.

Beefsteaks did not cost as much as cards and his pretty nick-nacks did not involve so great an outlay as Lulu's dress was costing, to keep pace with the others in the house.

A dinner-party to a few friends was given at less expense than the 'treating' for one evening in the billiard rooms, and Lulu could but acknowledge there certainly was no saving.

Her own neat dress, that was so suitable for a morning in her little, quiet home, looked cheap and common beside the elaborate cambrics, frilled percalles of the other ladies, and her best dresses were soon worn out by the constant shopping and visiting, undertaken to pass the time.

Too late the young wife realized that her husband was yielding to temptations that had not presented themselves to him in the first years of their married life, and regretted the steps she had taken.

"You are right, aunt,' she sobbed, one morning, when Mrs. Henderson was in her room; "Harry seldom comes home perfectly sober, and he is unkind to me, as he never was before. When I reproach him, he tells me it is all my fault, that he never was tipsy when he had a home to come to.'

"Can you not go back?'

"No. Father says he cannot afford to furnish a house for me again, and certainly Harry cannot. Indeed, he would not, for he is still sore about the contemptible price the goods brought at auction. Oh, aunt, what can I do?'

"You must try to coax Harry to stay more with you. And Lulu, you might soon save money for expensive furniture. If Harry saw you were in earnest, he would soon feel the old interest again.'

But the advice was never to be followed.

Harry Gordon was seized with delirious fever, brought on by the sudden change in his habits.

He had a disgust for boarding-house cooking, even of the best, and had neglected regular meals to satisfy his appetite with late suppers or stimulants.

The fever finding a weakened system, was very violent, and Lulu found every hour taxed with nursing duty.

Aunt Lucy came at once to the assistance of the young people who filled the warmest place in her kind heart, sharing Lulu's watching and care, her fears and hopes.

She could not share the agony of self-reproach with which Lulu heard the doctor's opinion of the cause of Harry's illness, but only to soothe it as far as possible.

Six weeks of alternate hope and despair, of wild delirium or stupor, followed the first anxious hours, and then, without knowing his danger, ignorant of Lulu's tears, Harry Gordon passed from life to eternity.

Just a year ago this May-day upon which I write, I attended the sale where poor Harry Gordon's household goods were ruthlessly scattered, and saw the house closed after the young couple took a final leave of the bare walls.

Only to-day I saw the pale, remorseful little widow making her pilgrimage to plant flowers upon the graves of husband and child.

"But for my selfish persistence,' she told me weeping bitterly, "I might to-day have a happy home, a loving husband, instead of weeping a widow's tears over the graves here.'

And while I spoke words of comfort, I knew that self-reproach was bitterly truthful.

Her punishment was sudden and overwhelming, but the danger lurks more or less wherever the home love is destroyed, the home interest weakened.

No matter how poor the house, how mean the surroundings, if once a married man's heart is centered upon his home, and the love his home holds, it is his safeguard against all outward temptation, his comfort in trouble, his sweetest, safest happiness on earth.

A Thoughtful Husband.

If he had confined himself to his legitimate quill driving duties, there would have been no occasion for him to be strutting around with his left hand in a sling, a patch on his nose, and an absurd old gum shoe on one foot. He was, however, only another victim to that egotistical opinion of all men that they can do anything better than a woman. He went home the other day, and found his wife putting up peaches in those old fashioned tin cans that are closed with sealing wax. She had an old apron on, and two or three little splotches of sealing-wax ornamented the floor, while the cat under the table was licking a piece the size of a postage stamp with great assiduity.

"See here, Maria," he said, "you'll cripple yourself with that hot wax directly," but as she made no answer, he continued oracularly, "Women never have any mechanical genius, any way. If there is a way of doing anything wrong, they're sure to try it."

"Do you think you can do it any better?" she observed, with some acidity.

"Why, of course I can."

"Well, here; just distinguish yourself then."

So he sat down. She handed him a fresh can, just out of the hot water. He took it in his hand and dropped it as though it had been a streak of lightning; while he stuck his fingers in his mouth and looked sudden death to her because he could not swear.—She gave him a towel to hold the next one with, and he took it on his knee, lighted the ceiling-wax stick, and commenced prodding around the top but the bottom burnt his knee, and he jerked, bringing the burning wax stick across the back of his left hand. Then he jumped up and howled, dropping the can, which emptied a spoonful of burning preserves into his slipper.—This made him frantic, and he went dancing about the kitchen like an inebriated dervish, waving the burning wax until a drop took him on the nose. In his agony he kicked the offending can through the window, scattering its contents over the dog, who rushed into the street howling and raising an alarm of mad dog, which occupied the attention of all the people within three squares. Then he submitted to be laid on the sofa, and plastered with flour and sweet oil, until he looked like a badly prepared scare-crow. He is now willing to take an affidavit the size of a barn door that he will let the women be just as awkward as they choose.

My Father's House.

We make our best use of this world when we regard it as the basis from which to survey the other. Without a future world, poetry could have no existance. The key note of the poetic is future perfection, and the eternal home of the Christian is the highest perfection. I know of no better illustration of these truths than a simple expression which fell from the lips of a godly friend of mine. Through perseverance and industry, he had been able to build himself a house. But his chief boast was, that from his fireside he could see his father's house on the distant hill.

"No matter the weather," said he, "whether winter or summer, spring or autumn—no matter the sky, whether cloudles or stormy—when I sit by by cast window, father's roof and window tops, the gleam of his lamp at night, are always visible to my sight."

His words contain the philosophy of life, and the principles of holy living. Enviable—yea, thrice enviable—is the man who can pierce the clouds of social darkness which surround our earthly homes, and see his Father's house, with its many mansions, in the world to come.

"As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

"Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his home in paradise,
The sight his fainting strength renews
And wings his speed to reach his prize.

"'Tis there he says I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
There I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away."

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—As to gapes in chickens again, the London *Cottage Gardener* gives us *its* receipt as follows: 'We have learned to jest at gapes by making free use of camphor. We give to a chicken in a very bad case a pill the size of a small garden pea. As soon as we see symptoms of gapes we give the birds water to drink, which is strongly impregnated with camphor, thus giving to the chickens that which was a favorite medicine with our great grandmothers, 'camphor julep.' The treatment seems to explain itself.—The gapes or 'gaping, is caused by the presence of small worms in the windpipe. No medicine can reach them unless it does so by vapor. An hour after the chicken has swallowed the pill it smells of camphor. Camphor is a very strong vermifuge, and the worms die." Now let's all try this.

Selling Liquor to Minors.

By the law you may sell to men and women if they will buy. You have given your bond, and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this priviledge, and you are licensed to pursue your calling.—No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated with violence; what children starve or mourn over the degredation of a parent, your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed! You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may fill it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusement; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may snoply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license.

You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the the sparkling glass; you may be schooling them for the period of 21 when they, too, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips, but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But while you have all these privileges for money you pay, this poor priviledge of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, "Leave my son to me until the law gives you a right to destroy him." Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends and for the community to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few years of his youth, in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him. This is something you who now stand prisoners at the bar have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license.

For this offense, the court sentences you to ten day's imprisonment in the county jail, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid.

The Oriental Business.

A good citizen of Crogan street was reading the other day of a good Persian gentleman who always walked about with a smile on his face. When this Persian was asked why he always looked so happy when other men looked sad, he replied:

"I smile because it may be sunshine to some poor soul surrounded by shadow.'

It was very nice in the Persian, and the Crogban street man said he'd be hanged if he couldn't outsmile a Persian or anybody else walking around on two legs. He at once began to smile at his wife. She stood it for a few minutes and then observed:

"What is the matter, William—got the colic again?'

"I smile because I want to carry sunshine to your darkened soul,' he replied.

She wanted him to understand that fifteen minutes at the woodpile would help her more than all the grins he could grin in a stright week, and when he went into the kitchen to smile some sunshine at the hired girl the wife followed him and raised a row that put dinner three-quarters of an hour behindhand. However, one can't get the hang of Oriental business in a day, and this man tried it again on the street car as he came down yesterday. Opposite him sat an old woman with a basket, and he undertook to smile the shadows from her heart. She watched him for two or three minutes, growing madder all the time, and presently she asked:

"Do you think you know me, that you are grinning across the aisle like a circus baboon?'

"I smile, madam, because—because—,' he stammered, forgetting what the Persian said. "I smile because—'

"You are grinning because I have got sore eyes!'

"No madam. I smile that I—that I—'

"I'll not stand it!' she exclaimed, and she hammered him with the big basket until he escaped off the platform.

"Now grin over that, will you!' she called after him as she shook the basket in the air.

"The Persian who went around smiling was a fool, and I'm his first cousin!' growled the man, and he quit smiling and picked a fight with a harness maker.

A young fellow eating some old Cheshire cheese at a tavern one night exclaimed: "Now, I have done as much as Sampson, for I have slain my thousands.' 'Yes,' retorted the other, "and with the jaw bone of an ass too."

A chap who was courting a girl named "Bush" said that he was only "beating around the bush." He eventually got "bush" whacked by her father.