The American Union.

VOL. XVIII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1877. NO. 3

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Md.

The American Union

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

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Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

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DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of C. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap14-tf

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. jy4-1y

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,
338 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.

GEO. T. MELVIN. M. S. MUTCHLER.
MELVIN & MUTCHLER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICES: Denton, Md. Greensboro, Md
☞ Special attention paid to the collection of claims. [jly12-y.

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

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.

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.

HOUSE CARPENTRING.
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 Wheelwrighting 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. Barton'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.

Whitelock's Vegetator.
Reduced Price.
AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE
W. WHITELOCK TRADE & CO'S MARK
VEGETATOR
BALTIMORE
100 LB.
THE CROP PRODUCER
$3.50 per bag. $3.50 per bag.
Quality Guaranteed.
BEST MATERIAL USED.
NOT SOON EXHAUSTED.
Produces the Grain.
Can be Drilled.
UNIFORM IN QUALITY.
Discounts to Dealers and Clubs.
W. Whitelock & Co.,
No 44 South Street,
jun28-4mos. Baltimore.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted.—Outfit and terms free. [3-0-tf.] TRUE & Co., Augusta Maine.

DRUMMERS all killed out by B. G. STEVENS.
Potter's Landing July 19th, 1877.

BARGAINS IN STORE at B. G. STEVENS.

Poetry.

For the Union.

THE VILLAGE AND THE RIVER.

BY SCHOOLBOY.

'Tis a winding stream that flows
Through Eastern Maryland;
And either bank green woodland shows,
Bestowed by nature's hand.

Far up near the river's source
There stands a little village,
Bounded by its running course,
And lands made rich by tillage.

In every season of the year
The river gives it's joys
To all the village people near,
But chiefly to the boys.

In spring the merry schoolboy sails
His boat upon the river;
It darts ahead of gentle gales,
Like an arrow from the quiver.

People gather on its bank,
In the merry month of May;
Assembling every age and rank
To have their gala day.

When summer and autumn too are here,
The river's a great resort,
There the lover pours in the maiden's ear
The emotions of his heart.

And winter's cold, fresh pleasures bring,
To cheer the weather drear;
The children's voices gladly ring
O'er the ice so smooth and clear.

Thus nature everything appoints,
Some work for all the time,
From the smallest thing her balm annoints,
To the greatest and most sublime.

Greensborough, July 13th, 1877.

The Death-Clock.

"And my soul from out the shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

"I shall die to-night as that clock strikes twelve,' said Dr. Vargrave, lifting a white shapely hand as he spoke, and pointing to the clock that stood on the marbel mantel.

The wintry day was drawing to a close; since early morn the snow had been steadily falling, and now all outside was shrouded in a mantle of white. The sun was setting behind a bank of dull gray clouds, and the sombre twilight of a Winter's day like a pall had fallen upon the city.

I had just finished visiting my patients, and in response to a note at my office that afternoon from Dr. Vargrave, had called to see him.

"'I shall die to-night as that clock strikes twelve,' repeated the doctor as I seated myself before the cheerful fire that roared and sparkled in the grate.

"I am at a loss to understand the meaning of your words, doctor,' said I after some moments of silence. "Were it any but Dr. Vargrave had such a fancy, I should recommend a blister on the back of the head, and the other remedies we use in case of cerebral disorder.'

A cold smile swept across my companion's face, as he changed his position half impatiently.

"But surely, Doctor,' I resumed, "there is some mystery here; I see you in prime of life, full of health, and with a name already famous in the world of science; possessing all these, is it a wonder I do not understand your meaning when you calmly say you will die to-night as that clock strikes 12?'

"You shall soon know all, my friend, said the Doctor, crossing the room and touching a small silver bell on the table; "you shall soon know all, and I am sure my confidence in you will not be displaced.'

The door opened, and the Doctor's servant, a bright-looking creole boy, entered.

"Is supper ready, Queto?'

"Yes, Senor,' replied the lad.

"Come, Doctor, let us go to supper, said my companion, dismissing the boy with a wave of his hand; "strange as it may seem, I have quite an appetite for this last meal of mine.'

In a dazed way I followed this strange man, who, from some cause, had evidently made up his mind to die at the stroke of 12 that night, and who yet seemed as unconcerned and self-possessed as if his lease of life was to extend for many years, in place of a short five hours, for as we entered the cozy dining-room I heard the clock in the room we had vacated strike 7 in clear, silvery tones.

The Doctor's appetite was certainly good, although I noticed he ate only of the most delicate food, and the decanter of choice wines he scarcely touched. As for myself, it was with difficulty I could swallow a morsel, and was much relieved when we rose from the table, and again ascended to the other room.

"You will excuse me for a time,' said the Doctor, as at his invitation I seated myself. "I have some papers which I wish to collect, and place in your hands.—When I return you shall have a full explanation of this mystery, as you call it; during my absence you can amuse yourself with the books,' and he pointed to a lofty case full of valuable works, which I had before noticed.

Left to myself, I lighted a choice cigar from the box the Doctor had placed before me, and drawing the note I had received that afternoon from my pocket, proceeded to read it. It was as follows:

To Dr. Honey:

MY FRIEND—Come to me this afternoon at six, and if possible, arrange your business that you may spend the night with me. Truly, HENRY VARGRAVE.

My acquaintance with Dr. Vargrave had commenced some six months previous, and in several delicate operations he had been kind enough to ask my assistance. Rich, handsome and evidently of a high family, the leaders of society. Entirely devoted, however, to his profession, he was but little known except through his practice.

I read and re-read the note, but could find no reason in it for the strange phrase the Doctor had several times repeated:—"I shall die to-night as that clock strikes 12.'

Suicide was out of the question; my friend was the possessor of everything a reasonable man could desire, and a man with faculties too steadily balanced to destroy himself. Ponder and think over the matter as I would, I could arrive at only one solution in regard to mystery; I had read of and even treated, patients who from a constant dwelling of the mind upon one subject had become monomaniacs to it. It was evident the Doctor had in some way become impressed with the idea he was to die that night at 12, and though perfectly sane in all other respects, believed it was to be so. Satisfied this was the reason of the Doctor's strange assertion, "I shall die to-night as that clock strikes 12,' I rose from my chair, and advanced to the mantel to look at the clock, whose face now indicated a quarter to 8. The time-keeper was entirely different from anything I had ever seen; it was of pure white marble, bound at the corners with bands of thick, yellow gold, and engraved with strange characters, cut deep into the marble at the sides and front. Two golden serpents lay coiled around its base, and their jeweled eyes flashed a wicked light as passed before the mantel.

A thought struck me: "Would it not be a good plan to set the clock back a few minutes, and then when the hour of 12 arrived prove to the Doctor by my watch, an excellent timepiece which he had often admired, that his clock was wrong, and as the hour had passed, he would have to set some other night for dying?'

This looked as if it would cure the doctor of his strange fancy, and, opening the front of the clock, I placed my finger on the hand and moved it slightly. Great God! shall I ever forget the cry? It sounded in my ears like a thunder-clap; it was a woman's voice, if voice it could be called, and the agony in it could never have been suffered on earth. The chrick died away in a long, sobbing wail that echoed through the room like a despairing cry of a lost soul might sound.

My hand at the first cry dropped from the clock, and, as I staggered back, to my excited eyes the golden snakes seemed alive, and writhing in fury, I even imagined I could hear their angry hisses, and the lurid fire of their baleful eyes flashed and sparkled in a thousand flames!

Terrified I resumed my seat, and, as I did so, the glass door of the clock closed of itself with a sharp snap.

I have heard the cry of raving maniacs; I have heard the cry of a broken heart; but never before had I heard, and I pray I may never again, such a scream as the one that echoed through the room as I lay my hand upon the clock.

What could it mean? Was it possible the doctor had some mad woman locked in his house? But no, it was not probable.—I touched the silver bell standing on the table, and, after some delay, the boy Queto entered.

"What was that cry, my boy?' I asked the lad as he stood before me.

"I have heard no sound, Senor,' replied the boy.

"Ah, never mind; I suppose it was some one in the street,' said I, half ashamed of having called the boy.

Queto departed, and I was once more alone.

A strange feeling had come upon me.—I took a book from the case, and as I did so the clock struck 8. The sound made me shudder.

I lighted another cigar and opened the volume. Its title was "The Dreaming dead,' an old romance, wierd and mystical, written by some German author long since passed away. Fascinated by the book, the time flew quickly, and the clock chimed 9 as the door opened and the Doctor entered.

"Back at last!' he exclaimed as I looked up; "did you get tired of waiting.'

"No; the time has passed quickly; by the way, Doctor, did you hear that strange cry that rang through the house?' As I asked this question I observed the Doctor's face narrowly.

"I have heard no cry,' replied Dr. Vargrave; "what was it like?'

I described the shriek as well as I could, but it was evident the Doctor heard nothing.

"My friend, I have but a short three hours to live,' said my companion suddenly; are you ready to hear my story?'

I nodded assent, and the Doctor, placing a box of papers on the table, said: "After my death I should wish you to take charge of these; among them you will find full directions regarding the disposing of my property. Now light another cigar with me and you shall hear my story.'

"It is twelve years ago one bright day in May,' commenced my companion, "that I stood on the deck of a vessel leaving New York, bound for a trip half for business and half pleasure.

"Among the isles of Antilles, that southward stretch away
In one long emerald chain of beauty gay.'

"I had just left college, and was full of the enjoyment of youth, finding pleasure in everything. I had embarked for the voyage full of delightful anticipations in regard to the country I was about to visit. I had read of the wonderful beauty of some of these islands, with their tropical fruits and flowers, and now I was to visit them. It is needless to tell you of the voyage, which was short and without event. I arrived at my destination, and almost the first thing I did after stepping on shore was to succumb to a violent attack of yellow fever.

"Hovering between life and death, I lay for many weeks totally unconscious of what was passing around, and when once again with reason restored, I opened my eyes, I thought I had died and passed away. I lay in a large room whose walls, composed of bamboo, were hung with tropic vines and flowers of every hue and size. Through the open door a cool breeze from the sea found its way, bringing with it the fragrance of a thousand flowers. A fountain at one end of the room threw a stream of water high into the air with a musical murmur, and by my side a maiden sat who, as I stirred and was about to speak, laid a cool hand upon my forehead and sang a tender, dreamy song. Her voice—

Was like a chime of silver bells, [air,
Whose sweet, sad music floats upon the
Whose plaintive, soothing melody ebbs and swells [rare.
In one low song, harmonious, rich and

"Weakened by my long sickness I lay with half closed eyes wondering—

My soul was an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan did float
Upon the silver waves of her sweet singing.

"I shall not weary you with the details of my recovery; it was complete, and I was soon able to walk out and enjoy the novelty of my position. During my sickness I had been cared for at the residence of Don Roderick Morales, a highborn Spaniard, who resided on the island, an old friend of my father's, and it was owing to his attentive care I had recovered. Don Roderick was a widower with one child, Virginia.'

Here the Doctor's voice trembled and he became deadly pale, as he held out a small miniature for my inspection.

It was a beautiful face, almost oval, with large dark eyes, a small rounded chin, sweet mouth, and the head, imperial in its poise, crowned with radiant bands of black hair.

"That was Virginia,' resumed the Doctor, "as I first knew her. She inherited all the grand beauty of her Spanish mother, and at the age of eighteen was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. From the time of my recovery life to me was as a long, delicious dream; by Virginia's side the languid topic day by day passed swiftly, and it was not long before I heard the sweet declaration from her lips that I was beloved.

"Night after night we wandered beneath the cold moonlight, now through the fragrant orange groves laden with their delicious golden fruit, now by the sea beach listening to the dreamy murmur of waves that flashed and sparkled like molten silver on the shore. Her voice, as I have said, was a glorious one, and, accompanied by the guitar, she sang the strange old Spanish ballads with a passionate tenderness.

"Often, however, I noticed a strange melancholy would overcome her, and in the midst of a song she would suddenly pause and with averted face hurry away, not to reappear for hours. I attributed these attacks to a sorrowing remembrance of her mother, who had not been dead long and, assured that time would prove a cure for them, I never mentioned it. Oh, God, had I but guessed the true cause,' and the Doctor, rising from his chair and wiping his forehead, on which a cold perspiration had gathered, 'had I but known the cause, what suffering could have been averted!' As he uttered these words the clock struck 11 with hollow, sonorous strokes.

The sound struck a chill to my heart; I glanced at my watch; the clock was five minutes slow; I had set it back that much.

My companion crossed and recrossed the room, and then resetated himself and continued:

"I had now been several months on the island, and I eagerly looked forward to the time when Virginia should be mine. Don Roderick's consent to our union had been obtained, and it only remained for me to receive letters from home.

"One afternoon—ah, how well I remember it!—Virginia and I were together on the long piazza that ran the length of the house, she swinging idly in a hammock, while I read aloud from Tennyson's 'Lotus Eaters:'

We've had enough of action, and of motion we,
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was setting free.

"Suddenly, with a strange cry, Virginia sprang to her feet and hurried down the gravelled path that led to the garden. I at first did not follow, as these strange moods were not uncommon; but overcome with an irresistable feeling I at length arose and followed her footsteps.' The Doctor paused and gasped for breath, large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead and his face worked convulsively.—"She had entered the orange grove on the south of the house, and hither I followed her. Oh, heaven!—and the Doctor's voice broke into a groan so terrible in its agony that I started to my feet. He motioned me back, however, and after drinking a glass of water, resumed. "As I entered the grove I heard Virginia's voice singing a low, strange song, which I had never heard before. Silently I advanced, and when quite near I paused, and, leaning forward, observed her motions. Great God, coiled in her lap lay a slimy, hideous snake, whose flat head undulated to and fro, keeping time to the song! Virginia's hand—that white, beautiful hand I had so often pressed to my lips—stroked the horrid creature, and patted its great loathsome head as a mother would caress a child. The sight was too much; with a terrible cry I sprang forward, and as I did so the snake, uncoiling itself with a lightning like motion, buried its poisonous fangs deep into Virginia's right hand, and glided away. The cry had alarmed the household, and they were quickly on the spot, but too late. Virginia, my only love, was dying as I bent over her. The last words she uttered were these:

"'You will come when I wish it?'

"That,' said the Doctor, "is my story. As I afterwards ascertained, Virginia had been under the care of a native nurse, an old woman, who from some cause entertained a terrible hatred against her parents. I suppose by some devilish art she had cast a spell over the girl, and the mysterious influence acted. Certain it is that Virginia, pure, beautiful Virginia, was the victim of a 'snake charm,' as it is called on these islands. Unable to resist the influence these creatures exerted over her, she came as it were, to their call. Had I not made my presence known the snake undoubtedly would never have harmed her. This is the end. Crazed with grief I fled from the island, and wandered for years in foreign lands, returning at last to commence the practice of medicine in this city. Three years ago, as I sat in this room, the spirit of Virginia appeared before me. It uttered these words: 'Be ready to come at my call?' Again last week the same thing occurred. In an inexpressibly mournful voice the vision said: 'Be ready to come at the stroke of 12 Monday night.' 'I am ready,' said the Doctor, rising from his chair, 'and into your hands I leave my affairs.' He paused.

I glanced at the clock, it indicated five minutes of 12.

"Doctor, how did you become the possessor of such a singular clock?' I asked.

"It was Virginia's,' replied Dr. Vargrave, in a broken voice; "she gave it me the last day of her life.'

"Well, it is wrong, Doctor,' said I in a cheerful tone, drawing the watch from my pocket and holding it up to him. "You see it is already 12 by the right time, while your clock indicates four minutes of the hour. You will not die to-night at 12, certainly.'

We were both standing close to the mantel, and the Doctor's hand rested near the base of the clock.

"Ah, my friend,' replied my companion, with a mournful smile, "you know not what you say; the clock has kept perfect time for years.'

"As he uttered these words the first stroke of the 12, like the deep tone of a funeral bell, sounded through the room; as the echo died away, I, George Homer, physician, saw with my own eyes the golden serpents uncoil their glittering lengths from around the cursed clock, and with a simultaneous movement bury their fangs deep in the Doctor's right hand, where, years before, at the same spot, Virginia had been bitten.

My companion reeled and fell heavily to the floor, and at the same moment a shadowy form, that of a beautiful woman, floated into the room and hovered an instant over him. The last stroke of 12 died away in a silvery echo, and as the sound ceased the clock flew into a thousand fragments. I bent over the body of Dr. Vargrave and called him by name—he was quite dead.

CARBOLIC ACID IN THE POULTRY HOUSE.—Carbolic acid seems to be the most popular disinfectant now in use, and it is a valuable assistant in ridding a place of disease which has already gained a foot hold, as well as in warding off the approach of the destroyer. The manner of using it is to form a solution of about two ounces of the acid to three quarts of water, and apply with a watering pot, after the house has been cleaned out. Once a week is often enough to use it in ordinary circumstances but in cases of disease, or where houses are greatly infested with vermin, it should be used oftener. For ridding the bodies of fowls of lice or vermin, use one part of the acid to eighty parts of water, to which some persons add a little glycerine; apply with a brush to the roots of the feathers on different parts of the body.—A better plan, however, is to always keep a plentiful supply of wood ashes within their reach for them to dust in, when they will keep themselves free from vermin, as a general thing.

THE new way prescribed for a gentleman in offering his arm to a lady is thus laid down: Instead of saying to her, "Please take my arm,' the gent should express himself as follows: "Pray, madam, will you so far condescend to sacrifice your convenience to my extreme felicity, as to insert the five digitals and part of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular of my animal frame?' This usually does the business.

Blessed are They that Mourn.

Mr. Haldane was just about to lock the door of his Sabbath school and go home, one dark December night, when he spied a little girl of about twelve years of age standing in the doorway crying bitterly.—He turned on the gas again, and bade her come in.

"What's wrong with you, my little girl?' he said.

"Please, sir, everything's wrong with me, and I wish I was dead," said she bursting anew into a flood of tears.

Mr. Haldane had not seen her before, but he began speaking kindly to her and at last she told him all her story.

Her mother had been dead for one week only, but her father had been dead for years. And now the little orphan was thinking of the many times she had caused her dear good mother sorrow, and—

"Oh, sir," she said, "I came in here to-night, and when I heard you telling about Jesus dying on the cross, I just thought it was all my blame, for I've been so bad that He'll never forgive me."

"My dear child," said Mr. Haldane, "Jesus came to save such as you. He came to save the lost, and He is willing now to make you His, and pardon all your sins."

"But you don't know how bad I've been!"

Mr. Haldane pointed out to her that Jesus Christ come to save the very chief of sinners, and tried to get her to accept Christ as her Savior.

When they parted for the night she was much calmer, and promised to pray to Christ for light in her darkness, and Mr. Haldane agreed to meet her next day.

At the time appointed, she met him with a glad smile. "I see it all now, sir, and have just put myself into Jesus's hands."

Mr. Haldane, being a missionary, got her a home with a pious lady who was requiring a servant, and who promised to allow her to attend the Sabbath school. On the following Sabbath she came up to Mr. Haldane, and, pointing to a text on the wall, said, "Please, sir, read that!"

He read, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

"That's me, sir!" cried she joyfully; "that's me! Christ took away my mother and my home, and when I mourned, he gave me another home, and bade me follow mother to heaven; and when I was sorry for my sins, he came and washed them all away. So when I saw that text, I couldn't help telling you, sir, for that's me! that's me!"—*Times of Blessing.*

Eve's Tomb.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah the seaport of Mecca. The temple with the palm growing out of its centre is supposed to mark the place where Eve's head rests, and a domed mosque is believed to be exactly over her womb. According to the Arabs the lady measured about two hundred feet in height, but judging by the dimensions of her tomb, it would seem that the Ishmelites much underrate her real length. Arabs, however, are very bad judges of distance, and nearly always have a horror of telling the truth. The sacred ground, which is pretty thickly studded with tombstones of departed Sheikhs and other worthies, is inclosed by a high white wall; a few small shrubs and aloe plants struggle for existence among the gravestones, and close to the domed mosque is a tree growing over some great man's grave, which is surrounded by railings. There are many legends and superstitions concerning this celebrated place, but I had not time to collect any that would be worth relating. It is visited by numerous pilgrims. "Backsheesh," of course, is in great request by the well-dressed Arabs as well as the ragged. Jiddah is a clean, fine looking town—at a distance; but on a nearer approach the illusion will be dispelled, and many aromas (not of ambergris or burned sandal wood) powerful as a soap factory, assail the nose. This gets worse as one lands, but there is no time to waste thinking of such a trifle, for a sharp watch has to be kept on the mangy, optimbinic dogs who amuse themselves by barking and snapping at the legs of any one who makes use of soap and water. At night it is necessary for Europeans to carry a light, and a good stick, a well planted blow from the latter doing wonders in warding off dogs.

A NEW USE FOR ONIONS.—A New Hampshire paper states that the speediest way to cure the epizootic and make a horse thoroughly happy, is to give him onions. In proof whereof the case of a Portsmouth horse is cited, which had a severe attack of the disease, and his owner placed half a dozen onions in with his regular feed.—The horse ate three of the onions immediately, and by the time he had swallowed them began to cough and sneeze and prance about, appearing quite indignant, and refusing to touch the remaining onions.—For full five minutes he wept at the nose, and then—he was a cured horse. He has not had a cough, a sneeze, nor any symptom of the epizootic since, but he had courage to eat the onions remaining in the crib the next day after the cure.

AN Irishman who had been sick a long time was one day met by the Parish Priest when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad to see you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?' "Oh no your riverence! It was meetin' the other chap that I was afeard uv!' replied Pat.