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THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF

CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,

Attorney at Law,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.

Office next door to residence, Main street.

may9-y

DR. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.



Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.

December 19th-y

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FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct16-y J. P. FIEROE.

PLOWS

AND

PLOW CASTINGS,

Manufactured by the Subscriber,

And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.

ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

THE MARYLAND

Brick Manufacturing Company

MACHINES,

County and Yard Rights for Sale,

For particulars, address

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ap16-tf P. O. Box 290, Baltimore, Md.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

F. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

PUMPS.

Everybody who has use for a pump should buy

MORRELL'S

Fire Engine,

DEEP WELL

AND

FORCE PUMP.

Send for a Circular.

POOLE & HUNT,

jo14-1y Baltimore, Md.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.80
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Moorcton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborough, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

"IF."

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt Heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper Sea.

If in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer; and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say:
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Can side by side with his, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully, and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way.

But O! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

JOHN WALTON'S REVENGE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"Be off from here, you little beggars!" said Oscar Ronalds, imperiously.

The speaker was a well-dressed boy of fourteen, and the words were addressed to a boy about his own age and his sister of eight. The contrast between their outward appearance was striking. Oscar was of a light complexion, and looked like a petted child of the aristocracy. He held a club in his hand, which it might be judged from his scowling face, he would not be unwilling to use.

John Walton, who confronted him without fear, was a stouter boy than Oscar. His complexion was dark, his hair, black as a raven's wing, hung over his forehead. His clothing was coarse and well worn; his pants were tucked up nearly to his knees, and shoes and stockings were luxuries which he dispensed with. His little sister terrified by Oscar's rude manner, clung to her brother in affright.

"Don't be scared of him, Lizzie," said John. "He won't dare touch you."

"Won't I though?" said Oscar clutching his stick tighter.

"Not if you know what is best for yourself," said John, looking fixedly at him.

"You have no business here, you beggars," said Oscar, furiously.

"I'm no beggar," said the barefooted boy proudly.

"This is my father's land. Can you deny that?" demanded Oscar.

"I know it is, and I suppose it will be yours some day."

"Then why have you intruded here?"

"I did not suppose it would do any harm to pick a few berries, which would otherwise decay on the vines."

"Then you know it now. I don't care for the berries, but I don't want any begger's brats on my father's place."

"Stop there, young master," said John firmly. "You called me a beggar, and I did not care much; but if you call my mother by that name, you will be sorry."

"I?" said Oscar very contemptuously, "What will you do?"

"I'll beat you with that stick you hold in your hand."

"Then I do call her a beggar," said Oscar, furiously. "What are you going to do about it?"

"You'll see."

John Walton let his sister's hand fall, and springing upon Oscar, he wrenched the stick from his hand, laid it over his back with sharp emphasis three times, and then threw it into the pool near by.

Leaving his young enemy prostrate, he took his terrified sister by the hand, saying:

"We'll go home now Lizzie."

Oscar picked himself up, mortified and furious. He would have pursued John and wreaked instant vengeance upon him if he had dared, but in the hands of the young savage, as he mentally characterized him he had felt his own utter inability to cope with him, and resolved that vengeance should come in another form.

"My father shall turn the beggars out of house and home," he muttered. "I wish they might starve."

The father of Oscar Ronalds was the proprietor of a handsome house and large estate, including several tenements which he rented out. In the poorest of these lived John Walton and his mother- They lived poorly enough, how, it would be hard to tell, but at all events they lived and never sought help.

When John told the story of his encounter to his mother, she was disturbed, fearing that trouble might come of it. So, indeed it did.

The next morning Squire Ronalds with his stiff, erect figure, was seen approaching the widow's cottage.

Mrs. Walton opened the door.

"Won't you come in, Squire Ronalds," she said, nervously.

"No, madam, I have but a word to say, and that is soon said. Are you aware that your boy grossly insulted my son, yesterday?"

"He told me that Oscar called him names, and he knocked him down. He has a hasty temper."

"Your son is a ruffian, ma'am."

"Not so bad as that. He is a good boy to me, Squire Ronalds."

"It is a pity that he cannot treat others with respect."

"Do you think he was wholly to blame?"

"Certainly, he was. My son caught him trespassing on my land, and he very properly ordered him off. If he will apologize to Oscar, I will let it pass. Otherwise as your month is up to-day, I shall require you to leave this tenement.

John, who had been inside and heard what had been said, came forward, looking resolute and self-sustained.

"I shall not apologize to Master Oscar, sir," he said. "It is he that should apologize to me."

"Apologize to you! That would look well; would it not?" said the Squire scornfully.

"It would be right," said John firmly.

"You are an impudent young rascal."

"Mother," said John quietly, "there is no use listening further. I shall not apologize and am ready to take the consequences. Do not be alarmed. I will take care of you."

"You must leave this house to-morrow," roared the Squire in very undignified rage, stamping his gold-headed cane upon the ground.

"Very well," said John. "Good day sir," and John closed the door, leaving the Squire under the vague impression that he had got the worst of the encounter.

"What shall we do, John?" said Mrs. Walton, dismally.

"I'll tell you, mother. There is nothing for me to do here. We'll go to Brandon, where there are woolen mills. There I can get a chance to work, and I'll rise, never fear. It is best for us to go.

The next day Mrs. Walton's tenement was empty, and no one knew where the family had gone, Oscar exulted in what he regarded as his triumph.

Twenty years passed. To the bare footed boy they brought wonderful changes.—At twenty-four he found himseit superintendent of the mill where he had enterred as a poor operative, earning a salary of five thousand dollars a year. He had built a handsome house; over which his mother presided with matronly dignity. His sister Lizzie was the wife of a young phisician in successful practice in the same town.

One winter evening they were all seated in a luxuriously furnished room before a glorious fire. His sister had come to spend the afternoon, but was prevented by the violent storm from returning to her own home.

"What a storm it is!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "I pity those who are out in it."

"Yes," said her brother, "it is the most vi lent storm of the year. The snow must be two feet deep at least. But we need not feel troubled. It is summer in-doors."

"Who would have thought, John, that we should come to live in such comfort?" said his mother. "Twenty years ago we were poorly off."

"I well remember. It was a lucky thing we came to Brandon.

"So it has turned out. But I was alarmed when you quarreled with young Oscar Ronalds.

"I have forgiven him. The harm he intended has only done us good.

"Have you heard of him lately, she inquired.

"Not lately. His father died ten years ago, and I'm told Oscar is very extravagant. That is all."

The storm increased in violence, shaking the house, firm and strong as it was. All at once the door bell rang sharply.

"I'll go myself," said John. The servant may not be able to close the door again."

He opened the front door and a sharp cutting wind entered with a flurry of snow.

"Will you give me shelter?" said a faint voice.

It was a man who spoke, still young. He stepped in quite exhausted, John Walton closed the door.

"You have had a hard struggle in the storm, have you not?"

"I have indeed. I am chilled to the bone."

"Come in to the fire," and John threw open the door of the sitting-room.

He perceieved that the stranger had no overcoat and appeared thoroughly chilled.—Warm bricks were ordered, and in half an hour he was more comfortable. He looked thin and haggard; his face bore the impress of dissipation

He had more than once looked earnestly at John Walton. Finally he said abruptly:

"Will you tell me your name? "Your face looks familiar."

"My name is John Walton."

"What?" said the other, with a start.—"Did you live when a boy, in the town of M?"

"Yes, but I don't remember you."

"I am Oscar Ronalds," said the other, in a low voice.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the three and and they involuntarily glanced at the ill-clad stranger.

"I see what you are thinking of. I do not look much like the boy you used to know. I have been wild and extravagant, and lost and squandered all my property. I have gone down hill—you have gone up."

"I am sorry for your misfortunes, said John, kindley. "If I can be of service to you, I will."

"I came here hoping to get the post of clerk, which I understood was vacant. If I had known that you were here, I would not have come."

"And why?"

"Because you cannot have forgotten my ill-treatment of you."

"It is not forgotten, but quite forgiven said John Walton. kindly. "Unconsciously you did me a service. The clerkship you seek is mine to bestow. You shall have it, and I will guarantee your good conduct. The salary will be small—duly eight hundred dollars."

"It will be a fortune to me, who am penniless. God bless you, John Walton, for your generosity. You shall not find your confidence ill-bestowed."

"I have no more to tell, except that then and there began a new and better life of Oscar, who was after a while promoted, and now has a modest and cheerful home of his own, with a good wife to add to his happiness. And this was John Walton's revenge—a noble and christian revenge, the only one worth taking for injury.

The Death Valley

Among the wonders of our Pacific slope are many weird and terrible things, and not the least of them is the frequently mentioned "Death Valley," which is thus described by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Camp Cody, on the Mojave river in California:

"Eighty miles north-west of this camp is the well-known and much dreaded Death Valley. It is said to be lower than the level of the sea and wholly destitute of water.—Mr. Spears, our intelligent guide, who visited this remarkable valley several times, gave me the following account of it, with the reason for its terrible name. The valley is some fifty miles long by thirty in breadth, and save at two points it is wholly encircled by mountains up whose deep sides it is impossible for any but expert climbers to ascend. It is devoid of vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkened its white, glaring sand. In the early days, trains of emigrants bound for California passed, under the direction of guides, to the south of Death Valley, by what is now known as the "old Mormon road." In the year 1850, a large train, with some three hundred emigrants, mostly from Illinois and Missouri, came south from Salt Lake guided by a Mormon. When near Death Valley a dissent broke out in a part of the train, and twenty-one families came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the main party. This leader determined to turn due west; so with people and wagons and flocks he traveled for three days, and then descended into the broad valley whose tremendous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white glaring sand, bounded by the scorched beaks, met their gaze on every hand.—Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children crying for water, died at their mothers breast, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered, and raved and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountains. It lasted but a short time, then all perished but two, who, through some miraculous means got out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven persons, with hundred of animals perished in this fearful place, and since then the name of Death Valley has been applied to it. Mr Spears says that when he visited it last winter, after the lapse of eighteen years, he found the wagons still complete, the iron work and tires bright, and the shrievelled skeletons, lying in many places side by side."

A Charming Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of the civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land he tills, is by the constitution of nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source.—He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of the animate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the the space on which the generation before moved its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. There lies the path to the village of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the village bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous natural character.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter is not only the expression of the former but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot, and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollnte and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words and of your thoughts.

If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts from bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most religious man.—Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy: what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the family Bible where you married Anno Domini, 1893, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

Culture of the Sweet Potato,

"Kent Co., Del.," inquires for the best method of growing sweet potatoes in the hill, i. e.. (*a,*) how the ground should be prepared; (*b,*) how much manure ought to be applied to the hill; (*c,*) how many plants or sprouts to each hill; (*d,*) whether the earth should be thrown up to the hills in cultivation; and (*e,*) whether muck well composted with stable or barnyard manure is the best fertilzer?

a.—In southern New Jersey it is found that in the culture of the sweet potatoe, the best crops are to be obtained from shallow plowing rather than deep plowing. Five inches, or even only four is quite deep enough Pulverize well with the harrow. Mark out with single horse and plow, going twice in each furrow and making them as deep as possible, say four feet apart, or such distance may prefer to have the rows.

b.—Put in a good fork full of manure to each hill, and have the hills about four feet apart. Cover the manure at once, making the center of the hill conical, so that the sun will warm it on all sides. Directly on the top of this cone set the plant.

c.—Plant but a single sprout in each hill, and wait until the sprout has a quantity of fine fibers or roots well started upon it.

d.—Do not earth up the hills much in cultivation. As a general thing, comparatively flat culture will produce the best potatoes.

c.—If you want an early crop put in stable manure alone. Old, well rotted cow manure, sweet potatoes delight in. Muck, well composted with stable manure, will bring a good crop, but it will be from ten days to two weeks later than the crop upon which stable manure alone is used.—*Corres. Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

Josh Billingsisms.

It strains a man's philosophee the wust kind tew laff when he gits beat.

Awl ov us komplain ov the shortness of life, yet we awl waste more time than we uze.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdom menny people hev thought tha was wise when tha waz onla windy.

The principal difierence between a luxury and a necessary is the price.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and when it is in smiles it is taking wing.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful that there ain't much due him.

After a man has rode fast onst he never wants to go slow again.

It won't do to stir up a man when he is thinking, enny more than it will a pan of milk when the cream is rising.

It is easy enough to raise the devil, but he's a hard crop to reap.

We ar told that a contented man iz happy, and we might have been told at the same time a mud-turtle could fly if he had wings.

JOSH BILLINGS was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" and his idea is that it dependsa great deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun to git up in the morning i have known to be 3 quarters uv an hour going up 2 pair of stairs, and then not hev strength left to be heard."

Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, steal or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, or shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to to join in their games, of mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

LORD BACON ON GOODNESS.---Lord Bacon makes the following striking observation in his essay on Goodness:

"If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from others; it shows that his heart is like the noble tree, that is wounded itself when it gives the balm: if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds and not their trash; but, above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he should wish to be an anathema for Christ, for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

AN ILLITERATE negro preacher said to his congregation: "My bredren, when de fust man Adam was made, he was made ob wet clay, and set up agin de palings to dry."—"Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay, an set up agin the palings to dry?" "Yes, sar, I do." "Who made de palings?" "Set down sar," said the preacher sternly, "such questions as dat would upset any system ob theology."

"WHY, Mr. Jones, are you drunk?" exclaimed Mrs. J., as her husband came staggering into the house late at night. "N—no, my dear," said Jones, "n—not d—drunk, but only diz—dizzy ft—from looking at the fe—fellows go round on their velossipedes!"

MR. SIMPLES in allusion to the practice of buying and selling wives in Egypt, says Jershua Ann did not cost him a cent, yet he feels that he was awfully cheated when he got her.

You seem to walk more erect than usual, my dear sir, Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances.

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