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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1869. NO. 4.

DELAWARE
Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

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

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.	A.M.	LEAVE.	P. M. A. M.
Crisfield,	7.00	Phila.	5.00 8.30
Marion,	8.40	Baltimore,	2.15 7.25
Kingston,	8.05	Wilm.	6.25 10.10
Westover,	8.30	New Castle	6.45 10.30
Princess Anne,	9.10	Bear,	7.00 10.50
Eden,	9.40	St. Georges	7.15 11.00
Forktown,	10.00	Mt. Pleas't	7.30 11.15
Salisbury,	10.30	Middletown	7.50 11.35
Delmar,	10.45	Townsend	8.00 11.45
Laurel,	11.05	Blackbird	8.05 11.50
Seaford,	11.30	Sassafras,	8.15 12.00
Bridgeville,	11.50		P. M.
Greenwood,	12.80	Clayton,	8.20 12.05
	A. M. P. M.	Smyrna,	8.30 12.15
Farmington	12.15	Brenford,	8.25 12.10
Harrington	7.00 12.35	Mooreton,	8.35 12.20
Felton,	7.15 12.50	Dover,	9.55 12.40
Plymouth,	7.20 1.00	Camden	9.05 12.50
Canterbury	7.20 1.00	Wil. Grove	9.15 1.05
Wil. Grove	7.25 1.05	Canterbury	9.20 1.10
Camden,	7.35 1.15	Plymouth,	9.20 1.10
Dover,	7.50 1.30	Felton,	9.30 1.20
Mooreton,	8.05 1.45	Harrington	9.45 1.40
Brenford,	8.10 1.55	Farmington,	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05 1.50	Greenwood,	2.05
Clayton,	8.20 2.05	Bridgeville,	2.15
Sassafras	8.25 2.10	Seaford,	2.35
Blackbird,	8.35 2.20	Laurel,	2.55
Townsend,	8.40 2.30	Delmar,	3.10
Middletown	9.00 2.45	Salisbury	3.45
Mt. Pleas't	9.10 2.55	Forktown,	4.10
St. Georges	9.25 3.10	Eden,	4.30
Bear,	9.36 3.25	Princess Anne,	5.15
New Castle	9.55 3.45	Westover,	5.40
ARRIVE.		Kingston,	6.00
Wilm.	10.15 4.05	Marion,	5.20
Phila.	11.45 5.40	ARRIVE.	
	P. M.	Crisfield,	6.45
Baltimore	1.15 8.10		

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 Wednesday, August 4th, 1869, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Hillsboro'	6.10 A.M.	New York	12.30 A.M.
Ridgely	6.25	Baltimore	7.25
Greensboro'	6.45	Philadelphia	8.30
Goldsboro'	7.00	Wilmington	10.10
Henderson	7.10	Clayton	12.10 P.M.
Halltown	7.25	Kenton	12.25
Slaughter's	7.35	Slaughters	12.40
Kenton	7.50	Halltown	12.55
ARRIVE.		Henderson	1.05
Clayton	8.10	Goldsboro	1.15
Wilmington	10.15	Greensboro'	1.35
Philadelphia	11.45	Ridgely	1.45
Baltimore	1.15 P.M.	ARRIVE.	
New York	4.00	Hillsboro'	1.55

Passengers to and from Baltimore will change cars at New Castle Junction.

FREIGHTS.

LEAVE.		LEAVE	
Hillsboro'	10.00 A.M.	Clayton	3 00 P.M.
Ridgely	10.25	Kenton	3 15
Greensboro'	11.00	Slaughter's	3.30
Goldsboro'	11.35	Halltown	3.45
Henderson	12.00	Henderson	3.55
Halltown	12.30	Goldsboro'	4.05
Slaughter's	12.55	Greensboro'	4.25
Kenton	1.25	Ridgely	4.35
ARRIVE.		ARRIVE	
Clayton	1.45	Hillsboro	4.45

All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours. G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH, Supt.

Hutson's Bakery
AND
CONFECTIONARY STORE,
DENTON, MD.

I WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of the town of Denton and of Caroline and the adjoining counties that I am now prepared to furnish

FRESH BREAD,
Cakes, Pies, and CUSTARDS,

of all kinds, either at wholesale or retail, every day (except Sundays) at the lowest city prices. Having an

Experienced Baker,

from Philadelphia, I can furnish Picnics, Private and Wedding Parties, Excursions, &c., with Fine Cakes, Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts of all kinds,

AT SHORT NOTICE AND LOW PRICES.

My stock of Confectionaries will always be fresh, as I buy but small quantities at a time and buy often. I will have a wagon running through the county once a week after the first of May.

All orders filled and shipped to any point desired. All kinds of saleable trade taken in exchange, and a fair cash price paid for butter, lard and eggs. N. A. HUTSON.

ap29—odja14-y

MEAL AND FLOUR.

FOR SALE for the cash, at the new Enterprise Mill, near Denton. Positively no credit at this mill.

apr29-tf. EMERSON & ROSHY.

THE AMERICAN UNION
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
DENTON, MARYLAND,
Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. MARION EMERSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
1 "	for any less no. of insertions	1.00

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Job Printing.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Dr. SAMUEL G. THOMPSON,

HAVING permanently located in Denton, offers his professional services to the citizens of said town and vicinity.

OFFICE—At R. A. Nichols' residence.

jly1-3m. *

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

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

JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNIES AT LAW,
DENTON, MD,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the 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 St.

my9-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. dec19-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

M. M. ANDREW,
Successor to J. Thomas Jarman
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.

My12-y.

B. F. STARR & CO.,
Mill Stone Manufacturers,
AND DEALERS IN
BOLTING CLOTHS,
Leather and Gum Belting,
No. 173 North Street,
ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

W. 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

GEO. W. SPURRY,
Manufacturers' Agent for
Mill Furnishing Goods
OF ALL KINDS,
AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

MCGEE & KILPATRICK'S QUICK LIME by J. K. SAULSBURY,
my21-tf Ridgely.

For THE AMERICAN UNION.

Lines to Trumpet, the Celebrated Horn-Blower.

BY SAT PASSIM.

To trumpet we would write,
Who's been so very kind
As to wrap in paper tight
Three horns he sought to find,

We did not know that he
So soon would apprehend
That a Trumpeter's Committee
Should Concord Camp attend.

But now he has found out
That such a thing was done;
Lo! three good horns and stout,
To town he brought for fun.

I think as we have time,
He should have a compensation—
A quarter, sixpence, or a dime,
For this new horn-sensation.

To him our kindest thanks we tender,
For this praiseworthy gift,
And long as we his name remember,
We'll think upon this lift.

A lift it was, we can't deny,
These horns so timely sent,
As we had none on which to try,
How blowing, blowing went.

May smiles your pathway bless,
Wherever you may be,
Trumpets, horns, and happiness,
Be always near and round thee.

But we would like to know
If for those horns he paid?
We think that from the earth below
They sprang, by nature made.

Good-bye, dear Trumpeter, good-bye,
We cannot longer write,
But yet we must close with a sigh,
Because the horns won't pipe.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

Beware of the Wine-Cup!

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

She was a beautiful creature, and as she sat there in the twilight, with the stars, which were just beginning to peep forth, shining down upon her golden ringlets, thrown carelessly back over her shoulders, a casual observer would have been willing to swear she bore some resemblance to an angel. But whether she did or not, we don't know; only asserting she was not, simply being Rose Carmine, sitting upon the verandah of her father's house, from where she had watched the setting of the golden orb of day, and where she still remained looking at the bright stars as they appeared to her view. Whilst you are scanning her profile we will relate to you a short history of her: She was the only child of Judge Carmine, who was pretty wealthy. She had just bloomed into womanhood, possessing all the adornments that go to the making of beauty. Always having been a pet with the Judge, and having no mother, she pretty generally had her way in all matters relative to her own individual self.

She sat for some time in the same attitude in which we introduced her to the notice of the reader, but presently she was aroused from it by approaching footsteps.

"Well, upon my word, I am fortunate in catching you here, and alone; for it is in this place, of all others, I would tell you what I have to," said the person who interrupted her.

The speaker was a young man of very fine appearance, apparently about twenty-two, and was known by the name of Richard Harding. He was Rose's lover; one whom she had been taught to look upon as her future husband. His father owned the estate adjoining the homestead of Judge Carmine.—While Rose and Richard were yet very young, their parents had entered into the following compact: They were the only children, and the fathers wished to join the estates; so they agreed that their children should marry each other in order to have it accomplished. Both had been reared with this knowledge; Richard was very well pleased with it, as he had always acted as Rose's cavalier from youth. But not so with her; she had liked him well enough as a friend, she said, but as for marriage with him she could not think of it, as she would never marry a man who drank.—Now Richard *occasionally* partook of the flowing bowl, and *occasionally* imbibed too freely. Judge Carmine had expostulated time and again with his daughter, but all in vain. She remained immovable in her determination. Richard had now come to bid her farewell, as he was on the eve of setting out on a tour to Europe.

"Why this, of all other places, Mr. Harding?" she asked.

"Because, probably, I shall not be disturbed in what I have to say," he replied.

"What have you to say?" she asked.

"This: I have come to the conclusion to take a trip across the water, and I am here for the purpose of bidding you good-bye, and getting your blessing on my perilous journey."

"Certainly, Mr. Harding, if you desire me to wish you well, I will do it with the greatest pleasure," replied Rose.

"Rose, one more thing I wish to know; that is, am I to leave you with the impression that I am to you no more than any other person?"

"You have already heard my answer to your inquiry. I can give you no more definite one than that I have long since made up my mind never to unite my fortunes with a man who drinks. Now, I think that is plain enough."

"Ah, yes, too plain! But Rose," he persisted, "if I should reform, will you not then take pity upon me?"

"Mr. Harding," she replied, "if you would only do what you promise, then perhaps I might be persuaded to alter my determination; not till then."

"With such hopes in view," he cried, "I think I can be enabled to forsake all my wild ways, and I here promise that for the time I am absent I will not touch a drop of liquor. Good-bye, Rose."

He was gone, not giving her time to say good-bye.

"May he hold out faithful," she said, "and never, not only while he is away, but never, no, *never*, touch another drop of intoxicating spirits.

o o o o o o o

"Time waits for no man," and so in this case it did not wait. The time allotted for Richard's stay was nearly out. A letter had been received at home to the effect that he would soon follow it. Since his departure everything around the old homestead had been sadly neglected, for, though he drank, Richard loved to see all around him look neat, and, consequently when at home, had it kept so.

On the night Richard was to arrive at home (it was known by a telegram which he sent) the house was brilliantly lighted up; everything bore a new appearance, for old Mr. Harding knew his son's tastes. A company had been invited to welcome him home, Rose among them, but she would not go; she dared not meet him at first, fearing lest he had not held out faithful in his promise. She had not heard, because when he was going away she had peremptorily refused to correspond with him, though she frequently inquired after him, for she cared more for him than she was willing to confess, and in all probability, if he had refrained from this one practice—intemperance—he would not have gone away a single man.

The company was getting restless; it was past the time for Richard to arrive, and they were beginning to fear lest some accident had happened which detained him. The carriage which had been sent to bring him from the station had returned with the information that he was not on the train. The last train had come in and still no Richard; the company then began to disperse to their several homes with the conviction that something had happened. Judge Carmine alone, remained to console with Mr. Harding in his disappointment.

While they are conversing together let us turn our attention to the object of all this trouble.

Thinking to give Rose a surprise, he came home on the train which arrived an hour earlier than he was expected. Arriving at the station, he set off immediately to the Judge's. Passing his own home, he was a witness to everything that was transpiring, but he tarried not, hastening onward to the object of his love. Arriving there he peered through the window and beheld Rose sitting in the room alone. He stood for some time gazing upon her beauty, then going to the door lightly rapped. Rose came and ushered him in, never dreaming who it was, for he had changed considerable in his appearance during his absence. They sat for some time, when Rose, doubtless thinking it was some friend of her father's, asked him:

"Do you wish to see my father?"

Richard was too full to utter a syllable.—When he regained his equanimity, he said:

"Do you not know me, Rose?"

As soon as he spoke she knew him.—"Why, Richard—Mr. Harding, I should have said!"

"No, call me Richard."

"Well, Richard. I thought you were over at home enjoying yourself with your friends assembled there."

"Do you think I could stop there before first seeing you? No, I came an hour sooner than I was expected, and so repaired directly here. I think I can enjoy myself better in your company this evening than over there."

"I am truly glad to see you, but won't they be dreadfully disappointed over at home?"

"Never mind, so long as you are pleased. Have you no word of welcome for the poor wanderer?"

"Yes," she said, "a thousand welcomes for you. I did want see you back once more."

"Then, you really thought of me, whilst I was away?"

"To be sure, I did. Do you think I could have been so unconcerned about one of my friends?"

"Friend! Am I no more than a friend, still? Rose since I have been away, not one drop has passed my lips. Often have I been tempted, but the thought of you always drove all temptation away. I have refrained from drink so long, I now do not feel the slightest inclination that way.

"Oh! I am so glad," she said.

"And, furthermore," he continued. "I never more expect to allow an intoxicating draught to pass my lips. And if you are so glad, can't you now give me some hope?—Can't you say 'I have changed my determination,' and let me be one of the happiest mortals alive? Oh! Rose, if you could understand my feelings, I have no doubt you would change. Ever since my departure from here, my mind has dwelled continually on this moment, when I should be able to tell you I had come out from under the reign of King Alcohol, and that henceforth I was a free man. Rose, look up; can't you give me some hope?"

She remained with her eyes cast down, in deep thought. She raised them not to the beseeching ones of Richard.

"Rose can't you, will you not say you give yourself to me?"

She looked up, nestled her head upon his bosom, and softly whispered "yes."

All things were at length satisfactorily arranged, the wedding day appointed, and all was bustle and confusion getting ready for the occasion.

On the evening preceeding the happy day, Rose sought her affianced husband, and told him she had a request to make of him.

"What is it dear," asked Richard, "anything will I grant or do to please you."

"I want you to promise me that, during to-morrow's festivities, you will not touch any wine. Drink with no body. Do you promise?"

"Certainly I do, my love; as I before said I will do anything to please you. But you need not have asked me, for I had determined before that I would not."

The day arrived, and everything and everybody were in high spirits. The ceremony was at length over and Richard Harding and Rose Carmine were husband and wife. Rose Carmine had vanished from the stage of action, and Rose Harding stood in her place.

We wish our story, like most of others, could end here, but it does not.

Notwithstanding his promise to Rose, when one after another begged the privilege of drinking with the happy man, he could not resist. At first he intended to drink with no one but his father-in-law, who prevailed upon him to take but one glass, but when that was taken, the taste awakened within him the old appetite, and another, and another, and still another was quaffed, until once more he had sunken back into his old state—he was *beastly drunk*.

When he aroused himself a little from the stupor unto which the liquor had thrown him, he perceived his situation, and not wishing to meet his wife face to face, when no one was watching him, he slipped away, but not before she saw in what a condition he was. He went and hid himself in an old cave that was near by. When his absence was discovered in the house, they were petrified; they knew not what had become of him. Search was at once instituted, but it was all of no avail; find him they could not. His newly made wife went into hysterics, and before morning all that remained of the once beautiful Rose Carmine was a body of cold clay. The blow was too severe for her, and she sank beneath it, unable to hold up.

When Richard became sober, which was some time the next day, he wended his way to the house, thinking all the while Rose would forgive him; but when he arrived there, and was acquainted with the sad catastrophe, he was struck dumb. He could not speak, could articulate not even a word.—When he was aroused from this it was only as a raving maniac, a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum, where he was shortly confined.

Oh! my readers, "beware of the wine cup!" It will prove your destruction when you are little aware of it. Shun every place where liquor is. Ever keep this little narrative before you as the sad consequences of drinking. Once become addicted to the habit, and though you may reform, if ever you again get the taste of it, you will be pretty apt to fall back to the old habit. Little did Richard Harding think by taking "only one glass" that he would cause the premature death of his bride, and he himself become an inhabitant of an asylum for lunatics. "Only one glass!" It has ruined thousands, and will ruin thousands more unless there are stronger efforts put forth by Temperance Societies. Let this be a warning to them to go to work in earnest. *"Beware of the wine-cup!"*

THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.—It happened, in 1766, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner; if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road."

The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured.—When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, "A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat!"—The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of the bag.

WATERING HORSES WITHOUT STOPPING.—A Jersey genius has invented a device for watering horses when traveling or at work, by which their thirst may be assuaged without stopping. It appears to be more particularly designed for the benefit of the draft animals of city street cars. The bit of the bridle or head-stall is made hollow, and has attached to it a flexible tube connected with a tank carried in or on the vehicle. By pulling a string the water is caused to flow into the bit, and thence through a suitable orifice into the horse's mouth. This beats the apparatus for filling locomotive tanks without stopping.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WEST.—People in the West, who have periodical shakes of the ague, will be glad to learn that experiments in France and Holland have demonstrated that sunflowers, planted on an extensive scale, will neutralize the deleterious effects of exhalations from marshes. This plan has been tried with great success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, France, and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has entirely disappeared from districts where the sunflowers have been planted.

AN ENGLISH NOVELTY IN CLOTHING.—A new substance, to take the place of woven fabrics, has recently been invented and patented in England. The components of the material are said to be some animal and vegetable substances never before used. When reduced to a pulp, and bleached, the completed fabric is a sort of felt, of extraordinary pliancy, flexibility and strength. It can be sewed with the needle as tightly as woven fabrics, and already table cloths, quilts, shoes and petticoats are in market, all made from the new material.

THE Chinaman seems destined to be transplanted to the cotton and rice fields of the sunny South. Our Southern exchanges everywhere seem to encourage the introduction of the almond-eyed Celestials.

A WOMAN being advised to "heap coals of fire upon her husband's head," replied that she "had tried hot water and it didn't do a bit of good."

A Western editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large that he could not well have missed it.

Wit and Wisdom.

—At one of our hotels, a stout gentlemen in white beaver, blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager that he could close his eyes, and simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing was commenced forthwith. "This is genuine brandy," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine glass; "and this—this is whiskey," and so on. At length a wag poured out a glass of water, which he handed to the connoisseur. "This is-ah-ah, this is," tasting it again, "gentlemen, I lose the bet! I never tasted this liquor before."

—An Englishman and a Yankee were disputing, when the former sneeringly remarked,—

"Fortunately the Americans could go no further than the Pacific shore."

The Yankee scratched his prolific brain for an instant, and thus replied,—

"Why, good gracious; they are already leveling the Rocky mountains and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week from my cousin who lives two hundred miles west of the Pacific shore on made land?"

—An Irish judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the court that they were not found guilty. As they were being removed the judge, addressing the jailor, said, "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven or half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

—"My son," said the veteran at the foot of the stairs, "arise and see the newly risen luminary of day, and hear the sweet birds singing their matin of praise to their great Creator; come while the dew is on the grass, and tender lambs are bleating on the hillside; come, come, I say, or I'll be up there with a switch, and give you the cussedest licking that you ever had."

—"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in suprise upon the family.

"Better than a dozen, sir."

"I only make out eleven," said the gentleman.

"Faith, and isn't that better than a dozen, sir, when one has to feed 'em?" exclaimed the happy father.

—A side judge in one of our country courts said the presiding judge never consulted with him only on one question, and that was, after listening to some windy pleas of an hour's length each, he turned to him and whispered, "Isn't this bench made of hard wood?" "I told him, I thought it was."

—Two dutchmen sat quietly fishing on the bank of a river recently, when the following conversation took place in regard to the luck they were having: "Does nothing pite you, Hans?" "Neigh, nothing at all." 'Vell,' replied first dutch, "noting pites me too."

—"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep."

"I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching to wake you up."

—"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

—"Susy, my child," said an affectionate mother to her little one, one day, "what would you do if you had no mamma?" "I'd buy just as much candy a I wanted to every day, and put on just such dresses as I pleased," was the prompt answer.

—An Irishman noticing a lady pass down the street, spied two strips depending from under her mantle. Not knowing that they were styled "sashes," and were hanging in their right place, he exclaimed, "Ar' faith, ma'am, your galluses are untied."

—An Irish immigrant, hearing the sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor. "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset?" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that!"

—A Quaker having sold a fine looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser: "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?" "No," was the answer. "Neither will he see any fault in thee," said old Broadbrim.

—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember, that the porest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

—A person was remarking the other day, "How cheap everything is got!" "Not *every* thing, said his friend." "Why, what is not?" "Woman!" "Oh, aye! I forgot —*woman* is always *dear!*"

—"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young coxcomb of an elderly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the next most treacherous things," was the reply.

—"When was Rome built?" inquired a competitive examiner. "In the night, sir." "In the night! how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

—"My son," said an old man, "beware of prejudices. They are like rats, and men's minds are like traps; prejudices get in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out."

—A person fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?" "No, sir," said the other, "pray, did you?"

—If a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty, and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

—An editor says "our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with the most of the world.

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