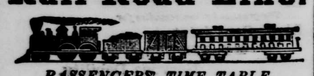
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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1869. NO. 5.

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,	12.30	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,

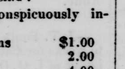
DENTON, MD.,

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.

T. 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.

PEACH BOXES.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Will Keep Constantly on Hand

A SUPPLY OF

PEACH BOXES

AT HIS MILL,

NEAR GOLDSBOROUGH STATION.

GEO. W. KUGLER.

au5-3w.

Select Poetry.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing, the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
Of every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul,
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake,
But every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone,
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own,
To human souls that need it.

The stars are lighted in the skies,
Not merely for their shining,
But, like looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore,
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are secrets in the finding.

Thus nature dwells within our reach,
But though we stand so near her,
We will interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens to the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul ol nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended.

RACHAEL DA COSTA

THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

BY MISS SUE W. SPOONER.

CHAPTER I.

The Western skies were bright with the rich pageantry of a Southern sunset. Already the yellow rippling beams had faded from the waving fields of golden grain; and now lit up, with dazzling glory, the shadows of the tall mountain heights.

Huge clouds rolled slowly and majestically around the sinking orb of day; and catching its dying beams, parted, and broke; sending each bright-hued cloud left to fade behind the purpling curtain, that the hand of twilight was slowly drawing over the face of the broad blue expanse.

Just at this hour, while the whispering voice of evening was soothing to a calm the wild excitements of a long, busy day, the deep tolling of a funeral bell pealed solemnly on the fragrant air.

Not far off, where at evening-tide, the black shadows of the tall mountains fell almost to its suburbs, lay a city; and slowly along its streets wound the long procession following the hearse, beneath whose sable folds lay their old minister, with the silver locks of three score and ten, falling around the calm white face.

Nearest the death car—now alone in the world—walked Henry St. Gilmore, the old minister's only child. The head of the young man was bowed, and the long streamers of black crape mingled with the fair hair.

The face of the mourner was striking, though approaching so near effeminacy, in the delicacy of its beauty.

The bright outline of the beardless lip quivered with suppressed emotion; and the splendor of the dark eyes was sheethed with the misty veil of tears, that overflowed not the trembling lids; but, alas! followed the downward tide of grief, and mingled with its deeper waters, filling the heart's sacred recesses.

The gate of the cemetery was reached, and as the pall-bearers moved with slow steps amid the white tombstones, the low, deep tones, the officiating minister read with trembling sadness the burial of the dead—"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he be dead yet shall he live."

Only a few short moments more, and Henry St. Gilmore turned his face homeward, leaving the old shepard sleeping, where lay many a lamb of his fold, whose footsteps he had guided, where flow "The still waters."

Now the pastoral home was reached, and the early moon was shining down on its quiet beauties.

The young man reached the vine covered porch, and then pausing, he gazed on the peaceful scene around him.

Fair dew covered flower were sleeping on the margin of the white winding paths, and the night wind pregnant with their rich fragrance, rose and fell in memory's whisperings, saddening, yet chaining the mind.

Sweet home voices were heard in the chaunt of the summer winds, loved forms were gathering—alas! on the green emerald isle of long ago.

A deep feeling of loneliness chilled the heart of Henry St. Gilmore, and bowing his head, the manly form trembled as trembles the frail reed, when shaken by the breath of the tempest.

A light footfall sounded on the narrow walk way, and a girlish form advanced hastily towards the porch, and then suddenly paused, as if half regretting some purpose.

"Rachael!"

The word bursted from the lips of the young man, whose sad reverie was broken upon by the beautiful apparition.

"Henry, I saw you enter your place of desolation alone, and I came only one brief moment, to tell you though the difference of our belief has estranged us—yet the sorrow of Henry St. Gilmore falls heavily on the heart of the Hebrew madien."

The silvery sheen of the full moon fell brightly on the dark, delicate beauty of the young maiden's face.

The long lashes, intensely black, that fringed the pale lids, but half concealed the trouble, speaking in mute language from the sad eyes.

The heart of Henry St. Gilmore beat wildly. The low, sweet tones of that sad voice had touched a hidden cord. With all the strength of his early manhood he loved the beautful Hebrew maiden, In vain, reason with her sober words had appealed to his intellect, speaking in forcible language of the error he would commit if he brought to his pastoral home, her, who from earliest childhood, was taught to disbelieve the divine mission of one whom his soul so truly worshipped.

With woman's instinct, Rachael Da Costa had fathomed the troubles that oft shaded the face of the young minister, even before he placed a copy of the new testament in her hands, and exacted a reluctant promise that she would peruse its sacred pages.

Duty and feeling wildly struggled for ascendency in the heart of the newly made pastor, as he drew near the sorrowing girl, and clasped the trembling hand in his.

"Rachael," said a low, rich voice, quivering with passion, "Henry St. Gilmore loves you as he never loved woman before; but the guardian angel of his pastoral home, he would have believe with him, that—Jesus of Nazereth is King of the Jews."

"The religion of my people teach not that doctrine," said the Hebrew maiden, in a troubled tone; and before I saw you I was happy; but now my soul is wandering! wandering through the chaotic darkness of an uncreated existence! Henry, but one said, "Let there be light, and there was light,"—the Lord God of Israel!"

"I and my father are one," burst in thrilling words from the lips of the young minister, "I ask you not to forsake the faith of your people, but believe that their beautiful prophesies have been fulfilled."

The tones of the young minister rang out, clear, but soft, on the still, moonlight night; and then there came a calm, broken upon presently by the voice of the maiden.

"Farewell Henry, we must part forever to-night, if I cannot believe with you that 'I and my Father are one.'"

Henry St. Gilmore would have replied, but the beautiful maiden withdrew her hands hastily from his clasp; and half surmising that she would be followed, quickly gained the wicket gate, and passing through, walked towards her home, a short distance from the parsonage.

A deep, bitter yearning, to follow that vision of loveliness thrilled the heart of the minister, as his eyes caught a last glimpse of the girlish form, vanishing amid the shadowy shrubbery of her home.

"Father, thy will be done," said the soul in its trial; and as Henry St. Gilmore turned to enter his lonely home, his eye fell on the church his father had left in his charge.—The white spire shone out in bold relief as it pointed upward, to the home of the old pastor; and the spirit of the son followed its sacred guidance, till his soul took a vision of the great white throne, and the Lamb that was slain.

CHAPTER II.

Again the shadows of night hung around the dwelling of Da Costa. All the household were at worship in their synagogue, save one—the youngest daughter.

For more than an hour the beautiful girl had paced to and fro the length of the richly decorated parlor, and now she paused and leaned from the open window as if craving the fresh air, to cool the fever of her aching heart.

All at once the high moon parted the black clouds, veiling her brightness, and smiled down on the great city. Bright stars gleaming forth, mirrored on the peaceful river, whose windings could be plainly traced, from the back windows of Da Costa's home.

"This land is truly lovely; but my people stand here alone. The same moon that smiles down on the happy Gentile, silvers the ruins of our Jerusalem; and the over-hanging stars that gild these waters, are the same whose golden imagery can be traced where the waters of Galilee roll her bright waves.

The Hebrew maiden bowed her head; and murmured sadly,

"Oh! weep for those, who wept by Babylon's stream,
Whose shrincs are desolate, whose land a dream,
Weep! for the harp of Judah's broken shell,
Where once their God hath dwelt, the Godless dwell."

The train of thoughts deepened. When was it that the Jews "wept when they remember Zion?" After the "vail of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the splendor of the sixth hour of the day was shut out, as the hand of the Almighty draped in emblems of mourning the scene on Mount Calvary, while a voice rang through the darkness—"Truly this man was the Son of God."

"Never, never, can I turn back now," said the Hebrew maiden, falling on her knees before the old family bible, "the angel with a flaming sword stands in my sorrow-beaten pathway.

Long she knelt there alone with her Maker; and then there came a calm—the spirit of God was moving on the soul's troubled waters. The over-hanging lamp threw starry rays around the beautiful face, uplifted to the beauties of the New Jerusalem a seraphic smile half parted the lips, still quivering with the petition to the great white throne—the tired soul was recognizing in all its power, the two-fold character of "God the Father—God the Son"—The beautiful truth was realized, "I and my Father are one."

CHAPTER III.

A dreamy light was filling the old brown forests; for flower crowned summer was sleeping in the arms of autumn, and a hazy vail concealed her brighter charms.

A low sound of music trembled on the evening air—Henry St. Gilmore started as it broke on the quiet of his pastoral home—that music was the chime of his own church bell, calling him to meet his flock for evening services.

As the young pastor was passing from his study, a servant met him, and placed in his hand a note.

The delicate chirography of Rachael Da Costa was recognized.

Henry St. Gilmore dismissed the servant, and standing on the sacred threshold of his "pastoral home" learned with a deep feeling of joy, who would be its "guardian angel."

The pathway marked with the bright footprints of love, is quickly passed over; and it was not many moments ere the young pastor stood in the presence of his affianced bride.

"The God of Israel!" has found for thy soul its haven of rest, dear one, for the sake of "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

The sweet smile quickly followed by a troubled look, passed over the beautiful face; and the arms of the young pastor pressed closer to him his earthly treasure.

"Henry, have you never thought of me as a lowly Hebrew maiden, one unfit perhaps to fill the position of a talented minister's wife?" asked the young girl, raising the dark orbs to the handsome face.

"I have never once weighed that important question, Rachael," answered Henry St. Gilmore, bowing his head till the fair hair mingled with the raven tresses resting on his shoulder; "nor do I intend to give it a moments thought," he continued, with a smile, "my beautiful Hebrew maiden is willing to bear with the Gentile minister, the cross of the Saviour. My cup is full to overflowing—drink of its joyous waters with me, Rachael."

Years of peaceful love have passed over the "pastoral home."

The Hebrew maiden moves amid the people of the Gentile husband, loved and honored; and Henry St. Gilmore teaches his beautiful babies, in their first lispings, to mingle a prayer, for the once great nation—"Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream.—*Southern Home Journal.*

Not the Right "Scentin' Stuff."

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked—

"Be you the drugger?"

"Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Wal, hav you got any uv this here scentin' stuff as the girls put on their handkerchiers?"

"O, yes."

"Wal, our Sal is goin' to be married, and she give me a ninepence and told me to invest the whole amount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind, I'll just smell round."

The Yankee smelled around without being suited, until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn said:

"I've got a scenting stuff that will suit. A single drop on your handkerchief will last for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"Is that so mister? Wal, just hold on a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say neow, you put it under my smellers."

The directions were of course followed and the Yankee was nearly knocked off his pins; but recovering himself, he exclaimed:

"Chain lightnin', Mr. Drugger is the top of my head on? Sal don't want nothin like that; it would break up a camp-meetin in ten minutes. You haint got the right kind o' stuff,"

A Beautiful Sentiment.

The following eloquent passage has been credited to both John G. Whittier and Geo. D. Prentice. We are inclined to believe it emanated from the Quaker poet:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast by eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness.—Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels to the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.—A good story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner time. The person called upon, by the way, was a rather penurious old fellow. He was seated at the table, enjoying his dinner. The visitor drew to the stove, looking very wistfully toward the table, expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine. The old farmer kept on eating.

"What's the news up your way, neighbor!" Still eating. "No news, eh?"

"No, I believe not." Presently a thought struck the visitor. "Well, yes, friend, I did hear of one item of news that's worth mentioning."

"Ha, what is that?"

"Neighbor Jones has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so? Good gracious! What in thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking!

"Why he stands and looks on, just as I do, like a dumb fool."

"Mary, put on another plate."

SOME employments may be better than others, but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his mind with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

A WISE CHOICE.—The *American Baptist* tells the following good story which we commend our young female readers, and males also:

"Where did you first meet with your bride?" I said to a young friend of mine who had invited me to his wedding.

His reply was: "A year ago I was one of a large dinner party of ladies and gentlemen, at which a young lady was noticed not to drink any wine. Our host observed it and said:

"A glass of wine with you, miss."

"Excuse me, sir," said she.

"What excuse! Are you a teetotaler? What, have we a teetotaler here? Ha! ha! a teetotaler. Why, do you never drink wine?"

"Never, sir."

"Why not?"

"From principle, sir."

Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of such principles would make me a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has just become my wife. That's why I married her."

Our friend was right. Such a young lady will make a fine wife. Would there were more like her.

AN EASTERN TALE.—A certain Rabbi had two sons, whom both he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the Rabbi to take a journey to a distant country; during his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain and waited anxiously for her husband. He came. It was night. "How are your boys?" was his first question. "Let me see them."—"Stay a while," said his wife; "I am in great trouble and I want your advice. Some years ago a friend let me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" "Wife, what a strange request is this? Give them up, and that instantly; this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the Rabbi to their bed, drew aside the curtain, and said, "Husband, these are the jewels!" The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.

MANNERS.—There is nothing which adds so much to a young man's success in life—next to honesty of purpose—as the practice of good breeding wherever he goes—on the sidewalks, in the buggy as well as in your parlor. If you meet a man who refuses to give you half the road or turn out on the sidewalk, you may class him as a man with no sense of justice in his soul. When we speak of polite men we do not wish to be understood as referring to one who bows low and takes off his hat to the ladies and turns away from the poor man; but we mean the honest face—the man who always carries a smile on his countenance, and who never turns his face away from the poor; we mean the man who has a kind sulutation when he meets you in the morning, and a pleasant 'good night' in the evening; a man whose face is always void of offence. Such a man is bound to succeed—such a one will find friends. Young men, be polite.

IDEAS OF HAPPINESS.—How vastly do we differ in our individual estimate of what constitutes real happiness; it is so true that what's one man's meat is another man's poison, that after all this is not to be wondered at. It was Gray, the poet, we believe, who said that the highest state of enjoyment which he could imagine, was to lie all day on a sofa and reads books of romance. The imaginatton of the Burman soldier was equally fertile, when he replied to a question of what were his ideas of a future state. "I shall," he said, "be turned into a buffalo, and shall lie down in a meadow of grass higher than my head, and eat all day long, and there won't be a single musquito to annoy, me." Equally innocent and quite as illustrative of the principle, was the remark of the little boy, who said he wished he was President, because then he could swing all day upon the gate, and eat 'lasses candy!

IT WAS IN Trumansburg, N. Y., that an old scissor grinder calling on a minister made the usual querry: "Any scissors to grind?" Receiving a negative answer, it was the minister's turn which he took by asking:

"Are you a man of God?"

"I don't understand you."

"Are you prepared to die?"

The question struck home. Gathering up his kit and scrambling for the door, he exclaimed, terror-stricken: O, Lord! O, Lord! you ain't going to kill me, are you?

A YOUNG lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection which she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood, to which he made the following ingenious and delicate complimentary reply:

"Blessed is the man who hath a vituous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

While ten men watch for chances, one man makes chances; while ten men wait for something turn up, one turns up something, so while ten fail, one succeeds and is called a man of luck, the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favor those who are most indifferent to fortune.

HOPE is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work, and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.

A paregoric wedding is the latest novelty. It usually takes place about the end of the first year.

THERE is a fellow in California so extravagant that he kindles the fire with bank-notes, and skates on icecream.

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