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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 26, 1869. NO. 6.

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	Moooreton,	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,		1.53
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 run 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—oct14-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;
ie10-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.

BE A MAN.

Cease your whining, cease your fretting,
Cease your railing at your lot;
There's no time for useless dreaming,
These complaints can profit not;
What if life is not all pleasure?
Fretting won't relieve the pain;
Noble souls have never leisure,
At misfortune to complain.
CHORUS.—Onward, upward, mounting higher,
On each wave-top as it rolls;
Fill your hearts with manly fire—
Labor is for noble souls.

Meet misfortune's drooping willows,
As the sailor meets the storm,
Just to ride upon the billows,
'Till they bear him to his bourne,
Catch the breeze or you'll succeed not;
Life's for labor, not for sport,
Quiet seas thy way will speed not,
Calm won't bring thee into port.
CHORUS.—Onward, upward, &c.

If you would yourself be happy,
You must happiness impart;
Bless your neighbors all around you,
'Twill return to your own heart.
Let your sympathies flow outward,
With the sorrowful condole;
Let your smiles be like the sunshine,
Cheering every weary soul.
CHORUS.—Onward, upward, &c.

Let your aim be high and holy,
And your courage strong and true,
Life has pleasures for the lowly,
Life has something still to do,
Idle hands are always weary;
Selfish nature knows no joy;
Loving souls are ever cheery,
Toiling spirits never cloy.
CHORUS.—Onward, upward, &c.

A Mother's Management.

The dismal December night was closing, with starless gloom, over the spires and chimney tops of the city—the blinding mist of snow-flakes was wreathing its white pall over all, and the wind, murmuring sadly through the streets, seemed to have an almost human wail in his moan.

"It's an ugly kind of a night," muttered Mr. Terryn to himself, as he buckled his fur closer round his neck. And a wind fit to cut one in two. Hallo! what's this?"

He had very nearly stumbled over something that looked like a bundle, crouching at the foot of a flight of steps, in the shadow of a ruinous old brick archway; but, as he checked himself abruptly, the bundle erected itself into something human in shape and looked at him through wild, human eyes.

"Who are you?" he demanded, on the impulse of the moment.

"Only me, sir—little Tess."

"Please give me a penny, sir?" cried the child, suddenly subsiding into the regular professional whine of her trade. "Only a penny."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't live nowhere, sir—I skulks round in the alleys."

"Oh, you do, eh? and who takes care of you?"

"Old Tim Daley used to, but he's took up."

"Took up?"

"Sent to the Island, sir."

"Are you a boy? or a girl?"

(For the creature's tangled locks and ragged garb gave no clue to its sex.)

"I'm a girl, sir."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, begging in the streets," said Mr. Terryn, severely. "Why don't you work?"

As he approached his own door a bright child's face peeped out between the curtains, and as Mr. Terryn entered the cheery sitting room, he could not but think with a remorseless pang of the shivering bundle of rags under the brick arch-way beyond.

"Its none my business," he thought. "I dare say the police will pick the poor little elf up, and take her where she'll be better off."

But Mr. Terryn's conscience was less adamantine than he had given it credit for being. It pricked him sorely as he sat toasting his slippered feet before the bright embers—it whispered to him as he listened to the lullaby wherewith his wife was lulling the babe to sleep upon her breast. Had little Tess ever known a mother's care, or heard a mothers cradle song? And she could scarcely have been six years old, either.

"Where are you going, my dear?" questioned his wife, as he rose up suddenly.

"Out into the street. There was a—a child there—a little girl, crouching on some steps——'

"A child? Homeless? And one such a night as this? Oh, Herbert, you should have brought her here!"

Five minutes afterwards Mr. Terryn was out in the driving whirlwinds of snow bending over the small stray who was hudled up, just where he had left her.

"Here—child—where are you?"

But there was no answer. Little Tess was benumed and stupefied by the cold.

He lifted her up, a poor little skeleton wrapped in a miserably thin coating of rags, and feeling strangely light in his arms, and carried her home. Mrs. Terryn met him at the door.

"Oh, Herbert, what a poor little starved wretch! Her hands are like bird's claws!"

Charley looked on in breathless interest at the process of feeding, warming and restoring some vitality to the torpid object.

When little Tess opened here yes, it was to the glow of a warm fire and the mellow sparkle of gas-lights.

"Am I dead?" cried the child, "and is this Heaven?"

"Poor little creature!" said Mrs. Terryn, bursting into tears.

"Tesora" her named proved to be—a sweet Italian synonym for the word "treasure," and a treasure she was, in gentle Mrs. Terryn's eyes, especially after her little babe was dead and buried.

"How Tesora grows?" said Mr. Terryn suddenly, on one day as the beautiful girl came in, rosy and smiling, from a walk.—"Why she is as tall as a grown woman!"

"She *is* a grown woman, said Mrs. Terryn, with a smile.

"How old is she?"

"Sixteen, day before yesterday!"

"Is it possible," said Mr. Terryn, thoughtfully. "How time slips away! Tesora sixteen! Why, then, Charley must be twenty!"

"It is true, my dear,' said his wife. "We are getting to be old people, now!"

"I wonder what will become of Tesora," said Mr. Terryn, musingly. "She would make a capital governess, her education has been so thorough, or——'

"Father," said Charles Terryn, resolutely, as he walked up in front of his father and stood with folded arms, "I can tell you what will become of Tesora! She is to be my wife!

"Charley," she said, when the indignant father had jerked himself out of the room, "don't waste your breath in arguing with your father. Arguments never conquered yet, in such a case as this."

"But what am I to do?"

"Have you spoken to Tess yet?"

"No."

"Wait then—let matters rest. I will manage it."

So Mrs. Terryn gave little dinner parties and select soirees, and "brought out" Tesora, according to the regular programme. She made a sensation. Mrs. Terryn had known that she would. Tesora was a belle—a queen of fashion. Suitors congregated around her.

"Well, Tess," said Mr. Terryn, one night—he was getting wondrously proud of his adopted daughter's success in the world of society—"are you going out to-night?"

"Yes, papa."

"With whom?"

"Colonel Randolph."

"I thought Charley had taken a box at the opera for you!"

"I promised Colonel Randolph first," said Tesora, languidly playing with her tablet.

"And how about to-morrow night? I suppose Charley could get his tickets transferred."

"I am so sorry, sir, but I am engaged for to-morrow night."

Mr. Terryn rose and walked restlessly up and down the room. He was a man much guided by the opinion of his fellow-men.—Tesora *must* be a treasure, else why this competition among the young millionares for her society!

"Look here, Tess—Charley will be so disappointed!"

"I can't help it. Let me see"—and she glanced at her tablets—"Friday is the only evening I have disengaged."

"Fiddlesticks!" muttered the old gentleman, uneasily. "It seems to me you're getting to be a great belle, Miss!"

"Am I, papa?" said Tess, laughing, "But you see I am your own little girl still."

And she gave him a little coaxing kiss.

"My own little girl—yes—but what will you become when Colonel Randolph or Dayton L'Estrange, or some other of these scamps takes you away from me!"

Tesora blushed until the rose on her cheek was like a carnation.

"They will not, papa."

"Won't they? I'm not altogether so sure of that."

But the next afternoon he came home from his office with a puzzled face.

"They have come, Tess!"

"What have come?"

"The offers of marriage—two of 'em, by Jupiter!—Colonel Randolph and Mr. Dupiner! What do you say, Tess?"

"I—I must think of it, papa."

"Very gentlemanly, I must say—both well off, substantial fellows, and profess to be desperately in love with my girl. But, Tess——'

"Well, sir?"

"You won't leave *us*, dear? Think how desolate the old house will be without you!"

Tesora was silent—her head dropped.

"Father," said Mrs. Terryn, gently, "let the girl decide for herself. We have no right to stand between her and a home and a husband of her own."

"But she might have a home and a husband of her own here! burst in Mr. Terryn. "That is—I mean—Charley—'

"I have refused Charley to-day!" said Tesora, calmly.

"Refused Charley! And why?"

"Because I have reason to believe that his suit was pressed without the approval of his father. Oh, sir, could you think that, after all your kindness, I could steal your son's duty away from you! I would rather die!"

"Spoken like yourself, Tess," said Mrs. Terryn, going to her and kissing her.

"Tess, do you love him?" eagerly questioned the father.

"That has nothing to do with the question, sir," she answered, reservedly.

"But I want to know," he insisted.

"I *do* love him, sir, then."

"And you have refused him only because I didn't approve!"

"Yes, sir."

"But I *do* approve, Tess! It would make me the happiest old father in the world, if I could call you both children, in real truth."

Charles Terryn rose from his seat and came eagerly forward.

"Tesora—dearest—you hear him! Once more I ask you to be my wife!"

And Tesora hid her face on his shoulder, weeping—but Tesora was very happy nevertheless!

"But, my love," said Mrs. Terryn, softly, "what has brought such a change in your sentiments?"

"I—I don't know," said the old gentleman, evasively. "I say, Tess, what shall I tell the Colonel and Mr. Dupinier?"

"Tell them, sir," spoke up Charley, "that she has a previous engagement!"

And so the mother's management prevailed, and little Tess's first home was her last.

It is said that when Lord Byron sent to his wife the well-known touching lines,

"Fare thee well? and, if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well!"

he inclosed in the same envelope a grocer's bill with the penciled remark: "Please look over this; I don't think we had so much cheese."

A STERN necessity—A ship's rudder.

DAKOTA.

A letter-writer under date of Yankton, Dakota, July 24, has the annexed:

Dakota is the last remnant of the great "Northwest Territory," from which some of our most important States have been carved, and which has had such an important influence on the political history of the nation.—It extends now from the 42d deg. north latitude to the British possessions on the north, and from Minnesota on the east to Wyoming and Montana on the west, and embraces about 170,000 square miles, or more than 90,000,000 acres of land. Its mean altitude is about 1,400 feet above the level of the ocean, and the climate resembles that of Western New York, or Pennsylvania. In 1858 the United States Government obtained the first cession of lands from the Indians, and the next year a few settlements were made in the lower part of the Territory, for the pioneers wished to be as near Sioux City, Iowa, as possible, that they might obtain supplies and escape the dangers attendant upon a more remote settlement. But now, though only a decade has passed, we find enterprising and prosperous settlements a hundred and fifty miles up the Missouri river, and the Indians who once held undisputed possession have either passed to the hunting grounds of their fathers, or are gathered under Government tutelage upon and with reservation. Indian outbreaks and massacres have at times spread terror and dessolation, and retarded greatly the settlement of this Territory; drouths have withered the crops twice, and thrice the grasshoppers have come in swarms like the locusts of Egypt, and have swept nearly every vestige of vegetation from the land. But still we have continued to grow, until we have now a population of fully 20,000. During the last three months not less than 5,000 persons have been added to our population, and during the month of June more than 47,000 acres of land were taken under the homestead and pre-emption acts by actual settlers. Villages are springing up along our streams and mills are being erected, and trade and industry are being established. Many may ask, why is this? It is true we have no mining excitement to lure men from the old States, but we have what every one who is seeking a place to build a home desires.—We have a land of untold fertility, of exhaustless resources, and a climate whose every breeze is freighted with the essence of a new life. We have a land where the poor man can obtain a farm for one dollar and a quarter per acre, or after a residence of five years, for a nominal fee of $14 he can get his patent for 160 acres of better land than can be found within the limits of New England. This is what is causing the influx of population, and those who come to stay.—The soil of Dakota is composed of a dark, calcareous sandy loam, light, friable, and when once broken easily cultivated. The average crop of wheat this year will not fall below 35 bushels per acre, and in many places will reach 50 bushels per acre. Oats will average about 60, and corn from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Potatoes produce from 300 to 500 bushels an acre, and all kinds of vegetables do well. There has been no kind of fruit raised here yet, for the reason that up to last year there had been no trees brought into the territory. Wild plums of excellent varieties grow in great abundance and as large as the best cultivated varieties in the East. All of the hardy fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, etc., can be cultivated successfully here. The wealth of this region, however, is in its capacity for producing grain and stock. The river bottom will yield from two to four tons of hay per acre, while millions of acres of as fine prairie land as the sun ever rose on furnish a range for cattle unexcelled north of Texas. The old settlers here look upon the grasshopper plague" as at an end. The swarms that have infested this Territory have been the same that have spread from the British possessions through many of the States, and in some instances have reached the Atlantic Ocean. They have paid their compliments to us very effectually in years past, and we now rejoice that we are free from them. In some places they stripped the earth of all vegetation, and left naught but desolation in their track.—This Territory is well supplied with rivers and small streams. The Missouri river has about 1,200 miles of navigable waters within this Territory, and it flows through a valley of untold fertility, while hundreds of smaller streams, from fifteen to twenty miles apart, empty into the Missouri. The Vermillion, Big Sioux, Dakota, Niobrara, Big Cheyenne, White Earth, and the Red River of the North are among the most important. Along the banks of most of the streams are ash, elm, cottonwood, and black walnut trees; but our supplies of timber will have to be brought from Minnesota and from the "Black Hills." These "Black Hills" form a spur of the Rocky Mountains, and are in the western part of Dakota; they are covered with fine timber, and abound in minerals.—Gold, iron, lead, and antimony have been discovered there; but the country is yet held by the Sioux Indians, who would at present resist any attempt at exploration or settlement within their limits. The climate of Dakota is much milder than that of States lying in the same latitude in the East. Observations, extending from December, 1853, to May, 1854, show that our average temperature is higher here than in any of the Eastern or Middle States. At Fort Clarke, Dakota, in 47 degrees north latitude—five degrees farther north than this point—the average temperature was 38 degrees; at Amherst, Mass., for the same time, it was 33 degrees at Lodi, N. Y., it was 34 degrees, and at New York city, 39 degrees. At this point, Yankton, the average temperature during the winter months, from December to May, is about 40 degrees, and in summer it will range to 70 degrees. There is but little marsh or swamp land, and consequently no miasmatic diseases prevail to any extent.

"HERE's your money, dolt, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote eighteen letters about that couteptible sum!" "I am sure I can't say, but if you'll excuse me, sir, I sort o' reckon twas because seventeen didn't fetch it."

The Empress Eugenie.

A writer in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, who has lately returned from Europe says: "Some papers are disputing whether the Empress Eugenie's peculiar charm is of person or of conversation and manner. We should say of manner; though she is far from ugly, and both undoubtedly contribute to make up one's impression of her. Whatever might have been the beauty of this renowned daughter of the Montijos, age, care, and the anxieties of rank have materially affected it. We recall an interview which took place between her Majesty and the King of Prussia, two or three years ago, upon the occasion of the Grand Prix at the Bois de Boulogne:—After the races were over, the King escorted the Empress from the Central Pavillion, reserved for the elite, to the carriages which were in waiting for the royal party. He handed her into the nearest one, while the Czar, Napoleon, Bismark, and the Crown Prince of Prussia occupied the next. No sooner was the Prussian monarch seated beside her than the Empress opened upon him her colloquial batteries. The beauty about which one has heard so much was not there, but in its place was such a gift of conversational power, a grace so winning, such vivacity of expression, such poetry of motion, such propriety of gesture, that the commonest boor among the bystanders felt the magnetism of her presence, and had eyes for none but her Majesty. The King, though considerably over sixty, is emphatically a ladies' man. He bent eagerly forward to catch her slightest word; his grey eyes sparkled with a sincere delight, and his whole attitude betrayed the utmost interest and attention, which were unmistakably confirmed by the nervousness with which he stroked his abundant moustache. "How charming!" echoed a Yandee at our left. "How charming!" we involuntarily added, and charming it decidedly was. Therefore, say we, it is her conversation and manner.

Prevalence of Gambling.

Gambling, it is asserted, has spread to an alarming extent among all classes of society, and respectable men openly indulge in this vice, regarding it merely as a harmless pastime. At Chicago, where statistics on this subject have been collected, it is asserted, that there are forty gambling houses, taking in $8,000 every night, and earning $3,000,000 per annum. At New Orleans, gaming houses are as public as the hotels and stores, and other of our large cities are becoming rivals of Vicksburg and Natchez, as they existed before the rebellion. The fashionable watering places also present attractions to the unwary, and gambling tables are resorted to by visitors with as little shame or compunction of conscience as the frequenters of the European Spas. The remedy for this terrible evil is of difficult application. Every State has passed stringent laws against gambling, but the vice still flourishes. Even the sufferers dare not prosecute the keepers, for while the sin is concealed, the character of the private gamster is preserved, but as soon as he announces his own derilection from duty, he loses caste as a business man and completes his ruin. In fact the only way to check the vice of gambling, is to improve the general tone of public morality.

A Plea for Simple Melodies.

Henry Ward Beecher is right upon the music question. He says: "It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregations, when a choir is put up to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly converted opera airs, which, last week, were brought over by a fresh troupe of foreign singers! And those sweet melodies that stilted propriety has long ago driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, and rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the fairest leaves with the ascending shouts of a mighty people; or which, more gently, have filled rural school houses, and humble lecture rooms and village churches, not yet corrupted by the false pretences of "classical music'—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear, and not feel his heart beating in his bosom all the faster for the sound—are becoming the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our own land."

A GOOD-NIGHT KISS.—Always send your child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may he in store for the little one, will be Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherd, and swelling up in the heart will raise the thought, "My father and mother loved me?" Lips parched with fever will become dewy at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

A BACHELOR friend of ours passing up the street a few days ago, picked up a thimble. He stood for a moment mediating on the probable owner, when pressing it to his lips, he said—

"Oh, that this were the fair lips of the wearer."

Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly colored woman looked out at an upper window and said—

"Boss, jis please frow dat fimble in de entry, I jis drap it."

FANNY FERN says: "If one-half of the girls knew the previous lives of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." Whereupon the Boston Post asked: "If the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?"

A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulled up after him the rail on which he went out.—The constable made the following return;

"Sightable—conversable—non-est-come-at-able—in swampum—un stumpum—railo."

MARRYING a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its sweet singing.

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