THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1869. NO. 19.

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

LATEST ARRIVAL

—OF—

Fall and Winter GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON

Has just returned from the city with a large and well assorted stock, the largest ever offered by him in this town, consisting in part of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES

For Men and Boys' Wear,

KERSEYS

Of Various Prices to Suit Purchaser,

ALSO,

Tweeds, Jeans,

COTTONADES,

Flannels, Domestics, Striped Cottons,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,

CALICOES, DELAINS

and nearly everything usually kept in a Dry Goods line in a country store;

Boots and Shoes,

A good stock, especially coarse boots and shoes for the winter,

HATS AND CAPS

Of the Very Latest Styles,

Queensware, Crockery, Stoneware,

A stock unsurpassed in the town,

GROCERIES,

A full stock,

Hardware of Different Kinds,

including

COAL-HODS, OVEF LIDS,
SPIDERS, SAUSAGE CUTTERS
AND STUFFERS.

All in want of goods will please call and examine the stock. I think I can suit you in price and quality. Call and be convinced.

Nearly all kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

HAVING RECEIVED A NEW SUPPLY OF

GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

Plain and Fancy

CASSIMERE COATS,

PANTS AND VESTS,

Together with an assortment of

OVERCOATS

At Extremely Low Prices.

—ALSO—

A Good Assortment of

UNDERWEAR,

SUCH AS

FINE SHIRTS,
UNDERSHIRTS,
DRAWERS,
STOCKINGS,

Yarn and Cassimere Over-Shirts,

HANDKERCHIEFS.
COLLARS,
FANCY BOWS,
AND TIES,

All Equally Low as City Retail Prices.

Call and See for Yourself,

At the old stand formerly occupied by Capt. A. Stewart, but now conducted by

oc28-odmy20 WM. L. TAYLOR.

T. H. Kemp. J. W. Kerr.

Choptank Nurseries,

DENTON, MD

KEMP & KERR, Proprietors.

APPLE TREES,
PEACH TREES,
PEAR (dwarf and standard)
PLUM,
CHERRY,
APRICOT,
NECTARINES,
and QUINCE,
SHADE and ORNAMENTAL TREES,
GRAPE VINES,
BLACKBERRIES,
BASPBERRIES,
GOOSEBERRIES
STRAWBERIES,
CURRANTS
and SHRUBBERY.

OSAGE ORANGE, for Hedging,

For Sale at Fair Prices,

For Fall Planting of 1869.

Persons desirous of planting any of the fruits, vines or plants as enumerated above are cordially invited to come and make a personal inspection of our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ All Stock sent from our Nurseries is guaranteed to be Healthy and True to Name.

Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. [jly22-y

NEWARK ACADEMY,

NEWARK, DELAWARE,

Prof. EDWARD D. PORTER, A. M. Prin.,

A First-class Mathematical, Classical and Scientific

BOARDING SCHOOL

For Boys and Young Men, will commence its one hundred and first Academic year

September 1st, 1869.

For full information, send for circular.

jy29-3m

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.

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. E. 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.

J. ALFRED MAY, Elkton, Md. I. REYNER DUKES, Denton, Md.

MAY & DUKES,

Grain and General Produce

Commission Merchants,

No. 24 South Water Street.

Between Chestnut and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Consignments of Grain and Produce Solicted. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to.

Our customers can draw their proceeds or balance due them in Philadelphia, or by presenting account of sales or statement to I. R. Dukes (Gould, Dukes & Eareckson) No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore. [no4-tf

HAND SAWS for sale by TODD.

The Broken Home.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable.

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly-carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He was wretched.

He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was.

By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? thus haunted? thus hunted? he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

"Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief?"

Noticing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

"Helen, Helen! where are you?"

Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

"I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side.—"You were dozing, I think. I wished to send for the doctor!"

She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunshiny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.

"The doctor!" he echoed, half-reproachfully.

"Yes, dear," she said in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!"

Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently:

"The doctor! He cannot 'minister to a mind diseased!' Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!"

"Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. "Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of heaven!"

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh.

"I *cannot* look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!"

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment.

"Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid. "During all these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of heaven. 'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.' I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured:

"Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!"

A knock resounded on a side-[illegible] this juncture, and the next moment [illegible] the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin, restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

"Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate—"

"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now— Ah, what was that?"

He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious, questioning glance.

"It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—"the anniversary of our loss."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "I remember."

"Yes, it's another of those terrible days," cried the banker in a hollow whisper. "Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down."

Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.

"You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mr. Preble. "We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us."

"I remember it," said the doctor softly.—"Yet might she not have been lost, Mr. Preble? She went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away—"

"So we thought for a whole year, doctor," interrupted the banker. "We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower-garden," and he pointed to the front of the house, "as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again."

"She must have found the gate open, and wandered out," suggested Dr. Hutton. "She might have strolled down to the waters and been drowned."

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:

"I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her."

"A message!" cried Dr. Hutton, starting.

"A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised," said the banker. "Here it is."

He produced a dingy scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:

"August 9, 1855. *Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie.*"

Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the banker.

"I can make nothing of this," he declared. "It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing."

"Nor did it us, at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then that name and that date, with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see."

He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:

"August 9, 1856. *Your Jessie still lives.*"

The physician started, as if electrified.

"Ah! this is something definite—something decissive," he muttered. "It convinced you that your daughter was still living."

"Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, "and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is what can be his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it at the proper page, and presented it to the physician.

Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry the first year is as follows:

"August 9, 1855. *Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie.*"

And the next year it is—

"August 9, 1856. *Your Jessie still lives.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1857. *She is in good hands.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1958. *She is well as ever.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1859. *I saw her yesterday.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1860. *She's growing rapidly.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1861. *She continues to do well.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1862. *I've seen her again.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1863. *She's becoming a woman.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1864. *Your child is thirteen.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1865. *She's lovelier than ever.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1866. *She's really charming.*"

And the next—

"August 9, 1867. *My reward is at hand.*"

And what shall we get to-day!

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife.

"How did these messages come to you?" he demanded.

"Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office!"

"And you have never seen their author?"

"Never!"

"The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day!"

"Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August 1868!"

"I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to day another of these strange messages!"

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy.

"We shall hear of her again to-day," said Mr. Preble: "and what will the message be?"

The mother averted her face. Her brave heart faltered as that question echoed in her soul.

"The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abducter of your child!" said Dr. Hutton. "Have you any suspicion as to his identity?"

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Preble.—"We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is."

"Think," said the doctor. "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy!—Is there no man whom you knew in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?"

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all these questions repeatedly.

"I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner.

"And Mrs. Preble?" sugested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to desolate your home?"

"No," said the lady. "I was married early. Morton was my first lover!"

"This is strange—very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?"

"Not the slightest," declared the banker."

"Not the slightest!" echoed Mrs. Preble. "My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!"

"The handwriting is not familiar?"

"No. It is merely a rude scrawl, as you see," said the banker. "It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised!"

Again there was a profound silence.

"Our child is seventeen years old now," at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!"

"But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents.—"Where can she be?"

"Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think the abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!"

"Oh, pitying heaven!" sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. "Will this long agony never be over?"

"We hope so, and even believe so," answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an ufaltering trust in God's mercy. "The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change."

"True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his reward is at hand." He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both."

"We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?

The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.

"Whatever it is let it come!" he murmured. "Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!"

As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed.

"Another message!" breathed the banker.

A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:

"The bearer is in the hall."

With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive.

"It is from *him!*" he faltered.

He tore the envelope open.

It contained a slip of paper, of well-known hand-writing, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.

"August 9, 1868. *At six I will call!*"

A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.

"Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around.

"Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also arising.

"It seems so," said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!"

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantel piece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.

"It is *he!*" cried the doctor, also arising.

As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened.

One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell heavily to the floor.

Her senses had left her. The above we publishes as a specimen chapter: but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It publishes none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses.

One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE SORROWFUL.

I sigh within these spacious halls,
And ask but to be free;
But no one heeds my plaintive calls,
Or comes my grief to see.

Tears have bleached my youthful cheek,
And robbed it of its bloom;
My voice, now growing trembling, weak,
Prepares me for the tomb.

He brought me from my woodland cot
To pine and die alone,
And shut from view that rural spot—
My sweet, my rustic home.

He bids me smile in pleasure's throng,
And wear a happy heart;
He bids me sing my wildwood song
Which make my feelings start.

He knows too well, ah! when he asks,
What sacrifice is mine—
A proud and bleeding heart to mask—
A blasted hope to pine.

Take back these pearls, I crave them not,
These robes of gaudy hue;
The heart deceived can wear them not—
Its throbbings are too true.

One wish I have—one wish alone—
When life has ceased to be—
That I, in death, his name disown—
My spirit then be free.

Then bear me to my native bower,
Where sweet the violets wave;
And there amid the faded flowers,
O, make for me a grave!

MORMONISM IN NEW YORK.

A MORMON TEMPLE TO BE ERECTED THERE—POLYGAMY OPENLY PRACTICED—STARTLING REVELATIONS.

Just as the national conscience is becoming aroused against the system of gross sensualism, under the guise of religion, which prevails in Utah, there comes to us the startling revelation that Mormonism is not at all confined to the dominions over which Brigham Young exercises despotic sway, but has actually an abiding place in the metropolis of the nation.

The New York *Times*, of the 10th instant, publishes an article on "the numbers, condition and prospects," of Mormons in New York, which shows that there are not only numerous members of the sect in that city and Brooklyn, but that they openly practice polygamy. and conduct what they call religious worship.

The article states that a Mormon temple is to be erected in New York during the coming year, and a committee has already been appointed to select a suitable site and make other suitable arrangements for its erection.

This building, which will cost at least $500,000, is to be a house of reception for Mormon emigrants from Europe, and a resting place for the traveling brethren of the United States. A portion of it will be set apart for the accommodation of unprotected females, who, because of the general belief that they are polygamists, are looked upon as loose characters, and are beset by men for no other than vicious purposes. Here, however, it is intended they shall be received, watched over and kept until they can pursue their journey to their friends in safety. Those who are poor and without the means to provide for their immediate wants, will here find a home until they get employment and can settle themselves comfortable. Apartments will be furnished also for the Missionary Saints and Elders sojourning in that section to watch over the religious welfare of the faithful scattered throughout the Eastern States. This Temple they will make their Eastern headquarters, whence they will journey from time to time to make a circuit North and South among the various Mormon communities. In the centre of the building will be erected a house of worship, from which the whole will take the name of Temple. The establishment will be ruled by a resident Saint, assisted by a number of Elders and a regular Board of Commissioners, all of whom are to be appointed by the Government at Utah.

The report further states that there are at present upwards of three hundred families of the "Latter Day Saints" in Brooklyn, and as many, if not more, in New York. They have a church in Brooklyn in which they hold services every Sunday from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Some of the men have, it is said, as many as four or five wives living in different parts of the city. They escape the laws of the State against polygamy by not marrying any of these women according to the law of the State, and hence live with them in a state of concubinage not amenable to law. The *Times'* reporter had an interview with one of the chief dignitaries of the sect, who is an "Elder" of the "Church," and a practical polygamist, having no less than eleven of these so-called wives.

These are startling statements and should call forth a full and searching legal investigation, with a view to putting an end to the infamy.

WORDS FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.—Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish, without interfering with the rights of others.

Save your money, and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your father or mother.

Take care of your pennies and they will grow to dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in the world; beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; remember it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

THE editor of a country paper says: "Wednesday's post brings us a letter addressed 'Rev.,' another 'The Hon.,' another 'Col.,' one 'Mr.,' and the last 'Esq.' On the way to dinner we accidently stepped on a woman's train, and she addressed us thus: 'You brute.'"

How much does a fool weigh generally? A *simple ton*.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3528-0198.jpg