THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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Md.

The American Union

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BY

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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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Court[illegible]e.

jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. R[illegible]t.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-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

BUSINESS CARDS.

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

SEWING, SCOURING, &c.

MRS. SALLIE SIMPSON, hereby announces her readiness to do sewing of all kinds, at reasonable charges. She has had considerable experience in the preparation of men's garments.

Grease spots and dirt removed from clothes, and garments scoured at moderate prices.

Jan 27-tf.

HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING

GRAINING

AND

Paper Hanging

Done to order by

J. BARTHEL,

je24-1y Denton, Md.

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.

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Has now open

A FULL STOCK

OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

CALL AND SEE.

oct14-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.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

Select Poetry.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Sweet voices from the spirit land I hear
Now breathing pure and holy lays—
With heavenly tones awakening memories dear
Of love and long departed days.
They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore
Where joy illumes with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days.

When twilight shadows veil the quiet earth,
And early stars bedeck the sky—
When friends are gathered round the homestead hearth,
And cares of day are passsing by,
They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore
Where joy illumes with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days.

When far from those most dear awhile we part,
In stranger lands to find a home—
When long and dreary days oppress the heart,
And in the throng we walk alone—
They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore
Where joy illumes with golden days,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed kays.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew drops pure at even,
That soothes the breast or starts the tear,
Are mother, home and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth,
We lisp it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth,
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow,
By calm, sequestered bowers.

And heaven—that port of endless peace,
The heaven of the soul,
When life's corroding cares shall cease,
Like sweeping waves to roll.

O! weep not, then, though cruel time
The chain of love has riven;
To every link, in yonder clime,
Reunion shall be given.

Oh, fall they not on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A mother, home and heaven!

Written for The American Union.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN;

—OR,—

THE VILLAIN'S DOOM.

A Tale of the Close of the Last Century.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter XIV.

News, news, news, my gossiping friends,
I have wonderful news to tell.—MEREDITH.

Six months later in our story. In six months, how many things can take place! How many can be cast down from an independent state to poverty! how many can be snatched from the world by the ruthless hand o' death! Mr. and Mrs. Landgrave each had yielded to the summons of the destroyer of man, and now were lying cold in death down in the narrow grave-yard, with the green sod growing above them. Nellie and her cousin Albert still remained in the house which had been taken charge of by their uncle Aldred.

Albert had been pressing his suit, but in vain. His cousin has avowed to him her intention of never wedding anyone, as long as Henry Roylston was in the land of the living.

Silas Botelar was living in Boston upon the money which Albert liberally supplied him. He was living a life of debauchery.

At the time of which we write, and when we look in upon the survivors of the Landgrave family, Aldred was reading the paper, while Nellie and Albert were engaged in a game of chess.

Presently Aldred uttered a moan, clutched the paper more tightly, then threw it from him, and walked from the room. The cousins were attracted, by the occurrence, from their game, and Albert picked up the paper, when his eye soon rested upon the paragraph which had so afflicted his uncle. He read earnestly.

"What is it, Albert?" asked Nellie.

Still he read on.

"What *is* it, Albert?" persisted Nellie.

Albert read:

"*A Pirate Captured, and a Noted Criminal Come to Light.*—'The Iron Clad Monster' has been captured on the coast of Florida, and brought into this port. The man in charge of the vessel asserts he is not the captain of it, but that one Aldred Landgrave, now residing near Cambridge, is the real commander of this demon of the seas. Officers have been sent in search of him, and in all probability he will soon be captured. The most interesting part of the capture is that Henry Roylston, who was some time ago convicted of the murder of Edward Landgrave and sentenced to be hung, was found among the crew. He has been handed over to the proper authorities to meet his richly deserved doom."

"Oh! can it be true, Albert, that uncle Aldred is indeed a pirate captain?"

"Too true, my fair cousin. He confessed as much to your father and mother."

"And he will be hung! And Henry, he too, has been found, and will be hung! O, how fate deals with me!"

"My cousin, be peaceful. I will yet remain to you, and we can float down the stream of time together."

Aldred Landgrave was soon apprehended and thrust into prison to await his well-known fate. Henry Roylston was again incarcerated within stone walls, but his fate was to be otherwise than was expected.—But we anticipate.

Albert now pressed his suit with renewed vigor. But he met with repeated refusals. Nellie, at length, exasperated by his persistence, told him plainly:

"Albert, I respect you as my cousin, but as for loving you as my husband, I never can."

Chapter XV.

O'er his spirit was silence and was midnight,
In his breast was the calm of despair.
—MEREDITH.

Let us look in upon Aldred Landgrave, in prison in the city of Boston. He had been tried, condemned, and sentenced to die on the gallows. Oh! what a fate! Eloquently and forcibly had his lawyer plead his cause, but all in vain. He had set before the jury the fact that he had abandoned the piratical life, and sought a peaceful home where he had for years lived in quietude, free from the smell of blood, where he no longer trod the deck of a boat in search of gold which he acquired by the murder of his fellow being; that he was now a citizen of the infant States; that he was an honorable member of society. But, alas! alas! it was of no use; the relentless jury doomed him to the hangman's hand, and now, on the day when we again bring him to your notice, at two o'clock, he was to expiate his crime by dangling in mid-air from the end of a rope.

His short imprisonment had told wonderfully upon him, and the once strong, robust Aldred Landgrave was now a mere shadow of his former self. He looked the picture of despair; his spirit had sank within him, and he had given up all hope of ever seeing again those whom he loved. Another point that weighed heavily upon him, was the capture of Henry.

He knew that Henry loved his neice, and that she reciprocated the feeling. And, moreover, he knew that Albert was not what he pretended to be; that he was a villian, or that he was acting under the instruction of one, he was perfectly convinced from what he had seen and heard. He had overheard a conversation between his nephew and Silas Botelar, and he knew from its tone that all was not right.

This knowledge was soul-harassing, for he was allowed communication with no one, and was, therefore, unable to get word to Nellie that such was the fact.

The day wore on and two o'clock arrived. The gallows had been erected, the crowd of spectators had assembled, and Aldred was led forth to die.

He mounted the steps that led to the scaffold with a firm step, and then turning to the crowd of eager people, he thus spoke unto them.

"You are assembled here to-day to see an innocent man die. Years ago, driven from my native land by family quarrels, I purchased a boat—the one now known as the Demon of the Seas. I gathered a number of trusty followers, and sailed for the Bahamas, where on the island known by the name of Eleuthra, we erected a house. From that we would make cruises on the high-seas, and overhauling richly ladden vessels ease them of their treasures. But we never shed blood unnecessarily. We at last captured a boat, on board of which, as a passenger, I found my nephew, Edward Landgrave, he who has been recently murdered by some foul fiend. I took him to our 'retreat,' and there made known to him what relation I bore towards him. Long before this there had been bred within me, a passionate desire to return to my home and kindred. I now determined to put this desire into operation. Leaving everything to my men, and the man who has so basely deceived me, as captain, Edward and I returned to England. My brother and his family soon after removed to this country where I have followed them.—Thank God, they are gone, and cannot know that I am to die a felon's death. I have repented of my crime, and in the sight of heaven, I know I am forgiven. I have been living the life of a citizen, trying to serve the good of a country which I have adopted as my own. Unfeeling men have condemned me to an ignominious death, yet the time will come, it *must* come, when they will be led to see their error. God grant it may be soon. Soon my soul shall take its immortal flight, and then probably you will be led to cry out, 'we have taken the life of an innocent man.' I am *not* now captain of the Iron Clad Monster, as its *true* captain slanderously affirms. Oh, my God! death has no terrors for me, but I am loathe, oh, so very loathe to leave the defenseless orphan in the keeping of reprobates. I have hoped that I should be spared to accomplish some good in the word wherein I have done so much harm; but alas, I have hoped in vain. Oh! busy world, with all your fleeting pleasures, with all your trials and difficulties, with all your troublous ways, I bid you a sorrowful, a sad, an eternal farewell."

He ceased speaking, the black cap was was drawn over his face, the rope adjusted, the trap sprung, and Aldred Landgrave was a dead man. There he was swinging in the air, an object of contempt and scorn from some, an object of pity from others.

The trap was sprung, and this luckless man launched into eternity, just as a man rode up on horse back with a reprieve in his pocket.

Alas! alas! it was too late. The die was cast, and another victim of misguided justice was added to a long roll of many others.

Chapter XVI.

"Alas! alas! how things are changed!"

Nellie and Albert sat in the library. They had been conversing, but the paper having arrived, Albert had commenced its perusal.

Albert reading aloud:

"*Retribution.*—Aldred Landgrave, the noted pirate of the Bahamas, to-day, at two o'clock, expiated his crimes upon the scaffold. Thus is society ridded of a useless incumbrance."

He read no further, for Nellie, uttering a piercing scream, fainted and fell to the floor, requiring all his attention.

If he had read on a little further, he would have been regaled with this:

"A man, Silas Botelar by name, was arrested a few days ago, for the murder of a gentleman of this city, which he not only confessed, but admitted to have been engaged in several others, among which was the murder of Mr. Landgrave. He says that he and another person, Albert Landgrave, the cousin of the murdered man, did the deed, and that *he* swore to have seen the prisoner, Henry Roylston, commit it. By this confession, Mr. Roylston comes forth from prison walls an innocent man. The officers of the law are on the track of the other guilty wretch, who helped in this blood-thirsty transaction."

Why need we dwell upon this any longer? The natural sequence is plain to all.

Albert was arrested, tried, condemned and executed. Henry and Nellie were married, and settled down to a quiet life.

One word more and we have done.

Silas Botelar escaped the gallows, but a still more horrible fate awaited him. Fleeing from justice, he went out amongst the indians. He worked upon their good graces, became second in the tribe, and, for a time, led a life which he enjoyed. But the hand of Providence was working out his fate.

He became engaged in a war of words with the chief, which resulted in the death of the indian chief and warrior.

He then tried to become their leader, but the indians, so much incensed at the death of their chief, bound him, hand and foot, and drawing their knives, ripped every shred of skin from his body. In this state they left him to die a lingering death, which he did, but not before wolves found him, and actually tore him to pieces whilst yet his flesh was quivering in the last agonies of death.

This was the villain's doom—a doom richly deserved. He who had broken up the quiet of families—had carried desolation to many a hearth—now found his end in the deep recesses of the primeval forest, where wild beasts fed upon his carcass.

Recollections.

Time mellows ideas as well as it mellows wine. Things, in themselves indifferent, acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance, nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in distant lands acknowledge one another as friends, so objects to which, when present, we give but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite. The hum of a little tune, to which in our fancy we have often listened; the course of a brook which, in our child-hood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire—these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment fade and disappear. Our finer feelings are not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

Negro Printer to Brick Pomeroy.

TALMADGE, O., Jan. 1.

To the Editor of The Herald:

In the late issue of your paper, you say that Brick Pomeroy has said that he once worked at a case alongside of a negro printer, and says he is proud of the fact. You then say, "Now let us hear from the darkey."

Well, sir, I am the very darkey whom Brick worked alongside of, and if he is proud of it, I must say that I am not; on the contrary, I am ashamed of it. Brick was good enough in his way, but if he could not have that, even the devil was no match for him. Please remind Brick that he owes me $2.70, borrowed money at that; and if he is proud of any one thing, perhaps he may yet be proud to say, I owe no negro. Who knows? If he ever gets in that frame of mood, he will find me at Talmadge, Summitt county, O.—I am rather crippled up, but my Heavenly Father knows that I would starve before I would again work at a case alongside of Brick Pomeroy.

Very respectfully,

NOAH PICKETT.

DON'T DO IT.—No, young man, don't do it. Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor mouth, nor hair, nor necks, nor chins, nor teeth, nor simpers. These bits and scraps of femininity are very poor things to tie to. Marry the true thing—look after congeniality, kindred sympathies, disposition, education, and if this be joined with social position, or even filthy lucre, why, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman—not one of those parlor automatons that sits down just so, thumps on a piano, and dotes on a whisker. Living statues are poor things to call into consultation. The poor little mind that can scarcely fathom the depth of a dress trimming can't be a helpmate of any account. Don't throw your time away on such trifling things.

ALL EQUAL HERE.—It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion table, knelt down by the side of the Duke. Some one—a pew owner probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move further away, or rise and wait until the Duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand, and held him to prevent him rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said: "Do not move—we are all equal here."

REMEDY FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—The best remedy for in-growing toe nails, is to cut a notch, about the shape of a V, in the end of the nail, about one quarter the width of the nail from the in-growing side. Cut down to the quick as nearly as possible, and one third the length of the nail. The pressure of the boot or shoe will tend to close the opening you have made in the nail, and thus soon afford relief.

VICIOUS habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person, actuated by right or reason, would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed from both God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

The False Step.

A HEART-RENDING STORY OF REAL LIFE.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* tells this sad story:

Through the guilty the innocent must suffer, and never was the fact more distressingly illustrated than in the late arrest of a New York counterfeiter. One of the best engravers in the country, if not in the world, was arrested in his office, where everything went to prove, and where he unreservedly confessed his guilt—too completely broken, amazed and confused to attempt a denial. He was a fine, gentlemanly-looking man, though of late somewhat dissipated, owing, probably, to the wretched business in which he was employed. He had worked for Tiffany & Co., and for the American Banking Company, as a skillful, honest engraver; and so, up to within two weeks ago, thought his family. Notwithstanding his dissipation, and the great crime of which he is surely guilty, he had been a kind father and husband, and never carried the sin into his home; neither is he what may be termed a bad man, if we can reconcile these incongruities with the fact that he was arrested for the worst crime that an individual can practice against the government. Bad men tempted him with large profits, for his genius was invaluable to the regular counterfeiters; profits, however that he never realized, for once in their employ and power, he must remain so, and take his chances of immense gains along with possible discovery, conviction and the State Prison.

After his arrest, in company with the Chief of the Secret Service and two subordinates, he was escorted to his home a ruined, disgraced, guilty wretch, and the scene that ensued was indeed heart-rending. Accustomed as were the officers to painful griefs, brought about by their summary arrests, the usual sequence of home innocence and tears was nothing new or unlooked for; but the family's despair touched even them, and they did not care to meet the gaze of the affrighted woman who met them at the door. A beautiful daughter of sixteen lifted a white, horrified face beyond her mother's; another of ten shrank against the wall; a bright, intelligent boy of six stood transfixed in wonder, and a smiling infant of two confronted the miserable father and husband. The officers needed not to search the house for traces of his evil deeds. Wife and children were innocent, and the long-practiced officers knew it at a glance. The unhappy wife sank into a chair. Clasping her shaking hands one over the other, and swaying to and fro, she moaned the pitiful cry to heaven, "O, God! O, God! why can't I die?" Her wet face was livid beneath its tears, and shrunk and sharpned visibly, like a face that is dying. Tear after tear fell from her staring eyes, and rolled down her pallid cheeks to her lap.—Never once putting up her hand to wipe them away, they lay idle and helpless on her knee, and the look she turned on him was utterly broken-hearted. The young daughter sobbed frantically, "O, father! father! what have you done?" Then turning to the chief, "Oh! don't believe it, sir; my father could not do it." The little girl clung to the officer's knee in childish entreaty. "Don't take my father to prison; please don't!" The boy hid under the bed, and the baby crawled at the mother's feet, whimpering in his fright unheeded.

The father looked upon the ruin he had wrought, the grief that he had brought upon his loved ones, and sob after sob broke from his bosom. Dashing down his graver, he cried, "God cursed me in my genius, and I'll never lift it again!" He covered his face, and in *his* tears those who loved him hushed their cries.

The poor wife found her strength and voice at the piteous sight, and came and put her hand gently on his shoulder. "My poor, poor husband! How could you; how could you bring us such sorrow, and yourself such dreadful misery? It is Saturday night, and there is neither food nor fire; they will take you to—to—away from us, and oh! what shall I do for the children? Who will pity or help us after this?"

"I, I, expected some money to-night," said the criminal, taking from his pocket a torn half-dollar; "this is all I have; take it, and get a little bread for them to-night."

He put it in her hand, but the trembling fingers dropped it unnoticed. "My husband in jail, my children starving! O, God! what have I done that I must suffer so?"

Here the chief stepped forward: "You shall not suffer; I'll see, madam, that you and your children are made comfortable."

She lifted her streaming eyes. "I am so full of trouble I don't know how to thank you; he *is* guilty, *guilty*, but—my husband."

"Yes," burst out the prisoner, "I am guilty; you have the presses, plates—everything, and know it, but before Almighty God they are innocent; they knew nothing of it."

"I am perfectly well aware of it," said the chief, and as it was painful to all, they departed with the prisoner, leaving the desolate home to its tears and anguish.

If ever mortal grief was written on a woman's face, it was stamped on the features of this counterfeiter's wife, when she looked around on her weeping children; no reproach—only "how could you, how could you?"—I have seen the law forced into many loving homes, where its head by his recent crimes brought sudden woe, but never did I witness so harrowing a scene as this miserable engraver's dwelling. She kept twisting her fingers together, and sobbing and moaning "to-morrow is Sunday; oh, what a Sabbath for me, my children, my husband!"

She was a lady by education, birth and association, and this blow struck her to the earth. She could endure and conceal hunger and poverty, but this prison crime the world must know, and the horrible grief and shame was her's to bear as best she might. The State Prison surely awaits the father, and death the mother—if the face she carried to his cell that Sabbath morning was an index to the sufferings within. And the bright-eyed boy, the crawling baby, and the beautiful girls, what will become of them? The late counterfeit uprooting tore a guiltless woman's heart asunder, and let it be a warning to other tempted men who have a fine devoted family to peril in their disgrace and ruin.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two eggs, two tablespoonsful of butter, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful soda. Bake in two tins and put jelly between; flavor with lemon.

SPONGE GINGERBREAD.—One cup sour milk, one half teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful ginger; flour to make as poundcake; warm the butter, molasses and ginger; then add the milk, flour and saleratus, and bake as quickly as you can.

QUICK PUDDING.—Scald a quart of milk; take three tablespoonsful of cold milk, three of flour and three eggs, rub well together, and pour the batter in while the milk is hot. Then bake half an hour. Butter and sugar, beat to a cream for dressing; flavor with nutmeg.

WATER PROOF BLACKING.—Take one-quarter pound of tallow, one-quarter pound of rosin, one pint of tanner's oil, and lamp-black to color. This is an excellent blacking for the leather, and boots and shoes last one-third longer by its use.

TO REFINE SOAP.—Make a kettle of brine—one pint of common salt to two gallons of water. In five gallons of this brine boil fifteen pounds of soap for two hours. When cold cut in bars, scrape the sediment from the bottom of the bars, lay them on a shelf to drain well, expose to the sun for a good while.

POTATO PUDDING.—With a pound and a quarter of fine mealy potatoes boiled very dry and mashed perfectly smooth while hot, mix three ounces of butter, five or six of sugar, five eggs, a few grains of salt and the grated rind of a lemon. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. When done sift some sugar on it.

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather high with salt and pepper, working them into the butter; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives is very penetrating, and it gives the fowl a rich gamy character, which is very pleasant.

TO PREPARE TRIPE FOR THE TABLE.—Take a kettle of hot water, nearly boiling, put in a piece of salsoda the size of a walnut, cut your tripe in small pieces, put one piece in at a time, and let it remain about five minutes, or longer, until it will scrape off easy, clean, soak in salt and water, two days, and scrape each morning. It will be ready for cooking. Boil till well done.

ORANGE CREAM.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass and six ounces of loaf sugar in a pint of boiling milk, having first rubbed off the rind of five oranges with some of the loafs of sugar. Extract the juice of the oranges, and then strain the isinglass and other ingredients into it; add one gill of cream, and the yolks of four eggs, which must be well beaten. Pour the whole into a saucepan, warm it over the fire, but do not allow it to boil; pour into a basin and stir it until cold, before you put in a mould.

CLEANING TINWARE.—No acids should be employed to clean tinware, because they attack the mettle and removes it from the iron on which it forms a thin coat. We refer to articles made of tin plate, which consits of iron covered with tin. Rub the article first with rotten stone and sweet oil, then finish with whitening and a piece of soft leather.—Articles made wholly of tin should be cleaned in the same manner. In a dry atmosphere planished tinware will remain bright for a long period, but they soon become tarnished in moist air.

THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE of recent date has the following: A lady walking along Canal street yesterday evening was attracted by the bright eyes and blonde curls of a litt'e urchin seated on the curb ing. She approached and asked him if he was a newsboy.

"No, mam; I a'nt nothin."

"Have you no home?"

"No!"

"Wouldn't you like to have one?"

"You bet!"

"You should not speak so idly, my son. But come, how would you like me for a mother?"

The little fellow scanned her from head to foot for a moment, and then inquired:

"Would you whip me?"

"Not unless you were bad."

"Let me go bar-footed?"

"No."

"Play hoss?"

"No."

"Pull the cat's tail?"

"No."

"Cuss?"

"No."

"Chaw tobacco?"

"No."

"Smoke?"

"No."

"Then go along with you; you don't know anything. I reckon next you'd say a fellow should'nt *cross his legs and sing Come along Josey!*

And the little fellow's face glowed with a sense of ineffable contempt.

IS DECAPITATION IMMEDIATE DEATH?—This question, so often discussed, has been suggested anew by the guillotining of Traupmann in Paris. A French savant, Dr. Pinel, in a letter upon it, takes the ground that the trunk retains life after the head is separated from it for a long period, though it ceases to have any consciousness as soon as it is emptied of blood. The head, he says, on the other hand, both lives and thinks; sometimes one hour, sometimes two, and even three. The brain remains uninjured, and continues its functions until it is benumbed by loss of blood and of the nervous fluid. It sees, hears and smells, and must therefore suffer the most cruel agonies. For this reason he denounces the guillotine as altogether too cruel a punishment even for the most atrocious murderer.

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