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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md.,

BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

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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.

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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.

PROFESSIONALC ARDS.

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, TALI[illegible] AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts [illegible]c.

janl-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

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;
ie10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

Select Po[illegible].

HOPE.

Never despair! The darkest cloud
That ever loomed will pass away,
The longest night will yield to dawn,
The dawn will kindle into day.
What if around thy lonely bark
Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow?
Stretch every oar! there's land ahead!
And thou wilt gain the port to-morrow.

When fortune frowns, and summer friends,
Like birds that fear a storm, depart,
Some, if the heart hath tropic warmth,
Will stay and nestle around thy heart.
If thou art poor, no joy is won,
No good is gained by sad repining,
Gems buried in the darkened earth
May yet be gathered for the mining.

There is no lot, however sad,
There is no roof, however low,
But has some joy to make it glad,
Some latent bliss to soothe its woe.
The light of hope will linger near,
When wildest beats the heart's emotion;
Be a talisman when breakers roar,
A star upon the troubled ocean.

The farmer knows not if his field,
With flood or drought or blight must cope;
He questions not the fickle skies,
But plows and sows and toils in hope.
Then up! and strive, and dare, and do,
Nor doubt a harvest you will gather;
'Tis time to labor and to wait,
And trust in God for genial weather.

Home.

How sweet are the endearments of Home. How delightful the associations that cling around the scenes of our childhood. Home! Aye, in that word dwells a magic sweetness which moves the heart, and causes every cord of love and affection to vibrate in tones of sympathetic harmony. There is a certain something in the endearments of home, which, enshrined in the youthful affections, must live forever. There is the impress of a mother's love, a father's care, a sister's tenderness, a brother's affection, which, stamped with the imperishability of thought, nought can eradicate or destroy. Misfortunes may dampen, or death suspend, for a season, but transplanted to a fairer clime, they will bloom beyond the tomb.

"There is no place like home." Though we range the limits of creation; though we fix our residence in the spicy vales of Ceylon, or among the delightful vales of Italy; though we possess the Indies, and call the world our own; though slaves go at our bidding, and kings do us reverence; though flatterers inflate our pride, and luxuries crown our board, we experience little of that undisturbed quiet that marked the first years of our existence; we taste few of those enjoyments that encircled the homestead; few of those pleasures that twined around the family mansion. Home is home, and no spot on earth can compare with the place of our nativity.

The absent love to think of home. However distant, the idea of arriving there is delightful. How oft does the heart of the sailor, borne on the billows of the tempestuous ocean, fly back to the loved retreat of his youth, as he listens to notes of "sweet home," from the companion of his cheerless voyage, and he almost fancies himself seated by his own fireside, listening to the sweet singing of his life's companion, which so oft has driven away the dull cares of life, and lit up his storm-chafed breast with gladness and joy. Whether we hear the sweet song of home pealed from the swelling notes of the organ, or the delicate tones of the piano, or the nicely adjusted keys of the little music box, 'tis all the same. They all ravish the soul with those ineffable emotions, which, being felt, cannot be told. Home is recalled, and a responsive echo sounds from the deepest heart, for there are father and mother, and brothers and sisters, the companions of our youth, the fields of our rural sports and childish amusements. Nor can death break the tie that binds us to our homes. Has a kind father gone to the world of spirits? Has a dear mother left her weeping children? Has a lovely sister or affectionate brother been torn away by the tyrant's ruthless hand? If so, their graves are dear to our remembrance, and the places that once knew them are doubly endeared since their departure.

The same relation which exists between us and our terrestrial homes, also exist between the child of God and his residence in the skies. As we are cheered by the prospect of approaching home, so is the wayworn pilgrim as his journey closes, and he goes home to heaven. There, received in the bosom of his Father's family, he is made partaker of those blessings he has so long seen by faith, and sought by prayer; and insured an endless perpetuity of bliss, he "enters in to go no more out forever." His course is finished, his work is accomplished and he is at rest AT HOME.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, now of Brooklyn, closed a sermon as follows:

Seated, at a country fireside, the other day, I saw the fire kindle, blaze and go out, and I gathered up from the hearth enough for my reflections. Our mortal life is just like the fire on that hearth. We put on the fresh faggots and the flame bursts through, and up, and out, gay of sparkle, gay of flash, gay of crackle—emblems of boyhood. Then the fire reddens into coals. The heat is fiercer, and the more it is stirred the more it reddens. With a sweep of flame it clears its way till all the hearth glows with intensity—emblem of full manhood. Then comes the whiteness in the coals. The flickering shadows have died along the walls. The faggots drop apart. The household hover over the expiring embers. The last breath of smoke has been lost up the chimney. Fire is out. Shovel up the white remains. Ashes!

ONE reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning and never thinks of himself.

"Long Parted Met Again."

THE GREETING OF A SEVERED HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Night before last, Friday, the up-train on the Missouri Pacific railroad stopped long enough at the depot here for the following scene to be enacted and witnessed: It was about 12 o'clock when the cars arrived; the sleeping car was crowded and its occupants were dreaming, the ladies' car next to it had no seat unoccupied, and yet a lady got aboard here who must find room somewhere to seat herself and rest a little. She entered this car from its lower end and had walked probably half up the aisle without being invited to a place, when a middle-aged gentleman, who had been lying upon a seat to himself, suddenly arose and politely offered to share it with the lady. As politely accepting it, she sat down beside him. She had seen, from her face, many years that had been sorrowful, for in passing they had taken their sunshine with them and left only the shadows behind. It was such a face as one has when the heart is conscious of a great mistake; when, in looking back over the past, the eyes catch the gleam of no streams running upward to one's youth, where flowers grow and the sunshine lingers as the dew upon a summer's hill. As the eyes of the lady became accustomed more and more to the light, and as they took in the features of the man beside her, she became violently agitated and exclaimed in a painfully acute tone, as if suffering some mortal agony:

"You here! my God, after so long."

The man was no less agitated on his part, and his lips worked nervously as he replied to her:

"Yes, we meet again, but under what circumstances! You on your way to meet your husband. I to meet my wife. Ah! Ellen, Ellen, it would have been better for both of us if we had never seen each other again, since that cruel day when you left me."

"And, George, did I not have a reason—a reason which no woman could have and live with you? But let the dead past remain buried. It is not good to touch it now."

How much longer they sat together and what was said between the two through the dim watches of last Friday night, we know not, but here is the previous history of that middle-aged couple who met under the shadow of a great sorrow at the Missouri Pacific Railroad depot in Kansas City.

George A———, a young man, fifteen years ago lived in the town of Harrodsburg, Ky. There he met, loved and married a young woman named Ellen Harrison. It was a love match, people said, and predicted for the future much joy and happiness—the husband being so generous and the wife so amiable. For years—probably three—the days that passed over them and left their heads older, stillied not one passionate impulse in their hearts—laid not one iconoclastic hand upon the alter of domestic bliss.—A child came to bless them, as a flower comes to make the spring glad, grew sick, died and went to heaven. By and by the husband became careless, cold and indifferent. He drank more than he ever did before, and sought at criminal places for smiles which before his wife had given him, and for comforts which before his home had been adequate to furnish. His wife's relations interferred to widen the breach which might have been repaired; and one day, in a drunken frolic, he went traveling with a woman who was not his wife. A divorce followed. The penitent husband, realizing at last the nature of the fall before him, came back to his first love with a great bound, and felt leap into flame from the ashes of his memory all the passion of his wooing days and all the triumphs of his conqest. Too late. The burden of her replies might have borne that resolute regret, in which there shone not one ray of pity:

"We stand on either side the sea,
Stretch hands, blow kisses, laugh and lean,
I toward you, you toward me;
But what hears either save the keen
Gray sea between?"

They were separated for all time. In after years they were both married again, and lived, the husband in Platte county, Missouri, and the wife in Sioux City, Iowa. The meeting of Friday night was the first since their separation, nearly 11 years ago, and it will be the last, probably, this side that shadowy land where the waves of the river of death break upon an unknown shore.—*Kansas City Times.*

Worth Reading.

We clip the following from an exchange, and give it to our readers because of its truthfulness. It is rather a queer piece of poetic prose, and yet contains more truth than poetry. We commend it to the notice of all business men:

"When trade grew slack, and notes fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night with sheriffs, bailiffs, all in sight. At last his wife unto him said, 'Rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink and pen, and say these words unto all men:

"'My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wives and daughters too; my prices they shall be so low, that each shall buy before they go.'

"He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertised. Crowds came and bought of all he had; his notes were paid, his dreams were glad, and he will tell you to this day how well did printer's ink repay.

"He told us, with a knowing wink, how he was saved with printer's ink.

"The other in a place as tight, contented was the press to slight. And did not let the people know of what he had or where to go.

"His drafts were due and were not paid; a levy on his goods was made; the store was closed until the sale, and for some time he was in jail. A bankrupt now without a cent, at leisure he can deep repent, that he was foolish and unwise, and did not freely advertise."

SOMEBODY says that Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs. Partington's gaiter into the alley, and call the old lady down from the third floor to see an alley-gaiter.

"Running Amok."

To the young readers of *The Independent* these words, doubtless, convey not the slightest sense of significance. But in some portions of the earth—the great Island of Celebes, for instance—they are fraught with a terrible meaning and importance. The man who hears "Amok! Amok!" shouted at a distance, though ever so faintly, in street or field or thoroughfare, takes instant alarm, rushes home to his house or shop, if he has one, or to a shelter of some kind where he can be concealed. He shuts the gates, fastens the doors and windows, and awaits with breathless anxiety the moment when the dreadful sound shall have died away, and he may emerge with his terrified family from their hiding-place still sound in life and limb.

In the Malaysian Archipelago, especially in the Island of Celebes, the word "*Amok*" means a species of suicide, which not only involves the life of the individual committing it, but that of all whom he can possibly destroy at the same time. It is a national custom in that dark and distant portion of the earth, which may be truly said to be filled with habitations of cruelty; and yet it is not there esteemed wholly devoid of respectability or honor.

A man who has made up his mind to "*amok*," has resolved to put an end to his own existence, and one who is "*running amok*" (as in our title) is in the act of doing it, by rushing through the streets with deadly weapons in his hands, striking down every one he meets or overtakes, killing or wounding all he can, before some well aimed blow disables or dispatches him.

In the city of Macessar, on the southern peninsula of the island, such scenes are of very frequent occurrence. The unhappy, the unfortunate, the vicious resort to this method of getting rid of all the ills of life, especially as it is popularly regarded an excusable if not a justifiable one. If a man thinks himself wronged or injured, and cannot devise a way to avenge himself, he gives up in despair, and resolves to "*amok.*" If he is in debt and cannot pay, if he is taken as a slave, or by gambling or wastefulness has reduced his wife and children to slavery, he determines to "*amok.*" If he is in any kind of trouble, from which he sees no means of escape, he takes the ground that the community in which he lives is to blame for it. By "*running amok,*" therefore, he gratifies his revenge upon it as far as possible, and then dies himself, consoled by the idea that he will be regarded almost in the light of a hero. Armed with the keen-bladed "*kris,*" (a native weapon of the dagger kind) then, he rushes frantically hither and thither, striking and stabbing indiscriminately neighbors, friends and foes; shouting as he runs "*Amok! Amok!*" This cry is taken up by the outraged community as the people rally against him in their own defense.—With spears, knives, daggers, and firearms they attack him or pursue him as he runs his last awful race. Overpowered by numbers, at length, he is smitten down by some deadly stroke, and the sight of his lifelesss body exposed by the wayside calms the frenzy which on these frightful occasions seizes all classes. From five to twenty may have been killed or wounded in this single encounter. Men, women, or children—it matters not; whoever cannot instantly retreat to a place of shelter or concealment is liable to be made a victim.

This, young reader, is "*running amok*"—a terrible illustration of the depravity of Paganism and the horrible customs to which it gives its sanction. Let us hope the influences of a true and pure Christianity may very soon supplant and suppress them, as it has done the cruel suttee in Hindoostan and the wholesale slaughter of the devotees of Juggernaut.—*N. Y. Independent.*

For Moderate Drinkers.

A "merchant prince," of New York, a portly six-footer, of great manly beauty, who never dined without his brandy and water, nor went to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, and who was never known to be drunk, died of chronic diarrhœa, a common end of those who are never intoxicated and never out of liquor. Hall's *Journal of Health* gives this account of his death:

Months before he died—he was a year in dying—he could eat nothing without distress, and at his death the whole alimentary canal was a mass of disease; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition. This is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker, for twenty-eight years. Scrofula had been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the mad-house; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty, but they blighted, paled and faded—into heaven we trust—in their sweet teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only one is left with all the senses, and each of them is as weak as water.

The same periodical instances another case that should supplement the one just given: A gentleman of thirty-five was sitting in a chair with no specially critical symptoms present; still he was known to be a dissipated young man. He rose, ran fifty feet, fell down and died. The whole covering of the brain was thickened, its cavities were filled with a fluid that did not belong to it—enough to kill half-a-dozen with apoplexy—a greater portion of one lung was in a state of gangrene, and nearly all the other was hardened and useless; blood and yellow matter plastered the inner covering of the lungs, while angry patches of destructive inflammation were scattered along the whole alimentary canal. Why, there was enough of death in that one man's body to have killed forty. The doctor who talks about guzzling liquor every day being "healthy" is a perfect disgrace to the medical name, and ought to be turned out to break stone for the term of his natural life at a shilling a day and find himself.

AN IRISHMAN had been sick a long time, and while in that state would occasionally stop breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to again. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, his friend asked: "An how'll ye know, Jimmy, when yer dead; yer after wakin' up ivery time?"

"Bring me a glass of whiskey, and say 'here's to ye, Jimmy,' and if I don't rise up and drink, then bury me."

AN APPEAL TO THE BARBER.

Oh, barber, spare that young moustache!
Touch not a single hair,
Your razor, brush and other trash
Must never venture there.
At last the bud has bursted out,
By much caressing taught,
Its fair young tendrils, how they sprout!
Then, barber, touch them not.

Though well laid out and wide the field,
When this young moustache shoots,
The sickly soil no more can yield,
Oh, then guard well the roots!
For should thy murderous blade sweep o'er
That curved lip's shadowy mist,
Them tender plants would bloom no more,
Then, barber, oh desist!

Think of the fair young girl whose lip
Was wont so oft to press
That budding mouth—its sweet to sip—
Oh, think of her distress!
'Tis unfledged manhood's pride and joy;
With sighs and tears 'twas bought;
Let no rude stroke its life destroy—
Oh, barber, touch it not!

A Plain President.

The Boston *Journal* says: We doubt if the White House ever had an occupant who, in his leading traits and habits, more truly represented the great mass of the people than President Grant. Instead of exhibiting the formation and prejudices of the army, as many had predicted, or still less, the characteristics of a lover of horses and high living as others had charged, President Grant has shown himself to be a plain, accessible, modest, methodical man of business, who aims to his duty in the most quiet way possible. He has about him no hangers-on, no favored cliques, no kitchen cabinets. No lobbyists have the run of the Executive Mansion, or boast of their influence at headquarters. Whatever citizen has business with the Chief Magistrate, has an even chance of approaching him during business hours, and of having his wishes respectfully listened to. He will not run the gauntlet files of supercilious attendants, or be whirled through the mazes of circumlocution office. He will come direct to a plain man, and will get direct answers to every proper question he puts.

As to the management of his time, President Grant consults his own judgment instead of his thousand and one advisers. As he travelled to suit himself during vacation, so he appears to have arranged his daily habits at Washington with a like independence. After a long morning walk by himself, he is ready to begin office work at nine o'clock, continuing until three. By four o'clock, at the latest, all visitors have retired, and the White House is now closed for the day. After dinner the President drives his family out, taking the reins himself, and, much as has been said of his fondness for horses, his equipage is among the most modest in Washington. In the evening, friends and acquaintances find the President in the parlor with his family.

On the Sabbath, the order and stillness of any private household reign throughout the Executive Mansion. These are homely details, to be sure, but they are quite unlike what has been witnessed at the residence of the nation's chief magistrate even within a short time. They have an immense influence, too, upon the morals of the country; for though we trust that the toadying attention of court circles will never be known here, the social power of the capital and of its great officials i snecessarily extensive. Had Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas been arrogant, conceited and corrupt men, their bad influence upon the young would have been immeasurable. Particularly would this have been the case with respect to him who, in addition to the first millitary honors, received the highest distinction in the gift of the people. As it is, these apprehensions are turned into grateful admiration as we contemplate the orderly and exemplary life of our President.

Evidently the man's heart is in the right place, and his head is yet unaffected by the adulations of power, when he can say, as he recently said to some Western friends, who asked him if he recollected a certain lady in St. Louis: "Oh, yes, I remember her well. She was a charming woman. The last time I saw her I delivered her a load of wood."

Your Own Judge.

A man's mind is a court, and his passions are, all of them, tricky lawyers. In ordinary times, you cannot go into any court and hear the statements of the counsel without feeling that there is a great deal of ingenuity exerted to cover up some things and unduly to magnify other things, so as to make out the best possible case for the side whose interest it is the desire of the special pleaders to advance. But there sits the old, stupid judge—stupid because he will be just—and he puts the lawyer right on this side and on that, and holds everything to the law and to the fact, that he may come at justice, at least in theory.

Now, every man has a judge within him—his conscience. And there are many men whose consciences have been bribed; and when they are presiding over the court which is constantly held in the heart they are all the while excusing themselves for giving their adherence to the things that are wrong.

And this happens, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but scores of times, in the experience of men. And they need to be reminded that, in every case, appeal is taken to a court where righteous judgments are declared. They need to get such visions of the judgment day that they shall hold their breath, that their consciences shall not dare to be bribed, and that they shall look at everything in the light of eternal justice.

A GENTLEMAN, but a few months married, as he was bearing home a cradle one day, was met by a friend, who exclaimed with a smile: "Ah! these are the fruits of matrimony!" "No," returned the other, "this is only the fruit basket."

The Farmer's Column.

Proceedings of the Peninsular Fruit Growers' Association.

From the Wilmington Commercial.

This association met on Tuesday, 15th instant, in the old Levy Court room, at Dover.

In the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents, on motion of Mr. Fulton, E. J. Carter was called to the chair.

After the reading of the minutes of the annual session, which were adopted, Mr. Fulton presented several communications from the President of the association and the Presidents of the different railroad companies, in relation to carriage of fruit, which, without reading, were referred to the Committee on Railroad transportation, for a more definite report.

The report of the Committee on Water Communication being called for, Mr. Heverin stated that he deemed it unnecessary for the committee to report more than progress. The indications of a large crop were not yet sufficiently developed to enable the committee to make a final report; but the association might rest assured that, if there was a large crop, there would be plenty of competition in the carriage of fruit. The success of last year's experiments, when over 250,000 baskets were sent by water in insufficient boats, provided at a very short notice, was an indication of what we might expect the present season with a large crop, a large number of first-class boats having already been tendered the committee to enter into competition with the railroad companies.—He said it was necessary for the association to have control of the boats, in order to regulate the starting time from each landing.—Parties in New York, owning steamboats, were ready to contract, but the committee were endeavoring to get the boats subject to the control of the association.

Mr. Todd said he had no doubt of the entire success of water transportation; parties in Maryland who, last year, shipped by railroad were this year determined to send their fruit through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Delaware City, and from thence to New York by water.

Mr. Fulton thought that some arrangements should be made to take the fruit down the creeks in lighters to the different steamboat landings. It would be necessary to ascertain whether the steamboat companies or the shippers would furnish the lighters.

Mr. F. then read a communication from McDaniel & Todd, attorneys of the association in New York, resigning their appointment as such.

Mr. Townsend, having just entered, said he did not see the necessity for accepting the resignation as they had never been employed by this association in a single case. Messrs. Todd and Day advocated the acceptance of the resignation, which was finally accepted.

Mr. Townsend inquired whether the correspondence of the President had been read, and went on to state that there was a powerful combination against the peach growers. There was no trouble with the P. W. & B. Railroad; it was all with the Camden & Amboy Company.

Mr. Todd, Treasurer, read his report, there being $80.80 on hand.

One of the members of the association presented a bill for expenses to New York. Mr. Townsend opposed the wasting of time over such trifling things, when, by a little effort, $60,000 might have been saved, if the association had used their influence and got the four cents per basket from Jersey city to New York deducted from their expenses.—Another leak might be stopped by having the baskets promptly returned, or make the commision merchants pay for them. He had spent $500 in going back and forth to New York, and he would not think of presenting his bill. He wanted to know if a meeting could not be held in Middletown; for his part he was tired of coming to Dover to meet a half dozen who had not yet got waked up to the importance of the peach-growing interests. If this association could not meet in Middletown, he was in favor of forming another association for the peach-growing section of New Castle county.

Mr. Brown reminded Mr. Townsend that he was a member of the Committee on Railroad transportation, and hoped that he had some report to make upon which the association could base some action. He believed Mr. T. was on the Committee on Baskets, and he had not yet heard any report from that committee. He was very lucky, for he got all his baskets, and had no reason to complain.

Mr. Townsend wanted instructions from the association; if they said so, he would wait immediately upon the officers of the Camden & Amboy road, and tell them that we would never ship another peach over it until they would protect them from robbers and thieves, and he would tell the commission men of New York that we would absolutely refuse to pay the four cents a basket freight between Jersey City and New York.

Mr. Brown said the whole matter belonged to the committees, and hoped they would make a report to the association, and he had no doubt that recommendations of the committees would be adopted by the association.

After a long desultory conversation between the members, in which it was claimed by Mr. Heverin that peaches could be shipped by water for ten and not higher than fifteen cents per basket from any point on the Delaware river, a motion was made and carried to have the names of the following committees published:

Committee on Water transportation—Jas. L. Heverin, William Townsend, John Emerson, Charles Brown, Geo. W. Cummins.

Committee on Railroad Transportation—John P. Cochran, Charles Beasten, Serick F. Shallcross, Geo. W. Cummins, Saml. Townsend, Henry Todd, John W. Houston, Chas. Brown, William Polk.

Committee on Consignments and Sales—Henry Todd, Samuel Townsend, Jas. L. Heverin, Charles Brown, H. N. Willetts.

The association then adjourned to meet in Dover on Tuesday, the 19th of April.

THE South Bend (Indiana) *Register*, commenting on the high price of eggs, thinks that "hens could make piles of money now by paying strict attention to business."

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