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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. XI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1870. NO. 6.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE.

ON and after, MONDAY April 4, 1870, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE.	A.M.	LEAVE.	A. M.	P. M.
Delmar,	11.00	Phila.	8.30	5.00
Laurel,	11.15	Baltimore,	7.25	2.40
Seaford,	11.35	Wilm.	10.10	6.25
Bridgeville,	11.50	New Castle	10.30	6.45
Greenwood,	12.05	State Road	10.35	6.50
	A. M. P. M.	Bear,	10.45	7.00
Farmington	12.15	St Georges	11.00	7.10
Harrington	7.00 12.30	Mt. Pleas't	11.10	7.25
Felton,	7.15 12.50	Middletown	11.25	7.45
Canterbury	7.20 1.05	Townsend	11.35	7.55
Wil. Grove	7.25 1.10	Blackbird	11.40	8.00
Camden,	7.35 1.15	Sassafras,	11.50	8.10
Dover,	7.50 1.25	Clayton,	12.00	8.20
Moorton,	8.05 1.40	ARRIVE.	P. M.	
Brenford,	8.10 1.45	Smyrna,	12.10	8.30
Smyrna,	8.05 1.40	LEAVE.		
Clayton,	8.20 1.55	Brenford,	12.05	9.25
Sassafras	8.25 2.00	Moorton,	12.15	8.30
Blackbird,	8.35 2.15	Dover,	12.30	8.55
Townsend,	8.40 2.20	Camden	12.40	9.05
Middletown	9.00 2.35	Wil. Grove	12.45	9.10
Mt. Pleas't	9.10 2.45	Canterbury	12.55	9.15
St. Georges	9.25 3.00	Felton,	1.05	9.25
Bear,	9.35 3.15	Harrington	1.25	9.40
State Road,	9.45 3.20	Farmington,	1.35	
New Castle	9.55 3.33	Greenwood,	1.50	
ARRIVE.		Bridgeville,	2.00	
Wilm.	10.15 3.55	Seaford,	2.20	
Phila.	11.45 5.25	Laurel,	2.40	
	P. M.	ARRIVE.		
Baltimore	1.05 8.10	Delmar,	2.55	

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached will leave stations named at the following Changed Hours, (subject to delays incident to freight business,) viz.: Going South, leave Wilmington about 4.00 A. M.; New Castle, 4.45; Middletown, 6.30; Clayton, 7.30; Dover, 8.50; Camden, 9.15; Felton, 10.10, and be due at Harrington 10.30 A. M. Going North, to leave Harrington about 3.05 P. M. Felton 3.50, Camden 4.55, Dover 5.35, Moorton 6.00, Clayton 6.50, Middletown 8.20, New Castle 10.00, and be due at Wilmington 10.30 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 regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Delaware Junction and Dupont.

New Castle Trains.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7.40, A. M.

Leave Philadelphia 12.00 M., and Wilmington 1.10 P. M., for New Castle.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11.40, A. M., 8.00, P. M. Leave Clayton for Smyrna, 8.40, A. M., and 2.00, P. M., to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.

E. Q. SEWALL, Sup't Del. R. R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Monday, April 11th 1870,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Easton,	6.00 P.M.	New York,	12.30 P.M.
Woodland,	6.15	Baltimore,	2.40
Cordova,	6.25	Philadelphia,	5.00
Hillsboro',	6.40	Wilmington,	6.25
Ridgely,	6.50	Clayton,	8.25
Greensboro',	7.05	Kenton,	8.35
Goldsboro',	7.15	Slaughter's,	8.50
Henderson,	7.25	Marydell,	9.00
Marydell,	7.35	Henderson,	9.10
Slaughter's	7.45	Goldsboro',	9.20
Kenton,	8.00	Greensboro',	9.30
ARRIVE.		Ridgely.	9.45
Clayton,	8.10	Hillsboro',	9 55
Wilmington,	10.15	Cordova,	10.10
Philadelphia	11.45	Woodland,	10.20
Baltimore,	1.05 P.M.	ARRIVE.	
New York,	4.55	Easton,	10.35

FREIGHT TRAIN,

WITH PASSENGER CAR ATTACHED:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Easton	10.30 A.M.	New York	12.00 P.M
Woodland	10.50	Baltimore	7.25 A.M.
Cordova	11.05	Philadelphia	8.30
Hillsboro'	11.20	Wilmington	10.10
Ridgely	11.35	Clayton	12.10 P.M.
Greensboro'	11.55	Kenton	12.20
Goldsboro'	12.15	Slaughters	12.35
Henderson	12.25	Halltown	12.50
Halltown	12.50	Henderson	1.05
Slaughter's	1.05	Goldsboro	1.15
Kenton	1.25	Greensboro'	1.40
ARRIVE.		Ridgely	1.50
Clayton	1.50	Hillsboro'	2.00
Wilmington	3.55 P.M.	Cordova	2.15
Philadelphia	5.25	Woodland	2.30
Baltimore	8.10	ARRIVE.	
New York	10.30	Easton	2.50

By the above arrangement, close connections will be made both ways, and passengers will arrive early both in New York and Baltimore, and will be able to visit Philadelphia and Baltimore and return same day.

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.

J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

Md. Steamboat Company.



The steamer Massachusetts will resume her trips to Cambridge, Denton and intermediate landings, on Wednesday, July, 27th, leaving Baltimore Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 P. M., and leaving Denton on the return, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 12 o'clock noon, making in connection with the Steamer Highland Light, a daily boat, Sundays excepted, from Baltimore to the Choptank, and a daily boat, Saturdays excepted, from the Choptank to Baltimore.

This arrangement will enable the citizens of Baltimore to visit the Eastern Shore, and spend Sunday in that garden of the State, without loss of time for business purposes.

jy28-tf.

The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md.,

BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

Terms: $1.50 per annum, 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.

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 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

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.

Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. MYERS,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock Maker,

SILVERSMITH,

JEWELLER, &C.,

my29-3w DENTON, Md.

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.

AUCTIONEER,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.,

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [jc10-1y

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Opened on Saturday, April 23rd,

A FULL STOCK OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

☞COME AND SEE. [ap28-y

The Great Choptank



HOTEL,

ALEX. STEWART, Pro'pr.

DENTON, MD.

Is now open to the accommodation of the public. No pains will be spared to give general satisfaction.

Comfortable stables and a No. 1 ostler.

Opposite the Court House.

jy14-2y.

SAML. H. FLUHARTY,

Carpenter & Undertaker,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.

Prices Reduced to Old Figures.

CARPENTERS' WORK

Done either by Contract or by the Day.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING.

For this department I have secured the services of an experienced workman, and shall be pleased to receive the carriages of my friends for repair.

All Work Guaranteed.

mar3-1y

Forget Thee?---Never.

Then be it so; and let us part,
Since love like mine has failed to move thee,
But do not think this constant heart
Can ever cease, ingrate, to love thee.
No! spite of all thy cold disdain,
I'll bless the hour when first I met thee;
And rather bear whole years of pain
Than e'en for one short hour for thee:
Forget thee?—never.

Still mem'ry, now my only friend,
Shall with her soothing art endeavor
My present anguish to suspend,
By painting pleasures lost forever:
She shall the happy hours renew,
When full of hope and smiles I met thee,
And little thought the day to view
When thou would'st wish me to forget thee:
Forget thee?—never.

Yet I have lived to view that day,
To mourn my past destructive blindness,
To see now turned with scorn away
Those eyes once filled with answering kindness.
But go—farewell—and be thou blest,
If thoughts of what I feel will let thee;
Yet, though thy image kills my rest,
'Twere greater anguish to forget thee:
Forget thee?—never.

[Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.]

THE POETRY vs. THE PROSE OF LIFE.

BY A. R. ASCAL.

Throughout the book of life are scattered whole pages of the most sublime poetry, with which we are entranced; but, tear the veil aside, and we find it but solemn prose, in a livelier garb—but sober fact mingled with finer fancies. Wearily we journey through the desert of tears till some bright, far-off vision greets us. Heedlessly, eagerly, we rush on till the mirage fades—melts quite away in the dim distance—and we realize the bitter prose.

The rainbow spanning in yon sky, is beautiful: the bright hues, mingled in the high arch, renders it more lovely, and we almost deem it heaven's portal, through which our souls, tired of the things of life, may pass to perfect bliss, and we long to fly away—away to the "blue home of the weary"—to the fair realms of light which it but shows forth. But, anon comes the thought that the arch of fancy deemed divine, is formed of tiny water drops! The spell is gone; the heaven's gate has faded, and we are left to the sad weights of care.

Bright is the quivering ray of the gem, lightening up the fair brow on which it rests with its strange, wild lustre. We gaze upon it; it sparkles till, in fancy, we see the depth from whence it came, and its sister diamonds lightening up the mine of wealth, where they were hidden by the gnomes who, long ago, with spirit fingers, formed those fair gems of light, and taught them how to flash, and hid them where the hand of man should find their secret lurking place. Well have those spirits of earth obeyed the beck of the mighty Master Spirit, nor in vain have they stolen the sunbeam to light that which they wrought. Still we gaze upon the dowered jewels, until we think it is but a bit of charcoal. O, how the spell is broken and the bright charm gone!

A true lover of nature, pent up in the dusty confines of a city, pines for the air of the far hills, whose tops are dimly described in relief against the burning sky. O, how he longs for one ramble on the wooded shores of the grand old lakes, now almost classic from their past associations—one gaze on old Niagara, foaming in fearful might, and dashing its beads of diamond spray around; to hide in some lone country dell and have his heart once more attuned to love's sweet melodies, and learn religion's holier truths as he listens to the voiceless teachings of nature in her wild retreats.—But the romance is gone, when the fatigue of travelling, to say nothing of the expense, is set before him and his summer vision vanisheth.

A maiden sits in a porch enveloped with flowers; moonlight is around about her; memory and thought are busy, and the joys of days gone by are with her; peace is in her soul, and the sacred influences of the hour have made a holy Sabbath in her heart. Another half-forgotten smile lights up the halls of memory, and makes sad sweetness there; and as her soul bathes her pinions in the blissful past, she tastes of happiness.—But a falling sound is heard within, and Carlo, overthrowing a flower vase, calls her to live again in the present, and forget the past sweet poem.

There is one who would taste of learning's fount, and drink deep draughts of its enchanted waters, and revel in the love of olden days. There is a proud fane dedicated to the goddess, Wisdom; and to this temple the maiden wends her way, a willing votary at the shrine of her we all adore.—She dreams and dreams of joys that will await her when she treads the way of knowledge, and walks the paths of light. But now her dream of earthly bliss is gone, when, instead of the flowery paths in which she longed to stray, she finds low, narrow halls, and looks into the dismal recitation rooms, and in lieu of the enchantments she fancied appertained to chemistry and mathematics, behold the old retorts and crucibles, the leaden pipes, the phials and mysterious Leyden jars, the blackboards, dim with the chalk of whole terms past, and the dirty windows, where the light of science never can stream in to reveal its hidden truths.—O, how she mourns that vanished dream!

And thus it ever is! The poetry comes warm and bright before us; but a passage of prose soon follows, and the effect is gone. And thus it ever will be, till the book of life be sealed forever, and its poetry and prose is alike forgotten.

GREENSBORO', Aug. 12, 1870.

QUESTION.—What are those sweet scented, little-caned young men, with hair parted in the middle, good for?

ANSWER.—Good for the place where they are generally used, to stand up around church doors and street corners, and gape at those who are trying to go somewhere, or to be something. Every time I see one of these soft attempts at humanity, I feel an almost irresistible impulse to clap a band-box down over the tender thing, and set it out of the reach of frost, to harden.

Western Correspondence.

SENECA, Mo., August 16th, 1870.

Editor American Union:—

Perhaps a letter from this wild, uninhabited country might interest some of the readers of THE UNION. On the 12th, a party of us left Marshfield on a little exploring tour.—We took the train at 8½, A. M., passing through some of the most wild, picturesque country I ever saw. I was told that, at one time, this was a vast prairie, reaching even to the Rocky mountains; but now some parts of it are densely wooded with small timber and bids fair to be valuable some day. Pearce city is 90 miles from Marshfield, which is the present terminus of the South Pacific R. R., and is a town of only four months growth and over a thousand inhabitants. One man informed me that, five months ago, there had never been a nail driven in that place. They now have a bank, and several stores, and it is quite a trading place. Here our hack, sent from Seneca, awaited us, and we were soon on the road, winding our way through dense forests, and extensive prairies as boundless as the ocean. Our driver was a good natured and gentlemanly person, and allowed the ladies to take turns driving. There was no monotony to make us dull, but everything was new and beautiful, and called forth continual exclamations of pleasure, till our list of adjectives were nearly exhausted, when an upset changed the scene. One of the ladies, who was driving, had just given up the lines to the driver, when the hind wheel struck a stump and shattered it, and we got out, I know not how, for we were well packed in. The first thing I knew, some one had me by the arm, trying to pull me out at the side of the hack, while the driver was holding, or trying to hold the spirited animals. Fortunately, some men came along just in time to help bind up the broken limbs of the vehicle, and we started off to walk to a town three miles on, leaving the gentlemen to assist with the wreck. Soon a man with a wagon overtook us, and asked us to ride, saying "that black cloud yonder will bring a storm;" so we got up and soon the rain just poured. The first house we saw we bid adieu to our kind friend and took shelter. There was no one in the shanty, and we had it to ourselves for a time. The rain abating, a woman made her appearance and offered us clothing that we might dry our own, which we did as soon as possible, wishing to be ready to join the party when they came along. The driver had to go to the nearest town in order to get another vehicle. 'Twas just as we had taken seats in another or about to start on when our vehicle arrived, the exchange was made and we soon reached Neosho the county seat of Newton county. The principal hotel was kept by a widow, and as we alighted we were informed that they had no accommodations for ladies. However, we stopped, had our horses fed, &c., and were ready to start again at ten P. M. The clouds were very dark and threatening, but we had to go. There was a ride of twenty miles before us; we were all brave, and ready for anything but death. After we were comfortably seated in our no-top, trying to nerve ourselves for the rout, a gentleman on the porch said, "What will you do if three or four wolves come down from the bluffs to you to-night," but all this did not alarm us. We considered ourselves a brave party: we had heard much of western life; this was knowing. We were soon on the road and the rain descended in torrents. I had one umbrella, and we had borrowed the only one in Neosho, and we must do the best we could with them; but the best was bad enough. Five hours brought us to Seneca, and not only were we thoroghly drenched but our baggage too. One other lady and myself had to just empty the contents of our valises into a tub of water, and this morning was favorable to dry them. We are now at Seneca and this morning two of our party have had a ride on horse back, and the rest have footed our way over the bluffs, and watched the Indians come into town. To-morrow we start for a week's tour through the Territory and Kansas. We take provisions along and tent out. H.

A Question Answered.

"Can any reader tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?"

A lady correspondent answers the questions thus: We can, easily. Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended, "right away, quick now!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched himself yawning out. "Ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the teakettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bannanas, and did everything else that he ought. He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner, when Eve had'nt any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over.—He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a "ward meeting," hurrahing for the out and out candidate, and then scolded because poor dear Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure, he acted rather cowardly about apple gathering time, but then that don't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden. He never played billiards nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he did't think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's care a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason that none of her fair descendants did.

A PORTUGESE shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied that having a poor memory, he took this method of refreshing it as his wife, while undergoing the castigation, never failed to remind him of his sins.

A Key to a Person's Name.

By the accompanying table of letters the name of a person or any word may be found out in the following manner:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	W
S	S	V	Z	Y
U	V	V	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding *Alphabetical numbers* of the top letters of these columns; it and the sum will be the number of the leter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way the whole name can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J. is founnd in the two columns commencing with B, and H, which are the second and eight letters down the alphabet; the sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed with B, D, and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added, give the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanations..

A Word to Mothers.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indellible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of their children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, write words or names in the smooth, white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child which neither the floods nor the slow-moving ages of eternity can obliterate. How careful should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

Rather Late, or Very Early.

The most difficult thing (says a cynical old bachelor) in the world for a woman to do is to get ready to go anywhere. And there is nothing a woman will resent quicker or more fiercely than an intimation that she may possibly miss the train. Our friend Brayfogle gives us an instance of this.

Mrs. Brayfogle was supposed to take the ten o'clock train on the Bee Line, to visit some relatives in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions for injudicious suggestions, Bray thought for once he would let things take their own course. So he sipped his coffee and ate his eggs on toast, while madame curled and powdered and tied hair on the back part of her head.—Then Bray sat by the stove for an hour reading the morning paper, while the madame tied her bonnet strings under her chin, took one long lingering loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and announced:

"Well, my dear, I'm ready."

"Ready for what?" asked Bray, in well affected astonishment.

"To go to the depot, to be sure," said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly.

"Oh!" said Bray, "I'd forgotten." "Well," continued he, looking at his watch, "that train has been gone thireen minutes. Just keep on your things, and you'll be ready for the train to-morrow.

Cost of Loaferism.

Does the young man who persists in being a loafer even reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loaferism is economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he choses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time in the first place—days, weeks, months of it—in fact about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting nearly his entire time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, dri—we had almost said drinking, but on reflection, we will except that. The loafer finds time to drink, whenever invited.

It cost friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loaferdom, and you may bid farewell to every friendly sail that floats under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society. It cost money; for though the loafer may not earn a cent, or have one for months, time lost might have produced him much money if devoted in industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort—all the true pleasures of living; honor, dignity, self respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally, all regret or consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

How Rain is Formed.

To understand the philosophy of this phenomena, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts, derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air, when it was once fully saturated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in cold than in warm air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder we find the atmosphere.—Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the very hottest climates.—Now when, from evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor—though if invisible—if its temperature is suddenly reduced to cold current, descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain.—Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple is such an arrangement for watering the earth.—*Scientific American.*

HOLES IN THE POCKET BOOK.—Farmers, mind well that you keep no holes in your pocket-book. If you do, be sure all "tin will slip through and be lost." Let us see how some men make holes in their pocket-books:

If you plow shallow, plant inferior seeds, and then suffer what comes up to run to grass or fall a prey to insects, you make a hole in your pocket-book.

If you keep bad fences or bad gates, and your neighbor's stock break in upon your growing crops, and you then worry or injure them with dogs, and by so doing turn a friend into an enemy, you make a sad rent in your pocket-book.

If you spend your time and money at elections or stores, drinking and carousing, when you ought to be at work, be assured there is a big hole way down deep in your pocket-book.

If you leave your tools to be thrown about here and there, exposed to all sorts of weather, be sure they will rot and rust and make holes in your pocket book.

Land undrained and unmanured, stock poorly fed or neglected, orchards left to grow at will or be pruned by cattle, idleness, sloth, tobacco, whiskey, worthless dogs, fine clothes—all these make sad holes in the pocket-books, the memory of which will not be pleasant when the evening shadows come and you have done nothing for a rainy day.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER IN AID OF STEAM.—How to generate steam quickly and at the same time inexpensively, has remained one of the problems left to engineers to solve.—Mr. Gulloway has invented an apparatus which, whilst it does not claim to supersede all steam boilers at present in use, yet claims that it can be affixed to them readily, and, when once applied, saves fifty per cent. in the cost of fuel, and pays for itself in one year. These are bold assertions, says the *Builder*, and well worthy of the consideration of those who use steam power. The invention, as we understand it, consists in the application of atmospheric air, which is, first of all, pumped down a pipe passing through the fine, the air being heated on its passing; the pipe is continued under the furnace, and passing through, returns on the back under the fire-bars; and the temperature of the air having thus become raised by the waste heat is driven into the boiler, and helps to generate steam in the chamber, the action of the piston-rod assisting the process.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.—The following is from the *Harford Journal and Visitor:*

The richest man of our town set up one of his sons in the liquor business. A temperance neighbor protested earnestly against it. The rich father said: "Why, he can make a thousand dollars a year." "No matter," said the temperance neighbor, "he may be ruined by it." In ten years the wife of that rum-selling son died a drunkard, leaving two motherless children. The rumseller forged his father's name, and at length involved his father so much that the old man failed, losing the earnings of his life. The rum-selling son died a drunkard, and his poor brother, too, died a sot, and the poor old father, who was one of the moderate drinkers, drinking enough to plant the seeds of ruin in his family died to. And now, all that are left of that man's family, one of the very first families of the town, are the orphan grand-children.

Woe to-him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!

KISSING.—What's in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter camly, what can they see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part—and the job is complete! There is a kiss in the abstract!—View it in the abstract—take it as it stands—look at it philosophically! What is there in it, after all? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet, when you look at the character of the thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips.—In every grade of society there is kissing.—Go where you will, to what country you will, and you are perfectly sure to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss, and we devoutly hope it may never go out of fashion!

A LADY who was urged by her friends to marry a widower, and as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful childdren.—"Children," replied the lady, "are like toothpicks—a person wants her own."

THOUGH men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

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