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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

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BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

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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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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.

Dr. E. E. ATKINSON,

Having located on the farm lately occupied by J. W. Atkinson, offers his professional services to the citizens of the vicinity.

no3-tf.

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. [je10-1y

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.

MANTUA MAKING.

Fall Styles. Winter Styles.

We would announce to the ladies of Denton and vicinity that we are prepared to perform mantua making in the highest style of the art. We have now, and are constantly receiving

The Latest Fashions

from the great emporiums, and feel ourselves able to please the most exquisite. We have a large assortment of patterns cut in the city by which we can cut or make dresses of any style.

Patterns for Sale.

May be found at the residence of Mrs. Todd.

JULIA PARK,

oct6-tf. ADDIE M. TODD.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

THE UNKNOWN LAND.

O land unknown! Beyond our mortal sight,
Wrapt round with gloomy shadows of the night,
Our spirits dread, yet long to wing their flight
To thy mysterious shores.

O land unknown! We strain our eager eye;
Into the dark we send our pleading cry;
We call in vain; no voices make reply
From thy mysterious shores.

O land unknown! A never ending train
In stern procession from these realms of pain,
Move slowly on, but comes not back again
From thy mysterious shores.

O land unknown! Art thou far off, or near?
We only know our loved ones disappear,
And the old voices we no more can hear
From thy mysterious shores.

O land unknown! By the dividing stream
We stand and gaze, and sometimes fondly dream
The clouds will part and yield a transient gleam
Of thy mysterious shores.

O land unknown! That day of days draws nigh,
Which shall unlock this hidden mystery,
And bid our dreading, longing spirits fly
To thy mysterious shores!

JEALOUSY;

OR

THE FAIR SCHEMER FOILED.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Twilight had thrown her beautiful mantle around Byron, nestling in the greenest of valleys, when Nettie Clifton left her chamber and strolled through the garden and into the arbor.

There Alphonse Drayton, her accepted suitor, had promised to meet her, and the hour when lovers meet was at hand. He was a noble fellow, admired by the young ladies of the pleasant, picturesque village; and more than one of them coveted the smiles he bestowed upon Nettie.

She thought of her lover as she sat on the rustic arbor bench, abstractedly tearing leaves from the vine. She wondered what kept him away, for the promised time had already passed. Hitherto he had ever been punctual, and she could not divine the cause for his absence.

Suddenly and noiselessly a form darkened the trellised doorway, and the interior of the arbor. Nettie looked up and half started forward to greet, as she thought, her lover. But a second look told her that the form was that of a woman, who leaned heavily on a crooked cane.

Half fearing the person, Nettie shrank back into the gloom, hoping the stranger would soon disappear.

But the hag—for such the woman was—hobbled into the arbor, and her sharp eyes penetrated the gloom, and at last fell upon Nettie's shrinking form.

"Lady, you are waiting for a lover who will not sit by your side to-night," said the wrinkled faced and toothless hag in a creaking tone.

"How do you know this?" demanded Nettie, in a voice tremulous through fear at the hag's words.

"My own eyes do not deceive me," was the answer. "I saw him half an hour ago standing beside a fair girl, on the banks of Silver Stream."

Nettie started and the rosy color flew from her cheeks. Her characteristic foible was jealousy; and the whisperings of the green-eyed monster she was ever too willing to believe.

"You say you saw them?" she asked rising, and stepping up to the informer.

"Did I not I would have not said so. If you cannot believe me without reiteration I will go."

She turned as if about to hobble from the arbor, when Nettie caught her arm and forced her around that she might gaze into her face.

"Old woman," she cried, "if you lie I will almost tear you piecemeal. Prove your assertion now, by leading me to the spot where you say you saw them.

"I will do it. I have taken a deep interest in your future welfare, and I do not want you to be the love of a base deceiver."

"Who are you?"

"Not now, young lady; not now. Are you going to Silver Stream without your hat? The air is somewhat cool."

"I am going just as I am," Nettie said impatiently. "Lead on: my heart is afire. I do not wish to doubt him, but—but—"

"Seeing is believing," said the hag.

"Yes—yes," murmured Nettie, "she is right; seeing is believing."

Already she believed her lover faithless; but she wanted to see a proof of his infidelity.

It was astonishing how rapidly the seemingly much-crippled hag hobbled over the ground; but Nettie did not notice how supple her joints were fast becoming.

At last the little wrinkled old woman paused beneath a mulberry tree near the crystal stream. Before them grew a lot of bushes, and pointing over them with her cane, the hag turned to Nettie.

"Look over these thorns and down into the hollow, and tell me what you see. The young moon will aid you. They were standing beneath the sycamore when I was here."

The beautiful but jealous belle of Byron looked down into the vale which seemed to lay at their very feet. Through it meandered the little brook, on one of whose banks stood a stately sycamore. Beneath one of its branches, and in the soft rays of the full moon, stood a couple who stifled Nettie's breath, and drove her white nails into her yielding palms.

She gazed upon her lover, and a girlish form which for the first time met her jealous vision. Alphonse's arm incircled her waist, and he was looking down into her almost spiritual face. Suddenly he kissed her, and the action wrung a cry from the watcher.—She bit her beautiful lips till the red current of life stained her dimpled chin, and started back.

The old crone watched her every movement and a repulsive leer of triumph overspread her face!

"Have I lied?" she asked gloating over Nettie's jealous agony.

"No—no!" cried Nettie. "He is false—as faithless as the fiends that fell."

"Yes—yes, you have indubitable proof of his infidelity."

"He loves the girl at his side. Who is she?"

"I know not," answered the hag. "I saw them last night where they stand now."

"Then the present meeting is not the first," gasped Nettie.

"No; how often they have met yonder I cannot tell. But watch; witness their parting."

Nettie obeyed.

For nearly an hour longer the couple stood beneath the sycamore, watched by a pair of jealous eyes. The hag did not notice them, but contented herself with studying the varying expression of Nettie's face.

At last Alphonse and the girl walked from beneath the broad leaves, and disappeared from the watcher's vision.

"They are gone," said the old woman.

Her words called Nettie Clifton back to herself.

"Yes, they have disappeared," she said, in a cold and bitter voice. "The wolf and the lamb."

"Or the hawk and the dove," muttered the crone. "Now, fair lady let us return."

Then they left the hillock, and Nettie remained silent until they reached the steps leading into her home.

"This is my home," she said, turning to her guide. "Now, what remuneration do you want for your services?"

"None," was the reply. "To feel sure that you, so good, so pure, will cast the faithless off, will be my great reward."

"Then rest easily on that score. I will cast him off when next we meet. I will not listen longer to the words of the faithless."

Then the crone hobbled away and Nettie entered the house.

"Oh, I long to tell him that I scorn him!" she cried, when she reached her chamber.—"I will listen to no excuses; there can be no palliation for his conduct. Seeing is believing, and I have seen."

The following evening she had an opportunity to cast Alphonse Drayton off, which the did.

Little suspecting the storm that was about to burst upon him, he encountered her at the gate. She coldly replied to his pleasant greeting, and he instantly divined that something had gone wrong.

"What is the matter with you, Nettie?" he said, endeavoring to take her hand; but she shrank from him.

"You are faithless, Alphonse Drayton," she replied, with long-practiced calmness.—"Faithless to one who wears the betrothal ring."

"Who has told you this?"

"No one. I saw the proof of your faithlessness."

"Where—when?"

"Last night, beneath the sycamore, on the banks of Silver Stream."

He laughed.

"You laugh to add to my torture," she said bitterly. "You met a woman there."

"I do not deny the truthfulness of the accusation."

He was perfectly composed.

"Then from me go, man, unworthy of a woman's love. Here I cancel the betrothal. Here we part to meet no more as lovers.—You have broken the chain which cannot be welded again. Go, Alphonse Drayton, go!"

She turned from him with an injured air, but he put forth his hand and touched her arm.

"I am not faithless, Nettie," he cried.—"As true as is the declaration that Jehovah reigneth, I am not. Hear me! the woman whom I met last night was—"

"Who?" demanded Nettie, turning suddenly upon him.

"My—no, I will not tell you now. Wait Nettie, till a fortnight has flown, and then I will tell you all."

"Ah! you refuse to tell me who has stolen your smiles from me," she cried. "Another proof of your faithlessness. Farewell—forever!"

She cast the glittering betrothal ring at his feet, and the next moment the door closed on her form.

He picked up the bauble, and slowly, sadly turned away.

"Perhaps another will wear this," he murmured, toying idly with the ring, as he walked along. "It will be a long time before I can love another. Oh, how I love Nettie, despite her foible—accursed jealously. But I have not wholly given her up. She may repent her hasty action, and find me ever ready and willing to forgive."

As the days passed, gossip became possessed of the information that the betrothal lately existing between Alphonse and Nettie was broken. It furnished coversational food for the village, and many conjectures were rife.

"At last," exclaimed Nellie Balfour, one evening, "he is free! Now I can draw him to my feet, and victoriously terminate the contest. My plans have succeeded beyond expectations. The old hag served me faithfully, and acted her part admirably. I was aware of Nettie Clifton's foible. I knew that the sight in the vale would cause her to cast Alphonse off, that I might succeed at last."

Nellie Balfour, though exceedingly beautiful, was an artful schemer, who had long loved, or pretended that she did, Alphonse Drayton. With mortification she had witnessed his actions towards Nettie, her rival, and she determined to break the engagement and win him for herself.

One night she strolled to the hillock near Silver Stream, and, glancing down into the moonlit valley, she beheld Alphonse and a woman beneath the sycamore. O! if she could get Nettie there to gaze upon the love-scene, the engagement would at once be cancelled. She listened, and at the parting she heard the engagement to meet there again the following night.

The next day a fortune-telling crone made Byron a point, and Nellie secured her services. How admirably the bribed one acted her *role* the reader has seen.

But the fair schemer was doomed to be baffled, and almost in her very presence.

Judge Lyon, who owned a splendid country residence a short distance from Byron, determined upon giving a ball, and the uncommon event was looked forward to with a good deal of impatience. At last the night came, and Byron was nearly deserted. Alphonse Drayton accompanied Nellie Balfour to the scene of festivities, and Nettie Clifton went under the protection of her brother.

Quickly the hours passed, lightened by promenades on the porches, rambles through the gardens, and waltzing in the parlors.

Who is that young lady with whom Mr. Drayton is conversing?" asked Nellie of an acquaintance.

"His sister," was the reply.

"His sister!" echoed Nellie. "I thought he was sisterless."

"He is not. Judge Lyon adopted the young lady some years ago, and now she is as one of his own children."

Nellie closely scrutinzed the young girl's features, and recognized them as belonging to the person whom Alphonse had met beneath the sycamore. Nettie was standing near, and Nellie turned to see if she had overheard their words.

Undoubtedly she had, for she was gazing directly at the couple, and with a look that spoke of recognition. Believing that her cause was wrecked, the schemer turned away and sought the garden.

Presently Alponse left the young girl's side and sauntered from the room. A moment later Nettie was addressing her.

What passed between them we know not; but at the end of the conversation Nettie walked towards the porch with a thoughtful countenance. She had barely stepped from the parlor, when a form appeared between her and the star-studded sky. It was Alphonse, who was re-entering the room with measured tread and bowed head.

She stopped and spoke his name.

"Alphonse."

He looked up and noted the expression that sat enthroned upon her countenance.—He knew that a wonderful change had taken place in her heart of hearts.

Then he held forth his hands, which she partially covered with hers. In silence their eyes met and they read each other's hearts.

"Forgive me, Alphonse," she cried at last. "O, forgive me. It was your sister."

"Yes, Nettie," he answered, joyfully, "it was my dear sister Margie, whom I met beneath the sycamore."

"And I have been jealous of her," cried Nettie. "O, Alphonse!"

Then he snatched a kiss from her cheeks, and, happy once more, they strolled into the garden. With their disappearance Nellie Balfour stepped upon the porch.

"All is lost!" she cried, clenching her little hands. "I have been defeated; but shall not renew the attack. She can have him, now; but she shall never know at whose instigation the old hag led her to the hill."

Joyous at finding her jealousy groundless, Nettie Clifton permitted the old betrothal ring to encircle her finger again, and when they were married, she declared that her foible had been conquered.

But she never knew, and Alphonse never suspected Nellie Balfour's scheme.

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackery's pleasant touches:

"It is night now; and here is home.—Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars peeped out from the heavens. The silence is peopled by the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, but now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me that have long ceased to shine. The town and fair landscape sleep under the starlight wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night at rest. An awful sense of thanks make the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping room, through the sleeping house, and feel as though a blessing was upon it.

THE BARBER'S POLE.—Hundreds of people there are who do not understand why the barber used the red-striped pole. It originated from the fact that, some centuries ago, it was customary for barbers to bleed people, and the pole, with alternate winding stripes of white and red, represented the bandages of the phlebotomized victim. In the course of time the apothecary excelled the barber as a blood-letter; but the old sign of the craft was retained by the latter after the function which gave significance had ceased.

A SAN FRANCISCO school-teacher received the following note from the "ostensible" parent of one of his pupils: "I hope, as to my John, you will flog him just as offin as you kin. Heas a bad boy—is John. Altho I've bin in habit of teaching him miself, it seems to me he will never larn anithing—his spellin is ottragously defishent. Wallop him well, ser, and you will receiv my thanks.

"P. S.—What accouts for John bein sich a scholar is that he is my sun by my wife's fust husband."

A Texas paper says that the German labor in Texas takes the preference, and in the Galveston market their cotton commands a cent per pound over others in consequence of careful handling.

BASHFULNESS is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out at the third-story window.

The Boston reporters talk of getting up a new badge, and some one suggests a pump in active motion.

The city of Albany proposes to indulge in the luxury of a five hundred acre park.

[From our Western Correspondent.]

KNOX CAVE.

THE HISTORY OF ITS DISCOVERY—ENTRANCE—NATURE'S ART GALLERY—THE WORK OF DROPS OF WATER—THE FOREST OF STALACTITE—THE HALL OF SPLENDOR.

MARSHFIELD, Mo., 10th mo. 20th, 1870.

Perhaps a description of this "Work Shop of Nature" will not be uninteresting to the readers of THE UNION. I would like to be brief, but cannot give the particulars in this subterranean world without speaking of its different departments. It was discovered in 1866 by a dog, and received its name from the owner, on whose land it was discovered. It is said that J. B. Knox's dog chased a coon into the mouth of this cavern, then so small an opening as not to be noticed. The dog kept up such a barking that his master took help and went to rescue the animal from the tight grasp of the stalagmite, where they found him fastened and held as by some monster. After they extricated the dog, they lost no time in trying to find out the many beauties with which they were surrounded.

On the 15th, accompanied by a friend, I made a visit to this interesting cavern. We took the train for Springfield, where we remained till morning; then procured a horse and buggy for a seven miles ride. Our route lay through a beautiful part of the country, densely wooded and draped with Autumn's richest colors. On our arrival at the cave we learned it had changed hands, but that the proprietor, with a large company, was expected at ten, A. M.; so we could do nothing more than wait, as the door of the cave was secured by lock and key. Ten and a-half brought the proprietor but no company. We told him our business, and that we would like to return in time to attend the fair which was to close that afternoon. Finally, he concluded to light it up and be in readiness for the expected company. We entered, lamps and torches in hand. After leaving the mouth of the cave, we passed into a hall where we noticed the constant dripping from the stalactite over head. From here we entered the Art Gallery, and an Art Gallery it was. 'Twas really dazzling to behold—that galaxy of brilliants. There was much here like unto man and beast. Groups of beautifully chiseled statuary stood near each other, as if conversing on topics of interest, whilst the elegant stalactite drapery, studded, as it were, with diamonds, fell gracefully around them. In this sanctuary of architecture we stood wrapt in thought, till the proprietor asked us for a name for it. To which I replied, "I never saw anything to compare with it but the Art Gallery in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia;" and then, in the midst of perfected nature, we named it "Nature's Art Gallery," for, certainly, there is not much in nature that is beautiful, which is not represented here. The stalagmite at your feet and the stalactite above your head assume all shapes, from the massive columns of crystal to the delicate lily of the valley. As we stood here, the guide informed us, saying: "Six weeks ago I came to Springfield for the purpose of practicing law, and hearing of this cave, thought I would visit it. On doing so I saw there was money in it and took a lease on it for five years, with the privilege of buying it. Soon I shall have it lighted with gas and a fine hotel erected."

Our next entrance was a tunnel-like formation one hundred yards in length, in which nothing new of interest appeared, except copper blossom formations. He supposes a copper mine to be there. Beyond this point the scene changes, and we entered the chamber of "white columns of crystal" that support the roof, and of a whiteness that can vie with the "beautiful snow." One of these pillars is 40 ft in circumference; another 38. Their height is 12 ft. Beyond these, to the left, are twin columns. Side by side they stand in chiseled beauty. One is 24 ft. in circumference, the other 26.—The beauty and variety of form here displayed afford study for an artist. Many of those stalactites are beautifully twisted, through which the light shines and gives them a grand appearance. One of these columns, called "Washington's Monument," is soon to be removed from its dark cavern to grace Central Park, N. Y., for which the proprietor receives twenty thousand dollars, delivered at Springfield. The stalactite drapery that surrounds it is unsurpassed by art or nature. I must say that Mammoth Cave has nothing in its hundred miles extent to vie with this.

Next comes the HaH of Splendor. The groups of stalagmite form groves of beauty that really makes one feel their unworthiness to enjoy such scenes. Here the ceiling is studded with these embryo stalactites, whilst they are surrounded with hundreds of various stages of growth, many of which have the smoothness and lustre of polished marble. All of these beauties are formed by the dripping of water. The "Rotunda" is not without its attractions too. Broad Avenue is said to be sufficient to drive five omnibusses abreast.

Now comes "Sonorous Rock." When struck it rings like a church bell. The tone, as it vibrates throughout the recesses of the cavern, awakens thousands of echoing tongues. A little beyond this rock is a spring, or lake, with a silver cup attached to a rock by a chain, from which you taste the crystal fluid. Here my guides wished to leave me, whilst they explored beyond, thinking it was not safe for me to cross. I seated myself upon a rock and watched their lights moving among the beautiful formations 'till I could bear it no longer, and I called to them that I must cross. A bridge of rocks was soon erected, and my passage was effected and we were soon busily exploring caverns, that the guide stated he had never seen before. It seems this lake rises so high at times that it is impassable; and consequently this temple of art is seldom seen by visitors. 'Tis nature's forest, and lacks nothing but foliage and color.—This cavern is one mile long, and we were six hours in going throught it. We reached Springfield just in time for the train. This country abounds in caves, but nothing have I seen to compare to this. H.

A loose habit—getting "tight."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The population of Washington City is 109,338.

The new Ohio State Capitol will cost $1,500,000.

The valuation of the city of Boston is $104,000,000.

Texas has over seventy million acres of unoccupied land.

The export of hops during the last year were 16,356,631 lbs.

Snow fell in Le Roy, New York, last week to the depth of four inches.

Mrs. Dahlgren is writing the life of her husband, the admiral.

The State debt of California is two and a-half millions of dollars.

A Chinese newspaper has been established at Helena, Montana.

Base ball has killed twenty-five persons during the past season.

"Political hostility" is now the New York substitute for "insanity," in murder cases.

Mrs. Young, of Franklyn Grove, Lee Co., Ill., has fallen heir to property in Scotland worth $2,500,000.

It is stated that a blue-eyed girl in Wisconsin last year sheared forty sheep in a day, and received $4 for it.

The Vicksburg *Times* says that every steamboat and railroad car is loaded with emigrants to Texas.

The total population of Massachusetts, according to the census returns, is 1,459,385, and Connecticut, 537,468.

The increase of savings banks in this country is one of the noteworthy financial features of the present year.

"He-Never-Weeps" is the name of Red Cloud's only brother-in-law. He is no relation to "The Man Who Laughs," however.

A valuable salt mine was recently discovered at Kittanning, Pa., by workmen who had bored to a depth of 1,024 feet in quest of oil.

If a man wants to wear the "latest style fall hat" this season, he will find it necessary to have a dozen heads, for there is that many of it.

Those cheerful Adventists are ciphering up their "time and times," etc., to prove that the European war is the "pouring out of the seventh vial," or something.

A wealthy Englishman proposes to introduce into New York city a new style of omnibus, with seats on top for the would-be elevated passengers.

The telescope used by Washington at the battle of Germantown, Pa., is in the possession of the academy in that town and is in a good state of preservation.

"Butchering by Steam" is announced as something new under the sun. The fact that butchering by steam has long been practiced on railroads seems to have been forgotten.

Tennessee has something to boast of in the fact of being demonstrated by the census to be the healthiest State of the Union, and perhaps in the world. Her people die less thananny other.

The steamship Varuna, which left New York October 15th for Galveston, went down off the Florida Coast on the 20th, only five persons being saved from death. The ship had on board thirty-six passengers and her officers and crew.

Two y[illegible] lawyers of Philadelphia, who had been [illegible]gely impertinent toward each other at t[illegible]ourt of Sessions in that city, a few days ag[illegible] subsequently fought a "duel" with cowhides until their faces were disfigured beyond recognition by their respective office boys.

The losses in Virginia from the recent floods, directly and indirectly, are calculated at $5,000,000. A serious feature of the disaster is that the price of coal will be materially increased by the interruption of railway communication. The greater portion of the loss will fall upon small farmers and the poor population generally occupying the river regions overflowed.

One of the novelties of the season is a ladies "business suit." It is simply and plainly made of cloth with galloon bindings, and intended to be sensible and serviceable as the outdoor dress of a man. The number of women now engaged upon the press and in other active occupations, in the larger cities, renders a neat, durable, unpretending, yet lady-like costume, most desirable.

According to the California papers, the annual production of gold in that State has in eight years' time fallen from $25,600,000 to $18,400,000, and has now become an ordinary occupation, yielding no more than an average renumeration, and not so much as many other trades. The business, it is stated, has passed under the control of large capitalists, and the miners receive wages of $2.75 a day.

The career of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, better known as the "Red Stockings," was commenced in 1869. During that season the picked nine met the best clubs of the East and West, and out of seventy contests were not once defeated. Their recent run of ill-luck has been attributed to the demoralizing influence of politics, but next season they are determined to sink all differences of opinion, and make a last effort to regain their lost laurels.

Boston has an institution known as "The Flower Mission," which has this season distributed among the poor and sick eleven thousand bouquets and pond lillies. Such a tender recognition of the tenants of sick rooms and the lonely and destitute is no less beautiful than it has been beneficial. The Mission proper has suspended its work for the winter, but others have taken it up, and fruits and flowers will be distributed daily where they will be sure to give joy and comfort.

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