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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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
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1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
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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.

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.

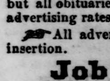
J. W. LOCKERMAN.

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.

Dreaming.

Under the silvery moonlight,
Sifting over the grass,
Seem the forms of angels
By my vision to pass.
Oft in the mellow twilight
Sit I and dream alone—
Dream of the radiant angels,
For my darling is one.

Shadowy forms are flitting
Under the star-gemmed sky;
Silvery tones are swelling
Softly in choruses by,
Passing before my vision
Out from the by-gone years,
Filling my soul with sighing—
Filling my eyes with tears.

Dreaming, alas! but dreaming,
I wake alone to weep,
My darling is with the angels;
Only the wing of sleep
Bridges the chilling waters
And brings her over the stream,
And my pulses thrill with rapture,
At the vision of a dream.

ONLY A FARMER'S WIFE.

Two women sat together at sunset in the porch door of a white cottage that stood under its 'old ancestral tree,' and among its fields of wheat and corn, like a poet's vision of a quiet resting place for some weary, suffering soul.

And one of these two women had eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to feel and appreciate it all. She was a tall and stately lady, apparently some thirty years of age—not exactly handsome, but with a grace of air and manner peculiarly her own. The careful toilet, the nameless air of elegance and luxury, the pale cheek and soft, white hands betrayed the city dame. While the weary glance in her large, dark eyes, which even the pleasant quiet of that sunset hour could not drive away, showed that time had not dealt gently with her and her heart's idols, but had thrown them, shattered and ruined, at her feet.

Her companion was some five years her junior, and many times prettier—a little, round-faced, apple-cheeked woman, with dark blue eyes and dark brown hair, and a rounded figure was set off to the best advantage by the afternoon dress of the tinted muslin that she wore.

At present the pretty face was almost spoiled by a querulous, discontented expression. She was contrasting her own hand, plump and small, but certainly rather brown, with the slender, white fingers of her city friend, all glittering with rings. "Just look at the two!" she exclaimed. "That comes of making butter and cheese, and sweeping and dusting, and washing dishes, and making beds all the time. That man told the truth that said woman's work is never done. I know mine never is. O, dear, dear, to think that you, Margaret, should have married a city merchant, and he as rich as a princess in a fairy tale; and here I am planted for life, plain Mrs. Hiram Parke, and nothing in the world to compare with you. I am sick of being only a farmer's wife."

Margaret Von Howth looked down upon her grumbling little friend with a sad smile.

"Jenny, it seems to me as we sit here in this quiet place and look out over all these pleasant fields that are your own—it seems to me that you are almost wicked to talk like that."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Jenny, "but you would not like it, Margaret. You would never wish to change places with me."

"Perhaps not. Would you like to change with me?"

"Yes."

"And be Mrs. Van Howth, instead of Mrs. Hiram Park?"

Jenny hesitated. She dearly loved her handsome husband.

"Well, I don't mean to give up Hiram," she said at last. "I only mean I wish he was a city merchant, instead of a farmer, and as rich as your husband is; that is all."

"And that is a great deal," said Mrs. Van Howth, coldly. "Jenny, if your life would be—"

"What yours is, I suppose. What any lady's is in your position."

"Exactly. But what is that life. Do you know?"

"How should I?"

"It is a weary one, Jenny, with more genuine hard work in it than all your making of butter and cheese can bring."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"And oh, Jenny! Believe me, my dear, there are no people on earth who work harder than the fashionables who only have their own amusement to provide for. A long life of mere amusement is a dog's life, Jenny at the best."

"I should like to be convinced of it by actual experience," said Jenny doubtingly.

"So I said and thought once. I have been so convinced. And it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, my dear."

"But how?" persisted Jenny.

"How? In ten thousand ways. If you live in the fashionable world, you must do as the fashionable world does. You must rise and dress and shop and lunch, and dress again and drive, and appear at certain balls, parties, concerts, exactly as your friends do, or be voted bizarre, and out of the world altogether. You, my poor Jenny, who are by no means fond of dress, what would you do at a fashionable watering place in the hotest days of August, with five changes of toilet from morning to night and a French lady's maid to tyrannize over you all the time into the bargain?"

"Horrors?" ejaculated Jenny.

"Balls that you must go to in spite of fatigue, parties that you must grace in spite of the heat, calls that you must make on people whom you detest! Oh, Jenny, I should far rather be at home with the butter and cheese if I were you."

Jenny was silent. Here was the dark side of the bright picture which she had never seen or dreamed of before.

"You love your husband, Jenny?" said her friend, after a time.

Jenny opened her eyes widely.

"Love him! Why, isn't he my husband?" was her naive reply.

Mrs. Van Howth laughed.

"Some women in 'soiciety' might think that a reason why you should not love him, she said drily. And he loves you also?"

"I should die to-morrow if I thought he did not!"

"But, child! People leave this world when God wills it, not before. I dare say you would survive his infidelity. Many women before you have lived through such things."

"Don't talk of it Margaret! I could not bear it. Why, his love is all the world to me. How could I bear to lose it?"

"Then don't wish him to be a city merchant, my dear. I dare say there are a great many good men in the city, men who love their wives; but, on the other hand, there are so many temptations, especially in society, that I sometimes wonder that so many remain true to themselves and their duty."

She spoke absently, and her eyes had a far-away glance as if they dwelt on other things.

Jenny ventured a question.

"Margaret, is yours a happy marriage?—Do you love your husband? And does he love you?"

Mrs. Van Howth impulsively started, and turned crimson.

"Jenny, I would have loved him—I would have been a good wife to him; but he never loved me. He brought me to place me at the head of his house, because he thought me lady-like and interesting; that was all. He told me so once, though not quite so plainly as this. And since then we have each taken our own way, independent of each other. I seldom see him at our house in town. I have my carriage, my diamonds, my opera box. In the season, I go to Saratoga or Newport, while he favors Long Branch with his presence. We are perfectly polite to each other; we never quarrel; and I suppose were I to die to-morrow, he'd be the most inconsolable of widowers—for a week! Jenny you will not wish to change places with me again. Your husband might change as mine has done, exposed to the same temptations. Thank heaven that you have him as he is, a good, true man who loves you; and never mind the butter and cheese, Jenny, so long your own happiness and his is made up with them."

She arose from her seat as she spoke, and strolled down the garden path alone.

Jenny did not follow her. She sat on the step, lost in thought. The riddle of her friend's life was at last made clear to her.—She had often wondered why Margaret, in the midst of all her wealth and luxury, should seem so sad and ill at ease. She wondered no longer now. To be the wife of a man who has no love for you! What 'lower deep' can there be for a proud and sensitive woman than this?

Jenny turned with tears in her eyes to meet her handsome, stalwart husband as he came from the field.

"Well, little woman," he cried, and then she got the rough embrace and the hearty kiss for which she was looking.

Yes, Margaret was right. The butter and cheese were of very little consequence, while love like this made her tasks easy to endure. And the rosy-cheeked little woman bent fondly down over her 'Hiram,' as he flung himself on the porch-seat, and fanned him, talked to him, brought him cool lemonade, and made him thoroughly happy, while he enjoyed his rest. Poor Margaret! Happy Jenny! Never again would she wish to be anything more, only a farmer's wife.

WHAT IS POETRY?—A smile, a tear, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existence, in man, and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection; in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years and in the thoughts of that glory which chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the star; its cadence is heard in the thunder of the cateract; its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand voice-bards of the wind, the rivulet and forest; and the cloud and sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies. There is not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a breeze, calling from its blue air, thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring—not a cloud, bathing itself like an angel vision in the rosy blushes of atumn twilight—nor a rock, glowing in the yellow starlight, as if dreaming of the Eden land, but is full of the beautiful radiance of poetry.—It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the heavings of the great deep, in tempest and calm, are but its ascent and mysterious workings.

A MOTHER AND HER INFANT CHILD.—Mother and child—think of it, my friends, on Christmas Day. What more beautiful sight is there in the world? What more beautiful sight, and what more wonderful sight?

What more beautiful? That man must be very far from the kingdom of God—he is not worthy to be called a man at all—whose heart has not been touched by the sight of his first child in its mother's bosom.

The greatest painters who ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing—a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Rafaelle by name, whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again for years, painting over and over that simple subject, the mother and her babe, and could not satisfy himself. Each of his pictures is most beautiful; each in a different way, and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple every-day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colors.—*Kingsley.*

EVERY parent is like a looking glass for his children to dress themselves by. Parents should take care, therefore to keep the glass bright and clear, not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

THE first negro juror in Indiana gave his age as 109.

Amusements for Winter Evenings.

With 6 o'clock comes in the lamp, and there are three hours till 9, in which the young folks should enjoy themselves in talk, in fun and frolic, in games and music. This evening entertainment may combine instruction with recreation, physical exercise with intellectual activity, thus leaving both body and mind in the best possible condition for the night's repose. Wise parents will see to it that the younger members of their family are suitably provided in this respect, and if they themselves will enter into the venening's enjoyment, presiding over and directing it, there is no telling how vast will be the increase of family happiness and domestic virtue. How much wiser and better for a father to expend a few dollars in procuring sources for home amusement which will keep his sons and daughters within the charmed circle of the fireside, rather than, neglecting this essential part of their education, leave them to seek in lounging places, in theatres, circusses, taverns, and stores the recreation they require. A very good camera may be obtained for about five dollars. This is a never-ending source of pleasure to children and young people. A few object-glasses may be purchased with the camera, and the skill of the father or mother may supply the rest. At an artists' furnishing store sheets of gelatine, such as are used for tracing, may be purchased. Fasten one of these securely over an engraving, and with any sharp steel point trace the lines of the original quite deeply in the transparent sheet. Then rub in with the finger lightly a little crayon or pencil dust, and the picture is ready for the camera. An older child, a half-grown girl or boy may thus furnish inexhaustible amusement for a whole family by thus copying comic pictures, photographs and sketches, and at the same time learn much of the art of drawing. A great many pleasing games may be purchased at the stores for nominal sums. It is well to vary the exercises by a frolic at "blind man's buff," or "hunt the slipper," or "magic music," which is a very refined and tasteful play. One of the number leaves the room, and in his absence a thimble or other small object is placed in sight, but where he will be least likely to look for it. When he returns some one at the piano or organ plays soft or loud as he recedes from or approaches the object. There is no more elevating or refining way of passing an evening than in making a concord of sweet sounds. A musical instrument in a family is a peace-maker, be it an organ, a piano, a violin, a guitar, an accordeon, or even a jew's harp. A really excellent organ, quite small in size, indeed, and plain in case, but by the best makers, who will not send you poor instruments, can now be had for $50. Boys will not run away from all these home attractions to waste their spending money in cigars, drink and dissipations, and girls brought up in pleasant homes will know how, by and by, to become the centres of such themselves. For families disposed to intellectual and literary recreations, charades, Shakespearean reading, and historical games invite to a high and profitable amusement.

Sloppy Effusiveness.

Nothing is more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-concealed caresses, those absurb names, that prodigality of endearing epithets, that devoted attention which they flaunt in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large to come and admire their happiness, is always noticed and laughed at, and sometimes more than laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness, and part of their dearest privileges. They believe themselves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as example for all to avoid. Men who have any manliness, however, do not give in to this kind of thing; though there are some, as effeminate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love, and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with gray hair as lavishly as they had fondled the youthful bride, and seeing no want of harmony in calling a withered old dame of sixty and upward by the pet names by which they had called her when she was a slip of a girl of eighteen. The continuance of love from youth to old age is very lovely, very cheering; but even "John Anderson, my Jo," would lose its pathos if Mrs. Anderson had ignored the difference between the raven locks and the snowy brow. This public display of familiar affection is never seen among men who pride themselves on making good lovers, as certain men do—those who have reduced the practice of love-making to an art, a science, and know their lesson to a letter. These men are delightful to women, who like nothing so much as being made love to, as well after marriage as before; men who take matters quietly, and rely on the good sense of their wives to take matters quietly, too, sail around these scientific adorers for both depth and manliness. And if women knew their best interests they would care more for the trust than the science.

DICKENS wrote: "There is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten.—An infant, prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who love it, and play its part though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but that there are those who love it here. Dead! Oh! if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves?

A SLOW TRAIN.—Ticket collector—"This your boy, mun? He's too big for a 'alf ticket!" Mother—"Oh! is he? Well, perhaps he is *now*, mister; but he wasn't when we started. This 'xcursion's ever so many hours be'ind time, an' he's a growing lad! So, now!"

The Calico Dress.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubbies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with clover perfume;
Her step is as free and as light,
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And is kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort of a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

Short and Long Street Dresses.

Gail Hamilton writes in *Harper's Bazar*:

"Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, and bring the day when society shall have settled upon some general street dress, simple, graceful, convenient and unchanging, and shall leave to individual taste only choice of material, color and subordinate details.—Then you shall be pointed or rounded or squared according to your liking, and shall stay so. Then you shall not spend your time in pulling off last year's satin, or your money in putting on this year's velvet, but satin—to borrow *Punch's* wit—shall be sat in till it is frayed out of existence.

"But even as things are we are very comfortable. I have thought, indeed, that we were verging towards the millenium of dress. Barring the excess of trimming, it seems to me there never could have been a time when dress was more favorable to women than it is now. With rubber boots and water-proof for storms; with light, picturesque hats; with small, short skirts and sleeved overgarments, and breath-permitting bodices, and styles so various that scarcely anything is strikingly unfashionable, what doth hinder that woman should eat and drink, and walk and be merry? Newspaper people, indeed, talk of a dress reform; but there shall no reform be given them save the gradual reform I have suggested, and that will come imperceptibly, and only as we gain more cultivation and a higher and finer life. Our dress now is fully up to our social life.

"And here come the costumers, and flaunt long skirts in our faces once more. Do I blame the costumers? Not I. They have their living to get, and must invent or select continually. But if the women of this country, having once tasted the freedom of short dresses, shall be mean spirited enough to go into long ones again at the dictate of any costumer under the sun, they have themselves and nobody else to blame. A pretty thing it will be for them to talk about making laws, if they have not sense enough and spirit to keep out of the mud! A fine thing to be a republican sovereign when you have not independence enough to resist the fiat of a foreign tyrant as to the cut of your gown! For here is no question of thinking or not thinking about your dress. You can walk just as well with three flounces as with none; but a long dress interferes with the energies, the activities, the safety and the health of every day. A long dress in the street means inconvenience, untidiness, discomfort, waste, indolence, repression, cramped muscles, subordination and slavery.

"If women reinvest themselves in trailing skirts they deserve all the evils which may befall them. If women relinquish their short suits, may their husbands tyranize over them and abuse them forever! May the women's rights women be forever forced to see men legislate and women sit still! May the anti-women's rights women be forced to vote at the polls and to serve in the jury-box! May husbands ever control all the incomes of their wives, and may wives be forever disabled from disposing of their own property! May the courts always have the power of dispossessing a mother of her child, and imposing upon it a guardianship foreign to her will! May Bridget in the kitchen forever prick the pies with her hair-pin, and John Chinaman moisten the pie-crust from his mouth! May Mr. Thomas Nast portray the Coming Women doing general housework, and Dr. Nathan Allen continue to publish in the religious newspapers cheerful statistical articles on the decrease of the population in New England! May Laura ever be obliged to take the way to Fredeick's purse with toothsome viands, and never know what it is to be joint sovereign of the woman's kingdom, and never know that there is any woman's kingdom! May sewing machines be broken past remedy, and ruffles come in like a flood, and men wear seven bosoms to one shirt, and the bosom factories stop work and the laundries dry up! May women receive one-quarter the wages of men and do twice the work, and kid gloves go up to five dollars a pair, and tear out on the back of the hand the first time they are put on!

"In short, may women be held a subject race when they shall have proven themselves one, and be oppressed and spoiled evermore; for they will surely deserve it if they go back to the leeks and onions of Egypt after having eaten the manna and quails of the promised land!

"Long skirts indeed!"

A STRANGE LAKE.—A California paper says: "All who have attempted to swim in the waters of Lake Tahoe must have been startled at their strange lack of buoyancy.—Good swimmers launch forth into the lake with the utmost confidence in their skill, and at once find themselves floundering and only able to keep themselves afloat by the most strenuous exertions. The bodies of perons drowned in the lake are never seen after they have once sunk. Of the five white persons drowned in the lake, not a single body has ever been recovered or even seen. Pine logs float in the lake but a very short time, then sink never again to rise. In places far down through the crystal fluid are to be seen, resting upon the bottom, great quantities of slabs, logs and lumber."

How Much Tobacco is Used.

The present annual production of tobacco is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds! This is all smoked, chewed or snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, one hundred to the pound, it would produce 400,000,000,000 Four hundred billions of cigars!

Allowing this tobacco, unmanufactured, to cost on the average ten cents a pound, and we have $400,000,000 expended in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a-half times as much more is required to manufacture it into marketable form, and dispose of it to the consumer. At the very lowest estimate, then, the human family expend, *every year*, one thousand millions of dollars in the gratification of an acquired habit, or one dollar for every man, woman and child upon the earth!

This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build one hundred thousand churches, costing $10,000 each; or half a million of school-houses, costing $2,000 each; or one million of dwellings, costing $1,000 each. It would employ one million of peachers and one million of teachers, giving each a salary of $500. It would support three and one-third millions of young men at college, giving each $300 per annum for expenses. We leave others to fill out the picture. Is this annual outlay to increase or decrease in future? Reader, how much do you contribute to this fund?

A PERSON of requisite energy may permanently arrest the progress of consumption anywhere, North, South, East, or West; for it is the out-door bodily activities and wrought-up mind which compels itself away from the contemplation of bodily infirmities, that replaces hectic with the hue of health, throwing physic to the dogs. Moderate continuous bodily activity in the open air, with the mind intensely and pleasurably interested in some remunerative pursuit, will cure any case of consumption whose cure is possible and if this fails so will all else. When there are complications, with irregular bowels, daily fevers, fulness or other distress after meals, irregular appetite, shortness of breath, which precludes the necessary amount of exercise with safety—any one of these imperatively requires the constant supervision of a physician of education, experience and candor. With these conditions an ordinary case of consumption, not in the "advanced stages," may get well anywhere—in Cuba or Nova Zembla, summer or winter, as hundred of intelligent energetic men and women have testified, and other hundreds will repeat the testimony.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with $10,000 a year suffer more for want of means than others with $300. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is $10,000 a year, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. The man who earns a dollar a day and does not go in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among the workingmen than among those who are called rich.

A WONDERFUL WORK.—The Mont Cenis tunnel, the most wonderful piece of railway enterprise ever undertaken, will be completed next year. At one part it is 5,000 ft. below the surface of the earth. In making this tunnel, several useful discoveries, which render man's progress through the bowels of the land much easier than it was before, have been made and successfully tested. Boring, by the aid of compressed air, is one of them.

[illegible] a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bedbug sallied and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott gray-backs, but I was never in a place before where the bedbugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

"MY DEAR AMELIA," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you. Say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed," and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed," and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," replied Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

A YOUNG LADY having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and, believing that she was in love with him, desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

"MARY," said a teacher, "why didn't you come to school yesterday?" "If you please ma'am, my aunt died, and I went to the funeral." "Well, hereafter, when your relatives die tell them to have the funerals Saturday afternoons or Sundays, for we can't have our shools disorganized by such things."

SCIENTIFIC men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from contiuual smoking of tobacco, will cause death in one hundred and sixty-seven years. We warn our readers who have been smoking nearly that time to break themselves of the habit at once.

WE ARE BORN IN HOPE; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

BOOT-BLACKING by machinery is a late London notion.

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