The American Union
Is Published Weekly at Denton, Md., by
J. MARION EMERSON.

Terms:

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 mos.

The Union is sent to any post-office within the county free of postage.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY JULY 27, 1871. NO. 2.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month		1.50
1 "	3 "		2.50
1 "	6 "		4.00
1 "	12 "		6.00
¼ column, one year,			15.00
½ " " "			30.00
1 " " "			60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Poor Humanity.

More than half a century ago, the following lines were found in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, beside a skeleton, remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London *Morning Chronicle*, and a vain effort made to ascertain the author, even offering a reward of fifty guineas:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed
But through the dews of kindness beamed;
That eye shall be forever bright,
When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
The silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied ruby shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek afflictions humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel's wings shall rise,
And tread the palace of the skies.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The clock had just struck six from its place on the black marble mantel of the pretty little dining room, where fresh boquets of roses exhaled perfume as if each separate pink blossom had been a crucible of sweetness, and a noisy cry of "Mamma, he's coming! pa is coming!" filled the house from three or four rosy little mouths.

Nina Melton, the eagerest child of them all, ran to the door, and stood there, smiling and lovely, with the little ones clinging round her skirts, to welcome her husband's coming footsteps, the *beau ideal* of wifely pride and happiness.

"Why, Harry," she said, as he came up the steps with a kiss for little Nir., and a chuck under the chin for Johnny, and a word of greeting for them all, "what makes you look so grave?"

"Nothing, child, only I'm tired and want my dinner."

The dinner was ready—a pair of brown little chickens, with a Parisienne soup first, and a bread pudding afterwards; for Nina Melton was as notable a housekeeper as any in the land. But Harry Melton's face did not soften in its rigid lines as the meal progressed to a close.

Nina was helping her youngest child to its little plate of pudding, when one of the servants came softly in and whispered something to her.

"Very well," said Mrs. Melton carelessly; "give her the other bundle. Harry, can you let me have five dollars?"

"What for?"

Mrs Melton looked a little surprised. It was a question he was not in the habit of asking.

"To pay Mrs. Barbour for sewing."

"Nina, that woman charges you too much," he said sharply.

"I do pay her a little more than Jane Callahan charges, but you must remember, dear, she's a widow with six little children."

"I'm not bound to support her and her children."

"No, Harry, but—"

"Pay her for what she has done," he said, tossing a five dollar bill ungraciously across the table; "but don't give her any more. Jane Callahan sews cheaper."

Mrs. Melton made no further remonstrance, but obeyed in silence.

"Charley Miller is coming here this evening," she said a few minutes afterwards, "to get Johnny's old suit of clothes. Mrs. Miller was so thankful when I told her she could have them."

"She can't have them," interrupted Mr. Melton. Jones tells me he gets half price for anything of that sort, at a store on Chatham street. He gave me the card, and I shall send for them to come up here and take away all our old clothes. We must economize, Nina."

"But Mrs. Miller is so poor!"

"So shall we be, if we go on in this reckless way. I tell you, Nina, I've been thinking seriously over this matter to-day. I've lost eighteen hundred dollars through Corbitt's failure, and I can't afford to keep half the paupers in New York. There's old Aunt Dorcas living rent free at the farm. I don't know why I should support Aunt Dorcas. Mortimer offered me three hundred a year for the place yesterday, and I shall write to tell the old lady to turn out!"

"Harry, she's eighty years old, and very poor. Surely you would not—"

"Now, Nina, you are talking like a woman, and a very silly one at that. Suppose she lives to be ninety, am I to keep on losing the rent of the farm just because she has taken a childish notion that she can't live anywhere else?"

"It's very little to you, Harry," softly pleaded his wife, "and a great deal to her."

Mr. Melton bit his lip. "There," he said a little petulantly, "I might have known it would have ended like this if I tried to reason with you. Women can't be logical if they try!"

"If this is the way you are feeling, Harry," said Nina, "I'm afraid you will disapprove of what I ventured to do to-day.—Mr. Liscombe was here to ask about the rent of your little store on Sixth Avenue. It was for that lame brother of his, an honest, hard-working young shoemaker, who was very ambitious to go into business for himself. He has scraped together enough to pay nine hundred dollars, the first year's rent."

"But I raised the rent to twelve hundred."

"I know you did, Harry; but I knew—at least I supposed—you would be willing to do a charitable action for one so piteously afflicted by Providence; so I told Mr. Liscombe that poor Giles could have it for the former rent of nine hundred."

"Then you did a foolish thing," said Mr. Melton, rising and beginning to pace the room in evident annoyance, "a very foolish and ill-considered thing indeed. I must send my clerk round to Liscombe's the first thing tomorrow morning. I can't afford to make a present of three hundred dollars a year to Giles Liscombe just because he's a cripple. I pay my taxes, I contribute to the charity funds of the church, and I can't and won't do any more!"

Nina listened in silence; to her it seemed as if some strange transformation had come unexpectedly over the whole spirit and temperament of the man she called husband. Presently she rose up.

"I will put little Mary to bed," she said quietly, and stole away up stairs with the other children silently following her.

"Papa isn't nice to-night," said Johnny, as he took his spelling-book to the nursery table. "Mamma, what makes him so cross?"

"Hush, Johnny," said Mrs. Melton, whose wifely loyalty admitted of no doubt or question; "papa is tired."

Johnny was not altogether satisfied with this version of affairs, but he fell back on "words of six syllables," without asking any more questions; and Nina returned down stairs, taking up her needle work, and quietly seating herself by the shaded gas burner, as she saw that Harry lay on the sofa, apparently asleep, with the newspaper over his face.

Once or twice, as the clock ticked softly on in the stillness, and the indistinct hum from the street below floated in through the half-open window, Nina let the work fall to her lap, and unconsciously drifted away upon the tide of grave and troubled thoughts which seemed to eddy around her heart.

They were making money, the firm of Melton & Chisdale. She had heard people say so time and again; she had been congratulated upon the success of her husband's business, and had smiled back a pleased response. Old uncle Darwin Field, when he had made his week's visit in the city two years ago, had contemplated Harry Melton's luxurious home with grave wistfulness, and said to her:

"Remember, Nina, my gal, that riches have wings, and don't get too sot on sich things."

She had thought the old man interfering, almost pertinent, at the time; now his words came to her like a half forgotten prophecy.

"Can it be possible," she thought, as her sad eyes gazed out into the starry firmament of the summer night, "that he too has caught the worst infection of money-making—that he is growing avaricious and mean and grasping? Oh, no, no; Harry never could be that!"

The work lay unheeded on her lap. She had no heart to sew now. Up to the present moment, Nina Melton's life had been one of uninterrupted smoothness and sunshine. Could it be that the shadows, so long withheld that she had learned to doubt their actual existence, so far as she was concerned, were coming at last?

Suddenly Harry Melton started from his slumbers, and sat upright, gazing with bewildered air round the room.

"Nina, wife, are you there?" he said, in a strange, husky tone.

"I am here, Harry."

"Thank goodness! Then it was only a dream."

"What was only a dream?"

"Come here, and I will tell you wife. Here, close to my side. Heavens!" he muttered beneath his breath, as he passed his hand uneasily over his wet forehead, "how real it seems yet! Where are the children?"

"Up stairs. Mary and Nina are asleep, and Johnny is at his lessons."

"I have had the strangest medley of a dream you ever heard," he went on. "Nina, I think it must have been intended for a warning for me. It seemed to me as if I were dead. I had not passed through the mortal strife of dissolution, and yet I was standing in the gloom and mystery of that other world that lies before us all. You understand me, Nina?"

"I understand you, Harry," she answered, her soft, wondering eyes fixed upon his face.

"And you and the children were with me also, and yet not with me; that was the strangest mystery of all. You seemed to stand afar off, in beautiful green meadows all misty with the sunshine that was around you, and the children were gathering flowers at your feet—flowers such as I have never seen in any mortal gardens; and there were many others there, and the air was full of music whose strains I could faintly hear. And I was hastening towards you, when my footsteps were stopped by a wall—a wall built of shining pieces of gold, with a sentinel standing beyond, in white, glitering raiment, with a sword whose brightness dazzled my very eyes.

"Let me pass!" I cried; "let me go to them!" and I pointed eagerly to the green meadows where you all were.

"Never!" the sentinel answered.—"This wall divides you from them forever—the wall you yourself have built up, in your short-sighted greed and avarice!"

"And then I knew that the gold pieces of which the wall was built were those I had saved from the wretched purses of those who were poorer than I; Giles Liscombe's hard-earned money, and the rent for poor old Aunt Dorcas' house, and the little I fain would have taken from Mrs. Barbour's board, and much more besides. Oh, Nina, when I saw that shining barrier I knew that it divided us eternally, and it was plain to me all of a sudden how miserably I had failed in life. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, if he looses his own soul? It seemed as if a great weight rested on my soul, an awful load of remorse! I lifted up my voice to utter a cry of despair, but I could not breathe even a whisper, and then I awoke. Nina, Nina, thank God with me that it was only a dream!"

She pressed his hand softly in her own, as the tears came into her eyes.

"Thank God, indeed, dear Harry!" she answered.

Lame Giles Liscombe had the store on Sixth Avenue at the old rent, and Aunt Dorcas lived and died undisturbed under the roof-tree which had sheltered her girlhood; Charley Miller bloomed out gorgeously in Johnny's suit of clothes, and Mrs. Barbour had a new roll of work sent her the very next day. Nor were they the only ones that bless the noble-hearted liberality of Harry Melton in years to come.

And when old Chisdale, his partner, sook his grizzled head and talked of how many hundreds of thousands of dollars Melton might have been worth if he hadn't been so generous to people who never thanked him," Harry only smiled, and remembered the good old text: "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

What Real Love Is.

Many women suppose they love their husbands, when, unfortunately, they have not the beginning of an idea what love is. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, and loving to be praised by him, is not loving him. All these may be, when a woman has no power of loving at all; they may be, simply because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner.

But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love: it generally does. Love is self sacrifice; it is a life out of self and in another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or sponge sucking in everything to itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance game of great prize, by the loveliest and fairest, the purest, the strongest of Lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that he said. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved, where there is one who knows how to love. That is a nobler attainment than all your French, music and dancing. You may loose the very power of it by smothering it under a load of early self-indulgence. By living just as you are all wanting to live—living to be petted, to be flattered, to be admired, to be praised, to have your own way, and to do only that which is easy and agreeable—you may loose the power of self-denial and self-sacrifice; you may lose the power of loving nobly and worthily, and become a mere sheet of blotting paper all your life.

Luther's Monument.

In the midst of the public square in the old city of Worms, where Luther appeared at the famous diet, stands the monument to the great Reformer. At the base is a broad square substructure of granite, along the borders of which are set collossal statues of princes and scholars, and allegorical figures of cities famous in the Revolution. Above, five statues of bronze are grouped together on a base of polished syenite. Four of these represent the great forerunners, Huss, Wyckliffe, Peter Woldus and Savonarola. In the midst of all, from amongst the princes whose power shielded him, the scholars who held up his hands, and the mighty martys who died before him, towers the clossal Luther. The statue is ten and a half feet high. A scholar's gown drapes it to the feet, one of which is advanced. His clenched right fist is on the cover of a Bible he holds in his left arm. The head is bare, the face upturned, the lips parted. Beneath are cut the words which he uttered before the Diet: "Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen."

The Moral of a Blighted Life.

Among the score or more of sketches before the public, concerning the somewhat notorious Mrs. Laura D. Fair, of San Francisco, none surpass in interest that which we annex. It is from the pen of a Lynchburg editor, of Virginia city, in which much of the early life of the brilliant but unfortunate woman was spent. Here it was she married Col. Fair, the man whose name she now bears; and here it was that many of those charms which have entrapped so many men, were displayed to their greatest advantage. As the day of her execution approaches, the interest with which the case is invested itensifies, and the following will be found particularly absorbing:

How truly is it written in the Book of inspired wisdom:

"When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death!"

No one can read the history of the blighted life of that deeply erring mortal who recently, on the golden shore of California, was confronted by Judge and Jury, with all the dread paraphernalia of a court convened to take cognizance of the crime alleged against her,—a crime the highest known to the laws of God or society,—without comprehending the full import of the language quoted above. In her case, an unbridled lust impelled to the commission of a sin whose consequence is death in its most hideous and revolting form. It is sad to think or a woman's life going out from the gibbet; to think that those ministrations of mercy for which infinite Love has so peculiarly adapted the gentler sex, must be denied to her, and she condemned to yield her life on the gallows in obedience to that stern decree against the murderer made by the Great Author of moral law, in the words: "Thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his (or her) blood be shed."

However much we may share the feeling that is common to our sex, who find their sensibilities shocked at the thought of condemning a woman to expiate her crimes on the scaffold, before the gaping eyes of the vulgar herd that would assemble to witness the melancholy spectacle; and however anxiously we might desire to secure a commutation of the stern sentence of the law; there can be no doubt that Laura Fair was guilty of murder in the first degree, and is justly obnoxious to the sentence that is now suspended over her. For ways that are dark and wicked,—that have terminated at last in a foul crime, adjudged, from the days of the first murderer until now, to be the greatest that mortal can commit,—Laura Fair has scarcely a parallel in this age and country. The circumstances of her life, that have been blazoned with, in some cases, an indecent freedom, by the press of the country, are but too familiar to many of our readers. All that a prurient fancy could suggest, or a sensual nature crave, have been but too freely pandered to in the publications that exposed the inner life and disgusting *amours* of this lascivious and wretched woman. We refrained, purposely, from promulgating these hideous revelations through our columns, and refer to them now with the view of pointing a moral.

Mrs. Fair was known in this community, where she sojourned for some months, during the summer of 1869. She bore the name of one of the most brilliant young men at was ever reared in this vicinity; a w[illegible]ho, without fame, fortune, or even distinguished connections, went forth from his Virginia home to seek fortune in the golden land to which so many young adventurers were attracted. Of what he did there we know but little, except that, in an evil hour, he met with and married the woman who has made his name infamous. If reports be true, she made his life miserable and drove him to excesses that shortened his days. The other victim—the noble suffering woman, who bore so patiently, for her children's sake, the wicked infatuation and unfaithfulness of a wayward husband, and is now condemned to endure the shame and mortification consequent upon the ignominious manner of his life and tragic end—was also a native of Virginia. The daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Alex. Jones, who for many years was Rector of a Church in Jefferson county, and afterwards of St. Paul's, in Richmond, she has very different training from the wretched Jezebel who had the hardihood to charge the lawful wife of Crittenden with an adulterous connection, while she claimed to sustain to the unfortunate man the true relation of a spouse.

And here we see the importance of training children in the right way; of restraining their wild, tumultuous passions in early youth; and of giving them a bias that may prevent the excesses and avert the bitter experience of later years. This poor woman may soon pass from our view to find a refuge in the grave, or a living tomb, in that receptacle prepared by the State for the abandoned and the vile to whom society is denied; but, if the lesson which her blighted life shall teach be properly heeded, even Laura Fair, the wanton and the murderess, may not have lived in vain!

The Indian substitute for tobacco is the bark of red willow. It is scraped fine and dried. When smoked it produces no sickness or headache, and the Indians of Wisconsin who use it turn from tobacco with disgust.

Speak Softly.

Speak softly to the bruised heart,
It shall not be in vain!
But as the sunlight, fair and bright,
That follows after rain!

Speak softly to the aged ones,
Repeat the kind words o'er;
Soon they will enter into bliss
Through heaven's shining door.

Speak softly to the obstinate—
The man with stubborn will;
Though gentleness may fail to move,
It cannot work him ill.

Speak softly to the profligate,
The outcast and the sot:
You know not how much bitterness
Is mingled with their lot.

Speak softly to all human kind
The brotherhood below,
As you'd have heaven speak to you,
In times of sin and woe!

NASBY ON THE SITUATION.

MR. NASBY AND HIS FRIENDS SECOND THE MOVEMENT OF VALLANDIGHAM—A MEETING IN WHICH MR. JOS. BIGLER TAKES A PART—THE RESULT.

Confedrit X Roads (which is in the Stait of Kentuck), May 24, 1871.—A calm and comprehensive survey uv the politikle field satisfied me, some months ago, that without some shift in the position uv the Dimocrisy our hope of success wuz exceedingly thin. The resolooshens introdoost by Vallandygum into the Convenshun uv the Dimocrisy uv Montgomery county, Ohio, wuz to be a new life. Troo, they hev the slite disadvantage uv abjooring everything that is Dimocratic, and uv putting the Dimocratic party on purely Republikan ground, but wat uv that? I kin stand even so sudden a change ez that. What I want iz the soopreme happiness uv kickin that nigger Lubbock out uv the postoffis at the Corners and uv puttin myself in his place, and Kernel McPelter and Elder Pennibaker, who hev been languishin outside uv the offis ov Assessor and Collector are actooated by the same high and holy impulses. Ef to do this requires the okkepy-in uv Republikin ground, the war cry uv us three iz "okkepy." Kentucky is shoor to go Dimocratic anyhow, and ef we kin by so simple a process ez passin resoloosh uns indoose enuff dissatisfied Republikins in the close Northern States to vote with us to elect a Dimocratic President, who will give us these boons, we three are for passin these resolooshens, no matter what they are. This being my understandin uv Vallandygum's movement, I actid onto it to wunst.

I got the leedin Dimocrisy uv the Corners together one night at Bascom's. That I mite get em all at one time, I waited till the regler evening for the raid on the niggers and Northern settlers up towards Garrettstown, knowin that, on their return, they'd all stop at Bascom's for a drink, and that if they'd bin successful in their hangin and burnin they'd be in a good humor, and ready to adopt anything I should suggest. It wuz a very short but a very satisfactry consultashen. There wuz some objickshuns on the part uv a few to what they called an abandonment uv Dimocratic idees, but Bascom settled their hash in very short metre. He remarkt that it wuz necessary that the offises be in the hands uv his friends, for obvious. He wanted pay and he knowd uv no other way to git it. He beleeved in the fullest freedom uv thought and ackshen, and that every one should express himself untrameled, but he coodent abide a idiot. If there wuz any one in that assemblage so stoopid as to differ with him on that question, let him make himself known. No sich man shood ever git a drop at his bar, never; such a one wuz not deservin uv even the common necessaries uv life. Several who had risen to their feet to object, dropt as though they had been shot.

It wuz determined to hold a public meetin the next nite at the Church to make a public endorsement of Vallandygum's idees.

Ez the prinsipal object uv the meetin wuz to convins the Republikins uv the doubtful States that the Dimocrisy uv the South really accepted the situashen, and ment in ded earnest to recognize the great prinsipal of equality, I arranged to hev all the niggers uv the Corners present and save for em the best seats in the house.—Joe Bigler and Pollock cum uv course, which I coodent help.

I opened the exercises by makin a short speech ez I took the chair. I rejoist that the time bed finally arrived when the lion and the lamb hed layed down together, and a child wuz the leedin uv them. I knowd that our colored fellow-citizens hed been dispitefully yoosed, and that due respect had not been alluz paid to our fellow-citizens uv the North, but that time hed now passed, and I hoped forever. The Dimocrisy uv the North, through Vallandygum, hed spoke; they had accepted the situashen; halleloogy, and from this time henceforth and forever there wuz nothin but peece.—I then offered the following resoloosh:

Resolved, That the Dimocrisy uv the Yoonited States recognize the legality uv all the amendments to the Constitooshen dooring and since the late onpleasantnis, and that they recognize and most heartily acquiesce in all the results uv the war; that they not only withdraw all their opposishen to yooniversal sufferage, but pledge theirselves to see that our Afrikin fellow-citizens hev not only this but all the rites heretofore enjoyed excloosively by the Caucashen."

I put the question as to the adopshen uv the resoloosh, and it wuz carried yoo-nanimously. It wood hev been well hed I stopped here, but I didn't. My prevalin weakness is to slop, over and I slopt on this okkashen fearfully. I called upon the citizens uv the Corners to prove their faith by their works. "There are," I said in a spasm of delite, "present at this meetin twenty-two uv our fellow-citizens of Afrikin decent. Let em step forred on this platform—let Deekin Pogram, Elder Pennibacker, Bascom, Isakeer Gavitt and eighteen other white citizens step forred, also. Let them clasp each other by the hand while I wave over them the flag of our common kontry."

It wuz done. The twenty-two niggers stepped forred, the whites designated advanced, the two lines grasped each other by the hand, and I was about to wave, when Joe Bigler riz. He begged me to wait a minit till he had made his remark. The site before him almost moved him to teers. Ef he had ever harbored a suspishen that there wuzn't anything generous in the Kentucky breast, he took it all back. The acshun uv to-nite wuz not only just but it wuz generous.

"Generous!" said I, "why generous?"

"Becoz," said he, "the niggers wood be in a devlish bad way ef yoo hedn't decided on given em their rites uv your own akkord, for there ain't no power now that kin compel yoo to do it. I jist got a Northern paper—alas! the Republikin party is split into fragments, remarkably small fragments. Grant assaulted Sumner in the Capitol last Monday; Logan has been stoned by the Republikins uv Philadelfy on his way home; the Central Committees of Ohio, Injeany and Illinois hev divided, and each frackshen has called a convenshun, and the Noo York *Triboon* throws up the sponge and sez that nothin under hevin kin prevent the success uv the the Dimmikratic candidate for the Presidency, no matter who he may be or wot platform he is put onto. In view of the dissolooshen uv the Republikin party, and the fact that the niggers ain't now got no protectors, its really generous that yoo——"

"The Republikin party is gone to pieces, hez it?" gasped my twenty-two white friends in korious.

"It hez," responded Bigler.

"Then," said Deekin Pogram his eyes flashing with unwontid fire, "what we've done and sed don't count! Take that you black cuss."

And with a strength and activity wich I hedn't lookt for in one so agid, the Deekin feeht the darkey, whose hand he had bin graspin a most powerful blow atween the eyes, which histed him clean off the platform. The others followed suit, and in their zeal sprung off the platform after, em and wuz a execution war dances uv the most frantic descripshen unto their prostrate bodies. It wuz with difficulty that Pollock and Bigler restrained em from taken uv em out and hangin uv em.

Ez, matter uv course the resoloosh en wuz recinded, and others adopted affirmin our adherence to the Constitution ez it yoost to be, the illegality uv the amendments, and the natural soopremacy uv the white man over the d—d nigger, after which we adjourned to Bascom's, ez is our custom, and there organized fresh raids onto our natural enemies.

The next mornin I notised a pecoolyer look on Bigler's face, likewise on Pollock's. They grinned at me as I passed with a broadnis I coodent account for. Lubbock, the nigger Post-master, bust into a roor as I walked into his offis, and I angrily demanded the reason of his hilarity.

"Dat mistake ob Bigler's," returned he, laughing louder than before.

"What mistake?" I asked, turning pale, for suspicion was creepin over me.

"Why, he didn't get no paper at all and—"

"And all that story about the split in the Republikin party North wuz one uv his infernal lies?"

"Dats about de correct state ob de case!" replied the nigger, showing his ivories.

"Bigler wanted to see ef yoor pentance wuz genooine—dats all dah wuz ob it.—He 'sprest desire to assertane jist how peecable yood be to de nigger and de Northern people down heah, ef da wuzn't Publikin party up North to hold yoo; dat wuz all."

And the nigger laffed a feendish laff.

That wuz enuff. I guess the cuss found out all that he wanted to. Uv coorse this "outrage" as they will call it, will git into the Northern papers, and uv coorse Vallandygum's assershun will explode without hurting anybody. Joe Bigler is my evil genius. I shel never be able to run things ez I want to so long ez he lives.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(which wuz Postmaster.)

Mending Tin Pans.—Tell your lady readers to mend their pans with putty.—It is very easily done and is much better than to throw them away. Put it on the outside; let it thoroughly dry, and they will never have to mend that place again. I have them that I have used for twenty years.—*Exchange.*

A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction room, and looking gravely at the knight of the hammer, inquired, can I bid sir? Certainly, replied the auctioneer, you can bid. Well, then, said the wag, walking off, I bid you good night.

Be just and fear not.

FACETIÆ.

—Why is the sun like a good loaf?—Because it is light when it rises.

—"Boys will be boys." Just so. What a pity it is, though, men won't always be men.

—The obstinacy of the female sex is accounted for by the fact that the Latin word for woman is *"mulier."*

—The reason why editors have their manners spoiled, is because they receive so many evil communications.

—It was a wise negro who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat 'ar pends altogedder on how dey 'joy deyselves."

—"Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with my wife's mother."

—An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a common pupil, has a college student in her eye.

—"Are dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe, "de ab got plenty of fire, and de bells are ringing for water."

—Modesty asks us "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champaign—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

—An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores, a few days ago, by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments, sich as they did up letters in."

—A young Hoosier once said to a Hoosieress, "Sal, is there anybody courtin' yu now?" And Sal replied, "Well, Sam, there is one fellow sorter courtin," and sorter not; but I reckon it is more sorter not than sorter."

—An Indiana artist was recently fined $4 for sprinkling Scotch snuff on the moustache of a sleeping lawyer. It is said the force expended by that lawyer in sneezing would have sufficed to have run a windmill for a week.

—A little schoolboy presented his teacher the following note from home as an excuse for tardiness: "Baby cross Biscuit to Bake had no Baking powder the dog upset the kauphy pot the cat licked the milk got up late Excuse."

—It is said that when Brigham Young was asked the other day which son he had at West Point, the conundrum so staggered him, that he was obliged to refer to the family record to solve it. "Do they miss me at home?" is not much sung in that family.

—"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity as he poked his head into a drug store. "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, thinking he had a customer. "Then I wish you would retail my dog—he had it bitten off about a month ago."

—One of Darwin's strongest arguments in favor of his theory that man is a descendant of the monkeys is that the monkeys always part their hair in the middle. It is a noticeable fact, however, that monkeys have quit it since it has become fashionable among certain men.

—A grumbler who was loud in complaint because of the degeneracy of the times, got this left-handed sympathy: "What you say is undoubtedly true; for I remember that, when I was a boy, I heard my father say that when he was a boy, he heard my grandfather say the same thing."

—A neat compliment was paid the other day to a lady. She had just swallowed a small glass of wine as a gentlemen in the company asked for a taste. "It's all gone," said she, laughingly, "unless you take some from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied, "but I never take sugar in mine."

—A lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon.—"Maybe you don't know what a phenomenon is. Well, I'll tell you. You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up a tree tail foremost, to pick the apples, it is a phenomenon."

—"Hans' when I pay you cash, you charge more than when it goes on the book." "Ya'as, dat is richt. You see, I have zo much scharge on me book, un zomdimes lose um, un zo ven I 'ave a good cash customer, I scharge goot price, but ven I puts it on my book I no like to scharge zo much, zo if he never pay un I no lose zo much."

—An attendant at Mount Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said: "Are you in any trouble, madam?" "No, sir," she sobbed. "I saw you weeping." "Ah!" said she, how can any one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?" "Oh! indeed, madam," says he, "that's it! The tomb is over yonder; this is the ice-house."

—The "local" of the Chicago *Republican* says: "The newest method of making an honest living is to go round at night with an accomplice, and play tom-cat under the windows of irascible bachelors. Then they throw boots and boot-jacks, and hair-brushes, and crockery, and—and things at you, and you pick them up and sell them for old rags. We got part of a bed-room set worth $7.50 last night, and to-night we are going back to get the rest of it.

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