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The American Union.

VOL. XII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY OCT. 26, 1871. NO. 13.

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umber of bowls and basins. I had labor- l hard to discover traces of poison in all his, but had been unsuccessful. Joe ohnson, the suspected man, had been a udent of mine a few years before. I ought him a good-hearted, intelligent fel- w, only wild, and really began to hope at he might prove innocent; when, among e macerated food, I came upon a small, finitessimal white grain. By careful anipulation and the use of my magnify- g glass I managed to get this upon a iece of smoked glass, and examined it.

I was then certain I had discovered ar- nic; but to make assurance doubly sure, determined to apply a well known test r that poison. Accordingly I placed in e woman's stomach the usual acids, and ien turned on the blow-pipe flame, and resently upon a white and beautiful porce- in ground there appeared that brilliant etalic mark, worthy of Cain's brow, hich is the sign and signet of the Poison end.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw that fatal azon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of wife! With the evidence of that ... me, no power can save him from e rope!"

"Do you really think so?" said a calm ueaking voice behind him.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, in policeman, having weak and watery es, standing at my office and starting in. is body looked as if it had been rolled it long between hands like a molasses ndy stick. His nose was merely an ongated, fleshy plug, and his forehead as decorated with two red streeks instead eyebrows. He had no expression at all , his face and his policeman's hat was so rge that it threatened to settle down on is shoulders.

His uniform reassured me, and I address- d him with some impatience:

My friend, I suppose I am wanted to tend an inquest—or what is your pur- ose?"

"No, doctor, the man ain't dead yet."

"Anything in the surgical way?"

I was police surgeon as well as coroner.

"No."

"Well, then, why am I sent for this time f night?"

"Don't bother, Perfesser; the man ain't dead yet; but they say he'll be before morning."

"Are doctors attending him?"

"Oh, he's in good hands."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well," said the official, "some folks say he's got too much knowledge into him that he can't live under it."

"Cerebral disorder, eh?"

"What?"

"Brain disorder, I mean; something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he as he said:

"Aye; and I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you were going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if its *post mortem* or not. Besides, I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink with one rubbered foot thrown over the other, and wiped his nose with a dirty handkerchief several times, while his eyes wandered about like Christopher Columbus after his various discoveries. Finally he spoke, like one who thought himself called upon to say something:

"Perfesser. there has been an accident this afternoon; terrible, too."

"Ah!" said I."

"Awful!" said he.

"What was it."

"Nitro-glycerine explosion up in the iron works—a hundred fellow mortals busted!"

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Perfesser, what is that nitro-glycerine?"

"It is a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze; it is yellow and greasy. Its symbols in our nomenclature are C6, H5, (No. 3) 4,O6."

"You don't mean to say so!" said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones in the very middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why but you aint told me how it does go off. If fire wont bust it, what will?"

I told him if it were pressed or anything fell on it it would explode.

"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height—"

"Yes," said my man, "and that rouses its volcaner, does it? How does it come Perfesser?"

"In little cans—why, like these," said I, discovering that there was a little can on the marble sink, which I had carelessly neglected to replace in the cellar. I then took a little of the glycerine and spread it on a thin piece of paper, and laying the paper on an anvil, struck it with a hammer. A slight explosion and a flame burst from the paper.

"Now, really," said the policeman, starting back; "I suppose, Perfesser, that there can would make a mighty noise if allowed to explode in here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

of the ... of a fear- ... It is either strychina, ... d, or that deadly oil of bitter al- ... monds. The law then puts on its hat, takes the decision into court, hangs the prisoner.

In short the chemist must know the ways and wherefore of everything in the pheucmena of life as far as feeble man can know. The composition of the ocean he must be familliar with; he must be able to name the gases of the air, and capable of resolving the human body itself into invisible vapors. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the Medical College of P——.

It was about eleven o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, at the south end of the college building.

"Good night, Professor," said Tom; "we are going to have a fall of hydrogen, oxygen, and a trace of saline."

Hydrogen and oxygen—in our nomenclature, H. O.—is water.

"I hope," I said, in answer to Tom's playful words, "that it will not rain before I get home."

"O no; it won't for an hour yet," said Tom.

"Then," I said with a sigh, noticing that the mercury in my barometer was rapidly falling, a sign of a violent storm, "I shall certainly get wet."

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after twelve o'clock; so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband now lay in P—— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer. Tom said I had worked hard enough that day, and deserved the night to myself. He spoke the truth. Still, I had delayed examining the woman's stomach so long, and the trial was so near at hand, that I could not in conscience put off the examination farther. Although I had heard several classes recite at the different public schools in the morning, had delivered a lecture in the college proper that afternoon, and one in the laboratory that evening, besides attending to my several duties as police surgeon during the day.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard, through the gate, his head turned bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face toward the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was clad in the police uniform.

Re-entering my laboratory, I took a glass jar down from a shelf, and sat down before my sink to examine it. The jar which contained Mrs. Johnson's stomach, was covered by a cloth, duly tied with strings, and properly sealed with my official seal in red wax. Breaking through the cloth and seal, I lifted the stomach out with a dissecting hook and laid it on a white platter before me; then became busily engaged in applying those tests to its contents by which we detect the presence of injurious substances.

An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had carefully emptied the contents of the stomach into a

"No!" I heard the policeman remark in deliberate Yankee tones; "You don't say so?"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman, and the first thing that functionary done was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose! He then rid himself of his red eyebrows, hair, cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend, and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tone of a gentleman, "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! it does look like it. But my dear Professor Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend, as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved! In order to this end it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear Professor—I'm sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well."

I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least, so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail, and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was on his brain hatching? Was going to murder me?—The hard earned knowledge of a score of years I would have given for power to utter one single cry.

He took me in his arms and placed me in a chair, and bound me to it, and then from a side pocket he produced another rope.

Was it myself who was to hang instead of Joe Johnson.

No; yes. He placed the line pully-like over an arm of the hanging chandelier.—This was too slight a support even for one of my slender frame. It was not to be hanging then?

To one end of the rope he attached a weight and raised it by pulling the other six or eight feet from the floor. The loose end he secured to sink. Was he mad?—Did he mean to draw me under this weight, and send me out of the world in a novel way by letting it fall, and dashing my brains out?

To the sink-end he attached a long yellow string.

Under the weight on the floor he placed the can of nitro-glycerine! I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse and would burn across the marble slab—there was no hope of its igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it," asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead.

Drawing a match from his pocket, he lighted and applied it to the fuse, that little tyrant that gives a man an hour to live, and kills him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less than merciful Providence, told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to itself!

Slowly the flame crept, snake-like, around the twine.

"In one hour," said the poisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took the piece of porcelain with the murderer's mark thereon from the table and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, and a bretrayer of the guilty! Science, thou woulds kill my brother? thou shalt save him Let us see in whose hands thou art most powerful. Here is a man who, by the aid, bids the poison-sprite uprise and write in brilliant characters a foul confession on this piece of porcelain. But behold, O scienca! it is no sooner written than, by the aid, the whole confession and thy chosen servant are annihilated. Let the good professor use his chemicals, the bad brother only asks—a little can of nitro-glycerine!"

I heard this speech, indeed; but, great heavens! It was my eyes and not my ears that were busiest then! For, from beneath the table, covered by the crimson cloth, of which I have before spoken and which I faced, appeared the head of a child. The hair was rumpled and the blue eyes were just opening from sleep. The intelligent forehead was wrinkled strangely. It was my boy Billy. I was afraid he would cry "papa." If he did, the implacable man would add the murder of the child to the murder of the father.

But my boy did none of this. He had, I suppose, crept under the table unknown to me and had fallen asleep there. I tried to tell the little fellow to hide again, and wait for the final half hour when my tormentor would be gone. Whether he understood me or not, aided by what he had heard, I do not know; but he quickly withdrew his curly head, first kissing his hand at me and then shaking his fist at the schemer watching so belligerently his dum fire-agents.

The half hour wore slowly away. O heavens! what agony did I suffer? not for myself, but for my child. A light noise might discover his presence: the match might run its tether sooner than was expected. He might be murdered or blown to atoms.

The fuse burns on. The half hour is up!

The brother of the murderer rises to go! Joy!

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," said he. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt. Nothing can save you now!"

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table, beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and leaned forward. I thought he had discovered my boy! No! he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery! In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless and motionless. How my boy cried for help. The old college rang again. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. He begged, he beseeched—all his nerves were racked—great waves of galvanism leaped and surged, and trembled and jarred over every sensitive nerve and fibre. Still my boy was inflexible, shouted and turned faster.

Unperceived upon the marble, in the track of the burning fuse, was pool of inflamable oil. In an instant a great length burned away. It would last just five minutes and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes, this villain must die with us, I dare not let him free. Help! help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him!

But some one else did! Thank God!—The fuse is burnt up! The rope is on fire, the weight trembles, another minute it falls upon the nitro-glycerine! The door opens, Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry. He comprehends all, seizes the can in his hands, the weight descends, indeed, but not on the death-dealing oil. No, down it goes through the office-floor, down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull, metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved!

Joe Johnson, the prisoner was hanged, but his brother, remains upunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife, and thus escaped the hangman's rope.

The Dew Drop.

I went out one morning early to see the dew drops; there was one on every blade of grass. I stooped down and looked at them, and the grass said, "are you come out to see me?"

"No, to see the dew drops."

A little sparkling drop shook himself up "What," said he, "what was that?"

"Come out to see you, beautiful dew drops," said I.

"What for?"

"I love to see the beautiful sky reflected in your bosom."

"That's because I am pure," said the dew drop; "heaven is always reflected in a pure bosom. You cannot see heaven in the bosom of muddy water, nor in the heart of a wicked child. Tell the children who love Jusus to be pure, even as he is pure."

I picked up the blade of grass to look closer at him, and the dew drop changed from blue Heaven color to growing sunlight. It shone like a little sun as I held it, and looked lovelier than ever.

"Beautiful!" said I.

The little drop smiled. "The day is breaking, and the good sun is changing me into the likeness of himself. Tell your little Christians when Jesus shall appear they shall be like him, but the day is breaking—the sun is drawing me—I'm going, going—"

"He is sending down his long sunbeam fingers. I feel them drawing me. I'm going."

"Stay, little dew drop," I said; "stay and talk with me.

"Only in the night I lived on earth, and when day breaks I flee away to heaven on the beams of light. Christians are the dew drops of Jesus. They, too, stay on the earth while the night lasts, and when heaven's day breaks, and the shadows flee away, Jesus will draw up his dew drops to himself. I'm going to the calm heaven—up to the glorious sun."

It grew brighter and heavenlier and smaller. I looked, and looked, till I looked in vain; the dew drop was gone.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.—Lewenbock tells us of an insect seen with the microscope of which 29,000,000 would equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.—Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit. Butter flies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales, like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales, and yet a scale covers 209 pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve. The mites make 500 steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows on a meadow. Moral: Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.

Religious Reading.

It is an Awful Thing to Die Out of Christ.

It is an awful thing to die out of Christ. This was the remark of a Christian friend on her dying bed. She had looked into eternity. She felt the solemnity of standing before God, of standing before His great white throne. She felt the power of religion herself. She experienced its support, but she was thinking of others—of others whom she knew and pitied; and in reference to them she said, "It is an awful thing to die out of Christ." Yet how many do! How many do so daily! Friend, if you were to die now should you "die in the Lord," or should you "die out of Christ?" If you are not in Christ, that, is, united to his person by faith and love, you cannot die in Him. Union to Christ is of the greatest importance. It is the chief thing in religion. If we are in Christ, receive from Christ, we are represented by Christ, we are entitled to all Jesus did deserved. His blood atoned for our sins, His righteousness justifies our persons. His name perfumes our prayers. His intercession procures for us innumerable and invaluable blessing. To be in Christ, is said to be safe, as Noah was in the ark, or the manslayer in the city of refuge. If we are in Christ, we possesss His spirit, we rely on His merit, we copy His example, and we long to be perfectly like him, and eternally with Him.

If we are not in Christ, we are in the flesh, and "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." If we are not in Christ we are in friendship with the world; and if any man is the friend of the world, he is the enemy of God. If we are not in Christ we are walking according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. If we are not in Christ; we are exposed to the wrath of God, we are influenced by the prince of darkness, we are under the curse of the righteous law, and our end will be to be punished with "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the Glory of His power." It will indeed be awful to die out of Christ. But is it not awful to live out of Christ. To live out of Christ, is to live despising His solemn warnings, refusing to listen to His counsels, rejecting His loving exhortations, and refusing His gracious invitations. To live out of Christ, to live as the neighbors of Noah, who saw him and his family enter into the ark, but remained careless and secure till the flood came and carried them all away. To live out of Christ, is to live as one who knows that the house is on fire in which he dwells and yet refuses to leave it preferring to perish in the flames. O, sinner, sinner! you are in imminent danger. You are in the greatest peril. But there is a way to escape, and it is a "highway," open to all, therefore open to you.—Jesus calls you to His feet, to His arms, to His heart. Go to Him, sinner, as thou art. Seek an interest in His Salvation. Seek union to His person. Seek to be one with Christ; then, you are safe forever.

COUNT OVER THE MERCIES.—Count the mercies that have been quietly falling in your history. Down they come every morning and evening, as the angel messengers from the Father of Heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, renewing every day, and never yet realizing whence they came? If you have Heaven pity you. You have murmured under afflictions, but who heard you rejoice over blessings? Ask the sunbeam, the rain drop, the star, or the queen of the night, What is life but mercy? What are health, strength, friendship, social life? Had each the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you have never regarded them as such. If not, you have been a poor student of nature and revelation. What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thornbush when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits!

AFRAID OF GOD.—Some years ago a band of missionaries in the Fiji Islands found their home surrounded by a troop of savages armed for battle; Being both unable and unwilling to fight they shut their door, and began to pray.

Presently the howling of the savages ceased. Then one of [illegible] went out, and found only one savage there Said the missionary, "Where are your chiefs?"

"They are gone. They heard you praying to your God; and they know your God is a strong God; and they are gone."

The savages were right at last. God is a strong God; strong to help those who love him, strong to punish his enemies.—This strong God is the friend of loving little children. What good news this is for the weak and helpless.

THE DAY OF REST.—Never was there a more blessed institution, than the Sunday, the sacred day of rest from labor.—For the soul's health and the body's health of the human race, on at least one day in seven there should be an ever-recurring intermission of daily toil. Thus, let a man attain to the period of three-score years and ten, he has gained a holiday of ten years' duration, even if his lot has been labor for the remaining three s[illegible] Let childhood be taught to use, hood discreetly use, this bless time as a day on which to raise beyond the world, not less th ses of innocent recreation.

Temperance Column.

Be not Beguiled.

You go to a wedding, and the fair hands of the entertaining company present the cup to you, and you say, "Of course you must drink here." Oh! that it were only just here; but there are so many *just heres*! Soon after comes the convivial entertainment; and the same hands again present you with the cup: and you drink again. Temptations follow at frequent intervals, and on each succeeding occasion you yield more easily than at the previous one. It does not make you a drunkard, but it weakens your power of standing on your conscience and manly independence, and saying, "Such things I disallow, and will not do." It is the beginning of that inclined plane down which you are preparing to slide. It is one of those ways which are pleasant, and which seem to be safe, but the ends of which are death. To stand in the blooming presence of beauty, and to be smiled upon, especially if the persons that smile upon you are a little higher in society than you are, they standing on five thousand, while you stand on five hundred, is very flattering to your vanity. And if, having invited you, they offer you wine, and say, "You certainly will take it from me," you cannot refuse. You think, "If I am admitted into that family, my prospects will be bright; my fortune will be made."

What a casuist the devil is when he wants to get people in his power! How delicate he is! How he makes the road to sin smooth and delightful!

So, under such beguiling influences, young men take the cup, and drink, and drink again, and drink many times. And many, under such circumstances, are ashamed of themselves; they rebuke themselves; they go home with an unquiet conscience; they feel humbled; and yet they repeat the same round of dissipation again and again. And I put it to any man who has any self-respect whether he ought to be cajoled or dragooned into using what he does not like, what does not like him, what exposes him to all possible perils, what is unfitted to his circumstances, and what is subversive of all his thoughts of manhood!—*H. W. Beecher.*

Too Costly.

Whether or not "total abstinence" laws can ever be enforced, if enacted, is a question on which good citizens hold widely different opinions. But most good people will unite in thinking that we are spending more money on strong drink than is warranted by the benefit which its most enthusiastic devotees claim to receive from it.

The figures recently furnished by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, throw some light on the cost to the nation of the indulgence. Mr. Young the chief of the Bureau, and a most reliable statistician, estimates the retail value of the malt and spirituous liquors sold in the United States during the last fiscal year at $600,000,000.

Estimating our population at forty millions, the annual amount expended for intoxicating drinks by each man, woman and child of our population is fifteen dollars.

This simple statement is as forcible an argument as could be desired against the vast waste to the community due to the excessive use of liquors, and when added to the well-known fact that the bulk of our crime is due to the effects of drink, it requires nothing more to convince any candid person of the need of temperance reform.

DRIFTING AWAY FROM GOD.—I was invited to be present at a wedding in a distant city. I was not able to reach the house of my friend till late in the evening of the day before the auspicious event.—We sat in the pleasant parlor chatting for a time. Though we were all weary, and the hands of the clock indicated that it was almost midnight, the bride elect said.

"Papa, we must have evening prayers to-night, just the same as usual," then turning to me, she added in a low tone, "I am so afraid that in the great bustle and preparation we may drift away from God."

There is often danger that the current of the world may sweep us along with it, but if anchored by prayer we need not fear.

ONE evening John Smith had been dipping into the convivial bowl with a friend, and, on emerging into the air, his intellect became in a considerable degree confused; and, not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainity, he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his own house. In this perplexity, he espied some one coming toward him, whom he stopped with this query: 'Do you know where John Smith lives?'—'Where's the use of asking that question?' said the man, 'you're John Smith himself.' 'I know that,' answered, John, 'but it's not himself that's wanted—it's his house.'

IMPORTANT STATISTICS.—The Chief of the Statistical Bureau at Washington states that the valuation of the annual whiskey product is $375,000,000; of fermented liquors, $126,000,000; of imported liquors, $100,000,000, and of the annual sales of the $150,000, licensed liquor [illegible]s in the country, about $700,000,000. [illegible]gh to pay off our national debt in [illegible]out three years. How is it that an intelligent people can sustain a traffc whose only results are waste, pauperism, wretchedness and misery, temporary and eternal?

Miscellane

True Wor

Never be ashamed of e[illegible] having any one. If perchance you have eve ted, blush for it, but not for love. It not matter at all whether the person on whom your affections fixed themselves reciprocated the sentiment. Where there is no shame in loving, in itself the fact of having given love without reward can bring none with it. You h[illegible] only bestowed a gift more priceless th[illegible] any jewel can be upon one who did not thank you.

Since there is sorrow to one's self in it is best to struggle with the heart, and ke it until it is asked for, but if it goes fo despite all effort, there is no need to like a guilty thing, and long to hide your very self. Providence gave y great love and I believe that so will mingle with the life of the o ers over, and shed a perfume sweetness to it, though it ha spoken.

Many a woman[illegible] under the weight merely because he [illegible]as so great. The false statement that teaches her to scorn a natural feeling has worn her beauty away, and robbed her of all hope in the presence of the future. I think it would be better if even a woman dared to say, "I loved him but he did not me," with the same sad sweetness with which, when years have glided, she can utter the words, "I loved him, and he died."

STARS die maybaps; it is said that conflagrations have been seen afar off in the other, and astronomers have marked the funerals of other worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we have imagined set forever in sockets of silver to glisten as the lamps of eternity. Blessed be God there is one place where death is not life's brother, where life reigns alone, and "to live," is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, "to die." There is a land where the death knells are never tolled, where the winding sheet is never woven, where graves are never dug.—Blest land beyond the skies. To reach it we must die.

A MAN named John Franklin, a character of Sidmouth, England, died recently. He was a rhymester and a hard drinker, and is said to have left behind a verse which he stated he should like to have on his gravestone:

Who lies here? Who do you think?
John Franklin. Give me a drink,
Give a dead man a drink!
For why?
When he was alive he was always dry,
When he had money he was very funny,
When he was sober he was always sad,
When he was drunk he was roaring mad.

UNHAPPY marriage is the quintessence of human bondage. It wounds daily our fondest and sweetest impulses; it stifles and buries our holiest and dearest affections, and writes over the tomb thereof, "No hope." It imbitters its victim with the thought that lost forever to his or her life is the glory of a great love; closed forever to him or her the portal of a happy home! that fountain of freshness and delight, at which the soul must needs drink to gather strength for the heat and burden of the outside battle.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. A Georgia negro thought he would economise by sending his son to school and then make the boy teach him. The plan worked well until the young teacher, following the custom of the seminary where he was taught, gave the old man a thrashing for spelling dog d-o-r-g, and then the latter became disgusted and ran away.

A FULL bearded young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three year old grandaughter noticed it. 'Gazed long with wondering eye,' and finally ejaculated; 'Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

A WITTY clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man who was about half seas over. "Ah, sir," said the minister, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

A REMARKABLE preacher was that who called upon his congregation to be thankful that Providence should have placed death at the end of life, and not in the middle, so that we might have all possible time to prepare for it.

NEW JERSEY has published the following pathetic epitath:

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin'
All empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermellin'.

"Is your brother-in-law really a lazy man?" asked one gentleman of another.—"Lazy," was the reply, "why, he's so lazy that he has an artist employed by the month to draw his breath with a crayon.

THE Norwich Advertiser selects the f lowing from "What I know about fa ing:" "Catch you butterflies late in gust. Select deep yellow ones if you get sweet, saleable butter."

WHEN is a lawyer s[illegible] he is fee-blest.

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