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The American Union,

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BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements occupying the space of six lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries one half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, to be paid for at special rates. Fractions of a square counted according to actual measurement. Special contracts made with yearly, half-yearly and quarterly advertisers.—Bills payable according to contract. Advertisements not ordered a given number of times will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Job Printing neatly executed at the lowest rates.

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

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.

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THE undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regularly attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

CLEMENT SULLIVANE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

may30-y. Cambridge, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

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MAJ. WM. E STEWART,

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T. N. GOULD. W. K. H. N. GOULD

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

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(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of Grain & Produce Solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers & Groceries, Promptly Attended to.

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

I HAVE commenced the tailoring business on Second Street, Denton, adjoining J. T. Comegy's Blacksmith Shop, where I am prepared to do all kind of work in first-class order relating to my business. [nov14-1y.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

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AND JEWELER.

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Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neck Ties, &c., for sale cheap.

mar28-tf. C. H. B

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—WITH—

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COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

Give us a trial and be convinced that we get highest market prices, and are more prompt in keeping you posted and making remittances than most Phfladelphia houses. [jan30-y.

New Fall and Winter

MILLINERY.

Miss Allie D. Newnam

HAS just received and has now open at her residence opposite the M. E. Parsonage, Front Street, a splendid assortment of

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY,

which she offers to the ladies of Denton and vicinity at astonishingly low prices. Her stock has been selected with great care and embraces the latest styles and fashions of almost every needed article for the ladies. Call and see them before making your purchases.

oct30-tf.

BEST business you can engage in.—$5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

LEAP-YEAR.

Now, ladies, all, both young and old,
Just listen for awhile—
A tale to you I will unfold,
To make you sweetly smile.

In doubts and tears, the last four years,
We all have spent together—
Our anxious hearts, and horrid fears,
Have made for us bad weather.

But now, oh! joy, this glad New Year
Brings to our mourning hearts
A message rare, a soothing balm,
To heal the stinging smarts.

But, gents, beware! I tell you true
That danger lurks all round;
The girls are ready to catch you—
They are heeding every sound.

For men are scarce, and very rare,
So do not be surprised
If on some morning bright and fair
You are all capsized.

We see you daily pass our door,
And sometimes you will call
To say "good day," and nothing more;
Those visits we recall.

We have agreed, both young and old,
To no longer live in fear;
And if you call as "very bold,"
Why, gents, it is "Leap Year."

Now, young men, who have eyes of blue,
And all whose eyes are black,
You had better keep my words in view,
Or safely clear the track.

For we are marching to the van,
And we intend to fight,
But the poor timid "little man"
Had better hide from sight.

Can we not watch the night's sad queen,
And, sighing, view the stars?
Ah! we can, if we are not seen,
Go "kissing through the bars."

This is the year when "single girls"
Can face their fellow-man,
And with scars, like modest pearls,
Will do the best they can.

Then come, dear girls, let us unite,
And shout a happy cheer;
Let female voices loud speak out,
To welcome glad "Leap Year."

'All's Well That Ends Well.'

"A valentine?' cried Julia, coming upon the scene just as the letter fluttered to the floor, and picking it up and reading it. "A mighty queer valentine, I must say! An outrageous one—an insulting one. I can't think what Osric will say;' and she turned to find two lovers in each other's arms. But let Julia or Osric say what they would, never was valentine so welcome before as the letter that came to Evelyn on that snowy February morning, and no gilded and embossed wreaths of roses and Cupids surrounding little looking glasses, set there to show the reader the smiling face of the writer's true love, ever told half the good news that this did, insulting and outrageous as Julia called it when she spoke of it to Mrs. Black—singular and unheard of, as Mrs. Black called it when she spoke of it to Mrs. White.

Lovers, however, might well have sent the standard valentines in all their glory to Evelyn, for she was one of those sweet brunette beauties that they tell us are to be found nowhere but in America, and that touch all hearts alike; the tea-rose-tinted skin; the hazel eyes; the hair just singed, as one might say, from brown to chestnut by the sun; the lithe and rounded figure; the dainty little foot; the whole face lighting with its smile as if a sunset flame shone over it and never half so lovely as in tears.

But this beauty of hers had a hard time of it in all those things that heighten and diminish effect, for, a poor little teacher on half-paid lessons in a few houses, and obliged to dress herself and her mother, and pay druggists' and doctors' bills and other little incidentals, she never had such a thing as a complete outfit at once. She had been the happy owner of but one silk dress in her life, and that had been turned and turned again, turned wrong side out, turned bottom side up, and was still doing service as her best, in a condition, she was wont to say, that would have brought her a premium for patchworx at any county fair.—"There never was one so unlucky as me,' she said. "And I do like pretty things so! But always, if my bonnet is just to my mind, my shoes are sure to be shabby, and by the time I get a new cloak my gown is a sight to see.—Why haven't we any rich uncle in No Man's Land, mother mine? Why doesn't the last will and testament of some old lover of yours turn up, and bless us with the wealth no longer of any use to him?'

"I never had any lover but your dear father,' the mother would reply; and then, sitting in the firelight, she would go over the old, old story of her early love, in which, although Evelyn knew it by heart, she always seemed to find something new.

"We have a pretty good time, don't we, darling little woman?' Evelyn would say, as they made ready for bed, still by the firelight only—"we two together—if Osric is as close as a nut, and Julia doesn't dare say her soul's her own!'

"Oh yes,' her mother would sigh, doubtfully. "It's—it's—I don't complain. I suppose it's well enough now; but the ffture! Oh, Evelyn, my dear, if you should lose your classes, if you should fall ill, just think what it would be to be entirely dependent on Osric! He would make poor Julia's life a burden to her.'

"He does now.'

"He would make us feel the bitterness of every morsel of bread we eat.'

"Well, he does that now, too.'

"No; for your parlor-dusting and china-washing and brief-copying, and music and painting lessons to his children, are some equivalent. He would turn away the other girl, and you would have the whole work to do.'

"Well, it wouldn't kill me. Don't let us borrow trouble, little mother. I know what you mean, and I'd rather do all the work forever than marry Mr. Bryce.'

"I don't see how you can be so wrong-headed,' murmured the anxious little mother. "I'm sure Mr. Brice—'

"Weighs 250.'

"Well, what if he does? How foolish you are! He's very—'

"Cross eyed'—with her worst grimace.

"Not the least that ever was. It's only a little cast that is peculiar and pleasant.'

And at that Evelyn went off in a peal of laughter which she suddenly checked on hearing the manly foot of her brother-in-law mount the stairs, probably to inquire the cause of the commotion, for little went on in his house into which he did not inquire; and if there was one thing more than another that Mr. Osric Carlsen hated it was the sound of Evelyn's laughter. He had never liked it, in fact, since the day that he proposed to her, and his false teeth came down, and in his awkward predicament he had struck a bracket and his wig came off, and her sudden and irrepressible laughter had sent him hastily and indignantly from the room, to be consoled by Julia, who met him on the way, and accepted him, with his three little girls, out of hand.

After the marriage it was not till Julia was thought to be dying that Evelyn and her mother were invited to the house, and while they were with her their own house that had never been insured, and their few bonds that had never been registered, were burned together, and of course they had to stay.

But Osric dismissed the nurse and the second girl the next day, and Evelyn did the work, and succeeded in getting her classes, and attending to them besides. At the end of every week she paid her board to Julia; she considered that her work in the house was a fair return for her mother's, in her poor health and old age; and they kept out of the way in their room together all they could. As for poor pale Julia, she was a nonentity and a shadow, sick a part of the time and with no spirit at any time; she knew that home was not a happy place, but she could not bear to blame her husband, and gradually came to join him in blaming Evelyn, who might make things very different for everybody if she would only marry Mr. Bryce—Mr. Bryce, whose half million was at the feet of this young beauty for her to pick up and enrich them all; Mr. Bryce, who had met her at the house of one of her pupils, who had made Osric's acquaintance purposely to gain an ally in his siege, and concerning whom neither Osric nor Osric's wife, nor Osric's mother-in-law in fact, ever afterward gave her any peace; for the one saw business opportunities for himself, and the other saw peace in the house, and the third saw kindness, escape and liberty.

"Now what's the use, Julia!' Evelyn once exclaimed. "Marry the man? I can't! I won't! How can you want me to?'

"The idea,' said Julia, "of letting such a chance as that slip through your fingers!'

"The idea of not selling myself!'

"Of letting that artful widow, that Kate Grey, outgeneral you and come in the mistress of those millions!'

"It's only half a million.'

"Only half a million!'

"Well, we'll stick to the truth. And Mrs. Grey is his cousin, and loves him to distraction. I don't see why, but she always has.—She's welcome.'

"How can you be so unnatural, when you might do so much for your family! You'd marry him soon enough,' cried Julia, through her angry tears, "if his name was Pierre Gilland!'

And then Evelyn rose and left the room swiftly. But where should she go? There was no corner of the house where she could be alone for a single sob; for Osric was here, and his children were there, and one does not at all times wish even one's mother to see the tears with which she has no sympathy. There was always all out-doors; she threw her shawl over her head, and ran out into the street. It was a pleasant summer night. She moved along quickly, thinking only of walking away from her trouble—the trouble of an old love for the handsome, headstrong boy who had been the friend and companion and lover of all her years, who had remonstrated with her one day when he heard that Osric was calling frequently at the house, and storming with resentment at the gales of laughter with which she met every sentence he uttered about it, had marched out, only to meet Osric in the hall, in the act of taking from his pocket a little solitaire ring, which Pierre hadn't a doubt was for Evelyn, and of which Julia, as she used to turn it on her finger, never had a doubt that it was not a real stone. And Pierre had left the town for the Pacific coast that night; and if she had wished to write to tell him of his absurd mistake, she had no address, and she only knew he was so much as alive by now and then catching a rumor of him at his work laying out some railway up under the clouds of the mountains of Peru. But she did not wish to write him; the man who would think for a moment that she would become Osric's wife deserved nothing of her—had only made haste to seize his opportunity to leave her, she felt. And crying forlornly to herself, she was hurrying along, she knew not where, when all at once she found herself stopped by an insolent man, and a couple of wretches barred the way, catching her hand, pulling her shawl, leering in her face, while her cheeks burned, and her heart stood still, and her voice failed her at ribaldry. And never was she so glad or thankful in her life as when a giant form loomed before her, and a couple of powerful blows sent the rascals spinning into the gutter, and Mr. Bryce had tucked her little arm under his, and was taking her home in safety, and no questions asked. How kind he was! How good he was! How rich he was! From that moment she was going to marry Mr. Bryce.

But Mr. Bryce was very gentle about it.—When he had her promise, he seemed to be content with that, and to be willing to let her learn to love him before he demanded more.—But she couldn't, try as she would. The idea grew more and more repugnant; only the sight of her mother's happiness in it made her hope that the love might come when needed. Yet, although that happiness of her mother's was something very touching for her to see, nevertheless, in all her tremor and terrors, she could never help laughing at the sudden respect and deference that Osric began to pay her.

"So you are really going to marry my cousin?' said Mrs. Grey, when he brought her to call on Evelyn, and left her at the door.

"I suppose so,' said Evelyn.

"You suppose so! Don't you know?' asked the pretty widow, nestling in her laces.

"I have promised to marry him,' said Evelyn, then, looking up in the sudden hope of some help, some sympathy, and remembering how unreasonable that was to hope for from his cousin, who loved him herself, people said, although how she could, as Evelyn said to herself, with a sort of a shudder, was a mystery.

"You have promised,' repeated Mrs. Grey. "And you are the kind to keep your word, I suppose. Tell me—I have a right to know—would you marry him if he were a poor man?' said Mrs. Grey, imperiously.

"I should marry him now, rich or poor, since my word has been given,' replied Evelyn.

"That is not answering my question.'

"I will answer it, then, when you tell me what right you have to ask it.'

Mrs. Grey hesitated. "Every right—every right,' she cried then, with sudden swift emphasis. "The right of years of waiting, of patience, of hopeless devotion. I have the right at least to demand that the woman who wins where I fail shall give him some portion of the love I would have lavished.'

"I am very sorry for you,' said Evelyn, simply, after a moment or two of silence had followed this outbreak. "I—I wish he did love you!' And then, as Mrs. Julia was coming into the room, she dashed by her and ran out, unable to control the tears she could not bear to weep before this woman.

"I came to pay my compliments to your sister,' said Mrs. Grey, coolly, to Julia; "but she seems to regard her approaching marriage as anything but a subject for compliments. I am sorry she is so unhappy in it. I suppose there is another attachment?'

"Oh, dear me,' drawled Julia, who never had more than half sense, as their old nurse used to say, "we don't consider her old affair with Pierre Gilland of any consequence—'

"Pierre?' asked Mrs. Grey, gently, with an air of interest in Julia's conversation. And when the carriage came round for her she knew all Julia knew.

"A very lovely girl,' said Mrs. Grey, as her cousin, who had not gone in with her, took the seat beside her again in the carriage. "But I can't congratulate you, as I could not congratulate her. She is in love with another man—a young Pierre Galland, a civil engineer on a Peruvian railroad, who had always expected to marry her, but who left her incontinently on supposing she was going to accept the ring of that little wretch who is now her brother-in-law. Dear me, what a fool that woman is!—the sister of your pretty Evelyn. How fortunate you are not going to marry the family!'

"Humph!' said Mr. Bryce.

But when he returned that evening, and found Evelyn still excitedly ready for tears at a word, and obliged to go early to bed with a sad headache, he went round for a little comfort from his cousin Kate; and every time that Evelyn seemed to shrink from him, and show him the coldness that she could not help, he involuntarily sought with his cousin the sympathy he had found with her before.

At Christmas time he gave Evelyn some pearls that made Julia's eyes fairly run over with drops of ecstacy, and at New Year's some diamonds, over which Osric hung gloating.—But Evelyn gave them back, and begged him to keep them till by and-by. "You mean,' he said, "that you don't love me well enough to take them now?'

"I think,' she said "that I may care more for you if I am not so loaded with obligations. Let your cousin Kate keep them for me.' And then, looking up, in a sudden boldness, she added: "Why did you not marry her? She would have made a better wife than—than anybody. And she—she is very fond of you.'

"Marry my cousin Kate! Why, the thought never entered my head. A man doesn't marry the women of his family,' he exclaimed. "I mean to marry you.'

But the thought that entered his head now.—And the next time he came into the presence of pretty Mrs. Grey, he could not avoid looking at her and remembering Evelyn's words. Yes, yes, he thought; Kate was very fond of him. And she would make any man a fine wife. If only Evelyn were only as fond!

For the rest, that little speech of Evelyn's was like leaven, and leaven will work. He watched Kate when he gave her the jewels to care of till he could give them to his wife, and it slowly began to dawn upon him that here was a women who adored him, and he was passing her by to marry a child who adored somebody else! and sometimes then it used to occur to Evelyn that Mr. Bryce was growing a little tired of her indifference, a little vexed at her aversion. Still, troth was plighted, vows were pledged, the engagement was public and the marriage had been fixed for the first of March.

"Oh, mamma!' broke forth Evelyn, as she threw open the window to air the room one morning and looked out upon the flying snow-squalls, "only a fortnight more and I am in fetters.'

"You silly child,' said her mother, pulling up her shawl. "Fetters, indeed! You'll have a lovely valentine to day, I dare say, with a diamond in it, if you call that fetters.'

"St. Valentine's day! So it is. Oh, what a dreary, dreary thing! As if there were any happy lovers in the world! Oh, I wish—I wish this snow were fall on my grave!'

"Well, Evelyn,' said her mother then, severely, "if you are going to continue feeling this way, the sooner you put an end to things the better. I will see Mr. Bryce myself this very day.'

"No. My word is given. I shall not break it. He is very kind,' she sobbed. "I—I know I shall be all right in time, only I—I cannot help—.' And without finishing her sentence, she trust her head, where the hair was always breaking into sunny little rings, out into the falling snow to cool and hide her face.

To cool her face? What sudden flames were those that swept up over throat and cheek and forehead? What was it, who was she saw below there? Why did she spring back, and dart from the room, and take the stairs at a bound, to throw open the front door and be clasped in a shower of snow and the embrace of a great dark fellow who would not let her go?'

"Oh, Pierre! Pierre!' she was whispering, clinging to the stranger.

"And the ring wasn,t for you after all, my darling! She wrote and told me—Mrs. Grey, the trump! What a wretch I was! What a — Bless my soul! what's this?'

She had sprung from him, and was wringing her hands at a safe distance. "Oh, I mustn't! you musn't! I can't—I mean—oh, I mean, Pierre! Pierre!' she cried, "that I am going to marry Mr. Bryce!'

"Not now!'

"Yes, yes; I have promised—'

"Mail!' cried the postman at the open door, in which the snow was driving, and which they had both forgotten, and a letter fell at her feet.

Pierre picked it up. "A valentine, I suppose,' he bitterly said. "Probably from your Mr. Bryce. Evelyn! Evelyn! do you mean that I have come home to emptiness, to desolation, to—'

She had opened the letter mechanically, and had run her eyes over it not really quite conscious of what she did. She whirled it toward him. See!' she said, with a wide staring gaze. "Read it! I don't believe I can understand it. Perhaps I am—a little—out of my head!' And he read aloud:

"'My Dear—I know you will not feel badly when I set you free from your obligation to me by telling you what I have not had the courage to do before, that, by your advice, I shall marry my cousin Kate this evening, but married or single, shall ever remain your friend,

"'Walter Bryce.'"

The letter fell to the door, for Evelyn was under the capes of that great coat, held close to the beating heart there. "Where's your cloak?' Pierre was whispering. "Where's the little mother? Here's the carriage at the door. They are going to be married this evening. Let us get start of them by being married this morning. Who ever in all time before had such a glorious valentine?—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A Pretty Story of Two Lovers

Once upon a time there lived beside the Rhine a beautifully lacy. She had a lover who loved her, and whom she loved in return. But after he had wooed her—not one year but three—he asked her to marry him; and she, anxious to prove her power, merely answered:

"Wait.'

"I have waited three years,' he said, "but at your bidding I will still wait one more.'

Then he went away and became a soldier, and praise of his bravery filled the land; but the lady was piqued by the though that he had been able to leave her even a year, and when he returned she determined to punish him, though all the while she loved him well.

He knelt at her feet and took her hand in his, and said:

"Lady, I have come back to claim you for my wife.'

But all she answered was:

"Wait longer; a patience waiter is not a loser.'

"I will wait two years longer,' he said, calmly. "If I do not lose all is well.'

Then he left her again. She had hoped that he would plead for her, and that she would be forced to change he mind; but now he was gone—gone for two long years. How she lived through them she could not tell, but they passed, and again her lover was before her.

"I have waited patiently,' was all he said. She yearned to cast herself into his arms, but pride was still strong within her.

"Wait longer,' she said.

"No,' he answered. "This is the last time. If I wait now I will wait forever.'

At this she drew back haughtily.

"Then wait forever,' she said, coldly.

He left her without saying a word. And now her heart sank in her bosom.' She wept bitter tears, and repented in dust and ashes.—When a year had gone by she could bear her woe no longer, and sent her little foot page to her old lover, bidding him to bear this message,

"Come back to me.'

But the message the little foot page brought was just this:

"Wait.'

Again she was left to her sorrow, and two years glided by, then once more she bade her page to ride over the mountains to her lover's castle.

"Tell him I am waiting,' she said.

The page rode away and rode back. He stood before his lady and doffed his cap, and repeated the message that had been given him:

"The patient waiter is not a loser.'

"He is punishing me, thought the lady, and for two years longer she remained in her castle. Her heart was breaking—her health failed—she knew death was near.

Again she sent her cruel lover a message.—"Tell him,' said she, "that I am near my end, and that if I wait longer before I see him I shall wait forever.'

The page returned and stood beside his lady's chair. His eyes were full of tears; his head was bent upon his breast; he sighed heavily and hid his face in his plumed cap.

The lady lifted her was face.

"Speak!, she said. The message!'

"Alas!' sighed the page; "I would if it were a tender one.'

"Whater it may be, speak,' gasped the lady.

"The only message I have,' replied the page is "Wait forever.'

"I am well paid in my own coin,' said the lady. "At last I have received all my answers back.

In a little while she died, and they buried her in the old churchyard, with a stone at her head and stone at her feet.

When spring came there was grass upon the grave, and there also was a new plant strange to those who looked upon it—a plant with dark glossy leaves, that crept slowly along, clutching fast together every rough surface that it met in its path.

There had never been a plant like that on earth before. Now we call it the ivy, but this is what those who saw it for the first time said of it:

It is the lady whom her lover bade to wait forever. In this form she is creeping toward his castle slowly but surely. So she will creep on until she reaches the heart she threw away.

Generations have passed from earth. The castle is a ruin, covered with ivy, and the peasants will tell you that it has crept from the lady's grave, point by point, over stone and rock, through the graveyard and over gates and fences. You can trace it if you choose, they say, but you do not try.

A YOUNG LADY'S HEART MISPLACED.—A curious case of malposition of the heart was recently discovered by a physician of this city in a patient who was consulting him for some spinal trouble. The young woman is about twenty years old, of good form, handsome face and pleasing disposition. A careful study of the precise locality and form of the heart shows it to be transferred to the right side of the chest, and instead of the apex beating just below the chest, it strikes upward against the right collar bone, near its outer third. In this case there must be a double curve to the large vessels of the heart and the base of the heart is on the wrong side of the body and is upside down. This unnatural condition of things does not give rise to any serious inconvenience, except when moving too quickly or going up stairs the organ beats with painful violence against the collar bone, where its motion is plainly visible.

Mr. Marston's Lesson.

"There!' exclaimed Mrs. Marston, as she surveyed her nicely arranged table, "I believe breakfast is ready as far aa I can make it. I do wish,' she continued, as she seated herself in her low rocker., "I do wish James had a little more care. Well it is nothing I can help. I told him nearly a week ago we must have some wood, and since that time I have picked up sticks and chips around the yard, and have even borrowed an armful once or twice of my neighbor, and I am not going to do it any more. I told him again last night that I must have some wood, and he, in his usual kind way, said: 'There! I forgot all about it. I will get some in the morning before I go to work,' but he has gone just as I expected he would, and left me to get along as best I may. I suppose he forgot, but I think this will learn him a lesson. I don't like to do it, but what can I do?' and tears came into the pretty blue eyes, and one or two stole softly down the delicately rounded cheek and dropped on her neat morning wrap.

Now, reader, do not think this an unhappy family; far from it. Mr. and Mrs. Marston have been married nearly two years, and this is the first 'family jar,' of any kind. Mr. Marston is a young man, very enterprising, the foreman of a lot of carpenters that he usually boards at his own house, and at this time they have five boarders. Mrs. M. is a model housekeeper. Almost invariably their meals are ready exactly at the appointed hour.

"There they come! I wonder what they will think,' she exclaimed, glancing out of the window.

In a few minutes the door opened, and her husband, in his usual cheerful voic , greeted her with: "What! Lucy, breakfast ready, and you waiting? I am sorry I kept you waiting, my dear, but you won't scold, will you?—Come, bring in the coffee and steak, we men are as hungry as wolves,' and he seated himself at the table, the men each taking their accustamed seats.

Mrs. Marston also seated herself at the head of the table, and instead of the coffee pot she lifted a pitcher of cold water, with which she filled the goblets and passed to the men; Mr. Marston in the meantime looking wonderingly on.

"Why don't you bring in the coffee and steak, my dear?' he asked length, seeing she did not go for them.

"You will have to make your breakfast of the cold meat this morning,' she answered.

"Well, never mind, that will do; where are the vegetables?' said he as cheerfully as possible.

"You will have to do without even those unless you would like the cold potatoes. I will get them for you if you wish.'

The men looked at each other in surprise.—Was this Mrs. M? She who always had the best of food, and in such perfect order?

Mr. Marston was as much perplexed as the rest. All at once the truth cause came to him like a flash. He had not done his duty. There was no fuel, consequently no breakfast.

"Excuse me a short time,' said he, as he arose from the table, "it is my fault; I forgot the wood. Don't blame Lucy, she has done all she could. Amuse yourselves a short time and we will see what can be done.'

He soon procured the needed fuel, and with Lucy's help a warm breakfast was quickly prepared.

"Forgive me, my darlinf, I shall not forget this soon,' he said, as they were about to leave the kitchen for the dinning room. "You shall have all the fuel you need in the future.'

"And you don't feel angry with me?' she asked, looking shyly up.

"It is I who should ask that question,' was the reply, and his arm stole softly around her waist, and a kiss sealed the contract that has never been broken.

THE GAME OF "FIFTEEN."—The playing of the game of "Fifteen has become such an epidemic, that for the benefit of those who have not yet been infected a description may be interesting. In a box having room for just sixteen blocks, fifteen are placed and numbered from one to fifteen consecutively. This, as will be at once perceived, leaves a vacant space the size of one block, making it possible to shift the blocks in every way imaginable. The puzzle of the game is, after the blocks have been placed in the box promiscuously, to succeed in arranging them as they number by merely moving the blocks legitimately. Probably as good a plan of placing the blocks for for the start as any is to have them arranged with one exception consecutively. This exception is to place the block numbered 15 before the 14 thus making the lowest row 13,15, 14. To read a simple description of the game, its fascinating nature would not be appreciated. If any one goes into a store, hotel or parlor and speaks to a person five or six times without receiving any answer he can rest assured that nine times out of ten the blame rests upon that game of 15. It is stated on good authority that several Wilmington business men have puzzled over this simple little game all the way from New York to this city. However as a warning, it should be stated that if spare time is wanted for other purposes it should be avoided.

GOOD SENSE.—A writer puts a good deal of good sense and a good many p's in small space in the following: Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocket book kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to paper in peace; he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is of more pleasure to his people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it. Be pleased, also, to ponder upon it thyself patiently and perseveringly, and profitably and persistently practice its precepts perpetually.

MEN are so much impressed with the idea that God is ever merciful that they seem to think they can commit any amount of crime, and wipe out all the stain by saying "God have mercy on my soul." A greater mistake never was made. God's mercy only comes in after we have done the best we could and have failed.

A YANKEE POET thus breaks forth: "Oh, the snore the beautiful snore; filling the chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet; from her well-dimpled chin to her pretty feet! Now rising aloft, like a bee in June; now flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, it the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.'

Married Under Difficulties.

George Rouak is never at home unless in the saddle. This is no remarkable thing perhaps when it is remembered that when Mr. Rouak was a boy he was a cow-boy—one of the wild-haired kind accustomed to swing the lasso as he cantered over the plains. So it followed that after he had one day luckily thrown his noose about the neck of Dame Fortune his habit of riding did not leave him. Mrs. A. E. Watson, a blooming young widow of twenty-five years, also loves the pastime and the side-saddle is to her a hammock swung crossways the two wings of the wind. About one month ago Mr. Rouak, hailing from the Arkansas valley but temporarily in Leadville, Col., for the purpose of recreation, and Mrs. Watson, a resident of San Francisco, then, however, on a visit in Leadville—those horseback riders met by chance on the heights of Granite, near the city. What caused Mr. Rouak to lift his hat no one knows, but he did do such a thing and followed that salutation up with various polite remarks. Within an hour, as both confess, the bachelor and the widow were in love. They rod back to Leadville as the shadows of the mountains lengthened, and spent the next few days in making inquiries respecting each other. As both were given the highest praise by those who knew them, the acquaintance was renewed and rides to the heights were taken daily. One week ago, and just three weeks after the first meeting, the lovers started again for the heights, but this time a parson and bridal party accompanied them. The sun gilded the snow on the summits as the party approached the place of meeting and bethrothal and things were just lovely. Alack-a-day! As the bride's horse, leaping a rock, drew near, he slipped and fell, throwing the lady with great force to the ground. Her right arm snapped and she was hurt otherwise. Of course Mr. Rouak and the others were in a flutter, but with wonderful pluck the bride remounted her horse and as all sat in their saddles the ceremony was performed. During the return to Leadville Mrs. Rouak suffered excruciating pain and the groom himself was almost frozen. But romance is romance.

TOLLING THE BELL.—In an inland circuit church the religious interest had declined, until, at the advent of an unpopular preacher, it became impossible to obtain a congregation.—The minister, however, went to the chapel at the appointed hour of service; but one morning even the sexton failed to appear.

What was to be done? To retire without some effort were cowardice. To pray were weakness. After a moment of thought the preacher advanced to the bell rope, and after ring the usual peal, began to toll.

The villagers, unaware of a death in the community, hastened, one by one, to inquire the name of the deceased. In answer to their repeated questions the preacher gravely replied, as he continued to toll:

"The church is dead. I am ringing its knell!'

The next Sabbath a congregation assembled, and the funeral of the dead church was never held.

ONE KIND OF A MIRACLE.—The *Deuthshe Zietung* prints the following report of a village school inspection. The examiner is trying to explain to the fat-headed listeners the character of a miracle. He asks a scholar:

"What is a miracle?'

"I don't, sir.'

"If—all at once—the sun appeared in the heavens at night, what would you say it was?'

"The moon.'

"But, if you were told it was the sun, what would you say?'

"I'd say it was a lie.'

"Now, I never lie. Suppose I told you it was the sun?'

The scholar, after a moment's deep reflection, bobbed his head.

"Please, sir, I'd say you were drunk.'

THINGS EASY AND NOT EASY.—It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that the church is to blame for it. It is easy to say that the church would be all right if the minister would preach and do as he ought. But it isn't easy to look on the best side, to see that there are hundreds of faithful preachers, thousands of honest, sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, chairty and humanity, which outweigh all the grumbling of all the grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let us be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody isn't a rascal.—Our neighbors are not trying to cheat us. The church is doing a good work for the world, and even the growlers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

A SCOLD.—For a woman, no reputation can be much worse than that of a scold; yet very many allow themselves to contract a habit of scolding and fretting which makes domestic happiness a quality unknown in their vicinity. No wonder that the husbands of such women learn to forsake their homes, and gradually grow indifferent to the charms that won them, when their wives forget to be charming, and fret and scold whenever they can secure a listener. There's care enough, and vexation enough in the business life of any man to make him long for rest and quiet at home; and to be met upon its very threshold with a long list of querulous complaints is to say the least, extremely discouraging. Wives, don't scold.

THE truth is mighty and will prevail. When a poor fellow fell from a height and injured himself a friend called and asked the servant if he was conscious. "Yes,' was the reply, "he is perfectly conscious, but he don't know anything.' That kind of consciousness prevails to a larger extent than we are willing to confess.

A man may be brave enough to walk right up to the cannon's mouth, and yet not have the courage to hand his wife a letter he has carried in his jacket for a week.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

Man may grasp and save, all his life, but it ends there, for all he takes when he dies is his departure.

Edison is not a native of the United States. He was invented near Digby, Nova Scotia.

Why are fowls fashionable birds? Because they are always appear dressed for dinner.

Can a watch be said to be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside?

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