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The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

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 practicein the Courts of Caroline.

Legal Notice.

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.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to the collection of Claims, Sales of RealEstate, &c.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

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

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 94 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

(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,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Denton, Maryland.

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

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,

—WITH—

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

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 Philadelphia 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.

THE SWEET LONG AGO.

BY MRS. S. A. WACHTER.

Golden memories float before us,
Of the sweet, sweet long ago,
Of a rosy, happy childhood,
Still our fancies are aglow.

When we wandered to the wild-wood,
Gathering flowers of rarest sheen,
Memory yet inhales their fragrance,
Though long years have rolled between.

"John Jump-ups" (thus we called them)
In our pathway grew so bright,
Looked as though they caught their radiance,
From the Rain-bows blended light.

Graceful ferns in beauty waving,
Kissed by every passing breeze,
Seemed as making their obeisance,
To the foliage of the trees.

While the foliage of the forest,
Seemed to rustle as with joy,
At the merry, ringing laughter,
Of each happy girl and boy.

Moss-clad rocks with Honeysuckles,
Overhung most strangely sweet,
Greeted then our childish vision,
Making rural scenes complete.

Happy childhood, happy childhood,
We in fancy live it o'er,
Gathering pebbles by the streamlet,
Washed by wavelets on the shore.

And we seem to hear the music,
Of the murmuring streamlets flow,
As it rippled o'er the pebbles,
In the sweet, sweet long ago.

And the winding path we see it,
Leading to a homestead dear,
Linked with many a fond remembrance,
Many a sigh, and many a tear.

For within its sacred precincts,
Once a happy family dwelt,
Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
'Round the same old hearthstone knelt.

Father, yet I seem to hear him,
As he read with trembling breath,
From the book he so much valued,
"Be thou faithful unto death."

Mother's voice I seem to hear it,
As she softly, sweetly sung,
"Jesus ready stands to save you,"
This she sang when I was young.

Since the halcyon days of childhood,
Many weary years have fled,
Sisters, brothers' they are scattered,
Father, mother, they are dead.

Hark! I seem to hear the music,
Echoing from the other shore
"Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity love and power."

If we but accept the Saviour,
On His mercy but rely,
We at last shall meet our loved ones,
In the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

TOM ALDEN.

BY MRS. HARRY ROADNIGHT.

"Mother, I am so afraid Santa Claus will will not find our house this year! Do you think he will? The boys at school are all talking about the good times they are going to have, and what presents they are expecting when old Santa Claus creeps down the chimneys on Christmas. To-day Will Jones asked what I was going to have, when Tom Alden spoke up quickly and said, "Never mind, Will—we will take care of little Croppy, and see that he has a share of the goodies.' I almost know Tom was making fun, and I hate him—so I do?'

"There, my son, do not speak so. I have no doubt Tom answered in that way to keep your feelings from being hurt. Beside, you must not hate any one.'

"But, mother, do you think Santa Claus will find us?'

Just then a little blue eyed girl came dancing into the room, her rosy cheeks freshened with the cold walk from school.

"I am so glad Christmas is coming! Every one seems so happy that I feel so too. Mother, shall we have a turkey or anything good?'

Honest Tom Alden, who had followed little Nellie home, heard the conversation and, brushing away the tears, said, "You shall have something good, and I will see that you get it!'

The poor mother's heart seemed breaking as she listened to the children's talk, and knew not how to answer them. At last she said,—

"Come, sit close beside me, children, and I will tell you why I do not think Santa Claus will come. Father has been gone two years; you both remember how he kissed us good-by the morning he sailed away. Then the ship was lost, and our dear father never came home again. Times are hard, my dear ones, and all mother earns must be used for rent, food and fuel. If I can earn anything extra we will have a nice Christmas dinner. Now run and play..'

But George and Nellie sat still and whispered to each other that they would not mention Christmas again to their dear, good mother, but be content with what they had.

Mrs. Holden felt very sad indeed, for she knew not how to grant even a few of this earth's pleasures to her little children. She felt, however, as if God would help her in some way, so tried to be cheerful and happy.

The days flew on apace, and the merry Christmas time approached. Tom Alden seemed very kind to George during the last few days, always bringing more luncheon than he needed; and he often wondered if George and Nellie had enough to eat.

The day before Christmas came, crisp and cold. Everybody had a kind greeting for his neighbors; such a rushing, happy throng!—Such bundles of every shape—such baskets laden with turkey, rosy-cheeked apples, oysters, cranberries and other good things!

Tom Alden came into the room where his mother was busy preparing Christmas dainties.

"Mother,' he said, "I would like your help in a matter of great importance.'

"Yes, dear, I am all attention. What do you want?'

Tom cleared his throat, hardly knowing how to begin, but at last plunged into the subject uppermost in his heart.

"Mother I want a few things to carry to Mrs. Holden for Nellie and George's Christmas. She has been sick, and I am sure they have nothing for their children to-morow.—Will you give something toward a basket, and do you think father will give a turkey?'

"Yes, dear, I will aid you, and I am sure father will, too.'

What a happy time they had packing that basket, putting little bundles here and there, fairly loading it with good things! And Tom, who was to leave it at Mrs. Holden's, started on his errand oh, so happy that he seemed to fly rather than walk.

Christmas eve at the widow's home. She had been quite ill for a day or two, so was not able to do the extra work to earn their dinner for to-morrow; but she thought, after the children were asleep, that she would go out and sell a ring, her husband's present, which she valued highly.

After kissing the children and putting them to bed, not without a heart full of pain at seeing how sorrowful they were, she prepared to go out, when a knock at the door startled her. On answering the summons Tom Alden slipped in, cheery and happy, and placed the basket on the table, saying,—

"I hope you will have a merry Christmas!'

Then he ran out, leaving Mrs. Holden in a flutter of excitement. She began examining the contents of the basket. Joy, joy! Such luxuries appeared as she had long been a stranger to. A nice turkey, coffee, tea, sugar, butter, candy, oranges, and, in an envelope underneath all, five dollars!

Mrs. Holden raised her eyes to heaven, thanking the good Father for all his blessings, and for not forgetting them on this one great day.

How sweetly she slept that night! And how glad she was at retaining the dear old ring, emblem of other days, filled with happiness gone forever!

She did not forget, before retiring, to put the candy and oranges in her children's stockings, and hang them where they would be the first things their eyes would fall upon.

Christmas morning was ushered in with merry shouts, laughter and good cheer. When George and Nellie opened their eyes, both exclaimied together,—

"Santa Claus did come! Oh, mother, he did come! How glad I am!'

When they had seen the good things sent the night before, their happiness was complete.

Tom Alden came in for a few minutes, wishing them a merry Christmas, leaving some little conical papers of lozenges, cookies and nuts. I am sure he enjoyed his Christmas ten times more for having helped to make two of God's children happy.

Mrs. Holden prepared their dinner, feeling as if she had gone back to those other happy days when they had abundance—when her husband was with her.

A step outside frightened her—it was so like the one she used to watch for. A quick rap took her to the door.

"Does Mrs. Holden live here?'

Before the answer came the wife had recognized her husband.

"Henry, Henry! My dear husband, back from the depths of the sea!'

"My wife—my darling—my children!'—And the strong man sobbed as he folded them to his breast. "To think that after all my sorrows and struggles I should see you all once more!'

Mrs. Holden told her varied experiences since he had been gone, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Alden's kindness, and to whom they were indebted for their nice dinner. Then Mr. Holden related how the ship on which he had sailed was burnt at sea, but, clinging to a spar which had fallen overboard, he had drifted through a long, weary day and night until thrown upon an island. He was cared for by the natives, who kept him as a slave, and he had never been able to escape until a few months ago. He told of days of suffering, toil, hunger and thirst, of weary longing for home and loved ones, how hope after hope had faded away till he was heartsick. One night he had escaped, and here he was, rich, too, for on this island were many brilliant stones of which he had many; they proved to be diamonds.

How happy the children were! What a grand Christmas they had!

Captain Holden called upon Mr. Alden and thanked him for his kindness; but he said, "Give my boy, Tom, the credit.' Which Captain Holden did, and a present as well.

This made Tom the happiest boy in the village. He grew up a good man, always doing what to him seemed right. When little Nellie Holden became old enough they were married. Tom often tells her that he fell in love with her on that afternoon when she ran home so eagerly from school to ask mamma about Santa Claus, and he followed and saw how affectionate and good she was to her mother. He made up his mind then and there to marry Nellie Holden some day in the future.

Captain Holden never went to sea again, but he and his wife live near Nellie's cosy home, and as each Christmas comes, bringing in its train good cheer and happiness, they each try to make some one happy, thinking of the beautiful motto, "Peace on earth, good will to men."—*Waverly Magazine.*

How Not to Sleep.

In a work on 'Sleep and Sleeplessness,' J. Mortimer Grandville speaks of the disadvantages of sleeping on the back. "In weekly states of the heart and blood-vessels, and in certain morbid states of the brain, the blood gravitates to the back of the head, and produces troublesome dreams.' In this position the nerve-centers of the spinal cord are also apt to become congested with blood and overheated, a disadvantage even to those in health, but especially unfavorable for those predisposed to that chronic congestion of the spinal centers, one symptoms of which is weakness, lameness, soreness, or aching about the small of the back. It is better to lie upon the right side than left, because in this position the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the instines, and the weight of the liver, a pretty large and heavy organ, does not rest upon the other internal organs. Mr. Grandville thinks some people are apt to sleep with one arm above the head because it makes free circulation in the neck and upper extremities, and respiration is made easy, but he believes it is apt to cause headache, cramps and dreams.—There is one good reason why this last position should be avoided. If the arms gets beneath the head, important nerves may be pressed upon and temporary paralysis result. Such cases are by no means rare, and the paralysis may continue several weeks.

The Enchanted Pipe.

One night, as Count Oliffe was riding through the woods, he was astonished to see a great light through the trees where there was no house. Stopping his horse, he saw the ground open in a vacant space between two great oak trees. Steps of stone let down to two great iron doors, through which streamed the light that had first attracted him. As he looked a woman and man, dressed in white, came up the steps, holding baskets, which they kept carefully covered. This man and woman looked neither to the right nor left. Neither did they seem to lift their feet; but came toward Count Oliffe with a slow, gliding motion.

Count Oliffe was terribly frightened. A cold perspiration started out of him; his knees bent under him, and hardly knowing what he did, he called out in a loud voice,—

"Who are you and what are you doing there?'

Instantly the figures vanished; so did the steps, the opening and the light. Count Oliffe rode around and around the two great oaks; but the ground showed no trace of an opening. On the next day he came again; but he saw nothing. He walked about the oaks, but could see no place where could be hidden steps or iron doors. The birds, seeing him so busy, began to chipper and twitter about him.

"What do you want, Count Cliffe?' said a saucy young black bird.

"Between these trees,' said Oliffe, "is a flight of steps leading down to iron doors.'

"No, that is impossible,' said the blackbird. "I have lived here ever since I was out of the egg, and I have never seen any steps or doors.'

"Yes, it is quite impossible,' echoed all the birds. "The oldest bee or bird in the forest has never heard of such a thing.'

Oliffe went home sad and discontented. He could think of nothing but what he had seen; and he used to walk every day, and ride every night, through the forest, hoping to see the wonderful sight again. One night, riding home unsuccessful as usual, he met an owl as late as himself.

"Hallo, comrade?' cried the owl. "I meet you every night. What are you hunting—mice or frogs?'

"Stone steps and iron doors,' answered Oliffe, laughing, "are my frogs and mice.'—And he told the owl what he had seen.

The owl listened, looking very wise.

"Yes, I know,, said he, "what you have seen is the palace of Time. In it are all the treasures of the earth. The man and woman who came out are Day and Night, bringing gifts to men.'

"And how shall I see it again?' asked Count Oliffe. "I am determined to find and enter it.'

The owl shook his head.

"To find it, Count Oliffe, you need only wait by the green oak tree till the ground opens. Then you must wait till Day and Night come forth, and to be careful to say nothing. After that, go down the steps boldly; but at the iron doors there sits a giant with the keys, beware that you listen to nothing and do nothing before seizing the keys.'

"If that is all, that is easy enough, answered Oliffe.

"Not so easy as you think,' said the owl, flying away.

Count Oliffe rode to the two oaks and dismounted. There he waited many hours till the ground opened, and the man and woman came forth as before. He watched them in silence, and went boldly down the steps. At the foot of the steps sat a fat, jolly giant, smoking a pipe, while the keys of the palace hung loosely in his girdle.

"Give me the keys of the palace,' said Oliffe.

"Yes, my son, if you willfirst smoke a pipe with me. It has been a great many hundred years since any one has smoked with me.'

"There is no harm in that,' thought Oliffe, who thought besides, that he should like to smoke out of such a pipe as the giant handled—a pipe with a bowl of amber and a stem of gold.

At first when he saw the doors of the palace open, he did not walk in, and yet he seemed to enter. He saw splendid halls and wonderful treasurers, and said to himself that he would not take them just yet, but when he had finished smoking his pipe.

He smoked and smoked down to very last bit of tobacco in the pipe. With the last whiff the pipe fell from his mouth and broke. The iron door swung to with a bang. The light, the giant, the steps vanished. Oliffe started to his feet. He was standing alone in the forest, and the day was just breaking. Something seemed old about himself; and looking down he saw that he had a long gray beard, and that his clothes looked worn. He went slowly back to his castle; but he knew nobody there, and nobody knew him. He was an old, old man. He had smoked the best years of his life away in idle dreams, and the cunning giant had cheated him out of entering the palace of Time, after all. Poor Count Oliffe!

A MARCH DAY.—The temperature may increase for several days if there is a gentle southwest breeze and the sun shines clear. The old snow-banks waste away, the sun brings out the fragrance of the ground, when, just as you begin to dream of an unchecked advance of spring, nature suddenly remembers that three or four consecutive days of fine weather are rather too much for this season; so the sun goes out, a moaning wind sweeps the tree tops, a few drops of rain fall, there may be a roll of thunder; then all at once a screaming north-wester sets in, and as the blinding snow fills the air, and the wind goes roaring through the woods, the scene changes to midwinter. The birds who have ventured so far north now huddle into the barns for food and shelter; ground birds, chipping birds, and perhaps a party of white crowned sparrows, on the way to their northern homes. But the sun tries every crack in the clouds, and in a a day or two the light snow will be melted again.

Why is a handsome woman like a locomotive? No—No—you're wrong. It is not because she sometimes draws a long train; it is not because she indulges in sparks; it is not because she has something to do with a switch; it is not because she transports the males; it is not because she may have a head light; it—in fact, a handsome woman is not like a locomotive—not even when she gets a little fast and blows up her husband.

Some of the individuals who have presidential bees in their bonnets will be numbered among the soreheads after the conventions meet.

A telegraph operator, named Jackson, of Ottumwa, Iowa, has put forty-one hundred words on one side of a postal card.

Life of a London Shop Girl.

At seven in the morning she starts on her accustomed journey with her little reticule that holds her poor belongings. At eight she must be at her place, or a fine is recorded against the weekly sum of her paltry earnings. And she stands there from eight, in the cold, gray winter dawn, or in the glorious, sunny, summer morning, until six at night, with mind and body devoted to the gratification of your whims and the measurement of your bargains. If she makes a blunder she has to pay for it. If she gives you too much change, or wraps up for you too much material, the error is set straight by a prompt deduction from her weekly wages.

All those piles of materials—the mere selection among which has so horribly bored you that you feel you will have a headache at the dinner party to which you are going—have been counted out to her yard by yard, and once a month she will have to sit up till midnight comparing her money receipts with the goods in her keeping. There may be deficiencies; you might almost say there must be deficiencies. If so, that polite manager, who escorts you to the door and hopes that all your wishes have been gratified, will be inexorable, and the stern laws or arithmetic will admit no exception in her favor. Your carriage has brought you to the place about four in the afternoon, and now for nearly half an hour you have been sitting at the counter looking at the goods.

You have been sitting thirty minutes and complain of the bad air, of the hot shop, of the bustle, the noise and want of ventilation. You knew you would have a headache; you always have a headache on an afternoon when you go out shopping. She has been standing—standing, not sitting—for seven hours, and during that time she has scarcely changed the air, except for a hurried meal, taken in a still greater crowd and in still closer atmosphere.—And she will be standing for four hours more, while your carriage rolls you, wearied and blase, among a crowd of other carriages, all bearing upon patent springs their wearied owners.

At about eight o'clock, when you are listening to the early attempts of your dinner partner to interest you in the performances of the Comedie Francaise, she will be making her way home through the London streets. How pleasant it is to walk after these hours of standing, how fresh the green of the trees after those incessant showers which made her bank holiday, so anxiously waited for, a dreary and miserable failure. It were delighted to feel the fresh turf of grass, and look up into the hearts of those mighty elm trees that spread their umbrageous branches into the evening air.

But the gates of Kensington Gardens are closed and Saturday must be waited for, if any Saturday should be fine. You, to whom all days are the same, except when you have a headache from going shopping, have scarcely noticed how many wet Sundays and Saturdays we have had. But she has taken patient stock of all these rainy festivals and finds that spring has gone without her having one day's enjoyment of green leaves and growing grass.

Heaven.

How soon we shall get there no one can tell. The stars of this very night may light our way to that beautiful home. Or we may mount up on the light of the next dewy morning or tread on the golden clouds of to-morrow's quiet eve. We may spread our pinions on the shivering winds of the coming winter, or rise to Heaven on the fragrance of the blooming spring. No one knows. But life will end, and we shall soon reach our home.

How we shall go is quite a mystery. No one has come back to tell the story. We may be ferried across the dark river, or led through a shadowed valley. Dazzled with a blaze of distant glory, and guided by its down-falling light we may rise up through trackless space alone, or we may be borne aloft on the shining wings of mighty angels, or on flaming chariots of fire. It doesn't matter. We shall go by the fountain of blood; by the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. This much we know, and God will provide for our ascension.

How we shall feel is yet unknown. When washing the sleep from our eyes in the river of life, and lifting our faces up towards the throne of God, the light of Heaven bursts in upon our souls; when we are filled and thrilled with the melody of angel harps; when we are surrounded by an atmosphere of love and a boundless sea of glory, when with the royal dignity of redeemed manhood we come into the company of kings and priests, and into the presence of God, we cannot tell how we will feel. How we shall feel when we take a crown on the brow and a scepter in the hand, is one of the revelations of future experience. But we shall be full of bliss deep, overwhelming and eternal. And this is enough for us to know.—Heaven—what a weight of glory in a word!—How divinely precious, how doubly precious since Jesus prepared it. The measure of God's love, the fullness of His glory! O, who would not go to Heaven?

THE FAY BRIDGE OUTDONE.—The biggest railway suspension bridge in the world will be over the Fifth of Fourth, at Queensferry, in Scotland, when it is done. It will be 135 feet above high water mark, to allow the passage of war to the navy-yard above. The breadth of the Fourth at Queensferry is rather more than a mile; but as the viaduct is to be continued overland on the north shore for several hundred yards, the whole length of the bridge will be about one mile and one-third. It will be in five distinct sections. First, there is a shallow-water section on the south side, covering some 2,000 feet and supported on sixteen piers; then there is the deepwater section, south of Inchgarvie, traversed by a suspension bridge; next there is the Island of Inchgarvie, itself, over which the viaduct will be carried on to two or three piers; then there is the deep water section north of Inchgarvie, spaned by a second suspension bridge; and lastly there is the northern shoreward section, which carries the viaduct on ten or eleven piers from the brink of the tide to the dead level of the Fife shore. The end parts, resting on solid pier foundations, will consist of a single permanent way, twenty five feet broad, double track. The middle parts carried by the suspension bridges will be two distinct branches, 100 feet apart each fifteen broad, and tightly braced together, to give the whole structure solidity. The towers are nearly 600 feet high. The whole structure will be the greatest marvel of engineering so far.

When ladies meet, they always greet with kisses heard across the street; but men, more mild; don't get so wild; they meet, then part, when both have "smiled."

For the Union.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

BY GEORGE ERVIN.

Hail! beautiful Spring-time we welcome thy coming,
Dull winter has fled with its rough bitter blast—
The cold piercing north wind, so fierce and benumbing,
Is now warmed by the sun and feels pleasant at last,
See! down in the meadow the green grass is springing,
The rich buds are swelling the birds sweetly sing—
The bees to the hive, their sweet treasures are bringing,
We cheerfully welcome thee, Beautiful Spring.

All nature has woke from a slumber of sadness,
With uncessing music of frogs in the pond;
Young lambkins now sporting and frisking in gladness,
All tell us that chill-frosty winter has gone.
Boys! brighten your plowshares prepare for tilling,
To pass the dull hours you can whistle and sing—
For in these bright days, you to toil should be willing,
Rich blessings depend on bright Beautiful Spring.

Thus let us improve each bright sunny hour,
Ne'er shrinking from labor and honest employ:
Giving praises to God for his goodness and power,
For 'tis he who giveth us all we enjoy.
Our homes and our friends, the flowers of rich beauty,
And the gay feathered songster that makes the woods ring;
Let us render our hearts, for this is our duty,
To God who hath given us Beautiful Spring.

Do not Believe! Not They.

It is amusing to hear sometimes the remarks of those who 'do not believe in advertising.'—Not they! But let a hint be thrown out in the most indirect manner, is calculated to bring their business before the public in a way that they do not prefer, and they will soon be heard from through the very same newspaper. We have often seen this fact illustrated in numerous ways—all going to prove the estimate placed upon newspaper publications, even by those people who affect to disbelieve that any value attached to advertising. They know that unfavorable newspaper notices injure their business and yet (strange inconsistency,) hold that judicious advertising of that same business is worth nothing to them.

It is a notable fact that, in this community, the men in all departments of trade, who advertise most liberally and persistently, do the largest business and are the most successful in securing customers.

There is a common mistake among those who even consider themselves business men about what is the best time to advertise. When business is dull they think they can't afford it; and when times are flush and they have a plenty to do, they think there is no necessity for it. But a little reflection should satisfy all such that the real time to make the greatest effort is when business is dull, for the man who advertises judiciously, keeps himself before the people, and makes the greatest effort, will get the largest share of the trade that is being done.—A merchant or tradesman would not think of taking his sign down because business is dull; no more should he withdraw his name from the newspaper in which the people have been accustomed to see it, for they might suspect that he had withdrawn from business. Besides, there are always new customers coming into the market, and before they come to the city for their supplies, they look at the newspapers to see who advertises the articles they want.

Lastly: the local newspaper is a fair reflew of the business of the city or town in which it is published. People abroad properly regard its columns as a fair index of the business and enterprise of the place in which it is published, and if it contain little or no local advertising, they conclude that there is not much being done there, and it is not the market for them. These are facts which the experience and observation of every business man and newspaper reader must attest. A traveling newspaper, barren of local advertisements, is the sign of a decaying and business deserted town, or city. Nothing can be truer than that.

SOFT BEDS.—There are differences in opinion in regard to the best beds for refreshing sleep, some persons advocating soft and some hard beds. The difference between them is that the weight of a body on a soft bed presses on a larger surface than upon a hard bed, and consequently more comfort is enjoyed. Hard beds should never be given to little children, and parents who suppose that such beds contribute to health by hardening and developing the constitution are surely in error. Eminent physicians—both here and in England—concur in this opinion, and state that hard beds have often proved injurious to the shape of infants. Birds and animals cover their offspring with the softest materials they can obtain, and also make soft beds for them; and the softness of a bed is not evidence of its being unwholesome. But if it is not kept sweet and clean by daily airings and frequent beatings—whether it is hard or soft—is surely injurious to health.—*Country Gentleman.*

A QUEER PIC NIC.—A subscriber in the country writes that he attended a picnic last week which passed off in a very novel manner. The young man in black pantaloons was there, but he didn't sit down on a custard pie; a bug lit on the back of a girl's neck, and she didn't scream loud enough to bring out the fire department in the nearest town, five miles distant; a garter snake confronted several young ladies who were eating lunch, and no one fainted; the young man in white trowsers was not asked to climb a tree and put up a swing; a cross bull did not chase a foraging party across a ten-acre lot, and an angry thunder storm didn't come up about four o'clock and dampen the enjoyment and dresses of the picknickers. We never heard of a picnic like this before.—It should have been stuffed and preserved as a curiosity.—*Norristown Herald.*

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business,' said his wife.

A Time-Saving Invention.

There is apparently no limit to the practical application of electricity to the uses of every day life. The electric light has closely followed the telephone, and the latter has become an ordinary commonplace affair. Since then, according to the *Scientific American*, a novel and important improvement in a special field of telephonic use has been reported from London. Our readers are familiar with the principle of Mr. Edison's electromotograph or loud-speaking telephone. By employing his small electric motor to turn the chalk cylinder the telephone is made automatic. Instrument of this sort have been placed in, and a large number more are in preparation, for the London *Times* newspaper office; and the reporters of the paper, say in parliment, instead of reading their shorthand notes to copyists, and transmitting the longhand copy to the printer, as heretofore, now read them directly to the telephone thus saving the time of copying and carrying the report. In the printing-office the compositor sits at a type-setting machine, and, as the report is delivered to him by the automanic telephone, he sets the type as one would play a tune upon a piano. Having no copy to decipher, his whole attention is given to the setting of the type, and another great saving of time is effected. The indications are that by the use of autographic and automatic telegraphy (in conjunction, perhaps, with stenographic type-writers) reports of public meetings will soon be almost instantly transmitted through long distances and at a fraction of expense which such work now involves. By the same process, drawings as well as writings, will be transmissible quickly and economically. Such inventions open up lines of progress too far reaching for the boldest imagination to follow.

How He'd do It.

Several men were gathered at the door of a blacksmith shop on Cass avenue, Detriot, the other morning, when a school-boy not over nine years of age came along with tears in his eyes, and one of the group asked:

"What's the matter, boy—fall down?'

"N-no, but I've got a hard 'rithmetic lesson and I expect to get l-licked!' was the answer.

"Let me see, I used to be king-bee on fractions.'

The man took the book, turned to the page, and read:

"Rule 1—Find the least common multiple of the denominators of the fractions for the least common denominator. Divide this least common denominator by each denominator and multiply both terms of the fractions by the quotient obtained by each denominator.'

He read the rule aloud and asked if anyone could understand it. All shook their heads, and then continued:

"Well, now, I think I should go to work and discover the least common agitator. I would then evolve a parallel according to the intrinsic deviator and punctuate the thermometer.'

"So would I!' answered every man in chorus, and one of them added; "I've worked 'em out that way a thousand times!'

No one of them, all of whom were in business and had made money, could even understand the working of the rule, much less work examples by it, and yet it was expected that a nine-year old boy should go to the blackboard and do every sum offhand.

OLIVE LOGAN'S OPINION OF MEN.—A women's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of him taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to 'hands off.' He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten-fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm, and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunities of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few more words of advice and close. Keep young girls off the street, except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the post-office every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instill into their very nature that they are safer in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A supremely happy and green young countryman, with an equally ardent and happy bride, came to the city to spend Christmas, and upon seeing their names, Mr. and Mrs. ——, for the first time in writing on the register of the hotel, got considerably flurried, and when pointed to the elevator, walked in at once, wondering what a small parlor it was tor such a big house. The young man sudenly remembered that he had forgotten his carpet-bag, and ran back to the office for it, while the elevator conductor whisked off the surprised bride up six flights of steps, and brought down another lady whom the husband embraced, supposing it to be his restored wife. In the meantime, the abducted lady found her wits and the way down stairs, and arrived in time to witness the rapturous embrace. The tableau was highly effective; and it took four clerks and seven black waiters, assisted by the steward, to explain the situation.

FOR a game of chess lately at Prague four young officers divided a billiard table into sixty four squares with the aid of a piece of chalk and then used bottles of wine to represent chessmen. A bottle of champagne was king, a bottle of Borbeaux queen, and other kinds of wine represented the rooks, knights and so on, the rule of the game being that whoever made a move must drink the bottle of wine which he touched. The gamd was not a success, for the Austrian newspaper which tells the story says "only a dozen moves were made before the four players were under the table.'

A tavern keeper on the San Bruno, Cal., road was aroused the other night by an antiquated old granger, who sat over the front wheels of an open lumber wagon, and who was evidently much disturbed about something: "I say, mister," said the rustic, scratching his head with the butt of his whip, "this here's the road to 'Frisco, ain't it?" "Certainly; but old man what have you done with your hind wheels?" "Great Scott!" exclaimed the old party rubbing his specs and looking behind him, "it I haven't gone and lost them wheels. That explains the whole thing. Seemed like I'd been going up such an all-fired long hill I was beginning to think I had lost the way."

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