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American Union.

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The American Union,

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BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

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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.

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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.

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,

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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 Real Estate, &c.

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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.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe:
The better bred will look ahead
And strike the braver blow,
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaper bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

WHO SHALL WIN?

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"Young gentlemen," said Doctor Folio, Principal of the Oakland Classical Academy, "I am desirous of encouraging the study of English composition among you, and with this object in view I offer a prize of ten dollars for the best essay handed in by any of your number, during the present term, upon the subject which I am about to announce.'

There was a hush of expectation as the doctor paused.

"The subject will be, 'The lessons to be learned from the life and character of George Washington.' I have made this selection because you are all familiar with the career and characteristics of this great man, and will, therefore, work on an equal footing.'

Doctor Folio proceeded to announce the required length of the essays, and the date at which they must be handed in. He concluded thus:

"Your manuscripts must be neatly written, and free from blots. A slovenly manuscript will fail to receive the prize, whatever its literary merits.'

This announcement was received with profound interest by the fifty pupils of the academy. All considered the prize well worth trying for. To a school-boy ten dollars represent a large sum. Then, again, the honor of carrying it off would be great, and confer an honorable distinction upon the lucky winner. Of course, all the boys spoke of the prize-offer at home.

One of the boys most interested was Julian Holmes, son of a prominent lawyer in Oakland.

"It is an excellent thought of Doctor Folio,' said Mr. Holmes, in a tone of approval. "I take it for granted, Julian, that you will compete.'

"I certainly shall, father, said Julian.

"Your chance ought to be a good one. You are a very good writer for a boy.'

"Yes, father, I think my chance is good.—I only wish I felt sure of it. The successful writer is to read his essay aloud at the exhibition on the last day of the term.'

Julian's face flushed as he said this, for he was very ambitious, and had a large share of approbativeness. That is, he enjoyed the esteem and respect of his fellow-pupils and his friends.

"It would be very gratifying to me, Julian, if you would win the prize,' his father said.

"I will do my best, father.'

"A father is naturally proud of the success of his children, continued Mr. Holmes. "I am so desirous that you should win this prize that I will make you an additional offer.'

Julian listened eagerly.

"You have often asked me to buy you a row-boat, Julian.'

"Yes, father.'

"Should you carry off this prize, I will buy you one that you may feel proud of.'

"Oh, thank you, father!' said Julian, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "How kind you are! There is nothing I should like so well.'

"Don't thank me yet, Julian,' returned his father, with a smile. "Bear in mind that you haven't won the prize, or got the boat yet.'

"But I mean to have both, father,' said Julian confidently.

"I hope you may, my boy. You may be sure that I shall have great pleasure in carrying out my part of the contract.'

There was no fear now but that Julian would exert himself to the utmost. That his chances were excellent, all his school-mates were agreed. Indeed, it was generally thought that the prize lay between him and Harry Carter, a boy of about his own age.

There was a great deal of difference between the two rivals in social position, though as regards scholarship and talent they were on an equality.

Julian, as I have said, was the son of a prominent lawyer, whose large professional income enabled him to live in handsome style; while Harry was the son of a poor widow, and paid his tuition by sweeping out the academy, and acting as janitor. He received a small weekly sum in addition to his tuition.

I am glad to say that Harry was none the less respected by his school-fellows because he performed these menial duties. He was a frank, manly boy, and as popular as Julian.—In fact, the two boys were excellent friends, although they were rivals—a fact which was creditable to both.

Some poor boys are disagreeably envious of their more fortunate companions, and some rich boys are mean enough to look down upon those who occupy a lower social position.

Harry Carter was quite as much interested as Julian in the announcement which the principal had made. He was honorably ambitious of the distinction which would accrue to the winner of the prize; and, moreover, the ten dollars would be a material help to his mother.

It was certain to go to her, if won; for Harry had no idea of appropriating the money selfishly. He knew what a hard struggle with the world his mother had, and he was anxious to help her in every way.

"I shall be a happy boy if I win that prize, mother,' he said, when he returned home from school. "Think how much good ten dollars will do us.'

"That is true, Harry; but there is something more. I shall be proud of you if you succeed.'

"So shall I, mother,' said Harry, frankly, laughing as he spoke.

"Your chance ought to be good, Harry,' said his mother.

"It is good. The boys seem to think it will be between Julian Holmes and myself.'

"Then Julian is a good writer?' inquired Mrs. Carter, anxiously.

"Excellent! I think, mother, honestly, that he stands rather a better chance than I.'

"That is because you are modest, Harry, said Mrs. Carter, who, like most mothers, was a little inclined to over-estimate her boy.

"No, mother, I am not particularly modest, but in calculating the chances, I can't help feeling that Julian stands fully as good a chance as I, and perhaps better.'

Harry needed no other incentive to exertion, but one was added. A day or two later, he carried the quarter's rent to Mr. Delano, a dealer in books and stationery, who owned the small cottage tenanted by Mrs. Carter. He, too, had a son enrolled among the students at the academy.

"Well, Harry,' said Mr. Delano, pleasantly, "are you going to win the prize Doctor Folio has offered?'

"I am going to try, sir.'

"My son tells me that you are one of the leading competitors.'

"I think that I have a fair chance, sir,' said Harry, modestly.

"Whom do you fear most?'

"Julian Holmes.'

"So he's your chief rival? I hope it don't disturb your friendship.'

"Not at all, sir. Julian is a splendid fellow; and, if I can't win, I hope he will.'

"That is the right spirit, my boy. I am glad you are free from envy and jealousy. I know Julian, and agree with you that he is an excellent boy. Yet I hope you may win, because you need it more.'

"Julian will do his best. His father has promised to buy him a handsome row-boat if he succeeds.'

"And what extra inducement have you?'

"Nothing, sir, beyond the ten dollars. That sum will be very useful to mother. She will be very much pleased with my success; but she can't afford to offer me anything.'

"Of course not, Harry; but I can.'

Harry looked at the bookseller with surprise. What could he mean?

"I feel very friendly to you and your mother, mother,' the bookseller went on. "Your father was a schoolmate of mine. Now for my proposal. If you win this prize, I will take you into my store at a salary of five dollars a week—that is, if you care to come.'

Harry's eyes sparkled with pleasure. He felt as if a fortune were promised him.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Delano!' he said.—"There is nothing I should like better. It would make us very comfortable.'

"Then do your best to earn the place, my boy.'

"You may be sure I shall do my best, sir; but I will ask one favor.'

"What is that, Harry?'

"Don't let my mother hear of your kind offer.'

"Why not?' asked the bookseller, looking puzzled.

"Because, sir, she will be so much more disappointed if I fail. If I succeed, I should like to have the pleasure of telling her myself.'

"Your are very considerate, Harry. It shall be as you say.'

So it chanced that both Julian and Harry had every inducement to work hard for the prize.

Both began early, and, three days before the time when the essays were to be handed in, each had completed his task.

They were walking home from school together, when Julian said:

"I have a proposal to make to you Harry.'

"What is it?'

"It seems to be thought that the prize is likely to come to one of us.'

"Yes.'

"I would like to read yours. Suppose you come up to my house this evening. I have a room where we shall not be disturbed. We will read our essays aloud, and compare sides. Of course we will leave them unchanged, and send them in as they are.

Harry accepted the invitation with alacrity. He was anxious to learn how good an essay his competitor had written.

At eight o'clock he rung the bell, and was admitted by Julian himself, who ushered him into his pleasant little study.

The two boys sat down, and Harry produced his essay.

"Read yours first, Harry,' said Julian.

Harry did so. The essay was well-conceived and well expressed, and did the young writer credit.

Yet Julian could not help secretly thinking that his own was a little superior.

"Your essay is excellent,' he said, and said it honestly.

"Now for yours, Julian,' said Harry.

Julian read his essay. As he proceeded, Harry's face began to lengthen. He was not blinded by partiality for his own composition, and he could not help recognizing the superiority of his friend's.

As Julian concluded, Harry said, sadly:

"You will get the prize, Julian.'

"Don't be too sure of that Harry,' said Julian, his face flushed nevertheless with pleasure at this confirmation of his own judgement.—"Yours is a very good one.'

"But not so good as yours.'

Julian could not help noticing the sadness of Harry's tone, and his generous heart was touched.

"Harry,' he said, "will you promise not to be offended at what I have to propose?'

"You would propose nothing at which I could take offense, Julian.'

"Then if I win the prize, will you let me put the money in your hands, and content myself with the honor?'

"Your offer is a generous one, but I ought not to accept it.

"There is no good reason why you shouldn't Harry. The fact is, I don't care for the money. I should like the honor, and the row-boat which my father will buy me, if I win.'

"Nor, do I care so much for ten dollars, Julian. A good deal more depends on my success.'

"How is that?' asked Julian, surprised.

"Mr. Delona has offered to give me a place at five dollars a week if I succeed.'

Julian whistled.

"Then I don't wonder you want to win, Harry, he said.

"It would be a great thing to us if I could get that place.'

"Cheer up, Harry. You may win, after all. I don't feel at all sure that I shall succeed.'

"I do; but we won't think any more of it this evening. I brought over my books, and, if you like, we will get our morning's lessons together.'

"Just what I should like.'

At ten o'clock, Harry went home.

"Mother,' he said, "I have read Julian's essay, and I think it is better than mine. I have given up all thoughts of the prize.'

"My dear Harry, you are too modest. Your essay is a beautiful one. I am sure you will succeed.'

Harry smiled faintly. He knew his mother was influenced by partiality.

When Julian was left alone, he looked very sober.

"It would be a great shame that Harry should lose his prize when so much depends upon it. Can I give it up? It will be very hard, but it is the only way in which I can help poor Harry.'

There was a long struggle in Julian's mind. He had set his heart upon the row-boat, and he craved the distinction of reading his prize essay at the exhibition. But he had a generous heart, and selfishness was subdued.

He deliberately dipped his pen deep in the ink, and dropped a large blot on the first page of his neatly written essay.

"There,' he said, with a sigh, "that spoils my chances.'

He replaced the disfigured manuscript in his desk, went to bed.

* * * * * * *

Exhibit day came. It was the day on which public announcement was to be made to the winner of the English prize, and there was great excitement in the school.

What puzzled to other scholars was the sober faces of the two leading competitors, and their indisposition to talk of the matter.

"They are afraid of each other,' was the general verdict. "Both are feeling anxious.'

It was not till the close of the exercises that Doctor Folio proceeded to award the prize.

"Young gentlemen,' he said, "of the essays presented in competition for the prize which I offered some weeks since, all are creditable.—There are two which are manifestly superior to the rest. These are the essays offered by Julian Holmes and Harry Carter. The former is, on the whole, the better of the two, and would be entitled to the prize but for one fatal objection. It is disfigured by a blot, and this bars it out. I therefore adjudge the prize to Harry Carter, who will come forward and receive it.'

During this speech Julian sat with downcast face, but at the close he returned Harry's benevolent look with such a friendly and cordial smile that no one would have suspected his disappointment.

Harry read his essay, and was greeted with prolonged cheers.

When the exercises were over, his friends pressed forward with congratulations. Among them was Julian.

"Dear Harry,' he said, "I congratulate you heartily on your success.'

"Julian,' said Harry, in a low voice, "I think I understand it. You spoiled your essay to help me.'

"Hush!', said Julian, smiling. "I have nothing to regret.'

"I will tell Doctor Folio. You ought to have the credit of it.'

"So I have. Didn't he say mine was a little better. No, Harry, let matters stand as they are.'

"If it were not so important for me to win, I would not accept your sacrifice.'

"You mustn't find an apology for my carelessness,' said Julian, at this moment better satisfied than if the prize were his.

"I will never forget your generous kindness, dear Julian!'

And Harry pressed his hand warmly.

"What does this mean,' Julian?' asked his father, angrily, when they reached home.—"How could you be so inexcusably careless? You know how much I wished you to succeed.'

"Let me explain, father. I don't think you will blame me after you have heard all.

Julian told the story briefly, acknowledging the hard struggle he had with himself before he could make up his mind to sacrifice his ambition on the altar of friendship.

"My dear boy,' said the lawyer, his face radiant with pleasure, "I am far prouder of you than if you had won the prize. You have shown a noble heart, and you shall lose nothing by it. The row-boat shall be yours, and you shall have a better one even than I intended to give you.'

So Julian obtained his boat and Harry his place, and they became warmer friends than ever. The rivalry which might have alienated less generous natures only riveted them more strongly together.—*Golden Days.*

FROM KITCHEN TO THRONE.—We read of peculiar things happening in life, and a wise man should be surprised at nothing. In like manner a comely and modest woman has often a fortune in her face if she knows how beauty should become her, to wit: During the trouble in the reign of King Charles I., a country girl came up to London in search of a place, as servant-maid, but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewery, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl at this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a while, she behaving with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde, (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon,) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue that a daughter, who was afterward the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.—*Land and Water.*

It is not the number of promises a man makes, but the number he keeps, which gives him a position among respectable men.

Fight Between a Cat and a Serpent.

About three weeks ago, during the beautiful sunny weather we have had which induced the trees to bud and bloom, I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about preparing for an early start for spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake sunning. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gun and kill it. But looking around I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed chickens, I concluded to witness his attack upon the snake. The cat crawled on his stomach, pulling along on its feet, whisking its tail from side to side, and every now and then stretching its neck to view the snake. When about eight or ten feet off the snake suddenly coiled up, sprung its rattles, faced the cat and darted its forked tongue out rapidly. The cat commenced a rapid circle around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could hardly keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but through providential reasons it went high above the snake, which also struck at the cat, thus breaking its coil. The cat went too far and by the time it had turned to face its foe, the reptile was again coiled and ready for the attack. The same method was adopted and carried on for four or five times, occupying at least half an hour. The cat wished to catch the snake, but seemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death. At the sixth assault they met and instantly the snake was wrapped in several folds around the body of the cat, which used its sharp claws with deadly effect. The cat had been bitten on the head and neck several times, and both continued to fight. The snake was nearly torn to shreds, but did not unloose its coil around its victim. The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snakes head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake enwrapping the cat in its coils. The snake measured four feet eight inches, and had thirteen rattles.—*Americus (Ga.) Republican.*

A Human Trait.

Burdette, the Burlington *Hawkeye* humorist, while on a recent lecturing tour, spent an idle hour in the woods at Bloomville, Ohio. There were only three idle creatures in the woods, he says. I was the biggest, the oldest and the idlest of the three. A chub of a boy, about six or seven years old, was the next and a black and tan dog, that had treed a squirrel, was the next. I was so pleased with the boy's idle companionship that I paid him a quarter for it, and advised him to stick to it, and never work until he had to, and then, feeling the same community of sentiment for the dog, I went and helped him bark at the squirrel.

The tree was about two hundred feet high. The dog would probably stand about thirteen inches from the floor. He tried to climb that tree. He barked as though his throat was all the ram's horns of Jericho. He was after that squirrel which was just as far out of his reach as the clouds. And the squirrel wasn't paying any attention to the dog, and, indeed didn't know what he was barking at. I am not positive that it had not gone off into another tree an hour ago, and was away off in another part of the woods, down near the county line. So I patted the dog's head as I came away, and said to him:

Carlo, keep it up. It seems to do you a heap of good, and it doesn't bother the squirrel a particle. So keep it up. You can never climb the tree; you will never catch the squirrel; when he wants to come down he will come down without any hesitation another way, and you will not see him. He will live just as long and be just as happy with your noise as without it. It occupies your mind and it doesn't distract his. And it shows a very human trait in you, Carlo. I have known men just like you; men who spent their lives doing just what you are doing—barking at the people who were out of their reach. Keep it up, Carlo, good dog.

Courage in Disease.

Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path, and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive although its physical characteristics remained? This power of "good spirits" is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of disease. It is therefore of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of "good spirits." They too often settle down in despair when professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly short sighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripple who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a higher frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative power of "good spirits."

BEAUTY of face and figure, however we may worship it, is a transitory possession. It has no guarantee of permanency. A fever may destroy the brilliancy of a complexion, or attack of rheumatism may distort the finest-formed limbs and give a crook to the most artistic shape. It is when only personal beauty is united with graces of the mind, that it can be said to outlast the flight of years. The roses on the cheek may fade, and the form may stoop with mortal infirmities, but the charms of wit and imagination, and the virtues which have illustrated a life, will still give a bloom to the countenance and hold their worshippers to the mortal end. Then it may be said with truth of the beautiful woman:

"Age cannot wither her,
Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

ABOUT KISSING.

Little child, when twilight shadows
Close the western gates of gold,
Then the loving arms of mother's
Tenderly about thee fold.
Over lips, and cheek, and forehead,
Like a shower caresses fall;
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy, sweet face and downcast eyes
Two white, trembling hands imprisoned,
How the golden moments flies!
Lips that softly press thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget—
On thy smiling lips uplifted,
Full of love his kisses fall,
For a husband's kiss parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children
With their dimple hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain or care;
Lead your doubting heart to heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall,
For the sinless kiss of childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

—*Detriot Free Press.*

Famous for His Apples.

Robert L. Pell, of apple fame is among the recent deaths, writes a New York correspondent. He was the most successful man in this speciality in the world, and his fruit was not only known in the British market, but also in the Orient. As a gentleman farmer he had few equals in America, since he had his elegant rural life highly profitable. He had an immense orchard on the banks of the Hudson, whose product was entirly limited to pippins. The fruit was carefully picked, the inferior quality being culled out for cider. The remainder was then placed in a sweating house, where the moisture was evaporated, after which it was packed in boxes of an exact size and sent to a foreign market. Pell found the fruit business the best kind of agriculture, and it made him immensely rich. He owned a fine house in Fifth avenue, which he made his winter home, and it was at this place that he died.

In early life Pell traveled entensively, and not only made the tour of Europe but reached the Orient, including a visit to the Troad.—This in those days was a remarkable distance and he carefully improved the opportunity.—He was a very aggreeable man in conversation, and as a combination of elegant manners and agricultural success he had few equals. The famous pippins have carried his name to a wide range of foreign parts, and if their culture be properly maintained it will be a fortune to his heirs. Pell informed the writer that his immense orchard, numbering 20,000 trees, was all derived from a couple of trees which his granfather brought from Newtown, L. I., whence we now have the term "Newton pippins.' The family had devoted itself to this specialty, which made them rich. No wonder, indeed, when Pell's pippins retailed at nine cents apiece in foreign markets.

Pearl Divers and Sharks.

The pearl divers of the Coromandel Coast are not unfrequently attacked by ground sharks. As a rule, a shark will leave a man with a dark skin alone; but when hungry, it rarely makes a difference between a European and a Hindu. Knowing this, the divers frequently arm themselves with a stout bamboo, in the shape of a cross, with the extremities made sharp. With this four-pointed dagger they will dare any shark to seize them; for, as the monster turns on its back and opens its mouth for the bite, they dexterously thrust the bamboo cross between its jaws.

Great care is taken of the strength of the bamboo; the consequence is that the shark, on closing its mouth to obtain the first taste of its anticipated meal, drives the spikes well home between its jaws. Fisherman say that once a shark has a sturdy, well pointed and placed bamboo cross in its distended mouth, no efforts of the creature can rid it of the wood. Its efforts are described as being often curious and comic. The diver, as soon as he has impaled his enemy, has to get out of the way as fast as possible, for a blow from the tail of an infuriated shark is no joke. As for the comic side of the picture, it must be a ludicrous sight for little fishes to witness to see their dreaded but now impotent, arch-foe, wildly tearing about, hither and thither, in the deep with a crossbar between his distended jaws.

THE STUPID.—Never set a boy down for stupid because he does not make a figure at school. Many of the most celebrated men who have ever lived have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as donkeys. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was restored to his father by the village schoolmaster, with these encouraging words: "There's no use paying good money for his education. All he wants to do is to lie on the grass on his back and stare at the sky. I'm afraid his mind is wrong.' Scientific men have often been flogged for falling into brown studies over their books, and many an artist of the future has come to present grief for drawing all over his copy book and surreptitiously painting the pictures of his geography. Your genius, unless musical, seldom proves himself one in his childhood, and your snug and self-sufficient piece of precocity, who takes all the medals, and is the show scholar of the school, often ends by showing no talent for anything beyond a yard stick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not considered to his credit that he was fond of 'sich trash' as ballads, and could learn them by heart at any time.

Two boys, surrounded by five or six others, sat on the grass on Ledyard street and played cards. A citizen, who knows that card-playing leads into the broad road to wickedness, halted and said to one of the players:

"Ah! my boy, don't you know that you are in a fair way to be ruined?'

"I am, eh!' replied the youngster as he held up his hand of cards and showed four trumps and an ace; "you just hold on here a minute, and if I don't show you that the other boy is all wrenched to pieces and ruined to death, I'll eat the jack of spades and cut my throat with the jack of clubs!'

He was taking every "trick" as the citizen passed on.

He Reckoned He Did.

It is not intended that some men shall marry peacefully. Bill Skittles lives in South Arkansas. For the past six months he has been studying for the ministry and it occurred to Bill several days ago that just before instituting a revil it would be a good idea to get married. He mentioned the subject to a young lady and asked her to share his ministerial melancholy and hilarity, but the young lady said she had promised to marry Zeb. Monk, the professional well cleaner of the neighborhood. "Oh, well,' said the minister, "I am pretty well acquainted with Zeb. and don't believe he'd kick.' The young lady finally agreed and the wedding day was fixed.

Grand preparations were made. The girl's brothers had caught a couple of possuns and the old lady had baked an immense sweet potato pie. The justice of the peace arrived.—The parties took their places. The juctice proceeded with the ceremony, when Zeb. Monk walked in and demanded:

"Let up thar, boss. Say, cap'n turn that gal loose.'

"I reckon I won't,' replied Bill,

"Well, then,' said Zeb. drawing a revolver, "I'll kinder resort to extremities.'

"See here,' remarked Bill, "are you yearnest about this thing?'

"I reckon I am.'

"Do you mean hog's head and turnip greens?'

"I reckon I do.'

"Right down to corn bread and cabbages?'

"I reckon it is.

"Well, then, you can take the gal. It was only sweet milk and pie with me. I'm in fun. I had a new pair of trousers and didn't know what to do with 'em. Come a little closer. Is it spar ribs and backbones?'

"I reckon it is.'

"Then I know the gal's yourn,' and, with a slight change in the license, the marriage proceeded.

Round-Shouldered Morality.

There is a great deal of morality in the world that would be improved by shoulder braces to make it upright.

The man who has an inexorable rule for others to go by and goes at loose ends himself, has a good deal of shoulders stoop in his morality.

One hundred dollars given in ostentatious charity by a man who refuses his family the comforts of a loving and charitable disposition, will have to be put down as an asset of a round shouldered morality.

The young man who loves his sister's good name and ruins the good name of somebody else's, has morality that has grown round-shouldered too early in life.

The man who sends his children to Sunday school that he may have a quiet day at home, has got a trifling stoop in the shoulders of his morality.

The merchant who assures you that his goods are 'pure' and knows just how they are adulterated—he has the same difficulty.

The clergyman who 'plagiarizes' or 'assimilates' from memory his sermons, not only has round-shouldered morality, but his religion is hump-backed.

The woman who gives all her attention to dress and allows her children to grow up minus the loving firmness of a mother's hand, has her shoulder weighted with a doubtful morality.

He who allows one virtue to hide many vices if sadly in need of a moral brace.

The young man who does that which would cause his mother to blush for his good name, is growing round-shouldered in morality, and will be doubled with sin before gray hairs show on his head.

REMEMBERING THE TEXT.—There was a man and his wife, who were regular attendants at church. The wife could always remember the text, but the husband, whose memory was not very good, could never remember it. Now it so happened that the wife could not attend one Sunday, and she requested the husband to bring her the text. He thought he would tax his mind with it, so he could remember it. The preacher took his text, which was, "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar." He repeated the text over, and over, while in church, and repeated it after church, but on his way home he met with a friend, and commenced conversation on another subject, and he thought no more of the text till he reaches in sight of home when the text came to his mind. He tried his best to think of it, and just as he stepped upon the threshold of the door he thought he had it. When he walked in, the wife asked him for the text. O I remember it this time: "His aunt came down from New Haven took a live colt by the tail and jerked him clear out of his halter."

A NOVEL use for glass has been recently found, and so far it answers well, viz.: as sleepers for tramway lines. Soon after Dela Bastile introduced his method of toughening glass, Mr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, commenced a series of researches, which have culminated at present in the production of a very hard glass, which, unlike the material produced by the De la Bastile method, does not fly into a million fragments when broken. The sleepers, which are being tested on the North Metropolitan line of England, at Stratford, are three feet long and four inches wide, by six inches deep, the upper side being shaped to fit the rails. The glass sleepers are not so strong as those cut from sound pine, but they are practically indestructible, and, what is more, are cheap.

GIRARD COLLEGE now contains 870 orphans, and its income has so increased since Girard's death that the new buildings necessary to receive this large number have been built entirely from that income, without trenching on the fund. The college has thus far received and educated 2,464 orphans and has indentured under the provisions of the will 1,028 boys. A large proportion of those who have left its walls are doing satisfactorially in life, while some have already attained distinction.

A BIG six-footed was lifting for all he was worth on a wagon wheel, which was stuck, when a little two-footed mite of humanity, nearly as broad as he was long, and just out of long dresses and into pants, with his hands in his pockets and a swagging air, sang out:—"Mister do you want me to help you? I can grunt while you lift.'

"Hi, boy! I'm a stranger in town. Show me where I can get some wax.' And the boy sent him to the schoolmaster, because he said the schoolmaster had more whacks than any person he knew of.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The musquito almost always succeeds in getting a speech from the person it honors with a serenade.

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