American Union.

PUBLISHED BY J. H. EMERSON. A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Truth and Virtue. $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880. NO. 39

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 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,

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

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.

CANE SEAT CHAIRS $5 per set at B. G. STEVENS.

Poetry.

BY THE SEA.

My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
Is sitting on my knee,
And gazes eagerly afar,
Across the beach, beyond the bar,
Where rolls the restless sea.

She puts her little hand in mine,
And laughs with childish glee,
To see the foaming billows splash,
As on the shore they fiercely dash,
Then glide back silently.

But while she laughs so merrily,
My heart is far away;
And, as I look upon the shore,
Where loud and long the breakers roar,
My sad soul seems to say:

"The sea is like a human life:
It breaks upon the shore
Of time with a resistless might,
And, when the gorl is just in sight,
Dies—to return no more.

"And all along the shore of Time,
Full many a wreck doth lie;
The pangs of many a mad carouse,
Of blasted hopes and broken vows,
Of happy days gone by."

Yet, while I muse in mournful mood,
And gaze upon the sea,
My blue-eyed pet with golden hair,
Whose heart has never known a care,
Whose voice is music in the air,
Still sits upon my knee.

Her head is resting on my breast—
Her eyes in slumber deep;
The same rough sea, whose breakers roar,
And madly, fiercely lash the shore,
Has lulled my chilled to sleep.

AN EASTER CARD.

BY VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

"What can a girl do in our day!' exclaimed Agnes Clement, petulantly.

The speaker rested her elbows on the table and gazed at the lamp.

Opposite was sister Anne, calm, matronly, self-satisfied, mending baby's pinafore.

"Plenty of occupation may be found in profession, if you would seek it,' replied sister Anne, biting off her thread, and forming a new knot. "Painting china, designing wood-cuts, even coloring photographs.'

Agnes raised her head, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, why do you not add taking in washing, or scrubbing down the stairs?' she cried, with scorn and anger.

"That is the difficulty,' continued sister Anne, with unruffled composure. "You are impatient, and despise the beginning. One cannot spring into a full-fledged artist at one bound. Pray, how did the great European artists commence about whom you are so fond of reading? Very modestly, I promise you.'

Agnes made no immediate response. Instead, she ruffled her blonde hair with her hands, and stared moodily at the lamp. The room was plain, and the noise of the street below was audible in the tinkling of a car bell, the rattle of carts on the pavement, the distant strains of a wheezy organ, blending with the footsteps of late customers to the shops. Located on one of the wide business avenues of the city of New York, this modest home of a clerk with a slender salary held dissimilar elements united by close relationship. The very lamp on the table possessed a different significance to the two women seated beside it. To sister Anne, comely, thrifty, and practical, good wife and mother, it was the humble beacon of welcome to the absent husband. To Agnes, imbittered by hard study, overwork, the failures of youthful rashness in unfilled dreams, it meant a dull yellow flame, fed by kerosene oil, and burning monotonously in an ugly room, faintly redolent of cabbage and onions. Such a chamber has often been the cage of genius.

"I could not obtain any of the work you propose, if I tried,' resumed the young artist. "There are more applicants than labor in all fields and in every land.'

"True,' sighed sister Anne, mindful that a week of illness would replace her husband at the store by a dozen eager competitors in need of bread.

A key was inserted in a neighboring door, and the object of her solicitude entered, bringing a gust of keen winter air with him. The husband of sister Anne was a brisk little man, with shrewd blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a spot of red on either cheek-bone. He greeted his family cheerfully while unwinding a silk handkerchief from his throat.

"I've got something for you in my pocket, Aggy,' he said to his sister-in-law. "The very thing for you.'

She looked at him with a faint smile.

"Yes, I came on it quite by accident, I may say—riding up town in the car,' he pursued, with animation.

Then he unfolded a newspaper, and placed his finger on a paragraph. The trio read together the following advertisement:

PREMIUM offered of $100 for best design of Easter card for the approaching season. Competitors are requested to present their applications to LANG AND CO.

Sister Anne read over the shoulder of her husband.

"What a chance for you, Agnes!' she said. "I am confident you would win the prize.—One hundred dollars, too!'

"Lang and Co. are the great lithographers, you know,' supplemented the husband. "I saw it by the merest chance in a column of advertisements. Nothing like reading the papers.'

Agnes studied the paragraph, and made no comment. She grew pale, and her eyes darkened ominously. One would have inferred that she had received some affront, but restrained her indignation. Finally she rose, and took the journal in her hand.

"Thank you, and good night,' she said, dryly.

"Is she offended?' demanded the little man, puzzled.

"She is very silly,' said sister Anne, rather tartly, as she poured a cup of tea and placed some delicate cakes before him.

Agnes went to her room, locked the door, knelt beside the bed, and burst into tears. A prize given by a lithographer was offered to her competition! She had dreamed of fame and artistic excellence! Instead of the mountain-peak where she had longed to plant her standard, the slough of the valley of poverty was destined to engulf her. Oh, the scorching tears of discouragement and humiliation which fell from her eyes! At length she rose and lighted the gas jet, in order to again read the detested advertisement. Her room was cold and bare, partaking of the characteristics of a studio rather than the abode of a woman. In one corner the iron bedstead was concealed by a screen, with a tiny mirror suspended near it; opposite, a stove reached with its rusty pipe to a shelf holding several plaster busts. The windows opened on a glass-covered piazza, the sanctuary of the easel. Here the artist indulged in reveries, or wrought with pencil and brush, forgetful of the hour of the noonday meal, and oblivious of the vicinity of a laundress, who employed the next glass-covered piazza for the purpose of drying linen—a practical industry which brought in far more satisfactory returns, in payment, than did the color box of Agnes Clement. The latter sought the spot now, and seated herself on the sole chair it boasted, mechanically. A large canvas was propped against the wall, representing a half-size Beatrice in Paradise beckoning to a shadowy Dante. Agnes had concentrated the labor, ambition, and hopes of a year's application in this bold attempt, and had entered the lists valliantly for exhibition in the National Academy of Design, and suffered the cruel blow of rejection. Beyond was an Ophelia with yellow hair, who had shared a similar fate the previous year. These lovely heroines languished in the obscurity of the glass piazza, without ever having met the approving smile of an appreciative public. Oh, the cold selfishness of the world, and the wilful blindness of hanging committees and art critics! For the first time Agnes found the smile of Beatrice insipid, and her gaze vacant. A doubt chilled her heart. Quickly she turned the picture to the wall, and sought the casement, gazing forth into the night rather than longer contemplate her own work.

The piazza, located in the rear of the noisy avenue, overlooked the houses of the next street. The residences were aristocratic in proportion as their neighbors were humble. A high brick wall, bordered by a vine of wistaria, in

[illegible] down on the wreck she had occasioned a moment, then withdrew her head, and closed the sash. The plant, an off-shoot of the conservatory's wealth of bloom and fragrance, remained on the ledge where it had fallen.

Now the silk curtains separated, and a gentleman joined her. He was a tall and slender young man in evening dress, with a flower in his button-hole, and he tossed aside a cigarette as he approached.

"There is one for whom life is fortunate,' mused the artist. "How readily I can picture him attaining maturity, smiling and good humored, and growing old in that charming home, surrounded by friends!'

The girl had clasped her hands on the young man's arm, and gazed up into his face. He responded to this thoughtful scrutiny by touching her hair lightly, caressingly, with his lips, and then speaking with a careless laugh.

"Well, I have consented to go to Minnesota for the winter, May. Such nonsense as it is! I should prefer Paris or Italy. A mere trifle of a cough, and all the doctors looking so wise and glum. They rejoice to secure a 'case,' I suppose.'

May disengaged her hands from his arm, and plucked a camelia. Her face was as untroubled as his own.

"I shall return in the spring for our wedding, dearest,' he continued. "What a weather-roughened giant you will have for a bridegroom!'

"Henry, take me with you,' she pleaded, softly. "Do not go away all alone, dear. Let us be married to-morrow.'

"Without the Worth trousseau, *ma mignonne*, and a great reception?' he questioned, half mockingly.

"You should be gallant and say something about beauty unadorned,' said Mary, tossing the camellia at him.

Then the brilliant eyes of the young man clouded, the rich color in his cheek paled with emotion which made his lip tremble.

"My noble girl! my good little wife!' he whispered, folding her closely in his embrace.

Agnes Clement witnessed this scene without divining all its significance, and a tender smile dawned on her own face. The homely devotion of sister Anne to her husband in her cabbage scented dominions did not touch her. The meeting of the two young people in the conservatory moved her profoundly. Was not her artistic taste gratified by their beauty, the light shed through the silk curtains behind them, the rosy shimmer of the girl's draperies, and the shadow of exotic plants meeting above their heads? She remained there motionless long after the pair had disappear, her eyes fixed on the fallen plant, which still rested on the ledge. The stone-work blanched, in contrast, the delicate white blossoms to snow, and the moonbeams touched each petal with a silvery lustre, until the spray resembled the lilies of the Medici chapel in the Church of S. S. Annunziata at Florence. The plant had been cast out into the frosty night, to die and be forgotten in the cold purity of the moonlight, and beneath the cruel brilliancy of the distant stars. If she could have rescued it from such a death by stretching forth her hand, she would have done so; but she was powerless to avert evil. Slowly she returned to her room, extinguished the gas, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. The journal containing the advertisement of Lang and Co. remained on the floor, where she had thrown it down at an earlier hour.

Next morning her first thought was of the neglected plant. Had it survived the night? What had become of it? She hastened to her post of observation of the previous evening. The conservatory sparkled in the morning light and the plant remained on the cornice ledge. Yes, it had perished during the night, cast forth from its home in the balmy hot-house. Already the leaves were shrivelled and blackened, the spray of blossoms drooped wan and ghostly in the dawn, retaining the rose tints of a shell. As Agnes looked at it, the early sunshine, which smote the sparkling colors from the glass dome like the prism of a crystal, also touched the dead flowers with warm, golden rays. Thus the flower soul might be absorbed in sunshine and wafted on, she thought.

Suddenly the artist put her hand to her forehead as if preoccupied with thought, her, eyes dilated, and a smile imparted a warm glow to her usually pale face.

At breakfast she was silent, replying vaguely to the conversation of her brother-in-law. Afterward she went out, and was absent two hours. Returning, she shut herself in the studio, and spread about her recent purchases sheets of paper, new brushes, and a box of water colors. Then she began to work, and as she labored a soft, crooning song welled up to her lips unconsciously.

One Saturday evening, when the little clerk had returned home at an early hour, and was warming his feet luxuriously in slippers before the fire, he was surprised by the hasty entrances of Agnes. The artist's aspect was animated, and she held a sheet of paper in her hand.

"Humphrey, I have decided to compete for the prize of Easter card,' she said quietly.—"Tell me if you like my design.'

Husband and wife hastened to inspect the proffered sketch. They saw an uprooted plant caught on a stone parapet, the blossoms still tinged with rose even in death. Above slanted a shower of golden sunbeams, and on this luminous pathway were inscribed the words,

I am the Resurrection,
And the Life.

"Surely you have never done any work like s, dear,' said sister Anne, kissing the artist ectionately. "I know you consider me no lge of art, but it reminds me of the studies used to make when a girl at home. Do remember gathering the leaves and wild wers in the hedges, and painting them just you held them in your left hand?'

"I burned all that rubbish when I began e seriously,' replied Agnes, with a curling . Flower-painting is all very well for ool-girls.'

Humphrey continued to study the design atively. "I suppose the uprooted plant nifies the human body after death, and the ushine Christ in resurrection. The flower l bloom again,' he said slowly.

'Yes,' replied Agnes. Then she added, in using tone, unmindful that her companions uld not understand her words: "It is the commemoration of the poor plant cast out the cold. *Nobody else missed it!* The servatory is so full.'

'You will win the prize,' affirmed sister ne, the practical.

'If I do, I shall buy baby a new cap and ...ff,' said Agnes, merrily.

A month later the little clerk broght home a letter. "I was attempted to open it, because it bears the stamp of Lang and Co., he exclaimed.

Agnes took the missive, her fingers trembled, and the color rushed to he cheeks. "Accepted,' she said, after a pause.

"We were sure of it,' responded sister Anne and Humphrey in unison.

"Have you seen the Favorite Easter card of the season, ladies?' inquired the clerk of a fashionable store.

With these words he displayed the design of Agnes Clement to a bevy of young ladies.

"How pretty!' exclaimed one.

"The most charming means of atoning for the delinquencies of the past year in letter-writing,' said another.

"I will send one to May and Harry, girls,' added a third. "They must not consider themselves forgotten, so far away, and the Easter card will remind them—'

"Of spring bonnets trimmed with violets and roses,' interrupted the first speaker, laughing. "The banishment must be poky enough, even if they are still bride and bridegroom. I do not believe Harry's lungs were really affected after a cold; his parents are so fussy, you know, because he is an only child.'

On Easter-eve the snow of a late and severe winter still lingered about a little town of the far West, noted for the purity of a dry atmosphere.

The young wife, May Hartwell, put aside the book she had been reading aloud, for her listener had fallen asleep. Her fair face was unclouded by anxiety or trouble. She smiled as she looked at her husband. She had developed the qualities of good wife and nurse, thus tested by experience, although he patient gave her little trouble, except to amuse him. Suffering had not married him; no painful cough racked his frame. He was fatigued, listless, and preferred the sofa, where he rested while making plans for the future. Now he slept, with the light touching his graceful head, the rich Persian colors of his dressing-gown, and the gray fur of the rug spread over him. Certainly he was a trifle delicate, and it was wise to cure symptoms of illness in time. Had she not added her solicitations to those of his family by hastening her marriage in order to take care of him?

She left her seat, and went out noiselessly. It was the hour when letters were distributed in the hotel. At the stairway she paused, and looked down into the lower hall. Half an hour earlier the doctor—a cheerful presence in the lives of the young strangers—had called, bringing with him a friend, quite by accident, as he happened to be in town. This friend, an older physician, had conversed chiefly with May, and about the East. She now perceived the latter standing beside the great stove in the hall, warming his hands, and while she hesitated about descending the staircase in consequence, he was joined by the other physician. The illness of the landlady's baby explained their detention in the house.

"Well, what do you think of the young man above stairs?' inquired the resident doctor, in a low tone.

"Quick consumption, as you say. He may last a fortnight, and he may be gone to-morrow,' was the grave response.

May drew back, shocked and grieved, and returned to her rooms. Who was the young man above stairs? She did not know. To-morrow she would ask the kind doctor about him. Perhaps he was poor and alone. Harry still slept and she resumed her seat. Then, with her dimpled chin resting on her hand, she suffered thought to bear her back to her distant home, the bevy of young friends who had remembered her in the shop the Easter season. The clock struck eleven. Decidedly her invalid should be in bed, but she was reluctant to disturb his refreshing slumber. Again she rested her dimpled chin in her palm; her own eyelids closed.

A sensation of cold and fear awakened her. "Harry! Where are you my dear?' she said, bewildered by sleep and fright.

The lamp was burning low; the clock struck one; and the luminous whiteness of the outside world, where all nature was veiled in snow, invaded the silent room. May approached the sofa. Harry still slept. His face was pale, and the features appeared sharper, pinched, as if the cold of the night had chilled them. Midnight had sounded and it was already Easter-day. May knelt beside the couch, and softly chafed the cold hand, as a gentle means of awakening him. Then he opened his eyes and looked at her. There was something so profound, steadfast and strange in his gaze that her heart ceased to beat; words of endearment remained frozen on her lips. Suddenly an awful change swept over the young man's face; terror dilated his beautiful dark eyes; a quivering light irradiated his pinched features.

"May!' he gasped, threw his arms about her neck, and leaned his head on her shoulder.

Silence succeeded. The lamp waned; the white arctic light invaded more boldly the chamber. What happened? What dreaded presence and power was here? The head on Mays shoulder became heavy, inert; her lover, bridegroom, husband, was dead. Stunned and crushed by the overwhelming blow she did not yet recognize the truth in its full significance.

A lifetime of anguish may be compressed into twenty-four hours. Thus the young wife occasioned more anxiety to those about her than her dead in the following days, after her discovery on Easter morning, stretched insensible beside the sofa. Plunged in the depths of despair or maddened by grief, she crouched beside the bed, silent and frozen, or threw herself prone upon the floor, tearing her hair.—She demanded of the kind doctor, with haggard eyes, if the young man above-stairs had been her own husband, and he endeavored to soothe without understanding her. She besought the inanimate clay to forgive her for sleeping. "I did not know we should have only a few moments together before our life should end,' she moaned. Then she demanded of her companions, the earth, the sky:

"Where has he gone? How shall I find him again?'

Words of consolation and resignation fell on deaf ears. The landlady and the women went in helpless sympathy, but May shed no tears. The doctor alone retained his usual composure. How often had he witnessed similar scenes! Telegrams were sent and received, friends were hastening to the aid of the living, and to obtain a last glimpse of the dead; all those silent and professional duties were transpiring about her, of which she took no heed. She clung desperately to her post beside the bed, and remained there, dry-eyed, wild, launching those reckless reproaches at God and man which frequently mark the passionate ebullitions of a first grief. If there was a merciful Saviour, who heals all wounds of the soul, as the clergyman said, He had forgotten her! If there was a God, he had only robbed her! Why could not another be snatched away by the angel of death? Then silence would ensue, dreary, immobile, rigid, the young watcher sitting with clasped hands, and her face of the same blue pallor as the marble face on the pillow.

The landlady detained the doctor outside the door.

"She has not slept or tasted food for twenty-four hours,' she whispered. "Her brain will turn. The shock was too great for her, and she has the look of a madwoman already.

The doctor held a letter. An idea came to him. The letter had just arrived by the post, and could not concern the recent bereavement. He entered the chamber of death, approached May, and presented the letter, saying, in natural tones: "This letter has just come. You will be kind enough to open it.'

Surprised, she raised her head, received and mechanically tore open the envelope. An Easter card was disclosed. An uprooted plant drooped on a stone parapet, with rays of sunshine slanting down in a golden tide, and in these rays the words were traced,

I am the Resurrection,
And the Life.

May read the card, and turned it over in her hand. The doctor paused behind her, the landlady stood in the doorway. Then a sound became audible in the room, a tumultuous sobbing, and the window fell on her knees, clasping one of the dead hands, and covering it with tears and kisses.

"I am the resurrection and the life,' she repeated, tremulously. "Oh, beloved, I shall find you again!'

The Easter card had fallen on the floor.—The doctor raised it, and placed it on the foot of the bed.

When the winter of another year brought its snows and clear star-lit nights, Agnes Clement still wrought in her studio, the glass covered piazza. The place was changed. Flowers now bloomed everywhere, with the difference between the piazza and the conservatory that the artist had painted. Roses swayed lightly on their stalks in the sketches on the wall, violets and daisies were scattered in profusion over boxes and fans; fairies peeped from blossoms on ornamented cards,; portrait heads smiled from the centre of dishes garlanded in ivy and ferns. A glance into the domain of sister Anne would also have revealed little additional luxries and comforts unattainable with the modest salary of Humprhey. Agnes had learned to love her task, and dealt tenderly with the flowers; hence her success. Occasionally her attention strayed to a distant corner consecrated to Beatrice in Paradise and Ophelia, and at such moments she sighed.

Opposite the superb conservatory still bloomed in the sunshine, and here appeared occasionally a pale young lady in deep mourning, whose grave face seemed to have forgotten how to smile. The artist recognized her as the girl in the pink dress and jewels, and associated her garb with the absence of the brilliant young man. That was all. Between them was a gulf, and thought did not span it. Had Agnes penetrated the spacious mansion of her neighbor, she would have seen in May's chamber, placed where her eyes beheld it as the first object in awakening, an Easter card framed in ebony, and veiled with crape. Sir Arthur Helps has written. "We are all so intertwined that the same wave beats over shore.'

Taking Care of Things

An elderly lady of great sagacity was engaged in looking over a trunk of rare old laces and embroideries for the purpose of distributing them among a number of grandnieces. It was observed that the portion laid aside for a certain niece contained the choicest and most delicate selections. On being asked why she made this difference, the old lady replied: 'I give these to Mary because she understands the art of taking care of things. In her hand they will last and retain their freshness for years, while the other girls would probably ruin and destroy them in a few months.'

The good old lady had really discovered and explained the secret of the great difference in the appearance and dress of many young ladies and of older ones, too. Laces, embroideries, neck ties, gloves, and, in fact, all the little refinements and elegancies of costume depend for their looks on the care taken of them. It displays a real lack of personal refinement, for a lady to wear crumpled, worn or solid finery. There is no need and no excuse for it. All these delicate little articles of adornment can be so carefully laid away when not in use that their freshness and beauty shall be preserved. So with gloves; so with fine dresses or garments of any sort. To see an elegant silk all full of wrinkles, looking as though it had been slept in, or to see a handsome cloak all out of shape and dotted with lint though being carelessly hung up under other clothes in a wardrobe, is offensive in the extreme to refined taste. On the contrary, the daintily cared for lace and ribbon looking fresh and bright as though just bought, the carefully-done-up collar, the carefully-kept, unwrinkled dress, all mark the woman of real refinement and of skill in taking care of things.

And the same art is a most necessary one in order to preserve the attractive appearance of our homes. The house-keeper who knows how to use things, and yet takes care of them, is possessed of a happy secret. It does children no good, it does not make them a whit happier, to allow them to pound or scratch or abuse thinghs. Entirely too much latitude has of late been allowed children in this direction. If children wish to cut wood or drive tacks or ride on chairs, by all means let them have a play-room where proper material will be afforded them, but compel them to respect good nature. They are no better for being allowed to put their feet on chair seats or the carved support of the centretable. They have no business to put candy on the piano or smear it with greasy fingers. They may just as well be taught that the carpet is not the place for muddy boots nor the floor of the place for their hats. The mother's work is to give line upon line and precept upon precept in any case, and one of the best things which she can teach her children through this educational process is the art of taking care of things.

The New Game.

The dead-beat permits nothing to get ahead of him except a funeral procession. Recently a seedy-genteel, who seemed to be greatly excited, rushed into a place on Woodward avenue, Detroit, and wildly inquired if they had a telephone there. Being answered in the affirmative, he rushed to the instrument, threw his hat on the floor and called out:

"Hello! Central office—for Heaven's sake hello! hello! hello!'

"Is there a fire?' asked the merchant.

"Fire! keep still—wait—oh! Heavens! why don't they answer me! Hello! Central office! Ah! I have them! Connect me with sub-office on Duffield street—quick—life depends!'

"Somebody dying?' asked the merchant.

"Keep still—for your life, keep still! Ah! sub-office! Connect me with No.—— Cass avenue as soon as you can! Hello! hello! Mary! Ah! it is her! Mary, your mother has been run over by a street car on Jefferson avenue and will die! I'll bring her up in a carriage! Get everything ready! Send James for the doctor—good bye!'

"Somebody hurt?' asked the merchant.

"Somebody hurt? No! Yes! I'm half crazy! I must get a carriage. Ah! left my wallet at the office down the river! I'll tell Mary—no, I'll ask you for $2 until I come down after dinner!'

The merchant looked at the fellow for a few seconds and then walked to the telephone.—The sub-office was saying:

"Who was getting off that rigmarole to Mary, and who was Mary? We don't connect with No.—— Cass avenue! If you don't stop your nonsense we'll cut you off!'

The merchant turned to overhaul his customer, but shabby genteel had slid. Perhaps he took his poor mother up on a wheelbarrow.

A Mean Advantage.

A distressing occurrence, which should be a warning to all unmarried men occurred the other evening on the West Side, the victim being a youth of the most exemplary habits, and almost the sole support of a poker game into which he had been roped early in the season. For some time past he has been paying attention to a beautiful but experienced girl of 20, his natural timidity, however serving as a shield to ward off the dangers which always attend enterprises of the kind in which he was engaged. Seeing that he was not to be captured by ordinary means, the cold-blooded siren conceived a plot which she immediately proceeded to put into execution. The next time her victim called he was ushered into the lair commonly known as the parlor, and induced to deposit him self in a large arm chair, while the assassin of his happiness secured an adjacent sofa. Knowing that he was an admirer of fast horseflesh, the striped stocking demon artfully directed the conversation in that direction, and finally asked what a handicap was. "Why," said the young man, it is a race in which the horses carry different weights; for instance, one that carries 120 pounds, while all the rest are in at 100 or so, is said to be handicapped:" "Then," said the sorceress, while a cold light seemed to be emitted from her eyes, "if I were to sit on your knee you would be handicapped at 145 pounds, wouldn't you?" It is hardly necessary to say that the unfortunate man made no resistance, that in a moment she was seated there, and that the old man opened the door at precisely the right time.

Buttons will be as fanciful as ever this summer.

Harbingers of Spring.

The nap on seven-dollar ulsters is worn off, and there is a neat fringe border on the bottom of trousers' legs.

Boils begin to look for a comfortable place on a man's system to locate, and succeed in finding it, in spite of all efforts to sit down on them.

Liver pills and bitters are in active demand, and "bad blood" is purified. Then follows peace in the land.

Homely girls who have made a successful season, buy up their wedding clothes and get married before summer. Flirtation begin. We always noticed that homely girls marry in the spring and pretty ones in the fall.

The small boy grows superlatively saucy and refuses to take his sulphur and molasses unless he is rewarded by a nickel, this merely shows his financial acumen.

Hens that have been loafing about all winter "on their oars," when eggs were forty cents a dozen, show a disposition to glut the market at fifteen cents.

The housewife decides that two new carpets are needed, and because she can't get them, pounds the old ones to pieces out in the back yard.

Lettuce is in market, but on the top shelf, where poor folks can't reach it.

Potatoes show a disposition to be frisky, and young sprouts are continually coming out.

Fellows with shabby overcoats leave them at home and bravely shiver down the street in the chilly wind.

Farmers brine in wrinkled and withered turnips and palm them off for just dug, when you know they must have been picked from the trees before frost came.

The oldest inhabitant begins his series of lies about planting peas in January and picking roses in March.

Grocers work off their surplus "brown Havana" as maple sugar, pure and undefiled.—This is not only a harbinger of spring, but an evidence of total depravity and a disposition to "sweeten" the public.

"Great clearing out sales" spring up on every side, and you can buy anything you don't want at ridiculously low prices.

The advance guard of the house fly legion flutters his wings in the butter, and dies of chillblains.

Stockholders in gas companies smile broadly as they note the receipts of the "heavy quarter," and there is great poverty and gnashing of teeth among gas consumers.

Josh Billings to Choir Singers.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich, you can buy some store hair, if he is very rich buy some more, and build it high upon your head; then get a high priced bonnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high grown artefishals onto the highest part of it. This will help you to sing high, as sparano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next to you, Em Jones, which sets on the second seat from the front up the left hand side, has her bonnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the sopharano. Coff and flem a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artifishals off your bonnit, and when you come to a high note brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side, and open your mouth the widest on that side, snet the eye just a triphle on the same side, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gits under hedway with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf of your note-book. That's what the leaf was made for. Git sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laifs in the congregashun and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chance for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsen't say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bean before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

YOUR OWN INCLINATION.—In choosing an occupation for life, follow your own inclination, if possible. If a boy is intent on being a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant, it is useless to attempt to make a farmer of him. Let him go. The instincts of his nature teach him his position in life. A close view of the world, however, will soon convince any one that many have mistaken their calling. No matter for that. The man who has failed in his first love would not have been happy had he been thwarted by others in his early choice. To him labor would have been a burden and life a servitude. Consult tenderly with the promising boy—set before him, but not in too highly colored pictures, the advantages and objections to the various vocations of life; then let him carefully select his choice. But press upon him the importance of living honestly, industriously, but to aim higher, with a determination to rise above all competitors in the quality of his work and in the rectitude and virtue of his life. Having done so much, leave the rest to him.

If a man going into business says, "I am too busy for prayer or meditation," nothing can save him; but if he says, "Because I am going down into the battle-field I must put on my armor;" if every morning he lifts up his heart to the hills from whence cometh his help if every evening he abides, as it were, in the love of the truth; if he says, "Because I am burdened and oppressed all the more need is there that I should take care of the temple of the soul," then this peril will be avoided. None so much as very active business men need to be in relation to the invisible and the eternal.

The woman who can sit still and smilingly entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins out of her new tidy, and is at that precious moment calmly sitting on it, and will be probably for the next hour, is sure of a reward in the next world, if she does not receive it in this.

"Who frew dat peanut at me?' asked a darkey when struck on the cranium with a sand bag thrown out of a balloon.

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