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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.

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.

jan2-1y.

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. jn4-1y

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 Courts.

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. E. 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.

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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.

TELLING A STORY.

Little Blue eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep!
What shall I tell you, darling?
The story of Little Bo-Peep?
Or of the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be story-teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?

"Tell me"—the blue eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow—
"Of the baby in the manger,
The little child Christ, you know,
I like to hear that 'tory
The best of all you tell."
And my four-year old nestled closer
As the twilight shadows fell.

And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again;
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men;
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom he blest
Like the blue eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed as my darling slumbered
That my child, with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
And sit at his Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The tender and touching story
That now he holds so dear.

MY CHARLIE.

My Charlie was the most unromantic and matter-of-fact fellow that ever existed. He would read an old almanac any time in preference to a volume of poems, and when I told him one day about the trials and sufferings of that dear "Claude Clonett," in Stringemont's new novel, he coolly asked me, when I had finished, if "C. C. took sugar or drank his whiskey straight." Oh, my! what a trouble he was was to me, and I really do not know how I ever came to tolerate him. He wouldn't act one bit like a hero, and when he said 'good bye' at the gate, after spending the evening with me, he would walk straight away through the field whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' and never turned and kiss his hand to me once.

Then when I flirted just a little with a nice fellow to my Charlie jealous, he never said one word, and I had expected he would vow vengence on the nice fellow, and threaten to take prussic acid himself.

No, there was no romance in Charlie Marsh. He drank two cups of coffee for breakfast, ate lots of pork and beans for dinner, and poured down three cups of tea for supper. His hair was always parted on the ride side of his head, a moustache never graced his lip, and his voice, instead of being soft and low and sweet, was loud and coarse like the sound of a bass viol.

It will be proper to state, before I go any further, that Charlie was my promised husband; and I think he loved me, although he was unromantic. As I said before, how I came to love him has always been a profound mystery to me, for he was as different from my ideal as night is from day; and when he proposed to me, in place of dropping on his knees and telling me that I was the whole world to him and he could never, never, never exist one moment without me for his guiding star, he just turned to me one evening, as we were sitting together in the parlor, and said, as coolly as you please: "Sis—that's what he always called me—"you know I have been head over heels in love with you for more than two months; won't you be Mrs. Marsh, and make a fellow happy?

"Head over heels in love with me! what an expression! I was really shocked and I never ought to have said 'yes,' but I took pity on the poor fellow, because I thought he sincerely loved me, and would become more sensible in time. I do not think I would have loved him so well if Pa had not detested him. Pa did not like him, because it was rumored that his great grandfather sold peanuts on an old ferryboat; but I never believed it. Pa at last forbade him the house; but that made me all the more anxious to see my Charlie, and we met under the great maple trees. He, of course, should have proposed an elopement; but he was too matter of-fact to ever think of it; and when I asked him what we had better do under the circumstances, he thought for a few moments and said:

"I think I'll give your father a good thrashing when I catch him out, and then he will think better of me.'

"No, Mr. Marsh,' I replied, "you'll do not such thing. Just lay your finger on pa, and I'll never speak to you again while I live.'

I said this in such a tragic manner that poor Charlie could do nothing but stand and look at me and whistle.

"What shall we do then?' he asked.

"Why, if you are too too dumb to think, I well tell you,' I answered, feeling dreadfully provoked at him. "To-night, when pale Luna has—'

"What's that?' he asked.

"The moon,' I returned, impatiently; "and you will oblige me by not interrupting me again. When pale Luna has sunk to rest behind the horizon, and our cottage is hushed in silence, come stealthily to the back yard, and—'

"That confounded dog will get after me!'

"Mr. Marsh,' I replied, getting entirely out of patience, "if you interrupt me once more, I will leave you, and return to my home.' "Go on, then, Sis,' he replied, "and I'll be as silent as a tobstone. Proceed, as Parson Sagby says,'

"Well,' I continued, "when you reach the back yard be sure that no one is up—see that the house is shrouded in darkness—and if it is, throw a little gravel stone against my window, and I will appear to you like Juliet did to Romeo—'

"But where will that dog be—'

"Silence!' I said; "I will see that the dog is shut up in the kitchen. Don't interrupt me again, please. I will be all in readiness to leave my father's mansion, and you must stand beneath my window and catch me, for I will have to jump down—'

"Suppose you should fall and skin you nose? said he.

I could not stand that. All patience was gone, and I commenced to sob hysterically.

"Don't cry, Sis,' he said, tenderly, taking me in his arms. "I'll see that you do not fall. Tell me the rest of the programme, and I'll listen in silence.'

I then ceased sobbing, and resumed:

"After we are safely away from the grasp of my cruel pa, I will become your own wife forever; and then we will return to him, fall on our knees and ask forgiveness. Do you like my plan, dear?'

"All right, Sis; your arrangement is A.—No. 1. I will do exactly as you say.—when pale what-you-may-call it has sunk to rest, a chap of my inches will be about.'

"That's a dear Charlie," I replied; "you'll try and be good hereafter, and have a soul above buttons, won't you? And now I must return home. Tra-la-la till to-night.' And, kissing my hand to him, I turned and walked home.

It was awfully dark. Murky, sombre clouds floated through the sky, and hid pale Luna completely from view. I had everything in readiness to leave my father's house; and I sat by the window of my cosy chamber awaiting the sound of the gravel stone against the pane. It came at last, with a sharp crack that made me half jump from my chair, and silently I slid the sash far as it would go.

"Are you there, dear Charlie?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes," was the reply, and his head appeared on a level with the window-sill. "I got on this hogshead, and now I can lift you out easily. Is that dog shut up safely?'

"He is, I replied, "and now help me out. Be careful. That hogshead is full of water, and the cover is weak—O, gracious!"

My admonition came too late. Our combined weight was too much for the cover—it gave way, and in we both went up to our necks in water.

"Just as I expected," said Charlie climbing out.

"You're a brute!" I returned. "lift me out of this,"

He did so, and at the very moment I was deposited on the ground, pa and the dog Tower, appear on the scene.

"There's that dog!" cried my lover, and he disappeared over the garden fence in a twinkling.

"What means this?" asked my cruel father.

I made no reply; but pushing past him I entered the house, ran up to my room, and had a nice long cry. I would never see Charlie again, and he married a widow with five children. Poor fellow! I pity him.

The Capture of oman Women.

The capture of Turkoman women by the Persian governors is one of the greatest crimes of Persian rule in the districts east of the Caspian sea. "An order," says Maj. Butler, of the British army, "is sent to one or more of the governors of those districts to the effect that no presents have been forwarded to the shah by them of late, and if they do not immediately dispatch substantial gifts another governor will be found to replace them. The distracted governor, who has already robbed his own people until they have nothing left to take, wistfully turns his thoughts and eyes to his rich neighbors—the Turkomans. Forthwith he organizes an expedition, and sends forth spies to ascertain at what point are encamped the greatest number of Turkomen women and horses and the smallest number of men. This being ascertained, he starts at the dead of night, accompanied by his murdering robbers, and swoops down upon his unfortunate victims. Those Turkomans who are able to fight, or likely to give any future trouble, are ruthlessly murdered, and the old men, the boys, wives, daughters and sisters are bound hand and foot and brought back into Persian territory. Then commence a scene disgraceful alike to humanity and morality. The old women and infants are separated from the young and beautiful (and many of the Turkoman women are very beautiful); every point of the latter is looked into and discussed by the men told off for this purpose, just as the intended purchaser of a horse trots out the animal to examine him. Those possessing the best points are sent off to the shah and other great men at Teheran. Those with some fault or other are kept by the governor himself, and distributed among his favorites, high and low, his servants being always generously treated in the distribution of the human spoil. The horses and other stolen property are likewise disposed of. But what becomes of the old women and little ones? These are locked up until some Turkoman relation can buy their release for £20 or £25 each; and if this happy arrangement cannot be effected, they probably die of starvation. I could mention many startling instances of the above which have lately taken place. There are regular seasons for these exhibitions, commencing about April and ending about October.—*Persian Letter.*

Why are there any Unmarried Women?

One of the greatest social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriageable women who never get married. Some say that it is owing to an excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of w there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and figures show that there are as many men in it as there are women. Others attribute it to the expensiveness of modern life. Men do not marry because it is said they cannot afford to. But the fact is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to be engaged to her and eventually marry her because of poverty. There are cold blooded men, with no idea of any feeling for a woman stronger than languid admiration, who may be deterred from assuming what they regard as a burden in the shape of a wife, unless assured of a liberal income, but most are not so calculating. Others, again, attribute the evil to women's fastidiousness. They expect too much in a husband, and, while waiting for an impossible shadow, let the possible substance slip through their fingers. This is a libel to the sex. As a rule they are no more fastidious than men are, and are just as susceptible as men to that enchantment of love which invests its object with every perfection and covers up every fault. So far as men and women are concerned, they are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there are the women waiting for husbands and not getting them. They are pretty, they are accomplished, they are sensible, and under proper training they would make excellent wives and mothers, but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more through method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other.—*Cricket on the Hearth.*

Every Man His Own Landlord.

By no means could the condition of the working people so much be improved as by their owning their tenements. Never man feels to be a man while there is nothing on earth he can call his own.

The houses and stores, the fields, and the farms, all belong to somebody else. When the sun shines it is to make the corn and the grass and the flowers grow for somebody else. When the rain falls it makes another man's field's green, not his own. When the apples redden in autumn, and the barns and cellars are filled with crops, he has no barn or cellar burdened with produce. He is like one born in a strange world, where others talk of their flakes and their birds, their earth and their heavens, but he can put in no claims. But when a man owns the soil, beneath his feet to earth's centre, he looks up also to the centre of heavens as his own, and feels himself more a man. God seems to have done something for him, and he is able to look his own door that his children may be safe, to have his own cupboard opening its contents to his family, and lie down within his own walls. To be lord of himself, though without a dollar, to be freed from the rent collector in sickness and in health, to have rest for his babies, and a safe retreat from the world; these enable a man to be a man, and whoever is without them, heaven pity.

"But all who have families can't own their houses," we may be told. It may be that every one cannot, but nine in ten can. Let them try it; in good times lay aside a single dime a day—which it costs to smoke two cigars, or drink two mugs of beer, and any one will find himself on the way to his homestead; and the farther he goes the more rapidly he gains.

Home Education.

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greatest punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

Mother never told a Lie.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," he said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, the condition of the boy, in whose bright eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for farther, and little brother," he said, "and took them up to His home in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said:

"Mother never told a lie, sir, but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN.—Some Indian shawls are made of hundreds of pieces, some so small as to be only an inch square, others of various sizes, none larger than a square half-yard. Each piece, even the smallest, forms a complete bit of the pattern, and the right side, being the under one on the frame on which it is woven, is not seen by the weaver until the piece is finished. The pieces are all so beautifully joined together that it is impossible to find the joining.

How often we are 'discouraged because of the way," because we can only see the wrong side of the pattern our daily life is weaving. We forget that "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." And should we not try to remember, also, that, though our place in the work may be a very small one, the great fabric, the church of God would be incomplete if that place were not filled.

There is another point of similarity; each thread is bleached perfectly white before being re-dyed for the shawl; so we also, before becoming a part of the church, must be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing;" but that it should be holy and without blemish.

A CURIOUSLY pathetic little story comes from Ohio. Dr. Frank Bledson and wife, of Brownstown, separated fourteen years ago, and the wife procured a divorce, retaining their two little girls. The doctor soon married again, and his second wife, after bearing him five sons, died. Then a correspondence sprang up between the doctor and his former wife, which resulted in a renewal of the old love, and a promise of remarriage. They met and the plighted faith was renewed, the doctor promising to be kind and loving to Mrs. Bledson and her children, but told her that she must likewise be a mother to his five boys. She indignantly said, 'Never!"—The doctor took the train to join his five boys, while Mrs. Bledson took her two girls and returned to her home in Brownstown.

Sad Story of a Wrecked Life.

The most thrilling and sadly suggestive temperance lecture is the sight of a once noble, talented man, left in ruins by intoxicating drink. A Washington paper tells of a ragged beggar, well known in the streets of that city, who once held an important command in the army, having been promoted, for personal bravery, from a cavalry lieutenant to nearly the highest rank in military service. One night recently, when he had been too successful in begging liquor to sate his craving, and while lying helplessly drunk in the rear part of a Third street saloon, some men thought to play a joke on him by stealing his shirt, and proceeded to strip him.

Underneath his shirt, and suspended by a string from his neck was a small canvass bag, which the men opened and found it contained his commission as brevet major general, two congratulatory letters—one from President Grant and one from President Lincoln—a Photograph of a little girl, and a curl of hair—a "chestnut shadow" that doubtless one day crept over the brow of some loved one.

When these things were discovered, even the half drunken men who found them felt a respect for the man's former greatness, and pity for his fallen condition and quietly returned the bag and its contents to where they found them, and replaced the sleeper's clothes upon him.

When a reporter tried to interview the man, and endeavored to learn something of his life in the past few years, he declined to communicate anything.

He cried like a child when told how his right name and former position were ascertained, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, said:

"For God's sake, sir, don't publish my degradation, or my name, at least, if you are determined to say anything about it. It is enough that I know myself how low I have become. Will you promise that much? It will do no good, but will do my friends a great deal of harm, as fortunately they think I died in South America, where I went at the close of the war."

Intemperance and the gaiming table, he said had wrought his ruin.

Increasing Longevity.

We have more than once called attention to the fact, for it is undeniably a fact, that the people of this republic are steadily increasing in duration of life. Almost any one can see this from observation, if he lives in a large city, or from reading the death notice in the newspaper. In yesterday morning's journals, for instance, the deaths of not less than 10 persons are recorded as over 72 years of age, one of them 79 and two 86. Nor is this unusual. Almost any daily death record here will show a preponderance of the old people—meaning those of 65 or more. Sixty was considered old even 30 or 40 years ago; but now, when a man of 60 dies, the comment often made, is "he ought to have lived longer; young man yet." Indeed, persons of sound constitution, quick mind, active temperament, are, in a sense, young at 60, for they are in perfect possession of all their faculties, capable of any ordinary amount of work, and still have a considereable future. Many of the most responsible places in firms and corporations in this city are held by men of 70 or thereabouts, and they evince no disposition to retire. New York is noted for vigorous old men. In no city on the continent, and in hardly any city in Europe, can so many hale, active men of 65 and up ward be found. Walking in Broadway, Wall or Broad street, in Fifth avenue, or any of the principal thoroughfares, one can hardly fail to be struck by the gray or white hairs and wrinklek faces, coupled with erect, elastic forms and suppleness and rapidity of movement. There appear to be numberless ancient heads on comparatively young shoulders. The opinion long prevailed that rural regions and pursuits favored longevity; but if it were so once, which is very dubious, it is not so now. Great centres supply ease, comforts, material facilities and save an endless amount of friction, while the country, its monotony, lack of interest, fatiguing round of small conceres and very hard work wear on the strongest system. Men in cities generally live not only much more, but much longer.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Sharp Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone as it were the snap of a whip.

When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."—Elihu Burritt.

SUCCESS WITH PEACHES.—All who have grown the peach know that as the tree gets old the fruit gets smaller. An experiment a year or two since has satisfied us that this need not be if the tree is properly grown. If cut back or headed in, and well fed with manure, the fruit will hold its large size on old trees—that is if grubs are kept out by a free application of wood ashes to the roots, and a coat or two of whitewash (with carbolic acid mixed in) put on body and limbs. Our experiment was to cut the limbs of old trees that were breaking down with age, and that yielding very small fruit. We threw around under the tree plenty of manure, and worked up the soil, and this year the new growth had a load of large luscious peaches. "Peaches are short lived," is a common remark. So would you if you were used and treated as are peach trees. Keep the grubs out, feed them yearly with manure, ashes and salt, and keep them well headed in, and you will get peaches of large size for years, and your trees will live to an oldage.

CHARITY.

There's not that difference in the scale
Of human life, that some pretend;
The cock may flaunt a rainbow tail,
And be a cockerel to the end.

Up from the earth alike we come;
To Mother Earth alike we tend;
One path we tread; one common home,
Invites us at the journey's end.

"High born" or low; 'tis all the same;
Who follows best God's righteous plan,
For honest living best may claim,
The title of a nobleman.

Ere while from under crawling worm,
An airy form of beauty springs!
So many an humble human form,
But half conceals the angel wings.

Let's have a care, then, how we tread,
Lest we despoil some humble friend,
That by a different path is led,—
Whose life we cannot comprehend.

And is, perchance some brother stray,
From wisdom's straight and narrow track;
Though priest and Levite turn away,
Be it ours to lead the wand'rer back.

One may be weak, another strong;
E'en honest men do err most blindly;
Yet, though the deed itself be wrong
'Twere well to judge the motive kindly.

DALTON'S SWEETHEART.

A STORY THAT MANY WILL ENJOY.

"Have you named it?" she asked peeping at him from beneath her sunhat.

"Yes," he answered, gazing at her as she leaned back against the old gnarled tree, with a daisy in her pretty hand.

A sunbeam peeped through the branches over their heads, and kissed a little golden curl that had strayed from the keeping of the picturesque rough hat; kissed the sweet brown eyes making them laugh and dance; kissing a merry little mouth, and at last rested on the fair daisy, the child of the sunbeams.

"I wonder who you have named it, Mr. Dalton! Will you tell me afterward?'

"If the daisy is wise and has the number of petals I wish,' he said, with a look which made Ethel Clifford drop her eyes quickly as one by one he threw the snowy petals into her lap, whispering softly, "Friendship, love indifference and hate.'

One by one he picked up the little telltale things, picked them up with such a lingering touch, and held them in his farm hand; for was not the daisy—dear little type of whose name it bore.

Meanwhile the sunbeam peeped at him and lighted a manly, honest face, that only half rivaled the chivalrous spirit and concentration of thought and aim that made Edward Dalton the true man that he was.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton, I know you'll be pleased, it's friendship!' said Ethel, with a frank smile.

A shadow passed over his face.

"But I am not, Miss Ethel.'

"Not,' she cried, growing earnest. "Oh, why not? Don't you feel that friendship means a life-long trust?'

"Your words make me feil deeply that I am not satisfied with the flower's decree, for I named the daisy Ethel.'

A deep sigh heaved from the sympathetic heart through the quivering little lips.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton,' she cried, "I am so sorry.'

"Why, Ethel?' he sadly asked.

"Because—because I am so fond of you; I love so very much to be with you, and I long so much that we should be as the daisy says—friends."

"But don't you feel, deep down in your heart, that even your beautiful picture of friendship is cold? Add to it the flooding sunshine of love, and you know what I give you and what I ask for in return.'

But the answer was almost a sob.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton, I am so very sorry.'

"Think of it prayerfully one little moment, dear heart. God grant you, do you know yourself?'

The little head fell for a moment on the clasped hands. Then she raised her true, brown eyes with a beseeching glance, and simply, gently said, "only friendship.'

The manly, brave face was turned away, but Edward Dalton folded a little hand in one of his, while he whispered:

"God bless you, child, Good bye!'

The to-days quickly turned into yesterdays, and Ethel Clifford's life was happy—altogether happy.

She felt that she had been true to her own heart that June morning when Edward Dalton had said "Good bye!' for surely it was not love that she felt for him, not the deep, burning love that she had dreamed of in her woman's fancies, so she put him away with a sigh for his sorrow, and lived on her happy, busy little life. But, as the months rolled by, a shadow fell on her happy heart; she knew not what it meant, and plunged deeper into the pleasures and duties of her life, but the shadow grew into craving, as shadows often will.

One sunny June day, as she was rambling in the fields, she came unexpectedly to the spot where a year before Edward Dalton had told her the story of his love. She had ever avoided the spot since then. She did not know why. But there she was and so she lingered. She looked down on the fresh, green grass and started, but she only saw a daisy near an old gnarled tree, looking up at her with its innocent face. She stooped and picked it, and a tear shone on it as she put it in her breast for it had shone her that the shadow on her heart was love, the great craving was what she had put from her a year ago.

A few nights after Ethel Clifford stood before the mirror, restlessly putting the finishing touches to ravishing toilette, smiling at her pretty self as she carelessly tucked a bunch of daisies in her belt. She looked down at them a moment, hesitated, selected one from the bunch, counted the petals, and poutingly rejected it; then another, till, smiling, she kissed one, and nestled it under the bow at her neck. Oh, a rare little schemer was Ethel Clifford.

An excited, expectant look made her fair face more bewitching than its wont. Edward Dalton was to be among the guests at the lawn party. He had returned from his foreign journeyings, and Ethel had not seen him since—since that long ago time.

She greeted him with, cordial dignity, but there was only time for a greeting.

The evening wore on and he did not come to her. Had the old love died in his heart, and must her's ache on through a life of time?—Such thoughts made the sweet face sad, as Ethel rested a moment in a shadowy corner of the deserted conservatory. Sad only for a moment; for the voice she loved to hear said gently:

"It seems like tht sunshine to see you again, Ethel.'

"And I am heartily glad to see you again, Mr. Dalton,' she said softly.

Surely her tell tale voice had told him all! But no, he only bowed courteously and said:

"Thank you,' very simply.

"And you will be contented now to stay at home, Mr. Dalton, will you not?' she timidly asked.

A shadow came over his face.

"I had hoped so,' he said sadly, "but I am not brave; I must flee again; a bunch of field daisies has unmanned me; and he gazed wistfully at the bunch in her belt.

If he were not brave now, it was her place to be so. So her true hand tremblingly pulled the little daisy from her throat, the true voice wavering said:

"I put it there for you: read it.'

"Friendship, love, indifference, hate,' the manly voice murmured, and the last white leaf fluttered to the ground at the word 'love.'

One looked into the true brown eyes, on whose lashes a tear drop trembled, and he clasped her to his heart, and kissed the tears away, whispering:

"Thank God, sweetheart.'

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives us this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time on some scene you have loved when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer, whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with the fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitternes of the two words, "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last, the end universal. "The last thing which shall follow all last things and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joy." We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache; we are too old to walk any longer on our stilts, too tall to play marbles on the sidewalks. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time and life's serious, grown up work was waiting for us. May it not be these, too, shall seem, in the light of some faroff days, as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

AN ITEM FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.—Somebody says, and truly too, that there are few families, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own house hold. Things ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespecful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the more scared bonds of conjugal love.

LUNGS FULL OF FIRE.—A. W. Underwood, the cold man whose breath sets combustibles on fire, was interviewed by a *Courier* reporter on Tuesday evening. He says he is 24 years old. When about 12 years old he held his handkerchief to his mouth and blew upon it, and it took fire. He says he is unable to account for it; says that physicians have examined him, and they are as much in the dark as himself. He set a piece of paper on fire at the Dyckman house, Tuesday evening last, before a large crowd. A respectable citizen of Paw Paw says this fellow was out with him at a hunting party last summer, and none of the party had any matches, and that Underwood took up both hands full of dry leaves, breathed upon them awhile and set them on fire, from which they built a fire in the woods. He seemed much exhausted last evening after his effort; says he could not endure it more than twice in one day. Parties present last evening said they had examined his hands, had him to rinse his mouth out and drink a glass of water, and then saw him set a paper or cloth on fire by his breath.—*Paw Paw (Mich.) Courier.*

Cast-of Friends.

There are men and women in public life whose pathway is marked by the remains of whilom friends whom they have squeezed dry and drooped, like so many sucked oranges. In politics it is said of such a man that he has kicked down the ladders by which he climb. In literary or other walks of life, the human sponge often swells up with the thought that he has "outgrown" his humble friends of other days. In private life, the self conscious soul contents itself with becoming more the center of its little circumference, taking none within its orbit who will not consent to revolve around it and emit light and warmth for its enjoyment. There have been many and noble definitions of what a friend is. People of real individuality, strength and sensitiveness, doubtless have fewer real friends than they are apt to think, unless they have been cherishing, unconsciously low ideals. But whatever a friend may not be, certainly that sweet and noble term is unmerited by one who, however generous in other directions, is selfish of himself.—*Golden Rule.*

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