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American Union.

PUBLISHED BY J. H. EMERSON.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Truth and Virtue.

$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

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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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HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan8-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

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

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

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

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

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

CLEMENT SULLIVANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
may30-y. Cambridge, Md.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

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(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

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

T. N. GOULD & SON,

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(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

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

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md

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

Chas. H. Blackiston,

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AND JEWELER,

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

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

mar28-tf. C. H. B

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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 Phfladelphia houses. [jan30-y.

New Fall and Winter

MILLINERY.

Miss Allie D. Newnam

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

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY,

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

oct30-tf.

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

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

Poetry.

Don't Marry a Man to Save Him.

A cry comes over from Oregon
For a car load—not of women wan,
But of women of blood, and brain, and tone!
"Come, marry these men to save them!

"There are thousands here in these haunts of sin
Spending their money in game and gin,
Corrupt without and corrupt within;
Come, marry these men to save them!

"They have been somebody's pride and joy;
Somebody's petted and pampered boy;
Spoiled for lack of maiden coy;
Come, marry these men to save them!

"You must be healthy, and pure and strong,
Alike to breast, and bear the wrong,
Willing to carry a burden along;
Come, marry these men to save them!

"You must be leader, but always seem
To be gentle and harmless as love's young dream,
And leaned upon when you seem to lean;
Come, marry these men to save them!

"You must be cleanly, and kind, and sweet,
Making a path for their godless feet,
Up to the grace of the mercy-seat;
Come, marry these men to save them!"

Oh! woman, you're sold at a fearful price
If you wed your virtue to that of vice,
And trust your soul to a chance device;
Don't marry a man to save him!

A life that is pure needs a pure one in turn,
A being to honor and not to spurn,
An equal love, that shall constant burn;
Don't marry a man to save him!

A woman's life is a precious thing,
Her love is a rose unwithering,
Would you bury it deep in its early spring?
Don't marry a man to save him!

You can pray for his soul from morn till eve,
You can win the angels to bring reprieve
To his sin-bound heart; but you'll always grieve
If you marry a man to save him.

God gives to woman a right to press
Her claims to a man's best manliness;
A woman gives all, should a man give less?
Don't marry a man to save him!

MY STRANGE MISTAKE.

BY M. A. D.

"So, Nellie, you will be true to me until I return?' said Gerald Foster, as he looked down in my face on the eve of his departure for the Continent.

We were standing on the veranda of my uncle's house, Chester Park, with its beautiful statuary, drives and fountains, bathed in the moonlight beneath us, while a little farther on a beautiful river, transformed by the moonlight into a silvery stream, flowed sluggishly onward to the sea. Above and beyond this, the pretty little village of Chesterville nestled in the shadows of a lofty mountain, which closed with stately grandeur this most beautiful landscape.

"Yes," I replied to Gerald, "that is, if you will be true to me."

"And that I certainly promise to be," said Gerald. "So now, Nellie, farewell; and remember that in a few short months I will return and make you my bride."

With a warm embrace he was gone; and I stood there in the bright moonlight, my hands clasped upon my breast, and the tears dimming my eyes, watching his retreating figure as it disappeared.

Ah! how little did I think then of the sorrow and pain which would depress my heart ere I stood in his loved presence again.

A bend in the roadway having shut him out from my view, I turned with a long drawn sigh to the house now made lonely and desolate by his absence.

I, Elinor Stafford, was an orphan, my father and mother having died when I was but a child, leaving me in the care of my uncle, Thomas Melville, who owned the beautiful estate on which we resided.

I had always made Chester Hall my home, and there, in the company of two beautiful children, Alice and Harry Melville, who were my constant companions, I spent many pleasant days wandering amid the beautiful groves and winding walks of the park, or sailing with them on the beautiful river that wound its way through the estate. Of my uncle I saw but little, as he spent much of his time abroad, or in the fashionable society of London; but the servants at the Hall were most devotedly attached to me and I to them, so I was perfectly happy in the quiet life I led.

But all things of earth must change, and my quiet, uneventful life was no exception to the general rule. One bright morning in early summer—I remember the day well for it was my twentieth birthday—I and the children, enticed by the gentle breezes that played over the bosom of the river, jumped into our pretty skiff, and pulled out into the centre of the stream.

'Twas a beautiful day; the sun shone brightly in the heavens, and all nature was clad in rosiest hues; and I sat resting on my oars, contemplating the grandeur of nature.

But I was not left long to my meditation.

"Allie's in the water! Allie's in the water!' Harry shouted, excitedly.

I turned hurriedly around, dropping my oars as I did so, and found her struggling in the river. I at once commenced the work of extricating her from her perilous situation, but was so much excited that instead of rescuing her I keeled the boat over, and threw Harry and myself into the water as well.

The boat, lightened of its freight, floated swiftly away.

As soon as I dashed the water from my eyes, after the first plunge, I beheld Harry bravely attempting the rescue of his sister; but, not being able to swim, they were both sinking beneath the surface just as I clasped them in my arms, and commenced shouting for help with all the strength of my healthy young lungs.—But as the distance was nearly a mile to the Hall, I began to give up hopes of being saved, and soon found myself gradually sinking beneath my heavy burden.

I could hear the water rushing in my ears, and was fast losing consciousness, when I felt myself rudely grasped by the arm, and pulled roughly into a boat; and then, exhausted by my struggle, I fainted.

When consciousness returned, I found myself lying on a couch in the beautiful drawing-room of Chester Hall. A handsome man was leaning over me bathing my temples, and he bled him all the servants were clustered.

"Where are the children?' I asked, starting wildly.

"They are safe in their beds up stairs, miss,' one of the servants said.

"And it is to this gentleman that you owe your lives,' said another, pointing to the man by my side.

This remark brought me to the knowledge of the danger through which I had passed, and, after murmuring a short prayer of thanks to God for his kindness to us, I turned to our rescuer and said,—

"How can I thank you for preserving our lives?'

"By lying right down again, for you are exhausted and need rest,' he answered, softly, rising at the same time to go.

"But you are not going yet?' I asked, as I saw him preparing to depart.

"Yes, Miss Stafford, I must go now; but I will call this evening, with your permission,' he replied.

Of course permission was given, and, seeing he was dripping with wet, I did not attempt to detain him; so, with a few words to one of the servants, he walked out of the room and down the steps to a carriage, which a thoughtful groom had prepared for him.

A few hours after this I was about the house again, nothing the worse for my involuntary bath. The children, who were more frightened than hurt, seemed to have forgotten all about the accident, and were playing in the park with their little ponies.

From one of the men servants I learned that the name of the gentleman who so gallantly rescued us from a watery grave was Gerald Foster; also that he was a guest of Squire Templeton, whose estate joined ours.

That evening, after the children had retired, I was sitting on the veranda watching the beautiful sunset, when the sound of horses' hoofs sounded on my ear, and, looking down the avenue that led to the Hall, I beheld my rescuer riding rapidly toward me.

"Miss Stafford,' he said, raising his hat, my name is Foster. I had the pleasure of pulling you out of the river this morning, and have come over from Templeton Hall to inquire for your health. I little expected to see you looking so well after your bath.'

"Good evening, Mr. Foster,' I said, extending my hand to him. "I have entirely recovered from the effects of my mishap, and heartily thank you for preserving my life. But will you be seated?' I asked, motioning him to a chair.

"Yes, if you will say no more about thanking me,' he said with a smile, at the same time accepting the seat offered him.

In the course of the conversation which followed I found my visitor a man of large and varied information.

"May I call again?' he asked that evening, as he arose to depart.

"Certainly,' I replied, "I shall be most happy to receive you.'

And he did call again, and many were the pleasant walks and drives we had together. I was strangely happy in his presence, and yet I could not explain the reason even to myself.

One day, having wandered farther than usual, we sat beneath the shade of a beautiful linden tree, near the bank of the river, to rest, and have a little quiet chat.

"Nellie,' he said in a tremulous voice, "I've a secret to tell you.'

"What is it, Gerald?' I asked.

"It is that I love you, Nellie, dear.'

Oh, how my heart fluttered and my face burned! I could not utter a word, but, looking him straight in the face, he read my secret in my beaming eyes.

The evening following this interesting conversation, Gerald came to me with a doleful look upon his handsome, manly face, and told me he had just received a letter from his father, who resided in the suburbs of London, requesting him to come home as soon as he possibly could, as he wished him to go to France and Italy on business of importance. After a sad good-by Gerald was gone, and I was left again to my quiet life. But all the happiness had gone out of it; I felt miserable and lonely, but I endeavored to fight off my loneliness, and partially succeeded in my endeavors.

* * * * * * *

Three months had passed since Gerald's departure. I was sitting in my chamber, one morning, when my maid entered and handed me a letter. My heart fluttered with joy, as I supposed it was a letter from Gerald; but I was doomed to a sad and bitter disappointment.

The epistle was post-marked London. I opened it and commenced its perusal, and found it was from Eveline Grantly, my most intimate friend. I read on interestedly until I came to the latter part, when I became dizzy and my heart failed me:—

"You will be surprised, Nellie, when I tell you I am going to be married; nevertheless it is true. The gentleman to whom I am betrothed is Gerald Foster, a man who is as good as he is rich and handsome. The wedding is to be at Christmas, and of course you will come. If you do not I shall be very much offended.'

When I finished reading this I lost consciousness. But I was soon restored by my faithful maid, who wondered what could have happened to me so suddenly.

Here, then, was my beautiful love dream shattered and broken! The man to whom I had given my heart had proven false, and was about to be married to one of my dearest friends, who thought him a "perfect gentleman!' But I determined that she should never know his true character from me, and, strange as it may seem, I determined to accept the invitation she had given me to her marriage.

I had received one letter from Gerald immediately after his departure, and only one.—Here, then, was the reason he did not write; I could see through it all now. He had stolen my heart from me just to help him while away the hours of his vacation.

This was the conclusion I formed, but I could not forget that he once saved my life; so anger was intermixed with sorrow, and I shed many bitter tears in the quiet of my own bedchamber.

Ah, yes! my poor heart was indeed weary and sad.

After the first flush of anger had passed away I had determined to write as kind a letter to Gerald as my frame of mind would permit, telling him I knew all, and that our engagement was of course at an end.

After I had written I felt my heart grow lighter; for, after all, I thought, the fair city lady was a much better match for him than I would be. I had several reasons for accepting the invitation my friend had given me to the wedding; but the principal one was the great friendship that existed between us. I could not refuse without telling her my reason, and as this would necessitate the exposure of Gerald's false conduct, and cause her pain, I decided to accept the invitation, and bear myself with as much dignity as possible during the days, which would be trying ones, at the wedding festivities at Grantly Hall

Miss Grantly had told me in her letter that she would have her private coach in waiting at the station on the evening before Christmas Eve. Accordingly, on that day, which proved to be the most eventful one of my life, I found myself seated in the express, *en route* for London.

Never shall I forget that long and lonely ride. It was late in the afternoon when I started on my journey, and as I should not reach my destination until midnight, I had plenty of time for my thoughts. And oh, what thoughts they were! The past, with its sunlight and shadows, stood out before me in stern array. I rebuked myself for giving my heart to one who was so utterly unknown to me as Gerald at the time I promised to be his wife; but then, his laughing eyes, which spoke nothing but truth and love, seemed to look into my very soul, and the remembrance of them and him made me miserable. Thus I continued thinking of the joys of the past, and the sorrows of the present, until evening cast her dark mantle of the earth, and the moon rose in all its solitary grandeur above the easter hills. Then, wrapping my shawl about me, as it was very cold, I composed myself in my seat for a nap.

I had not been asleep many minutes, however, when there came a terrific crash, and I, together with my fellow-travelers, was deposited in a heap on the floor of the car. Fortunately, no one in our car sustained serious injury by the accident, which proved to be a collision; but this was not the case with the unfortunate passengers who occupied the forward cars of each of the colliding trains.

After I had succeeded in getting off the train I beheld a sight which sent a cold chill through me; and even as I described it now my heart fails me, and my pen trembles in my hand. About us the dying and dead were lying in that dreadful wreck of twisted iron and shatterrered wood, with the moon peacefully shining upon them. The groans of the wounded were heart rending to listen to. But I had no time to meditate on this sad sight, as there was plenty of work to be done among the sufferers; so forgetting all about my own little trouble, I set earnestly to work to relieve the pain and anguish of some of my fellow-passengers. I had thus attended two or three persons when a groan fell upon my ear, and turning around, I discovered a man lying a few yards from me. I hastened to his side, and was about to ask if I could be of any service to him, when I started back with a scream of terror; for there, lying on the ground before me, with his head pillowed on some rough stones, and the moonbeams kissing his handsome brow was Gerald—my false, my cruel Gerald!

Ah! then the pain he had caused me, the love he had taken from me, and the almost broken heart he had left, was, in the terror of the moment, forgotten, and I threw myself on my knees by his side and called his name in a tremulous voice; and then those laughing eyes of his opened and looked into mine with the same look of love that there was the evening we parted on the veranda of Chester Hall.

"Nellie, dearest Nellie!" he murmured softly; and, despite his injury, he struggled to his feet and clasped me to his heart.

Just at that moment the whistle of the relief train, that had been sent out to the scene of the accident, sounded on my ear and aroused me to a sense of my duty; and, releasing myself from his arms, and inquiring as coolly as possible if I could be of any service to him, and receiving a negative answer, I hurried on board the train, and saw nothing more of him that night.

* * * * * * *

"May I ask, Miss Stafford, if you take the next train to London?" said Gerald, when he met me in the hotel in the village of Mayesville the morning after the accident.

"Yes," I replied, "I must reach London to-night, in order to attend your wedding to-morrow."

"To attend my wedding!" he exclaimed. "To attend my wedding!" and then he burst into a loud laugh, and walked straight over to where I was sitting, and took the vacant seat beside me.

"Sir,' I said, assuming all the dignity I could command, "you need not attempt to cover your actions by jesting, for I know all!—Miss Grantly will make a far better wife than you will a husband. I congratulate you on your excellent choice.'

He burst out laughing afresh, and said,—

"I see it all now. You thought it was I who was about to be married to your friend. Ha! ha! ha! It is a good joke. I wonder what my cousin, Gerald Foster of London, would say if he knew he was mistaken for his young, less favored cousin?'

And then the veil fell from my eyes, and I saw that it was a mistake; so we sat down there in that little hotel and made it all up.

Gerald told me that after he left Italy he was stricken down with a fierce fever, which of course prevented him from writing.

"After I recovered," he said, "imagine my astonishment and sorrow when I received this letter." And he pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket and placed it in my hands. "As soon as business would permit I started on my homeward journey, and as soon as I reached London took the train for Chesterville, in order to see you and find out your reasons for writing that strange epistle. Then the accident occured. I was knocked senseless, and when I awoke, my darling, you were kneeling by my side, and the happiness of that one moment sufficiently repaid for the month of suffering I weddured after I received this letter."

So the next train carried a very happy couple to London, and we were warmly welcomed by Miss Grantly and Gerald's cousin, who laughed heartily at my mistake.

The marriage took place the next day, Christmas, and I assisted at it with a much happier and lighter heart than I had anticipated; for Gerald, my Gerald, stood by my side throughout.

How She Solved the Puzzle.

AND CREATED A LITTLE FAMILY JAR.

"Confound a woman around a puzzle, anyway. Just lemme figure on this alone will ye? I guess I know how to fix it.'

"Of course you do,' said Mrs. Spoopenoyke, soothingly. "You can get it if any one can.'

"Just see now. If I can only get the last three straight. I've got it. H'm—ah! yes. The 15 goes here. Now I've got it. Then the 18 and then the 14. Just move—hold on.'

"I see where you're wrong,' she said. 'You want to move—'

"I don't want to do any such thing.'

"Yes you do; just move—

"Well, if I move it'll be about eight miles from here, where I can have a little peace.'

"Don't be so touchy; all you've got to do—'

"If you don't let this puzzling business alone, I'll just make a hole in the air with it. What do you know about it anyway? I've got it all but three blocks—'

"Well, I'll show you how to get those.'

"Then, show me; show me; just show me, that's all. Oh, show me. Why don't you show me how it's done?'

Mrs. Spoopendyke moved them around and then studied awhile.

"Why don't you show me?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "You said you'd show me. I'm waiting to be shown. Go on with your showing. Let the show proceed.'

"If one could only get that 12 out of the way so that the 18 would come in, we'd be all right,' mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. If—if the 12 had a pair of legs and could build a railroad around 15, and then would give 18 a free pass, he might ride into his place. Say, Mrs. Spoopendyke, if you'll quit handling that 14 block like a stove-lid and take your thumb out of the blank square, I'd be much obliged to you. Let see now. The 14 goes here—'

"No; it goes there.'

"Goes where?'

"Why, there.'

"There! There may mean up the chimney or down my throat. Where do you mean?

"Why, there of course; can't you see? I believe you're crazy!'

"I'm not crazy, Mrs. Spoopendyke, nor am I a women. I might just as well put that block in the fire as where you say. I'll put it here.'

"Then you're all wrong. It goes here.'

"A minute ago you said it went there. Let it alone, I tell you. Put it back where you found it. Now, let things be. I'll move the 12 down here.'

"That makes a fine arrangement. Nobody but a lunatic would put it there. Put it here.

"You go away. You ain't half witted. I can do this puzzle.'

"You can't do anything you old idiot. You deserve to lose your hat. Go, stand around bare headed and cool your skull, you old heathen. You do a puzzle! You don't know the bottom of the box from the top.'

Crash! Down went the outfit, and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled into bed.

Mrs. Spoopendyke rearranged the blocks and went to work at them.

"Thomas,' said she, timidly, after awhile. 'Look here.

He looked. She had solved it.

"I could have done it,' he growled.

"Yes,' said she, "if you had done in my way.

"You only did it just as I was doing it,' he responded. "You picked it up where I left off.'

"Yes,' she replied, putting out the light. I picked it off the floor.'

The Strongest Man in the World

The far west is ever teeming with prodigies of one kind of another. Its latest acquisition is what is claimed to be the strongest man in the world, who is an Italian, Angelo Cardela, aged 35. He lives at Reno, Nev., is five feet ten inches high, weighs 190 pounds, is a day laborer, of temperate habits, has a broad heavy, good natured face, an extraordinary development of chest, and large, fleshy hands. When stripped, his most remarkable feature is his spinal column, which seems double, and is twice the usual width, while all his bones and joints are very large. He can lift, and has repeatedly lifted, with one finger, the third of his right hand, men weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, by placing his finger under the hollow of one of their feet, and so carrying them around a room. He can strike a blow with his fist with a power of 200 pounds as measured on a register. Like most every muscular men, he is amiable of disposition, quiet in manner, and particularly fond of peace. Deceived by appearances, two big Irishmen fell upon him lately because he was a blank foreigner. Irishmen seem to think that they alone have a right to immigrate to America, and that they are priviledge to beat anybody else who has had the temerity to follow their example. In this case the beating was on the other side. Cardela grasped one of the Milesians in each hand and knocked them together until they were insensible and half dead. His strength was inherited his father was as strong as he—for he has done nothing more than his ordinary work to develop it. He dislikes to exhibit his power, and never does except when urged. It is a pity that so much good material should be wasted. He ought to be sent to San Francisco for the benefit of the Hoodlums, who would be much benefitted by attacking him.—*New York Times.*

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.—Do not think that because there comes to you no great opportunity of performing a wonderful work, you will let the thousand little ones pass you unimproved. It is no small thing to be the domestic circle, the one whose soft touch and whose gentle, fitly spoken word averts disturbance and disagreement, conciliates the offended, and makes alien natures understand each other. It is no small thing to possess the happy tact which makes people pleased with themselves, and which insensibly urges people to appear at their best. The young woman who is gifted with this grace of touch, this swift of sympathy, and this beautiful unselfishness, may not have a fair face, nor a trim figure, but she will be endowed with dignity more winning than either.

Says Jones:—"When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow and stretched high above her in their struggles with an unruly sheet, an apron over head, her hair in her eyes, and a clothes pin protruding from her mouth it seems impossible that she [illegible] same with the Miss Stubbs peppermints, and [illegible] voke

Individuality.

In the ways, temperament and modes of thought no two persons are precisely alike.—This natural difference is termed individuality. It is the quality which gives diversity to society; it affords variety, which is one of the purest pleasures and spices of life. Without individuality life would be a dead level—a dreary undiversified plain. Individuality breaks the sameness, and produces a varied and interesting landscape. Without that quality we should all run in one rut; we should jostle and crowd upon one narrow track.

The ambitions, aims and desires of all would be the same, thus producing entire inactivity or a bitter rivalry and hatred

The evils of such a condition were well illustrated by the good deason who said, "it is a good thing we don't all think alike, for then all the young men might want my daughter Nancy.' And the same truth was just as forcibly illustrated by the young man who quickly replied, "if they all felt as I do, nobody would want her.'

If this individuality were more fully recognized our social relations would be much improved. We too often fail to realize that others were not cast in the same mental or moral mould as ourselves. One may be naturally studious, he loves to pursue the printed page, or reflect upon the open book of human nature, but perhaps cares little for dress or personal adornment. Another is the reverse—he cares more for a tailor's fashion plate, than far the richest thought or choicest literature. The most charming author would not divert him from his mirror. An attempt to modify inclinations, if they are extreme, is reasonable and well, but their eradication is impossible. There is a place and a work in the world for each of us. The rushing locomotive and the plodding ox have each a sphere peculiarly their own. We need not imply or undervalue one another, simply because nature has caused us to differ in taste or talent. This very diversity, this individuality, is one of heaven's choicest blessings—one of the most useful and pleasing attributes of our natures.

These thoughts may well be considered by all, but particularly by those having charge of the young. Obedience to the laws of morality should be rigidly insisted upon. But further than that there should be no dictation. In choosing a vocation, the young man about to set out upon life's journey should be left free. Friendly and considerate advice may very properly be tendered, but nothing more. Some love the sea and some the land. Some are by nature designed for the bar, others for the pulpit. One loves trade another agriculture. The individuality of the young will almost certainly be manifested, and should be carefully regarded. Counteracting individuality is simply counteracting nature. By so doing thousands of lives have been married and blighted by parents, who were well intentioned but inconsiderate.

Benefits of Sunlight.

In all houses with a North front it is the positive duty of families occupying them to transfer their living rooms to the South side of the house during the winter months. The sun rises and sets during the six cold months of the year to the South of East and West, so that the South rooms are warmed up by rays of the sun more or less during the entire day. Those who have never experimented with the difference will probably be surprised to learn that there is a difference of from five to twenty-five degrees in the thermometer between the North and South exposures, five to ten degrees difference in the morning and afternoon, and from twenty to twenty five degrees in the middle of the day. The glass in the windows is not conductor of atmospheric cold, while it is an assistance to the active transmission of the sun's rays can be enjoyed the longest during a winter's day is the desirable part of the house for living purposes. Due attention to this fact will contribute enormously not merely to the comfort, but to the health, of the women and children, who spend the greater part of their time within doors in the winter season. There is a vast amount of talk about ventilation and change of air as necessary to good health; but the suppression of light and mephitic sewer gasses by affording proper avenues of escape, and admission of all the available sunlight, are the two chief conditions to good health in household life. In France, Italy and Germany, though the winter climates are not nearly so severe as our own, the benefits of sunlight are understood better and cultivated more generally than among us. The comparative scarcity and costliness of fuel in those countries have led the people to take advantage of the sun's heat to the largest possible extent. The natural warmth of the sun's rays should be still more cultivated in a cold climate like this, and any change in a house necessary to the better enjoyment thereof will save more in the reduced consumption of fuel than it can possibly cost. The South expose is not only warmer, but less damp, and in every way more conducive to good health than any other.

TO WHITEN FLANNELS.—"How shall I restore the color to my flannels?' is a question often asked housekeepers whose clothes have been ruined by the bad treatment of indolent, incompetent washerwoman. A solution of 1½ lbs of white soap and ½ oz. of spirits of ammonia, dissolved in 12 gallons of soft water, will impart a beautiful and lasting whiteness to any flannels dipped in it, no matter how yellow they may have been previous to their immersion. After being stirred round for a short time, the articles should be taken out and well washed in clean cold water. For washing black or navy blue linens, the following receipt is said to be an excellent one: Take two potatoes, grated into tepid soft water (after having them washed and peeled), into which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens in this, and rinse them in cold blue water. They will need no starch, and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side. It is said that an infusion of hay will preserve the natural color in buff linens, and an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linens and prints.

THE WAGES OF INTEMPERANCE—object of compassion to [illegible] foes; to be suspected by fools; to be [illegible] that you [illegible]

The Pastor and the Wasps.

Dr. Thorn was a pastor by himself. He was thin as a lath, lank as a June shad, and solemn as a tombstone. He had no gestures, and seldom lifted his eyes from his book. If screwed to the floor he could not have been more immovable. He labored daily like a ditcher, and got his living mainly from his farm. When he took his charge, his senior deacon struck the key-note when he said: "The Lord keep you humble, and we will keep you poor." The minister kept his farm, and his farm kept him. He went from the hay field to a funeral, and was back again before the hearse started. He called his clerical garments "regimentals," and kept them hung in the garret. His "breeches" were wash-leather, dyed black, lasting through a generation. Into these enduring and never yielding habiliments the old dominie was shook at the very beginning, and they never stretched; so much room and no more. One Sunday morning Mr. Thorn went into the garret to array himself. The bell tolled from the old tower, and the parson had no time to spare. Mercy! what a sight! A colony of wasps in the old man's breeches! The farmer preacher had had a contest now and then with this insect. He knew how savage and how venomous a colony of wasp was. The bell was slowing, nearing the end, and, something must be done. A long stick and an adroit manipulation ejected the intruders—except two vagrants who were on a foraging expedition in the seams. The pastor entered the church on the last stroke of the bell, and the sermon was reached without disaster. Then trouble began, as the wasps intimated that they were crowded. The staid and stiff dominie became agile. He clasped his hands on his side, leaped from the floor, skipped from side to side, and gave other signs of his annoyance and agony. He saw the agitation, for the people thought he had gone stark mad, without doubt. Imploringly he raised his hands, and cried out: "My dear brethern have pity on me. I don't know what's the matter. I know the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but I'm afraid the devil's in my breeches."—*The Minister's wife" in the Christian at Work.*

A DISTINGUISHED dentist writes to the *Dental Cosmos* that the proper method of brushing the teeth is not cross-wise, but up and down, and futher, that "it is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the buccal and posterior surfaces of the third molars and the lingual (tongue) surfaces of the lower front teeth." He also recommends the curved brush, with a tuit end bud-shaped or convex, as the best, and the use of floss silk for cleaning between the teeth, also the "quill" toothpick, but condemns "the wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating houses as a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth." All kinds of metal tootpicks are to be avoided. These hints are worth bearing in mind, together with the important suggestion to parents and guardians of children, but they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possible, in order that it may become a life habit.

KEEP OUT OF FAMILY QUARRELS.—There are two very dangerous things to do, viz: to interfere between a man and wife, and to engage in that nefarious business known as match making. Family quarrels are best settled without foreign interference, and young people can make their own selections without those suggestions by disinterested parties, which lead only to entanglement and ill feeling. A witness in a Berlin court gave very damaging testimony against the prisoner. He even showed a spirit of spite, and seemed to delight in exaggerating the truth. When the case was finished his lawyer asked the defendant why the witness should have been so severe on him. "Well," was the reply, "I think of only one reason; I helped him to his wife two years ago, and I don't think he has ever forgiven me."

LIVING IN QUIET.—A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens when people live much together that they have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like that the original subjects of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason.—Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair above all means of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of the domestic day.'

TO OUR GIRLS.—Now that you are being courted, you think, of course, it is all very well, and that it will be nicer when you get married. But it won't. He dosent know himself, and you dont know him. It can't last. It must cool down. When he sees you as many times as he wants to and maybe more, when he sees your head regularly every morning in curl papers and the broom is off the rye when your home contains a good deal of washtub, cradle and cook stove, he won't stand for one hour in front of the house out in the cold watching the light in your window, he'll be thinking, rather, of getting out of the house. Young woman, protract this courtship as long as you can. Let well enough alone. A courtship in hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till Christmas after next. (*Cinc.*

"WELL, girls,' said the mother, "you are old enough now to be of some use. It may make you mad to tell you of it. Next year, and that'll be here pretty sudden, I am going to discharge the washerwoman. 'Wring out, wild belles,' is to be the motto in this house.' And visions of parboiled hands running scales on a wash-board instead of [illegible] ted before the minds of [illegible]

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