American Union.

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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

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Advertisements occupying the space of six lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries one half advertising rates.

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AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-ly.

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,

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Continues to practicein the Courts of Caroline.

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

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

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EASTON, MARYLAND,

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T. N. GOULD & SON,

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(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

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

apr4-y.

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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.

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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.

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COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

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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.

TIMOTHY SEED in store and for sale at B. G. STEVENS.

Poetry.

I KNOW A BONNY LAD.

I know a bonny lad can boast
Of all the gifts I value most,
And on his cheek the tell-tale hue,
His wreathing lip and glances true
Reveal his every thought and mood;
There's naught to hide where all is good.
If all be good, and all be show,
Small blame to me I love him so.

There is a law forbiddeth me
To clasp his hand too fervently,
Or sweet ethereal nectar sip
From the rich fullness of his lip;
Even my fathoming glance to keep
Long in his eyes, pulluid deep.
My frame is bowed to duty's sway—
Hushed e'en the sigh that might betray.

But from its true affinity
My spirit will not severed be;
His every thought and feeling dear
Come to my own so near, so near,
That like to like our souls would seem,
As harps that utter one same theme.
Oh, bonny lad, so good and true,
My spirit knows thee through and through.

MY TWO HUSBANDS.

BY MAY BRENTWOOD.

I was called a strange girl, with quixotic notions of morality. I had a high ideal of manhood that seemed almost impossible to be realized in the weak, frail mortals of the sterner sex.

I was nineteen when I first met Harvey Murch; my eyes found in him their ideal of manly beauty, while my innocent, girlish heart clothed him with all the virtues I had vowed that the man I wedded must possess. I think it would have been hard to find a man of nobler bearing, or of a more high-bred, courteous manner.

He drew me out little by little, until he held the key to my heart. He professed the deepest veneration for a pure and virtuous life; he may have meant what he said; I would rather believe that he did than that he stained his soul with a lie in those first halcyon days of our love; for even now, looking back through the mists of bygone years, with all their sorrow and shame, I believe there was a time when he loved me.

I was not handsome. I was tall and slender, with brown eyes and hair. I had a pretty chin and thin red lips. People called me interesting, but never handsome.

In due time Harvey and I were married, and moved away from the city, with its noisy din and perpetual excitement, to a lovely place in the country, ten miles from B——. I enjoyed the change, and, with perfect trust in the man of my choice, for three short years was as happy as the birds that caroled to their mates in the soft, balmy days of spring.

When we had been married one short year a little stranger, with large, wondering brown eyes and tiny form, came knocking at the door of our hearts for admittance; and no baby could ask for a warmer welcome than we gave to our darling baby boy. It seemed as though there was nothing more that my heart could desire; a husband who was still kind and true, a baby who grew in beauty and in grace, every day taking one more step in the mysteries of life, watched and guided by our loving hands.

Our little Chester—for such we had named our boy—was two years old when the cloud arose on the horizon of our domestic happiness that was so soon to burst over our heads.

I had heard my husband speak of Mabel Mace as of an old friend. I had no thought of jealousy; I trusted him too much for that.—What sent her to my home, to enter, like the serpent, our Eden?

One day Harvey told me she was coming to board with us through the summer, if we could accommodate her. I dreaded a stranger in our household, but, as he seemed to wish it, I took all due pride in making everything ready for my guest.

One beautiful June morning, the old stage deposited a wondrous beautiful woman at our door. No description could do justice to Mabel Mace. She was small, with childlike blue eyes, a fair complexion, with dimples in cheek and chin, and mouth that looked as though it were made to be kissed; she did not look over seventeen, although twenty-four summers had passed over her head. She was just the woman for most men to love; nothing of the dreaded "woman's rights" style about her.—She was one to float with the current, but not the one to stem the tide. A woman to be petted and cared for as tenderly as a baby, but not the woman to struggle on alone. I wondered in a vague way, even then, why Harvey had not loved her when he knew her first.

My husband greeted her with a smile and a warm clasp of the hand, saying he hoped she would be contented with us, and we would do our best to make her stay pleasant. Then he introduced me. She greeted me with a warm embrace and a kiss. I liked her; I could not help doing so, she seemed so innocent; while she seemed to worship Chester and me.

I told Harvey he must help her enjoy the summer by waiting on her to the various places of interest, and it was surprising how willingly he obeyed. On Sundays they went to church. I did not go, as some one must remain at home. Once he had hired a boy to come and relieve me; but things had changed since then. I was blind, and thought it was no hardship to remain at home.

Sometimes Mabel would say, with her sweetest smile,—

"Will you go berrying to day with me, pet?" the name by which she always called me.

When I could I went, but when I could not she would always prevail on Harvey to go, and then she would say,—

"You won't be jealous of poor little me?—You know I don't have a chance to go berrying every summer, and I am afraid of cows and snakes, and dare not go alone.'

Of course I would excuse her on that plea, and I was not afraid to trust Harvey.

At last there was a vague rumor floating to the effect that my husband was false to me—that he loved Mabel Mace. I did not believe it, and, even though I saw the looks of pity bestowed upon me, I did not doubt my husband. I believed he was still true, while Mabel might be weak, but not wicked; no, I could not believe her that. But at last there came a day when I was forced to believe. I could doubt hear-say, but I could not doubt his spoken words; and I heard him tell that girl he loved her better than all the world beside.

The bitterness of that hour I shall never forget. I was too proud to censure him, or to sue for a love that was mine right; but I vowed that I would not live with the man who had given his love to another. I packed up what few things I needed for Chester and myself, and sent my husband on an errand to the city. Of course Mabel accompanied him.—Then I started out in the great, wide world, with no friend but my innocent boy. I left my husband this note:—

"SIR:—I have called you husband for the last time while life remains; I blush for shame to be obliged to call you the father of my boy. You are free to love Mabel. Some women might forgive you; I never can. She is weak and easily influenced; that is my excuse for her. I have none for you; you knew you were breaking the holiest vow of your life, and disgracing your wife and child. You need not follow me, for you will not find me; henceforth we are strangers.'

The letter was written in bitterness of soul; it seemed as though my love had turned to hate; yet I had loved Harvey with my whole soul. I had no money. I would not take one cent of his.

I stood on the bridge where the stage would pass me. Soon I saw it coming. I told the driver I was going away, and asked for a ride. He looked at me, and questioned me until I told him all. He advised me to return, but I told him that I would seek rest beneath the waters of the river before I would return to my dishonored home. He took me in, and at the station he handed me ten dollars, saying,—

"You may need it. Keep it; pay me when you can. And may God bless and keep you!'

From my inmost soul I thanked the kind old man. In after years I was able to repay his kindness, but never the debt of gratitude I owe.

I took the first train for Portland only to mislead my husband, for on reaching the transfer station I took the train for the mountains. It necessitated me extra change, but was my safest plan. I had one friend there I could depend on; he obtained a situation as table girl for me in one of the large hotels. I passed as a widow; for was I not worse than widowed?

Chester was the favorite of the house, and more than one gentleman would have given him presents, or money; but I would not permit it. I hated all men. I believed them all false, weak or selfish; presents from ladies he accepted with a quaint bow, and a "Thank you; you very kind.' But to gentlemen he always said, "Thank you; mamma won't let me.'

This made me the subject for comments, more than one wondering why I hated men so much. I never smiled unless it was on my boy. I had grown sad and silent. I believe I should have gone mad had it not been for his sweet, childish love.

At last Harvey found me. It was in vain he pleaded for me to return; I would not. I could never trust him again. He pleaded for one glimpse of his boy. I would not permit it, saying that I did not wish him to remember the father who had disgraced him. I might doubt his love for me, but I could not doubt his love for his boy, and I knew it was a cruel blow I dealt him with these words; but I had grown hard toward him, and he had made me so. He left me, vowing to take away the boy.

Who Harvey was soon became known, and I was again the subject of talk, either of censure or pity. I could not endure to be made the topic of conversation for the house, neither could I endure the constant dread of my husband; so I left my situation, so shut up in my own misery that I could not give even one sigh of regret for the beautiful scenery that at one time would have filled my soul with rapturous joy.

I chose a far distant village this time as a place of refuge. I was successful in getting a situation as seamstress for one of the summer visitors to the place, and when she returned home for the winter I accompanied her. I was happier with her than I had been since leaving my own home. She knew my history, and did not blame me. She loved my boy, and so won the heart of the mother.

The next summer we again sought the mountains. One day I was reading in a secluded spot, when a gentleman dressed in hunting costume approached me. I had been slightly acquainted with him the previous summer, and knew his name. It was Stevens. He raised his cap cautiously, and made a few commonplace remarks. He made no allusion to the past or to the fact that we had ever met before; yet I knew he recognized me. He was stopping at the same hotel with us, and that evening I saw him bringing Chester up the steps; and from that time they were firm friends.

I could not help liking Lawyer Stevens. He never threw himself in my way, never questioned me, and and was always kind and obliging. One night he handed me a paper; there was a marked paragraph in it which I read, and knew that henceforth I was free. I caught my boy in my arms and fled to my own room, and wept the only tears I had ever shed for the man who had wronged me. I do not think I forgave him even then; but death had brought pity for his misspent life; and in after years I could say I forgave, even as I hoped to be forgiven. He left his property to my boy.

It was a long time before I saw Lawyer Stevens again, and when I did there was no allusion made to the paper by either of us. Before the summer was over he asked me to be his wife. I refused, telling him I could never trust any man again. It was in vain he pleaded; I was firm; so we parted as friends, not lovers.

I met him again in the city. I had learned to miss him since we parted, and welcomed him cordialily, while Chester climbed upon his knees, saying,—

"I love you almost well enough for my papa; don't you, mamma?'

That gave him a new argument, and one that I could not resist; so for my boy's sake I promised to be his wife.

I have never regretted my second choice, while my boy loves him devotedly. He is the only father he can remember, and he is truly a worthy one.—*Waverley Magazine.*

An old money-lender refused to loan a musician a small sum saying: "You're not a safe man. There's too much 'music of the future' in your busines. "What do you mean by that?' asked the musician. "I mean that you make too many promissorry notes,' was the reply.

IT is important, very important, in setting a tree to stamp the earth firmly about the roots. If the earth be loosely filled in and left so, the tree may die, and at any rate, will not thrive.

Peter Bennett's Doctor's Bill.

One of the memories of the Georgia bar with which Hon. A. H. Stephens likes to amuse his visitors, is the Peter Bennett speech, thus related nearly in Mr. Stephen's own words, by a correspondent of the *World*:

A doctor, named Royston, had sued Peter Bennet for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alex. H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved his number of visits, their value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No,' said Peter; "I hired you to speak my case, and now speak.'

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will' said Peter, "if Bobby Tooms won't be too hard on me.'

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began.

"*Gentlemen of the Jury:* You and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together, these 'ere lawyers and doctors will git the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and ain't no objection to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury.

"Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him for to come and doctor my wife's sore leg. And he came and put some salve truck on to it and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is a doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money, and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth $1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it.'

"I don't,' thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?' asked Peter, with the slow accent of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was saying, gentlemen of the jury, we farmers when we sell our cotton has got to give value for the money we ask, and the doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is a doctor, nohow.'

The physician again put in his oar with:

"Look at my diploma if you think I am no doctor.'

"His diploma!' exclaimed the new-fledged orator with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheep skin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as at first were it, nor does it of the man as now carries. A good newspaper has more in it, and I pint out to you that he ain't no doctor at all.'

"He is an impostor and no doctor, for I hired him to cure my wife and not to kill her, but he killed her and I am not obliged to pay him, and so he treated other families.'

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out:

"Ask my patients.'

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"This is a hard sayin' gentlemen of the jury, and one as requires me to die or have power, as I hearn tell, ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time and cry aloud, "Awake ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice!' Am I going to the lonely churchyard, and rap on the silent tomb, and say to them as is at last at rest from physic and doctor's bills, "Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up by some doctor!' He says ask my patients, and gentlemen of the jury, *they are all dead!* Where is Mrs. Beazley's man, Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peak's woman, Sarah, was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory a' expressin' his opinion of Royston's doctorin'. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephens'? She are where doctors cease from troublin', and infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury he has et chicken enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for the making of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curing of her, and I am humbly thankful that he never give her nothing' for her inwards as he did other patients, for something made 'em die mighty sudden—'

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the doctor lost and Peter Bennett won.

FRANKNESS.—Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honestly and courage. Say just what you mean on every occassion and mean what is right. If a friend asks you a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why it is not. You will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one. The man who wants you to is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men, and you will find it the policy which wears the best. Above all, do not appear to others, what you are not. If you have a fault to find with any, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to do one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live and speak "out of door," as is the phrase, and do what we are willing should be known and read of all men. It is best as a matter of principle, and it is safest as a matter of policy, if we are only careful to do all things in a spirit of Christian charity.

AN observing visitor to a Southern plantantion, having noticed an entirely tailless cat enter a hole in a corn rick backward, asked a colored agriculturalist if he knew the reason of that singular mode of ingress. "Why, ye see, boss,' was the reply, "dat ar cat use to go inter dat hole head-fomuss, jess like any other cat, but one day de terrier dog, what had been layin' fo' him a good spell, made a grab at him as he was gwine in, an' bit his tail square off.—An' ever sence den, boss, dat ar cat goes inter dat hole hinefomuss, so de terrier dog can't bite of his tail agin.'

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Mrs. Livingstone has a system; she ate, drank, slept and nearly died by it. Monday morning, rain or shine, the washing was done; if it rained the clothes were dried in the house, around the fire, or anywhere—but dried they must be. Tuesday she ironed, and *such* ironing! every brown towel was faithfully folded and ironed all over, and she would have considered it an everlasting disgrace not to have ironed her shirts on both sides. Wednesday she mended, laid away the week's wash, and churned. Thursday her house was swept from cellar to garret, or perhaps I should say from garret to cellar. Friday she did the thousand and one things which come under the head of "little puttering jobs.' Saturday she baked and mopped floors. A very good system, you perceive, if only she had 'bossed' the system, instead of letting the system 'boss' her. Were either of the children ill, it was only a question of getting to bed before Sunday morning; the system went on as usual. Did the mother herself feel able to rise from her bed, she 'worked it off,' but the system must not be interfered with.

As the months went, Mrs. Livingstone's voice became a fretful, querulous whine, the crows' feet began to gather on her face, the circles to deepen under her eyes, her foot to lose its elastic step—in short, she failed daily, but the system went on the same.

One Monday morning, the sun rose and found Mrs. Livingstone in bed. When her husband came in with the milk, he went to the bedroom in surprise at not finding her up—and here, let me say, that he was a good, faihtful husband, one who did all he could to lighten his wife's labors, and remonstrated with her almost daily on the system, which he said would kill her yet. "Are you sick this morning, Emma?' he said. She replied, "Do not let the clothes boil over the stove. My head swims so that I must sit down a minute.' Even in her delirium she knew the day of the week, and washed as usual!

The washing were done without her now for many weeks, and when at last she did rise from her sick bed, it was two months of weary convalescence, more trying to an energetic woman than dangerous illness. In the long days that she reclined in her easy chair—the slightest jar was enough almost to draw tears from her eyes, the least thing enough to upset her calm and quiet for the day—she had ample time to think of the wreck she had made of herself; the neglected opportunities for intellectual and physical growth, the money her sickness had cost in various ways—yes, so much time that sometimes she almost grew frantic!

There came a time at last—one blessed day—when 'mother' took the household reins again; took them to drive, instead of allowing the system to do it for her; a time when the children and father followed her around with loving looks, and thanked God that mother was well again, even though she could never be as strong as before her illness. Look out for these systems, they are making invalids and old women. Remember that a dirty floor is better than a backache, and that, be the house ever so clean and neat, it loses for the family all the pleasure, if the home mother is tired and depressed.—*Country Gentleman.*

RUINED BY CARDS.—A well dressed gentlemanly young man by the name of Jasper G. Easton was brought before Justice Kilberte in the Tombs Police Court recently. When questioned he said he was nineteen years of age and he lived in Twelfth street; but he refused to tell the number. He was arraigned for grand larceney and pleaded innocent. The plaintiff in the case was Mr. Samuel Frank, of No. 20 Walker street. Easton has been a clerk in the employ of Mr. Frank for the past fourteen months. About two months ago Mr. Frank said he discovered some slight deficiency in the accounts, but he thought it unwise to say anything of the matter. Six weeks ago a handsome gold watch was put into the safe and soon after, it disappeared, with a considerable sum of money. Easton, who was the book-keeper, had the combination of the safe, and was, accordingly, suspected. Detectives Foley and Cassidy were called in, and for several weeks they have been working assiduously on the robbery. The day before yesterday they discovered the watch in a pawnshop in the Bowery. The man who received it recognized Easton the police say, as the man to whom he loaned $25 on it. Shortly afterwards the detectives arrested Easton in the store on Walker street. They went subsequently to his house, where they said, they found a number of pawn tickets. While the court was eliciting the points in the accusation an old lady among the audience in the court sobbed audibly. She was Easton's mother, and, when the Justice said he would hold the young man to answer in the the sum of $1,000, she broke down completely. Going up to the bar she fell upon the prisoner's neck, and, while tears streamed down her aged cheeks, she cried out, clinging fondly to him, "Has it come to this? My son a criminal? Have cards brought you here? My darling boy come to a prison through gambing? My God! My God! Where has all my teaching gone? My heart is broken!" and she fell upon the floor. The son looked at her sadly as the court officers raised her and moved her into the fresh air. As she was carried out into the street the young man was led back into the City Prison.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WHAT AILED HER EYES.—A young lady went one day to an oculist with a trouble with her eyes that threatened frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. The foot in its kid boot with a wicked little heel was thurst forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face. "Go home," he said, "take off those heels; keep them off for a month, and then come to me again, and we'll see how your eyes are!' In a month the eyes were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It serves to show that there is no possibility that with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the centre of the foot, where so many delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so ultimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of body, but there must presently come some disarrangement and disease may work fatal mischief with the health.—*Boston Letter.*

IT makes a man x-sighted to see ten-dollar bills lying around loose.

SOWING THE TARES.

A prisoner in the penitentiary, who heard Mr. Moody's remarks last Sunday, retired after the discourse to a cell and soon emerged with verses hastily written in the meantiime, which had been suggested by the discourse, and handed them to Mr. Moody, who, in the afternoon had them read at the Maryland Institute, as follows:

Sowing tares, when it might have been wheat,
Plucking the bud of life's wreath all complete;
The night sinks down, amid darkness and fears,
While we are so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares of malice and spite,
Words of black import—Plutonian night;
We might have sowed roses amid life's sad cares,
But we turned from their beauty to sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares—how dark the black sin,
Mingling a curse with life's sweetest hymn;
Heeding no anguish, no piteous prayers
While we were so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares to bring sorrow down
That robs of its jewels life's fairest crown,
Turning to silver the once golden hairs
That grew whiter and whiter as we sowed the tares.

Sowing the tares under cover of night,
When we might have sowed joys cheery and bright;
Oh! heart, turn to God, with repentance and prayers,
And plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.

Going Home with the Girls.

The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take their initiation before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial either for a tender or a riper age, for an over-grown boy to go to a door, knowing well that there are a dozen girls inside, and knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in a few moments all eyes will be turned upon him; it is a severe test of courage to go before these girls and make a tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and to sit down and dispose of his hands, without putting them into his pocket, is an achievement that few boys can boast of. If a boy can go so far as to measure ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening. Let him now flatter himself that the trials of the evening are over. Then comes the breaking up; the girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, so unimpressible and independent, as if they didn't want anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy with the most pluck goes up to the prettiest girl in the room, with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and stammers out the words: "Shall I see you home?" She touches her fingers on his arm, and they walk home, feeling as awkward as two goslings.

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him to the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making, or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes, and meets with failures and defeats; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart, and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds—man needs a woman's love.

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.—In New Hampshire is a well known eccentric individual self-constituted cured of all ills—a sort of panacea "body and soul, head, heart and science doctor," who with all his eccentricities, has a fund of actual wit that is hard to beat.

Not long ago the doctor was called upon the witness stand. The opposing counsel who is said sometimes to wet his whistle with "licker pizen," knowing the doctor's peculiarities, ventured in cross examining him to show him up a bit.

"What is your business?" pompously inquired the counsel.

"My business is to do what little good I can to my fellow-man," modestly replied the doctor.

"But that doesn't answer my question," gruffly answer the counsel. "How do you spend your time?"

"Why, squire, it takes about all my time to do what I said," replied the doctor.

"But I want someteing more definite," stoutly demanded the counsel. "How do you go about your business?"

"That depends upon circumstances, according to the nature of the case," explained the doctor. "For instance, if I were going to begin on you, the first thing I should do would be to advise you to sign a temperance pledge."

"You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my way who ought to be tooken car' of," said an old darkey to the captain of the Central Station the other day. "What's he been doing now?" ,,waal, sah, las' fall I lent him my ax' when I wanted it back he braced right up an' told me dat possesshun was nine pints o' law an' refused to gib it up." "Yes." "Waal, de odder day I sent de ole woman ober an' she borrowed his bucksaw, an' when Julius cum for it I tole him jist like he answered me, an' stood on my dignity." "Well." "I had nine pints o' law, didn't I" "Yes." "An' how many pints am de law composed of?" "I don't know.' "Well, dat's what bodders me, fur dat nigger saw dem nine pints, shet up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched de ole woman ober a bar'l an' walked off wid his saw an' my snow shovel to boot! Ef I had nine pints he mus' hev had ober twenty, an' eben den he didn't half let himself out."

A Conductor who Backed Down.

Before the train left Bay City for Detroit a woman nearly six feet tall and having a complexion like a fresh brick, entered the depot followed by a dog almost as big as a yearling calf. Having purchased a ticket, the woman stood beside the train until the conductor came along, when she led off with:

"You have been pinted out to me as the boss of this train.'

"Yes'm,' was the modest reply.

"Well, I'm going to Detroit fos the old man.'

"Yes.'

And this dog is going with me. He goes where I go every time in the year.'

"Yes, he can go down in the baggage car.'

"Not any he can't! That's what I stopped you for. This 'ere dog is going 'long in this 'ere car and nowhere else!'

"The rules of the road—'

"Rules be-hanged! My old man can be banged around by everybody, and he never demands his rights; but Lucinda ain't Thomas—not by a jugfull!'

"Madam, let me—'

"I don't want no clawing off!' she interrupted, as she peeled a pair of black mittens off her big red hands. "I'm going and the dog's going' and what I want to know is whether you want to have a row on the cars or have it right now and here!'

The conductor looked the dog over and was about to shake his head, when the woman began untying her bonnet and quietly remarked:

"I s'pose, being as I am a woman, it would be no more than fair for the dog to sail in with me. Come here, Leonidus!'

"Madam,' replied the conductor as he felt a shiver up his legs, "take your dog and get aboard!'

"Honest Injun?'

"Yes.'

"No row after the cars start?'

"No.'

"Then that settles that, and I'm much obleeged, though you did kinder hang off at first. Leonidus, foller me and behave yourself!'

JOSH BILLING'S PRAYER.—From tu many friends, and from things at luce ends, good Lord deliver us!

From a wife who don't luv us, and children who don't look like us, good Lord deliver us!

From wealth without charitee, from pride without sense, from pedigrees worn out and from all rich relashuns, good Lord deliver us!

From snaix in the grass, from nails in our boots, from torch ligt processions, and from all nu rum, good Lord deliver us!

From pack peddlers, from young folks in luv from old aunts without money, and from kolera morbis, good Lord deliver us!

From newspaper selis and from pills that ain't fisic, from females who faint and men who flatter, good Lord deliver us!

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that smells, from nigger kamp meetiugs, and from cats that are courtin, good Lord deliver us!

From other folks' secrets, and from our own, and woman committees, good Lord deliver us!

From pollytishuns who pra, and from saints who tipple, from ri coffee, from red herrins and grass widders, good Lord deliver us!

From folks who won't laugh and from them who giggle, from tite butes easy virtue, and ram mutton, good Lord deliver us!

DON'T GET SOURED.—We may be born with a melancholy temperament, but that is no reason why we should yield to it. There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are 50 advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. One good hearty laugh is a bombshell exploded in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man that shoots it off. Some men are born opposed to everything. They must have to get into heaven backward. In a world where God hath put an exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, let us leave it to the owl to hoot and the toad to croak, and the fault-finder to complain. Take out-door exercise and avoid late suppers if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become waspish and unapproachable.—*Talmage.*

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their delicacies and pecularities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are off, their better natures polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel on their characters are hidden, like the charreter and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of goods and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled. Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become worthless. Rags, string and paper are thrown in the fire. Pork spoils for wants scalding. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the pan is left with the dough sticking to it. Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold pudding are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed and served just as good as new.

A five-year old boy got hold of a microscope, pulled a hair from his head, and was found by his mother industriously taking observations. "Why, Johnny, what are you doing?' asked the mother. Johnny replied:—"Didn't you tell me that God numbered even the hair of our heads?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' said Johnny, "I am looking for my number.'

FEW men ever know what pity is until they need the article.

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