American Union.

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The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance,

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AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

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

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

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

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practicein the Courts of Caroline.

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CLEMENT SULLIVANE,

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CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

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T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

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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,

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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.

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

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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.

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

Poetry.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-bye" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away—
And turns with a sigh that is half relief
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children one by one
Will go from their home out in the world
To battle with life alone.
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced.
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

A SUMMER EPISODE.

—:x:—

"What do you think, girls?' cried Lilly Barton, rushing out on the porch in a tremor of excitement and delight; "we are actually going to have a new arrival to-morrow; a man and an Englishman into the bargain!'

Four pair of eyes were quickly raised from novels and crewel work, and four faces looked with incredulous wonder at the bearer of such unwonted tidings.

"It's a fact, I assure you,' she went on,' astounding though it may seem. Mr. Miller told Uncle John himself that he had just received a letter from a friend in New York asking him to secure a room for a Mr. Somebody or other, I've forgotten the name, an Englishman, who has only been a few months in this country.'

"And what do you suppose brings him up here?' asked one of the party, wonderingly.

"Our lucky star must have guided him, I fancy,' cried another, jumping up and upsetting her lapful of wools on the floor. "It's about the best news I've heard since I came.'

"But what is one among so many?' said Minnie Neal, rather dolefully. "We will have to cut him up into bits and divide him around, or else hire him out by the hour like a pony phæton.'

And indeed these seemed the only available ways of solving the problem. Here we were, five girls standing on a desert spot on the Hudson; full of lovely walks and romantic nooks and corners, as was Robinson Crusoe's island, I have no doubt, and very nearly as destitute of men. True, every Saturday night there would come an influx of these desirable articles, and on Sunday they would actually be seen "lying around loose,' as Lilly expressed it, "without any one to pick them up;' but on Monday morning the tide invariably turned citywards again, and for the next five days we were left to wander around, a melancholy little band of unprotected and ungallanted females.

We were not by any means the only unmarried women in the house, while as for men, if we except Mr. Miller, who was sixty at least, and Dick Terry who could not have been much over sixteen, the list resolves itself into my brother Charley, of no possible use so far as I was concerned, and a lame gentleman of melancholy aspect, who had been there three weeks and had never been heard by one of us to utter a syllable. Under these circumstances Lilly's news was, indeed, exhilarating. True, the newcomer was, as Minnie observed, only one and we were five; but still, thought each of us sagely to herself, one is enough, if he fancies me, and then this Englishman was going to stay. There would be no horrid business to call him to the city just when his company was most needed.

The next day came. Many were our speculations as to the distinguished guests arrival.—The four o'clock train was to have the honor of bringing him down, and five girls seated on the porch with their fancy work in their lap, glanced with undisguised interest at the coach as it drew up and emptied its burden at the door. First a stoutish lady with three small children and a nurse—there was nothing at all remarkable about that group; then two of the boarders, married women; who had gone to New York for a day's shopping, climbed wearily down; then a solitary man—it was—it must be—the Englishman, jumped lightly to the ground, and shouldering a little valise, walked straight into the house without bestowing a single look around. As he disappeared we each drew a long breath and wondered whether or not we were disappointed. The stranger seemed rather good-looking, was tall and well-built and dressed like a gentleman.—More than that our hasty glance had failed to show us, and we longed for the supper table to give us a good look. Charley was lounging in our midst, irritatingly indifferent, and I fancy none too well pleased to have a foreigner encroaching on his especial preserve.

"Mr. Weston,' said Lilly, persuasively to him, "You know we depend entirely on you to make this Englishman's acquaintance and introduce him to the party.'

"Of course we do,' I continued, "and please try first to find out a little about him.'

"Do you mean by that,' said Charley, "that I am to ask him what his income is, and whether there is a title in his family?'

"Of course not,' I answered sharply, "there is not the smallest chance of anything of that sort, though in my heart I thought there might be, and so am sure did the others. 'Remember we don't even know what his name is, and you can discover that anyhow, and whether he is only visiting in this country or going to stay.'

"And whether he has a wife or wants one,' said Charley, languidly; "all right, ladies, you may trust in me for the particulars; and drawing a note book out of his pocket and carefully sharpening a pencil, he declared himself ready to cross question a dozen Englishmen in our behalf and sauntered off to fulfill his mission.

That evening the two were seen smoking together under the trees like the oldest and best of friends, and an hour later my brother, of whom I was beginning to feel quite proud, brought up his captive and introduced him to the group. Mr. Howard Nelson Nugent—he had plenty of name, anyhow; seemed anything but displeased at the quarters in which he found himself, and no wonder. Five girls, and none of us absolutely ugly, to choose from; five freeborn citizens of our glorious republic all ready to forswear allegiance to the Democratic principles, and full of admiration for everything English, from titles down to tennis—surely he at least had nothing to complain of. As for us, perhaps our good fortune was not quite so apparent. Our prize was certainly handsome, well-mannered and fairly intelligent, but we failed to see in what particular he differed from the ordinary Americans of our previous acquaintance. There seemed to be absolutely nothing of the conventional Englishman about him. He didn't drawl, he didn't lisp, he didn't say daag for dog, or gel for girl; he didn't seem at all inclined to talk about his home—a tendency which we attributed to aristocratic reserve—he didn't even wear side-whiskers, but the smallest of fair mustaches and altogether he was in no respect just what we had expected to find him.

Charley, however, appeared to have been singularly fortunate in extracting his information, and brought us the result of his investigations the next morning after breakfast. Mr. Nugent, he informed us, came from the parish of Linthwaite, in the West Riding of York, which sounded beautifully. He was a second son, with a delicate brother—this always seems to be the case—and not having devoted himself to any profession, with a view to succeeding to the estate, he was merely traveling for pleasure. Other particulars of less importance, my brother gave us, but this was the substance of his report, and, to my great surprise, instead of being grumpy and disagreeable about it as I had feared, he seemed as much interested in our Englishman as we were ourselves, and appeared to find a mysterious pleasure in sitting a little apart and benevolently watching us whenever Mr. Nugent honored us with his attentions.

This state of affairs lasted three days, during which we all became so extremely English that there is no telling where we were likely to stop. Our lion was most impartial in his devotions; had rowed Lilly, and walked with Minnie, and proposed a river excursion for us all, which we sat discussing in the moonlight the night before it was to take place. The beauties of the Hudson formed the theme of our conversation. Julia Terry, who had been abroad, said she thought it far lovelier than the Rhine. Mr. Nugent, who appeared to have been everywhere, warmly agreed with her.—Minnie Neal, who always made a point of sitting on the porch steps when there was moonlight, for the sake of the effect of her fair hair, asked him if he had ever seen it before. He seemed surprised at the question, but said, "Oh, yes, he was familiar with every turn of it.'

"You must have improved your opportunities wonderfully,' I thought, "considering what a short time you have been here.'

"And what was the prettiest river in England,' asked Lilly, who appeared devoured with a sudden thirst for information.

"That he could hardly say. England was full of charming scenery, but nothing at all like the Rhine or Hudson.

This we all knew before, and there was a little pause. Mr. Nugent stroked his fair mustache and looked dreamily handsome. We supposed him to be thinking of his far-off home, which he so proudly refused to talk about. It was really quite romantic, if there were five of us, and we hesitated to break the spell. Finally, he turned to me. "Apropos of England,' he said, "do you know Miss Weston, you remind me very much of English girls.'

"Do I?' I said delightedly, while four heads were turned in my direction, and four pairs of eyes looked envyingly at my hitherto despised charms.

"Yes,' he went on, "it struck me when I first saw you, though I could not say just where the resemblance lies. Have you any English blood in you?'

"Not a drop,' I answered with a pang of regret.

"Odd!' he said, with a little laugh, "neither have I.'

There was a pause now in earnest. We all sat as if spell-bound, waiting for what would come next, but as nothing did come, Lilly finally burst forth:

"But you were born in England, weren't you?'

"Certainly not, was the composed reply.—I was born in Poughkeepsie. Nugent sounds rather English, does it not? but my father was an Irishman and my mother a Yankee.'

These were developments with a vengeance.

"Then, why,' I gasped, "why do you live in England?'

"I don't,' he said, now surprised in his turn. "I live in New York when at home; but I travel a good deal both in this country and abroad, for my firm—Humbull, Smith & Co.'

"Humbull, Smith & Co.!' A dry goods house, a store where I had often bought my dresses; and he had merely traveled on business through that England where we had loudly dreamed was planted his ancestral home. A light flashed through my mind. Charley had betrayed us, had lied in a wholesale fashion terrible to contemplate, and for the last three days had quietly enjoyed seeing us make fools of ourselves. Linthwaite, the West Riding of New York—the delicate brother—all had existed only in his fertile imagination, and on his evil tongue.

How shall I write more! The next day the real Englishman arrived—a little gray haired, wizened man, and who signed his name in a tremulous little hand, Peter S. Smith. Thus perished our illusion. Mr. Nugent suddenly himself looked coldly on and, unconscious of any offense he cheerfully devoted himself to another batch of girls, who received him as what he was and made the most of him. As for us, the descent was too terrible, the memory of our own folly too strong, and we never wanted to see his handsome face again.

Charley fled. The early train next morning saw him enroute for West Point, and I don't know when he will summon up courage to return. And now I fancy the other four girls are cool to me, either suspecting me of being an accomplice, or at least holding me in a measure responsible for my brother's sin. My innocence I assert, and if the misdeeds of our brothers are to be laid upon our shoulders who, I wonder, will be strong enough to bear it.

When a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker, if you would call your soul your own.

The Care of Clothing.

Concerning the fashion of clothing and the various fabrics of which it is made information is full and frequent. Very little, however, is said about the care of clothing, and the ways in which it may be preserved for the longest time in the best possible condition. To those who change their garments with every change of style this is a matter of slight importance, but to those who purchase a silk dress or a broadcloth suit only once in a series of years, it is a matter of interest and value. Silks, cashmeres, cloths of standard style and quality, are very little affected by the various currents of fashion. They hold their own through all the years and are always good, always 'stylish,' always suitable. While new fabrics are for the hour of their popularity high-priced, these standard goods sell at the standard prices and know little of rise or fall in standard value.

Neglect and carelessness deteriorate clothing a great deal faster than steady wear does. The housekeeper who instead of changing her nice dress when she passes from the street or the church to her kitchen, keeps it on and takes it with her through the various processes of dish-washing, sweeping and cooking will soon rob it of all its nicety, while she who wears her fine clothes only in places were fine clothes are suitable, may keep them in good condition for an indefinite time. To dress according to one's work is good taste, good sense and economy. The careful person will take pains to preserve a new calico no less than a new silk. We knew a young lady once who put on a nice new calico which she had taken great pains to make, and wore it through the morning dew to milk the cows. To keep her arm from being soiled or tanned by the sun, she declined to turn up the sleeves of the dress. In two days the nice new calico looked like all the rest of her dresses, dowdy, slatternly, unclean. We knew another young lady who had six silk dresses, and not one of them fit to wear, though none of them had been made above a year.—They were spotted, draggled, tumbled, mussed, abused. We knew another young lady who was the fortunate possessor of one nice black alpaca dress which she wore on all occasions the season through, and always appeared faultlessly dressed. She had no work to do that would specially soil her clothes. If a stray drop of anything that could make a spot fell upon her dress it was at once removed. All dust was brushed off, a sponge dipped in ammonia water brightened faded places, and snowy collars and cuffs suggested dainty habits of cleanliness.

The care of clothing to be easy must be habitual. The hardest part is in forming the habit, and this cannot too early in life be formed. Most children love to make mud pies and play in the dirt generally and give little heed to keeping themselves clean. This is all well enough at times, and they should be indulged in their mud pies provided they are dressed for the work. But it is "poor-folksy" in the last degree to allow a child to play in the dirt with nice clothes on, or to permit a young person to dress inappropriately while at work. It is vastly easier to change a good coat for a poor one than it is to restore to its pristine condition a soiled coat. It is vastly easier to put on a pair of overalls than it is to sponge thoroughly a pair of pantaloons. But the worse of it is that those who neglect to change the coat and put on overalls neglects also the sponging and cleansing processes, and let dust gather and the spots remain.

A clothes brush, a wisp broom, a bottle of ammonia, a sponge, a hand brush, a cake of erasive soap, a vial of alcohol, should form a part of the furnishings of every toilet. After all dust has been removed from clothing spots may be taken out of black cloth with a hand brush dipped in a mixture of equal parts of ammonia, alcohol and water. This will bright en as well as cleanse. Benzine is useful in removing grease spots. Spots of grease may be removed from colored silks by putting on raw starch made into a paste with water. Dust is best removed from silk by a soft flannel, from velvet with a brush made specially for the purpose. If hats and bonnets when taken from the head are brushed and put away in boxes and covered up, instead of being laid down anywhere, they will look fresh a long time.—Shawls and all articles that may be folded, when taken from the person in their original creases and laid away. Cloaks should be hung up in place, gloves pulled out lengthwise, wrapped in tissue paper and laid away, laces smoothed out nicely and folded, if requisite, so that they will come out of the box new and fresh when needed again. A strip of old black broad cloth four or five inches wide, rolled up tightly and sewed to keep the roll in place, is better than a sponge or a cloth for cleansing black and dark colored clothes. Whatever lint comes from it in rubbing is black and does not show. When black clothes are washed, as they may often be previous to make over, fresh clean water should be used, and they should be pressed on the wrong side before being quite dry. If washed in water previously used for white clothing they will be covered with lint. In securing clothing against moths, if linen is used for wrappings no moth will molest. Paper bags are equally good if they are perfectly tight, and so are trunks and boxes closed so tightly that no crevice is left open for the entrance of the moth fly. As the moth loves darkness, it will not molest even furs hung up in light rooms open to air and sunshine.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—The lady who fills the chair of Professor of Domestic Science in the Illinois Industrial University has been giving sensible "Advice to Girls" in a lecture at St. Louis. She called women the world's home-makers, insisted that reform in women's education was the urgent need of the times, and emphasized the fact that intelligent cooks, educated housekeepers and enlightened mothers were beginning to be appreciated. Women were not instinctively good housekeepers any more than men were good mechanics or good farmers. It was an error to suppose that in matters pertaining to the home instruction was not needed. It was said that common sense alone was necessary, but common sense and proper sense differed. Despite their general unpreparedness 99 out of a 100 hundred girls would still persist in getting married. This last assertion, which would be true if there were men enough, possibly supplies the key to a remedy. Let it be enacted that no girl shall get married until she can pass an examination in domestic science.

Vassar girl, eating her first gooseberries, "N'yum! n'yum! yum—m—m—m! Wouldn't I like to see the goose that laid them berries?"

Oleomargarine—What it is and What it is Not.

When Oleomargarine was first manufactured we described the process, but that was some years ago. Recent inquires make it. Prepared beef suet, the membranes, etc., removed, is churned with milk to give it the flavor of butter, is colored and salted—that is what it is—beef fat prepared to look and taste like butter. It has no mechanical texture of or the chemical composition of, and in no respect, butter. So far as it is sold as butter it is a miserable fraud. The makers claim that it is as good as any butter and much better than a large share of the butter sold. That is a point with which we have nothing to do. It is *not* butter, as that is a product of the cow, obtained through the medium of the milk, and contains several constituents that the fat of the cow does not and cannot be added. Several of the States have passed laws directing that all the packages of Oleomargarine shall be distinctly marked with the word in letters of a given size. This is well, so far as it goes, but does not not prevent the retailer from serving it as butter. As oleogamargarine can be made at a much less cost than butter can be produced, the sale of it as butter is injurious to the dairy interest, and every dairman and every farmer is interested in preventing its sale as butter, and to this end a petition is being circulated for signatures asking Congress by a general law to place restriction upon its manufacture and sale. But the capitalists who have money invested in the manufacture of Oleomargarine are not idle. They have invited the Committee on Agriculture of Congress to visit their factory; they have also invited a number of prominent chemists to do the same; their have been steamboated and dined and we suppose wined, all after the approved fashion. We do not know what the effect will be upon the Congressmen, but we are very sure that the chemist will say, as they might have said before—"Gentlemen, your stuff is not injurious, it is as healthy as beef fat need to be, we see no objections if people wish beef-fat with their bread, why they should not buy yours, but it is not butter and no amount of steamboat or banquet can make us say that it is.' We see no reason why colored and salted beef-fat or colored and salted hog's lard, or purified and salted palm oil should not be eaten if one's taste runs that way, but they should not be sold as butter or given out to one who asks for butter, and the penalty to one who does it should be most severe. We notice of late a disposition to change the name of the stuff to Butterine—no, gentlemen! you chose your own at the beginning. Oleomargarine is quite a pretty name and as a distinct from *butter* as the stuff itself, and we do not wish a name that may lead to the confounding of two very distinct articles. Butter can stand on its own merits, with its own name; let your stuff do the same, and may there be laws enough to make you do it.—*American Agriculturist for May* 1.

Girls, Don't Read This.

Now I'm sure I will have the attention of all the girls, and that is just what I want, for women are said to be always contrary, and I was a girl myself once, and when any one told me what I *ought* to do, *that* was the signal for me to do the opposite. Now I know there are a great many just such foolish girls at the present day—girls who, having comfortable homes, kind parents, and loving friends, in a foolish moment throw all aside, and taking their whole future in their own inexperienced hands, wreck their whole happiness forever. Many a young life has been sacrificed by a headstrong will. I most earnestly advise my young readers to beware of a hasty marriage.

Listen to your parents, to those who have been spared through many years, and who *know* the many trials that come to us all sooner or later. I say again, beware of all temptations that may lead to such a step. At the turning point of your life *don't* make a mistake—a disastrous mistake for which all the tears and repentance of a lifetime can never *atone*. Think of your dear parents, who planned and hoped so much for your future; let not your hand be the one to frustrate all those plans and dissipate those ambitious hopes.

The time may come when you, too, may clasp a tiny form to your heart, and while every act that you perform toward that dear one will be of kindness and love, yet there is always a fear of what that child's future may be. Then and not till then will you fully appreciate the unselfishness of a parent's love.

A marriage performed without the parent's knowledge, and regardless of their wishes, seldom prospers.

Now, girl's don't say "that's all nonsense," but, before it is too late, beware. "Look well before you leap," is the advice of one *who knows*.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—When I was a school girl, about to take my first trip from home, an elder brother gave me some practical advice, so good that I have always heeded it since. Always have enough small change at hand to pay a porter or 'bus driver, without giving him a bill or large coin to change; for if he has any undesirable piece of money he will certainly put it on you. Besides, it saves time and trouble to have the amount all ready. Do not carry all your surplus funds in your pocketbook, so that any one can see it every time you show your railroad ticket. You may lose it. Look after your own baggage when it needs to be rechecked, then you will know it is all right. If you wish to know anything about your route, ask the conductor or some other official. The chances are that your fellow travelers do not know any more about the matter than you do yourself. Carry no jewelry in sight. It is unsafe as well as in bad taste. Make no acquaintances. A model traveler is civil to all, but beyond that keeps his or her own counsel.

TALK TO THE CHILDREN.—Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own household. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, and what unconscious, but excellent, mental training, in lively, social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.

Mrs. Partington at the Sociable.

There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand, confirmed the impression that Mrs. Partington was indeed in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conversation, and the party gathered around the new comer, eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake. "Bless me! how salutary you all are!—just as you ought to be at times like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You are very kind, I'm shore, and I am glad to see you trying to enjoy yourselves. We had no church sociables in my young days, but we had husk-in' bees, and quiltin' bees, and apple bees, and—" "Bumble-bees," said Ike, breaking in like a boy on thin ice—"and thought we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red ears were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as Ike in his restlessness placed his heel on a circum jacent toe, but it was stilled as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. "Glad to see you, madam," said the minister, "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one," "I know I shall, sir," replied she, "for happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves, and enough of anything always satisfies me. How could I help enjoying myself in a scene of such life and animosity as this!" "Very true, madam." "And then the lights, blazing like a consternation, and the music and flowers make it seem like Pharoah land." The minister was called away and the master of ceremonies asked Mrs. P. if she would like "an ice," which she faintly heard. "A nice—?" she replied, looking at him and hanging on to the long—, as if it were the top bar of a gate: "oh, very." A rush, by the contestants in a game, here broke in between them, the band gave a crash which seemed to start the roof, the mass of people waved to and fro, Ike started off with a new crony in quest of some suggested peanuts and Mrs. Partington backed into a seat. She looked pleasantly upon the moving spectacle, through her own parabolas, her fingere beat time to the music, and her oil-factories inhaled the breath of flowers and the smell of coffee from an adjacent room till she was becoming "lost," when she realized that a figure was standing before her, and a cold spoon was being thrust into her right hand. It was the attentive manager, again, with an ice cream which he invited her to take. "You are very surprising, sir," said she smiling. "I was unconcionable at the moment. Thank you; I will. I am very partially fond of ice cream, and this is manilla, too, which is my favorite." She ate with a sense of enjoyment caught from the scene and went away soon after, when Ike had joined her, with plethoric pockets, bidding the manager convey a good night from her to the party, saying she had enjoyed a real sociable time.

Finding Fault.

Does it pay to find fault? You who are the wise keepers of houses, and the dear keepers of hearts, does it pay? There are heavy burdens to bear all day—manifold cares from the rising to the setting of the sun—blunders made by those who should have known better, many a thing to annoy; but don't make cold and cheerless the home atmosphere by finding fault. There is no blight more deadly in its tendency nothing that can more surely disturb the harmony of home, nothing that will recoil more quickly upon yourself—than the habit of fault finding. Not that errors should go unrebuked, or mistakes uncorrected; but note such down in your memory, and when the work, and care, and tumult of the day are all over, then call the little ones and the larger ones around you, and then tell them soberly but kindly of the wrong-doings, and see if you are not amply repaid for your forbearance by the smile and the tear, and the little word of contrition and promise of amendment. You will be a thousand times happier when you lie down to sleep, and a sweet forgetfulness has settled over your littled flock, than you would have been had the blue eyes now closed been filled with bitter tears that overflowed at unkind censure, or had the little golden head drooped under the shadow of your constant frown. How fair, and sweet, and satisfying life might be to us all if we could forget to fret, and find fault, and complain. Don't save your words for praise and appreciation until it is too late. You love the little children—the dear little children! And if they do speak loud and leave doors open that should be shut, and disturb the order of the house, don't find fault It won't pay.

Why and When Lamps Explode

All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor of gas which collects above the oil. When full of oil of course lamps contain no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamps consumption of oil begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp heats up and after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate to make an explosion. The gas lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous. The following shows that many things occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp:

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantle, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or sudden opening of a door may cause an explosion.

2. It may be taken up quickly from a table or mantle and instantly explode.

3. If taken into an entry where there is a strong draught from the door, an explosion is likely to ensue.

4. If taken up a flight of stars, or raised quickly to place it on the mantle, it is likely to explode.

In all these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught or forcing the air down the chimney against the flame.

5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light, is a frequent cause of explosion.

6. Lamp explosion have been caused by using a chimney broken at the top or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady.

7. Sometimes thoughtless persons put a small sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edges of the wick.

8. An old burner which by right should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use; the final result is explosion.

What Saved Him.

During the 'hard winter' of 1877, when thirty thousand unemployed workmen haunted the streets of New York, driven to beggary, or too often theft, a man rang a door-bell of a house in one of our large cities, and asked for something to eat. He told a glid story of his discharge from a woolen mill, and said he had a wife starving not far away.

The mistress of the house made it a rule not to give alms that winter, except after personal ezamination of the case of each applicant.

She went to the kitchen and ordered a substantial meal set before the man, who ate ravenously.

He was a young, honest looking fellow, but there were heavy marks of dissipation on his face. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork and sat staring at the door.

"Who's that?' he cried. 'Johnny, Johnny!'

The lady's little child, a girl of three, had followed her from the nursery, and stood in her white gown in the doorway, her fair curls tumbling over her face. The tramp recovered himself with a coarse laugh.

"I beg your pardon,' he said. "It's your child, of course. I—I haven't seen a child for a long time.'

But his food seemed to choke him. In a few moments he started up again in agitation, and said:

"Madam, I am not a workman. I am Jim Floyd, and was discharged yesterday from Moyamensing Prison where I have served out a sentence for burglary. I was once a decent man. I left my wife and my old mother up in Pottsville, and my baby.'

While he spoke his eyes were fixed on the child with a terrible hunger in them.

"Little one,' he said, holding out his hands with a pitiful entreaty, "shake hands with me, won't you? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head.'

The mother's heart gave a throb. The man was foully dirty, just out of prison, full perhaps of disease.

But the baby (surely God sent it) ran forward smiling. With both hands out, Jim kneeled down beside it, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "It is so like Johnny,' he muttered; "it is so like Johnny!'

"You'll go back to Johnny and your wife and your old mother?' said the lady.

He would make no promises. "Tis too late to make a decent man of me,' he said, and presently putting on his old cap, he went out.

Six months later the lady received an ill-spelled letter from Pottsville. "I am at work here,' it said. "That night I had planned to join the boys, but your little girl saved me. I came home instead. It was not too late.'

The Colonel's Coffee Mill.

Yesterday old Joe Hemlock, one of the blackest colored men in Detroit, was promenading through the editorial rooms of the *Free Press*, in search of money enough to buy a new pair of boots, and the sight of him revived an old recollection. In 1861, after the retreat from Bull Run, the Third Michigan Infantry went into camp at Hunter's Place, and old Joe, then a middle aged darkey, came into camp as a runaway. Col. McConnell seized upon him for a cook, and after instructions Joe was given charge of the Colonel's kitchen. His first meal was dinner, and about time for it to appear he walked in on the colonel, made a very low bow and said:

"Kernel, Ize not quite up to de situation jist yit. You tole me to bake beans, didn't you?'

"I did.'

"Werry well, sah; de beans am baked. You told me to fry ham, didn't you?'

"I did.'

"Werry well, sah; de ham am fried. Now, did you say I war to bile de coffee in de kernel, or, so—'

"No—no—who ever heard of making coffee that way?'

"Well, dat's what I fought; but kernel, it am an awful slow job for one nigger to crack all that coffee 'tween his teef, and dinner's goin' to be half an hour late, suah's yoer bo'n!'

SAVE ME NEXT.—A beautiful incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand.

INFIDELS AND THE BIBLE.—Hume used to go to church sometimes in Scotland. Collins insisted on his servants going to church, "that they might not rob or murder him." Voltaire built 'a church to God" at Ferney. Mr. Huxley wants the Bible introduced into the boarding scools. Prof. Tyndall is indignant at being charged with hostility to religion; and Mr. Herbert Spencer leaves ample space for the "unknown and unknowable." The heart, like nature, "abhors a vacuum;" it craves for something beyond a negation, and, as long as the unknown is treated as "unknown," the craving is hard to satisfy.

THERE is a woman at Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words:

"Thy beauty set my mind aglow;
I'd wed thee right or wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little long.

One reason, says the Detroit *Free Press*, why Leadville has no schools is because all the school-ma'ams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotels, and don't care a cent whether school keeps or not.

A man gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one he may have trouble; and some men have come to sure tribulation by simply promising to marry one.—Trouble anyhow.

A little girl went into a drug store the other day and said to the proprietor in a half whisper: "If a little girl hasn't got no money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothing!"

A contemporary says: "Fullness under the eye denotes language." The writer has probably been knocked down for something he has printed.

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