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The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, to be paid for at special rates. Fractions of a square counted according to actual measurement. Special contracts made with yearly, half-yearly and quarterly advertisers.—Bills payable according to contract. Advertisements not ordered a given number of times will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Job Printing neatly executed at the lowest rates.

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

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

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

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

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

Legal Notice.

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

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

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to the collection of Claims, Sales of RealEstate, &c.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

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

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 94 [illegible] WHARF,

(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of Grain & Produce Solicited.

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

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

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

SPRING and SUMMER

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 SPRING & SUMMER 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.

may13-tf.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Denton, Maryland.

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

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

mar28-tf. C. H. B

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

Give us a trial and be convinced that we get highest market prices, and are more prompt in keeping you posted and making remittances than most Philadelphia houses. [jan30-y.

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.

THE PATIENT ANGLER.

A SPRING IDYL.

An Angler sat by an old saw mill
And angled away in the flowing rill,
Dreaming of fish that, traditions say,
Deep in those waters hide away;
Pickerel, perch, eels and bull pout,
And, legend whispered, a speckled trout.
This last named fish must be taken on spec,
No man ever saw his head or his neck;
One man had seen the end of his tail
Going down stream like an express mail.

But to our tale: As I said before,
The patient Angler sat by the shore,
And the tools of his trade around him lay—
Hackles, dun, brown, red, speckled and gray,
And flies artificial, of every hue,
Millers, grubs, and grasshoppers, too;
And good old Walton's Angler Complete,
The fisherman's Bible, lay at his feet,
As thus he sat and angled away,
I gently spoke to this fisherman gray:
"Halloa! my friend, how goes the fight
With the finny tribes? Had'st e'er a bite?"
"Not yet," he sighed, and whispered low,
"I've only been here a day or so."

Time rolled on and I passed that way,
There sat the Angler, old and gray.
The hornet had built a nest in his hat,
His shoes were the homes of the sportive gnat,
And yellow jackets were coming to rest
Within the folds of his peaceful vest;
Earwigs, horseflies, and beetles brown
Were sporting around his snowy crown;
But there he sat by the old saw mill,
Happy, contented, and patient still.
As thus he sat and angled away,
I gently spoke to this fisherman gray:
"Halloa! my friend, how goes the fight
With the finny tribes? Had'st e'er a bite?"
"Not yet, he sighed, and whispered low,
"I've only been here a month or so."

Under Suspicion.

A hard day it was for us when the constable took poor Jamie to the jail. He was only a boy, scarced turned out twenty; and though I'm his mother that says it, an honester or better son never lived. Ever since his father died, he labored hard and faithful, and it was not in dram shops he spent his earnings either, but he brought them home on Saturday night whenever it came; he used to lay the bright silver dollars in my lap, and then he would say with his canny smile:

"Here's the money, mother, that'll buy us our Sunday dinner and all the good things for next week.'

I had noticed for a long time that Jamie and Maggie Ryan were very fond of each other, and I was not sorry to notice it, for I knew the boy would be wanting to get married sometime, and a nicer, neater girl than Maggie was not to be found.

'Twas a mile from our little cottage to where Maggie lived, and on Sunday nights Jamie would clothe himself in his best and walk over there, and when he came back, if I chanced to be up, it did me good to look at his happy, contented face, as he raked up the smouldering logs in the fireplace, and took his seat in the chimney corner. I could tell by that half dreamy look in his eyes, that he saw Maggie's soft curls and rosy cheeks in the flames, and that he was in love.

One Sunday night, however, when he came home later than usual, there was a troubled, puzzled expression on his face, and he didn't smile nor speak any of his pleasant words, but just paced the floor in a nervous manner, and seemed doubtful whether or not to tell me some secret that troubled him.

I didn't question him, for I concluded that he had had a quarrel with Maggie, and if it was a heart wound that troubled him, talking about it could but open it the wider.

He went to bed very soon after he came in. I was about to do the same, when I heard the fire bells in the village ringing. I went to the door, and looking out I saw a great flaming light in the direction of one of the churches.—I was glad that our cottage was not situated in the heart of the town, for these fires had become very frequent of late, and the newspapers said that there was a gang of men engaged in kindling them, and that nobody's property was safe, though it was not dwelling houses they burnt, but barns and churches and public buildings.

A thousand dollars reward had been offered for the arrest of the incendiaries, but, whoever they were, they kept clear of the authorities.

I don't know how it happened, but as I stood there at the door, listening to the bells, they seemed to say, every time they clanged, "Jamie Riley, Jamie Riley!" and I could not resist associating my dear boy's name with some awful crime.

I slept but poorly that night, and being awake very early in the morning, I heard Jamie come very softly down stairs and go out of the door. After a time I got up, and just as I was placing the breakfast on the table, Jamie came in.

He looked very pale, and he had no appetite for his food.

I began to be frightened about him.

"Jamie,' said I, "are you sick, or what ails you?'

"No, mother,' he said, "I am not sick, but I cannot tell you what ails me.'

Then he rose from the table, and putting on his hat he started for the factory where he worked. He took up the tin pail in which I always placed his lunch, but he did it as if by habit; nor did he seem to inquire, as was his custom, as to what it contained.

I felt worried all day. Some trouble seemed hanging over us, but what it was I could not guess.

In the afternoon Maggie Ryan came in to see me. She was handy with thee needle, and the folks who lived in the big house on the hill had sent for her to do some sewing. She was returning, and called to tell me how kind the lady had been to her, and how much pay she had received for her work. Maggie saw in a moment that I was not in good spirits, and so she ceased her pleasant prattle, and asked in a serious tone:

"Has anything happened, Mrs. Riley?'—You seem sorrowful to-day.'

Then I spoke out boldly:

"You have quarreled with Jamie, have you not, Maggie?'

"Nay, nay, Mrs. Riley,' she answered. "I quarrel with Jamie! You know I love him dearly.'

And then the sweet girl blushed at her own confession.

You may guess that this knowledge did not ease my mind much. How could I account for Jamie's pale face and nervous manner?

It did not seem possible to me that the lad had done any wrong act, but I could not forget how the bells seemed to clang, "Ja-mie Ri-ley, Ja-mie Ri-ley,' and when I remembered the boys strange actions, an awful fear grew upon me.

Maggie tried in vain to discover what disturbed me. She went away in a little time, but promised to call again the next day, "for I'm afraid the fever is coming upon you,' she said, and kissed me and bade me good-bye.

After she had gone I busied myself in getting ready the supper, for Jamie always enjoyed his supper; and what a wonder that, with a hard day's work, an early breakfast and only a lunch at noon, he should eat heartily at night. I baked some biscuit, and kept them smoking hot, cooked a nice piece of meat and boiled the potatoes, and then I got a nice dish of preserves and steeped the tea.

Just in the nick of time, as we say, and when everything was ready, Jamie came in.—He looked more cheerful than he had in the morning, and smiled, and praised the appearance of the table. But there was a look of firm determination in his face that I had not seen there before, and it troubled me to know what it betokened.

"Well, mother,' he said, "if everything is ready, we'll eat, for I'm as hungry as a bear, and after supper I have something important to tell you.'

These last words he spoke hesitatingly, but was glad to know that he was about to unburden his soul of whatever secret it contained.'

So he went down to the table. I was just pouring out the tea when there came a loud and unexpected rap at the door. I opened it and found Mr. Keating, the constable. He lived not far off, and had been a friend of my husband.

"Good evening, Mr. Keating,' I said.

"Good evening, madam,' he replied; "does Jamie Riley live here?'

"And don't you know he lives here?' I answered.

"Is he at home?'

"Supposing he is, what then?'

"I must see him. I have an order for his arrest.'

"What do you mean by that?' I asked angrily, "surely you're joking, Mr. Keating!—You won't take Jamie to jail, you know he never did an evil deed.'

"It's a sad duty,' answered the constable, "but arrest him I must, if he's in the house.'

"Well, he's not in the house nor has he been here to-night.'

Before those words were fairly out of my mouth, Jamie himself stepped to the door.

He had listened to all our conversation, and now he spoke in his clear manly voice:

"I am ready to accompany you, Mr. Keating, but with what crime am I charged?'

Mr. Keating spoke very low so that I would not hear, but hear I did, and the words made me faint and sick. I tried to banish the horrible suspicion of my son's guilt, but I could not forget how the bell had clanged the night before.

"Mr. Keating,' I said, as calmly as I could, though my voice trembled, "will you let me speak to my son one minute?'

"Certainly, Mrs. Riley.'

Then the lad came into the room, and the constable stood without the door, and I took the boy's hand in mine, and looking up into his face I spoke these words:

"Jamie Riley, by the love you bear me, by the memory of your dead father, by the hope of your soul's salvation, speak truly—are you guilty or innocent?'

"Innocent, mother—before God, innocent,' and he bent down and kissed my wrinkled forehead, and lifted the great load of doubt.

"Then go, darling,' I said, "and may the Lord in His mercy watch over you and bring you forth from this tribulation.'

So Jamie went away with the constable, and I sat all night by the fire place, moaning and crying as I thought of my poor boy in the cold cell of the jail.

When the morning dawned I tried to arouse myself to the duties of the day, but oh! how lonely and desolate the little kitchen looked, and when I laid the table and put Jamie's plate at the accustomed place, and thought how, perhaps, for long days he would not be there to eat any more, my eyes filled with tears and I could do nothing. The news of Jamie's arrest spread quickly through the village. When they told it to Maggie Ryan, the brave girl tied on her hood, and going straight to the jail, demanded an interview with her lover.

She never doubted his innocence for a moment, and there, with the bleak dreary walls surrounding her, she remained to be true and faithful to him always, and devote every energy in securing his vindication and release.

Her presence cheered Jamie, and she came from the jail to my cottage, bringing many hopeful messages from my dear boy. From her I first learned the full charge against him.

It seems that on Sunday night Jamie had been seen near the Presbyterian church, shortly before the fire was discovered there.

Nor was this the worst. Joseph Milward, whose father owned the factory were my son worked, was ready to swear that he saw Jamie rush from the vicinity of the vestry where the fire broke out, and that he spoke to him as he passed. David Butler, a wealthy young man, was Milward's companion, and his statement was the same.

Jamie's examination—the preliminary examination they called it—took place on Tuesday. The magistrate heard the evidence, and said that he must commit the prisoner to await the action of the grand jury. We might have got him out on bail, but there was no one to become his boudsman, for though Jamie had plenty of friends, they were all poor. The boy spoke no harsh words whatever. "'Twill make no difference to me, mother,' he said, when I visited him in his cell, "for the jury is in session, and if they find an indictment against me, I shall be tried in a few days. You have money enough saved up to live on these many weeks and they will acquit me in the end.'

"But, Jamie,' I asked, "what does young Milward mean by his evidence? He has perjured himself, has he not?'

Jamie hid his face in his hands for a moment, and then looking up he said, resolutely:

"I cannot answer your question, mother.—God must judge between him and me.' Then, changing the subject:—"Can you get me a lawyer, mother?'

"Of course I can, and I will.'

So after a little more talk, I left Jamie, and sought the office of Squire Carman. A good man the squire was, and an honest lawyer.—When he discovered who I was, and my business, he told me bluntly that he did not wish to undertake the case.

"Are you afraid that I'll not pay you? I asked. "If it costs years of labor, you shall receive every cent of charge.'

He smiled sadly.

"No, madam, 'tis not the money,' he said, "but I do not like to feel that the saving of anybody's life depended on my efforts.'

"Life?' I replied, "would they hang Jamie?'

"If found guilty, in all probability they will, he replied.

I scarcely knew what I said, but I begged and implored Mr. Carman to save the poor boy. At last he consented to visit him; "and if I am convinced of his innocence,' he added, "I will endeavor to obtain his acquittal.'

So the squire went to the jail, as I was afterward told, and saw my son alone in his cell.

"James,' he said, kindly, "I want to know the truth in this case. My position as a lawyer, and the rules of the court render whatever you tell me now as a sacred secret. By acknowledging your guilt—if you are guilty—I shall be able to shape my defense so as to obtain the lightest possible punishment.'

Then Jamie stood boldly up in his cell, and raising his right hand toward heaven he said:

"Mr. Carnan, they can hang me if they want to; but I am entirely innocent of this charge, and I am willing to die with those words on my lips.'

The lawyer looked teadily in Jamie's eyes for a moment, and he must have seen truth written there, for he took his hand and said.

"I believe you, Riley, and I will defend you. Now tell me where you were last Sunday night.'

"Well,' said Jamie, "I spent the evening at a friends house in the northen part of the village. I returned home between eleven and twelve o'clock.'

"And you passed the Presbyterian church on your way?'

"I did.'

"Did you see any one in that vicinity?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Who?'

"I cannot answer that question, Mr. Carnan.'

Then the lawyer sat and thought for a while, and without another word he left the cell and went straight to his office; nor did Jamie see him again until the day of his trial.

But he was not idle in the meantime, and when I called on him once he told me to be of good cheer, that he believed my son innocent and hoped to clear him.

Maggie Ryan grew paler and paler day by day, and it was a little sleep she got at nights. When the thoughtless villagers talked of Jamie's guilt, her checks would turn red, and her eyes flash bright as the stars in heaven.

The trial came off in two weeks—sad, long weeks they were to me; but I prayed for strength, and I think the Lord heard my prayer and gave me power to bear my cross.

A great crowd there was in the court room when the day came.

Jamie was led in by the constable, and took his seat in the prisoners box as calm and collected as though he had been sitting by the fireplace at home.

Maggie and I had seated together, but we scarcely spoke a word during the preparation for the trial. We thought it would occupy the whole day, but it came to an unexpected termination.

Joseph Milward was the first witness called. He told the same story that he had at Jamie's former examination.

I remember the scene well.

The district attorney had asked the questions, and having finished, he said:

"That will do, sir.'

Milward was about to leave the witness stand, when Mr. Carnan spoke up!

"We will cross-examine the witness.'

Oh, what a cross examination that was! and what an excitement there was in the court.

The old judge dropped his spectacles, the district attorney looked blank, the jury scratched their heads, and the vast crowd kept as still as mice, that they might hear every word.

Mr. Carnan had ferretted out the whole case and, from the mouth of the same witness, he proved that Joseph Milward and his companion were the guilty parties, and that they had been aided by many of the young men of the village, and before he had finished the district attorney jumped up and said:

"May it please the court we throw up the case.'

Then Jamie was discharged forthwith, and the people gathered round to shake hands with him; but he hastened away from them and found Maggie and me, and together we went to the cottage.

I can't tell you all that followed; but our grateful hearts joined in thanksgiving to heaven for his deliverance.

Jamie could explain everything now. He had seen Milward and Butler coming from the vestry of the church on the night of the fire, and the smell of smoke, and their excited manner told him plainly what their errand had been.

It was this terrible knowledge that had made him so nervous when he returned home. He doubted whether to divulge the secret or not. He concluded Monday night to make it public; but Milward and Butler feared this, had anticipated him, and by perjuring themselves had secured Jamie's arrest. Then the lad saw how useless it would be to make a charge against his accusers, and so he resolved to let justice work out her own history.

Six months later Jamie and Maggie were married, and Lawyer Carnan was at the wedding, and he gave to Jamie a receipted bill for his service, and to Maggie the finest dress you ever beheld.

Jamie still works in the factory, but to this day no one has seen Milward and Butler in our neighborhood. It's in California they're living, I'm told.

"Is this my train?" asked a traveller at the Kansas Pacific depot of a longer. "I don't know but I guess not," was the doubtful reply "I see its got the name of the railroad company on the side, and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why you see my grandmother is deaf, and I am writing a loud letter to her."

Charity of Speech.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. The tongue that speaketh no evil is as lovely as the hand which giveth alms. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are what they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy, surely this is quite as good as to build churches, establish asylums and to found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds; many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. They have separated families, parted husbands and wives, and broken the ties between the dearest friends.

There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but repeats it not; it will not be the one to help the ball. It listens in silence, but forbears comment, and it locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of its heart. While the busy, censorious world in wagging its tongue, charity sits dumb amid the clatter, refraining from passing judgment on that of which it has no proof, and which, even if it had, would prefer throwing the mantle of silence over the unpleasant matter. Could it be possible for slander to make the headway it does, if reticence, instead of promulgation, was the universal rule? Could report be furnished with the hundred wings it has if there was not so many tongues wagging? Silence can still rumor, it is speech that keeps it alive and lends it vigor.

It is to the heart that is kind and gentle that charity flies and broods quietly over it with peacefulness of the drove. There it makes its home, and by the word withheld and kindly words outspoken, we have the sign that the dove of peace is nestling in the heart.

The heart which is filled with bitterness will give vent to it in words. It sees nothing brigat nor beautiful, because it looks through a clouded vision. Words are a pretty good test of temper and habit of thought. As "to the pure all things are pure," so to malicious and illtempered all things are black, unlovely, and of ill-repute. Words are the signs of thoughtf, and sweet and good, the words will be kind and gentle, free from malice and all uncharitableness. Therefore, by our words do we proclaim what we are; the good fairy, dropping diamonds from her mouth, or the evil fairy, dropping toads.

Coming of Age.

It is common to say that a man "comes of age" at one-and-twenty. This means that he is then old enough to manage his own property, to do business for himself, and to be made to do as has agreed; also to vote. Before he is twenty one if he has any property his father or guardian manages it for him; he is not expected to do business on his own account; and if he makes foolish bargains he can say, "I have changed my mind." There are several other ages which are important; indeed, a person may be said to be "coming of age" for different purposes at different times all through his life. From his very birth he is of age to be owner of property, and to be protected from violence and cheating. At seven years he becomes of age to be punished for a crime if it can be shown that he was a bright, intelligent lad, had been taught somewhat, and knew that the thing he did was against the law and would be punished. These things are not taken for granted until he becomes fourteen. From and after fourteen it is supposed that a youth knows enough to refrain from attacking people, or stealing, or setting houses on fire, or things of that kind. At fourteen also, he is of age to be asked, if his father should die, whom he will choose as guardian; and of age to marry. This last does not mean that it is right or wise for a young man only fourteen to marry; but that if he does so he cannot retract afterwards, and say he was too young. At eighteen he is of age to be a soldier. At twenty-one he becomes independent of his father, and may vote; these things are so much more important than any of the others that reaching twenty-one is commonly called "coming of age," as if it were a magic date for everything. At twenty-five he is of age to be Representative in Congress; that is, after that the people can elect him if they choose, before that they cannot. After thirty he can be elected Senator, and after forty president. At forty-five he is of age to be excused from going as a soldier.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice:

"Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go!'

John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go,' and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and you have no fear of those you meet. You can look any in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go,' and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh it will be an hearty, honest one. It seems to us, sometimes, that we can tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and was not included in articles "exempted from attachment.' When he does succeed in getting out an abortion—he appears frightened and looks as though he would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go,' and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry cheeked children—a contented wife—cheerful hearthstone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

The liquor traffic imposes a tax of 33 per cent. on the people. The saloons outnumber all other kinds of business houses of any one class in the country. We pay about one-eighth as much for education as for intemperance as for the support of the government, and fifteen times as much to dram shops as to the church. We waste over seven hundred millions of dollars a year for the debasement of the intellect and the destruction of the body, and pay with reluctance less than one hundred million for education and culture; then we throw over fifteen times as much into the seething cauldron of rum as we contribute annually to the cause of religion.

A Rather Juicy Cross-Examination

"Do you know the prisoner well?' asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick,' replied the witness.

"No levity,' said the laywer sternly. 'Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar.'

"Took many a drink with him at the bar.'

"Answer my question, sir,' yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?'

"From two feet up to five feet and ten inches.'

"Will the court make this—'

"I have, jedge,' said the witness, anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five ten—'

"Your honor—'

"It's a fact, jedge; I'm under oath,' persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the court what yow know about this case?'

That ain't his name,' replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?'

"Case.'

"Who said it was?'

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Cas—his name's Smith.'

"Your honor, howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?'

"Witness,' said the judge, "you must answer the question put to you.'

"Land o' Goshen, jedge, hain't I been doin' it? Let the blame cuss fire away. I'm ready.'

"Then,' said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?'

"Never!' promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summonded here as a friend?'

"No sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him.'

"Stand down!' yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?'

"Stand down.'

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—'

"Sheriff,' remove that man from the box.'

"Witness retires, muttering:

"Well, if he ain't the thick-headest old cuss I ever laid eyes on.'—*Des Moines Register.*

Short Sermons.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

He is not idle who does nothing' but he is idle who might be better employed.

As large a demand is made on our faith by nature as can be made by miracle.

The faith that looks forward is far richer than the experience that looks backward.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherin no error grows.

There are few occassions when ceremony may be easily dispensed with, kindness never.

The necessities that exist, are, in general, created by superfluities that are enjoyed.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Never should the lady accept expensive gifts at the hand of a gentleman not related or engaged to her. Gifts of flowers, books, music or confectionary, may be accepted.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and small the rich and the poor, but in the ocean cemetery, the king and clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all; she requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored will sleep on, until, awakened by the trump, the sea will give up its dead. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered. Yet this cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody.

Getting On in the World.

There are many different ways of getting on in the world; it does not always mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man for people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one, is getting on in the world; to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on; to be careful and saving, instead of thoughtless and wasteful, is getting on; to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on; to be kind and forbearing, instead of illnatured and quarrelsome, is getting on; to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence, is getting on; in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties, persevering through such difficulties to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and others, offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world. Money is a very useful article in its way, but it is possible to get on with small means, for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a good deal of money before we can do anything. Perseverence is often better than a full purse. There are more helps toward getting on than is commonly supposed; many people lag behind or miss the way altogether, because they do not see the simple and abundance means which surround them on all sides; and so it happens that these means are aids which cannot be bought for money. Those who wish to get on in the world must have a stock of patience and perseverance, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointment.

MIND your own business and let the affairs of others alone. What if you do see trifling defects and failings in others which do not exactly square with your notions and feelings; they are not accountable for them to you, you have not been made a judge over them. They will come out all right, no doubt, if you let them alone. The meddler in other men's business only mars, and it does sometimes happen that in thrusting his nose into other people's business he gets it seriously jammed. Not as often as he should; but as often as he does, he will find in us a poor sympathizer.

Blind Crowd.

The subject of color blindness came up at a ferry-dock saloon the other day, and an old excaptain offered to test the eyes of several sailors present. He got off his stool, laid down his pipe, and began:

"Now, boys, what's the color of my nose?'

"White!' they replied in chorus. It was red as a beat, but they were after a drink.

"Correct,' said the captain. "This convinces me that your eyes are all right as to the color of white. What is the color of my hair?

"Gray.'

"Correct again, except the sandy spots.—You'll all pass on white and gray. What is the color of that dog out there!'

"Black.'

"So it is. And the color of this chair is—what?'

"Red.'

"And of this?'

"Blue.'

"And what is my general apperance? That is, if you saw me forty rods off how would you describe me?'

"As a perfect gentleman,' was the ready reply.

They thought they had him then. He started for the bar, but halted and finally sat down and had no more to say for ten minutes. After they had despaired of getting any beer at his expense, and were about to go out, he suddenly said:

"Ah! boys one more question. If I should treat this crowd what would be be the color of the liquid?'

"It would be the color of beer,' they hopefully shouted.

"Blind as bats—worst case I ever saw!' he mumbled, as he took his hand from his pocket. 'It would be exactly the color of ice-water!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Unwise Course.

We have nothing to say in favor of smoking; but a man who has acquired this useless habit seldom has power to discontinue it, and the woman who tolerates her husband's cigar is unwise in objecting to her husband's pipe. Some wives are perpetually railing against smoking, continually getting at swords'-points with every male friend and relative, and gaining nothing by it but a grim defiance, which discovers the fact that in the long run a man's will is equally as strong as a woman's when he once sets upon a subject with the preconceived determination of having his own way. Then there is the nervous woman who faints at the smell of tobacco smoke, and who can detect a smoker a mile off; and the particular creature, who is afraid of the house and the furniture becoming impregnated with the vapor. These unphilosophical wives rush to the extremity of driving the smoker from home to indulge in his failing for the obnoxious "weed." This is worse than folly, and is generally the beginning of much happiness. Let the smoker have some cosy little nook to himself, where he can puff as much as he pleases without being continually tormented about it until fault-finding becomes a bore and a dread to him. Let it be sacred to cigars and meerschaums, spittoons and pipes, of whatever description. It is hard for a loyal wife to believe that the husband whom she fancies is a tower of strength is really weaker than his own tobacco smoke, and that he is powerless to break the chains of habit; but such is the fact, and she will find it wiser in the end to let him have his own way at home, unless she wishes to drive him to the barroom or the billiard hall.

THE THIN PARTITION BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.—When we walk near the powerful machinery we know that one single misstep and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in a railcar, and there is nothing but half an inch of iron flange to hold us upon the track. So, when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are on the edge of the precipiece. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land the partition that divides us from eternity in something thinner the oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death are within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a piece of paper, and, if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured, it would be just the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he will to widen the space, no man can at any time go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

IT was all the fault of the newspapers.—They said the new comet couldn't be seen "without a glass." Mr. Starlington wanted to see it, so he took a glass. It still eluded his vision, and he took two more glasses. Still he couldn't see it, and after taking seven glasses altogether, he fell down four steps into an area, and was rewarded with a sight of the comet. But he is postitive that just as he caught a glimpse of the celestial visitor it burst into ten million pieces, one of which struck him right between the eyes.

"How much are these goods a yard?' said a gentleman in a dry goods store the other day, as he picked up and examined a piece of ruffled silk. Good gracious!' cried the horrified clerk, "that isn't for sale! That's the end of a lady's trail! She's just gone up to the third story in the elevator.'

IT is a fact not generally known, that troublesome leaks around chimneys and over bay windows, can be permanently stopped by applying hot, with a brush, a composition made of four pounds of resins, one pint of linseed oil and one ounce of red lead.

HE entered the grocey store and said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly as the pendulum of a clock. The grocer said: "We sell nothing on tick," and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

"BUT, Freddie, how could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry.' Freddie goes to auntie and says, "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid.'

A Chicago man has had a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.

A dog that won't run from an elephat will break his back to get away from a tin can.

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