American Union.

PUBLISHED BY J. H. EMERSON. | A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Truth and Virtue. | $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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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.

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.

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

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

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 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

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

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

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

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.

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FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

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

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 BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade
'Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long:
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all shall see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said: "O, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in Heaven!

THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charley, you'll be sure to remember?"

"To remember—what?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kitty Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.

"Charles!' she exclaimed, "you don't mean that you have forgotten already!'

"My dear,' said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the depths of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't seem exactly to remember.'

"The oysters!' suggested the wife.

"Oh, yes,' said Mr. Meredith, "the oysters.'

"And two ounces of double zephyr scarlet wool.'

"Exactly.'

"And that depot hack to be waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Chicago.'

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table.

"She is coming to-day, I declare to goodness!'

"And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of white grapes, and some of those delicious little Naples biscuit and macaroons from Saltaselli's—oh! and let them send me up a girl from St. Char's.'

"A—which?'

"A girl you goose! for general housework. Phœbe went home this morning with the faceache, and I can't be left alone with company and all. Mind, she must be a good cook and understand waiting at table.'

And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the nine thirty express with a kaleidoscope confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and servant maid careering through his brain which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her forehead in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man of some two or three and twenty was on his knees in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn.—The good looking young man glanced up with comical sparkle in his eyes and a smear of soot traversing the bridge of his nose.

"Well?' said he.

"Tom,' said Mrs. Meredith, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?'

"Like a book!' said Tom.

"And coffee?'

"I learned in Paris.'

"Good,' said Mrs. Meredith. "And I can make buttermilk buscuit—and, between us, we'll get up a decent lunch for the lady from Chicago. As for dinner—'

"Well?' again remarked the young man with the soot besmeared nose.

"Providence must provide!' sighed the matron.

"There's an old chintz colored rooster in the barnyard,' said Tom, hopefully.

"If I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew.'

"Tom,' said Mrs. Meredith, "did you ever make a chicken stew?'

"No.'

"Then you don't know what you are talking about,' said the lady, with some asperity.

"Yes, I do, too,' maintained the amateur Soyer. "Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt, and—'

"Nonsense!' interposed Mrs. Meredith.—"Do pick that lobster out of its shell and leave off romancing! You're a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure,' with a twinge of conscience, "goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, you dear old darling.'

The lobster was only half picked out of the shell, the buttermilk biscuit was still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing room when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put her turbaned head out of the window after a most unceremonious fashion.

"Who's there?' she demanded, in a high contralto.

"Does Mrs. Meredith live here?' retorted a woman's voice. And at the same moment the young matron caught sight of the neat black leather bag, a black alapaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It's the new girl, thank Providence!' said Mrs. Meredith; and she flew down stairs, thanking honest Charley in her heart for his unexpected promptitude. "Come in,' said she, opening the door wide. "I am glad you are so punctual, my good girl. From St. Char's Intelligence Bureau, I suppose? No, don't take off your things up here—the servant's room is below stairs; you may as well come directly down into the kitchen.'

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore rather a bewildered expression.

"What's your name?' she asked patronizingly.

"My name? "Oh, it's Martha!' answered the girl in some confusion.

"Martha?' critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Patty. Have you references?'

"I—I believe so.'

"I think,' said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from top to toe, "that you are a little overdressed for your station, Patty; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk when it comes?'

The stranger lifted a pair of blue eyes to the tall form, girded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook, ma'am' said she.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up. "Certainly not,' said she. "This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad.'

"But he is not doing it right,' said the new girl. "He'll never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you how, Mr. Selwyn.'

And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fiber from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry 'Bravo!'

"And, now, Patty,' said Mrs. Meredith, I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up as nice a lunch as you can for half-past two o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Chicago, and I want everything in perfect order.'

"I'll finish the salad,' said Tom, who had been secretly observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I've commenced it. But you needn't look so perturbed, Patty, if that's your name. And you can ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen.'

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen; Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterwards he came up to the dining-room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold china.

"Kitty,' said he, "she's a jewel! A gem of the first water! Depend upon it, she's not always worked in the kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare *apropos* of something or other. I don't remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once, her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks.'

"I don't believe in high life below stairs,' said Kitty disdainfully.

The lunch came up at half-past two in perfect order, but no cousin from Chicago arrived—no depot hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking!' said Kitty. "Miss Meredith must have missed some essential connecting train. Charley will be so vexed? But, however, I don't so much mind company coming in any time now that I have such an excellent girl.

The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit, fricassee, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?" cried he.

"Where is who?" said Kitty.

"My cousin from Chicago."

"Oh," said Kitty, "she hasn,t come!"

"Not come!"

"No."

He drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.

"Then, after all," said he, "it's not so unlucky."

"What's not so unlucky?" petulantly demanded his wife. "Dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."

"That I forgot all about the oysters and the servant girl."

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"

"But you didn't forget," remonstrated the wife. "You sent her. She's here now, in the kitchen."

He started. "I've sent no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor."

"Then," slowly ejaculated Kitty "who did send her?"

"Ring the bell!" said the husband. "Let's have her up! Who knows but what she's one of those regular women, with an eye to the forks and spoon!"

And as he spoke he jerked the bell cord with some energy.

In a minute or so the new girl came up, smiling and courtesying. The husband uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it's Martha Meredith!" shouted he.

"It's my cousin from Chiago!"

And he clasp her in his arms, with a shower of kisses that made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

"I wish she was my cousin from Chiago," uttered Tom, in a stage-aside.

Kitty turned as red as a pepperpod.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping her little hands nervously, "and I took her for the cook!"

"And I am a cook—when occasion requires, Cousin Kitty," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "Don't be vexed with me for humoring the joke—indeed, I could not help it. And I'll show you how to make these meringues glaces and the Neapolitan creams to-morrow."

And they all sat happily down together to the roast quail and fricasseed rabbits—and Kitty and Martha went together to the intelligence bureau on the morrow and established a damsel in the kitchen, who was not at all incongruous to her surroundings.

And Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder whispered, waggishly:

"Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

How Fish Find Their Own River.

The long-held and only recent rejected theory, that the shoals of fishes moved in a vast mass along the coast, sending off detachments into each river as they passed its mouth, is to be attributed to John Gilpen and some other authors, who have written flowingly on the subject. The recent careful investigations of naturalists indicate that the anadromous fishes, those entering the rivers and bodies of fresh water from the sea, do not have an extended range in the ocean, and that each river's colony remains, after returning in the deep waters opposite their river.

The motive for the movement of these shoals of anadromous fishes, or rather how it is incited, has scarcely been explained. The life of the fishes has always been a mystery. It is not a search for food, as they do not eat while in fresh water; the opening of hundreds of stomachs will fail to find food present. It is an easy disposal of the question as to how each colony recognizes its native river to say that it is instinctive. So it is, also, when the butcher's horse recognizes the familiar gates; but we have some evidence as to what senses he uses. The fishes, probably, prompted by functional disturbance, from the tumid ovaries and spermaries, are incited to movement. The courses of the sea, unmarked as they are, are within each colony's limit, their habitual pathways. An unerring capacity in fish for finding its own river may be no more than that which guides the hermit crab to the shell of the *natica*. The latter goes to hide its sensitive body, with an apparent nervous trepidation at its unprotected condition. The former, with an uneasiness of body from the functional changes it is undergoing, is impelled to activity. The transmitted habit of ascending the stream is as it were, blended and alloyed with the substance of the nerves, and aroused by its condition, carries it, without conscious purpose, into the river of its progenitors and its own. The impulses of the fish are only in a slighty more complicated series than those of the crab. That it should be the instinct for a specific stream, established through inheritance of many generations, is easier to understand than that it is a sort of memory of the place of its immature life, as the theory of fish culture makes it, and as observation seems to sustain. In the waters of the Delaware, where there were no salmon originally, the young salmon placed in Bushkill Creek, returned after five years, and were taken, not only in the Delaware River, but the larger number in the neighborhood of Bushkill Creek. It is not essential that all the fishes should have this impelling influence, whatever it may be, as like gregarious mammals and birds they flock together, following the leadership of whichever for the time takes it the idea is suggested that the senses may be the guiding agent; that a fish goes nosing along the coast, or tasting the streams, until it recognizes its own. The convexity of the cornea must afford the fishes a very limited range of vision. The supposed dullness of the sense of smell and of taste in fishes might alone dispose of the suggestion that these are employed. The following occurrence, however, would seem to decide to the contrary. The Russian River, empting into the Pacific, north of San Francisco, had its mouth entirely closed by the waves during a storm. The colony of salmon made their yearly migration from the deep waters toward the mouth of the river, and many of them raced through the surf, and landed high and dry on the sand that walled them out from their native river.

The migration of the salmon into some of the Pacific rivers is a frenzied advance over shoals, rapids and cascades, far into thin streams and brooks, where they arrive battered and weary, to accomplish their exhaustive reproductive labors, and drop back, the sport of the current, dead and dying, toward the sea. —*Harper's Magazine.*

After Prayer Meeting.

How beautiful is the social feature in our weekly prayer meetings, the time which is given, after the devotional exercises are closed, to friendly greetings and inquiry as to our well doing, when friends and neighbors meet talk and enjoy each other's society for a few moments because, in very many instances, business and household cares prevent their visiting each other as often as they would like.

Our daily bread must be sought first; time must be given to its seeking, and happy should he be who has his petition, 'give us this day our daily bread," answered in the unmistakable and loving language of our Heavenly Father, in the gift of robust health, with stout, active muscles, and a heart for any fate.

At these meetings the pastor is brought in contact with the representative men, women and children of his charge, and the absent and the sick are inquired after and reported, and the best means devised for the comfort and restoration of the sick, and pressing invitations sent to the absent to attend, with assurance that their presence at the meetings will give delight.

And there, too, the stranger makes acquaintances and friends among his brethren in the churches, and there is a practical love-feast.

In the church where such meetings are in vogue, the minister may preach on the subject of recognition in Heaven without fear of being congratulated by the man in the anecdote, who is made to say, "I am glad to hear it, for there appears to be none on earth. I have been a member of this congregation for six years, and no one has recognized me yet.'

No, that man does not attend this kind of a church. All those who do, realize "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'

AMERICA contains 13,000,000 milch cows, Germany, 9,000,000; France, 5,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 4,000,000; and Switzerland, 600,000. In 1878 there were manufactured in this country 960, 000,000 pounds of butter and 340,000,000 pounds of cheese

The ladies give as a reason for marrying for money, that they now seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

The Hip-Pocket.

AND THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. WITHERS WITH THE SAME.

Mr. Withers is not a western man, and is wholy unacquainted with whiskey, but his recent experience of the incompatibility of hip-pocket and glass bottles was very painful and embarrassing. He had returned to his Orange county home from a brief visit to New York, and had brought with him as a present for Miss Wilson—to whom he was betrothed—a bottle of that remarkable cement which is sold by sidewalk merchants, and which is by them represented as being stronger than wrought iron. It had occurred to him that this cement would be a very nice thing to have in his future house, since with it all sorts of broken china and glass could be mended, and every one knows that children will break a great deal of china. On the evening of his arrival home, he put the cement bottle in his hip-pocket and called on Miss Wilson, intending to offer it to her as soon as he entered the house.

Mr. Withers was ardently attached to the young lady, and when he saw her before him he not unnaturally forgot all about such merely earthly matters as cement. The old people welcomed him politely, and, after a few moments of conversation, withdrew with a discretion which it is to be wished that all old people would emulate. Being of a frugal mind, and knowing that the merciful young man should be merciful to his intended father-in law in point of kerosene bills, Mr. Withers promptly turned down the lamp and proceeded to make himself at home.

The bottle was a stout one, and would, perhaps, have withstood any ordinary pressure, but as Miss Wilson weighed fully a hundred and forty pounds, and as the back of the small rocking chair was of hard wood, it is not strange that the bottle yielded. Mr. Withers was so much interested in the weather and other subjects such as usually absorb the attention of young men in his position, that he did not notice the breaking of the glass, and it was not until an hour later that a false alarm of father in the front hall induced Miss Wilson to flee to the sofa, and suggested to Mr. Withers the advisibility of turning up the lamp.

The cement had done its work, and Mr. Withers did not get up to attend to the light, but requested the young lady to discharge this duty for him. She did so, and then noticed his pained and preoccupied expression. To her anxious inquiries, he admitted that he felt a little faint, and would like a glass of water.—Miss Wilson hurriedly went for the water, reproaching herself for being so heavy, and accusing herself of selfishness and want of consideration. In her absence the young man made superhuman efforts to wrench himself loose, but the cement refused to yield. When Miss Wilson returned with the glass of water, he looked so much worse than she was really frightened, and he was compelled to tell her the real state of the case.

She was a practical person, and she promptly proposed to get a tea kettle of hot water and dissolve the cement, but desisted when he explained to her that his system would not bear the application of the water at the boiling point. She then timidly suggested that if she were to call "Pa, perhaps Pa might lend you a pair;' but Mr. Withers said no; he could not bear the mortification of being found in such a situation by any father. It was finally agreed that he should wait until a late hour, and should then take the chair home with him.—This was accordingly done, and had not the unfortunate young man been arrested by a local constable, who only discharged him when a severe test proved that his possession of the chair was purely involuntary, his misfortune might never have become generally known. When disasters such as this are liable to happen to the wearers of hip-pockets, it becomes doubtful wether they are not altogether too hazardous for general use. In fact good authorities maintain that the hip-pocket is postively detrimental, and that an earnest and united effort should be made to procure its extirpation.—*N. Y. Times.*

An Unmistakable Thrust.

The following narative was told us confidentially by a slanderer: A Texas minister arose before a large audience, took his text, and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church. "Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head. "I think, Parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon. The minister raised a tumbler of water, and was in the act of applying it to his lips, when the glass fell, shattered by a shot. "This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing, while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?" "Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of to-bac-co across a broad field. "Got on an extra?" "Yes," "Unlimber." The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and, drawing one from his belt, started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more lifelike, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and, placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THE GENTLEMAN WHO WINS.—If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave people with a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others as well as yourself; if you do not put yourself unduly forward; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others fail to. This is where the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much men are able to win self-respect and success and usefulness who possess these qualities and good breeding. It is almost the turning-point of success in practical life.

Congressmen are beginning to "talk about the weather.' Sure sign of an early ajournment.

A Man of Ability.

John Forrester was very correctly named, for until a few days ago, he had spent his life in the woods. Several days ago he threw aside his maul, came to the city, and now handles the somwhat lighter rock hammer. The story of John's downfall shall be briefly related.—Shortly after arriving in the city he was attracted by a sign bearing the inscription, 'Meals at All Hours.' Entering the place and meeting the proprietor, he said—

"You keep a tavern here, don't you?'

"No. I keep a restaurant.'

"I don't know much about your new names; but you feed folks here, don't you?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Well, I want to board here three days, or I reckon until I get a job of some kind. I see your sign says 'meals at all hours.' You don't mean that, do you?'

"Certainly I mean it. I'll board you three days for $3.'

"And give me meals at all hours?'

"Yes, sir.'

Here, take the $3. I never set myself up as a regular eater. But I'll buck agin you for the next three days. I think that I can stand her about that long. It's 11 o'clock. Give me something to eat.'

A meal was brought out and quickly dispatched; and remarking that he would be back on time, Mr. Forrester left. At 12 o'clock he came back and ate again.

"You needn't stare at me,' he said to one of the waiters.

"You are a regular boarder, are you?'

"The regularest one you've got. I don't intend to miss a meal. I've got a chance now to git even for bein' hungry many a time.'

At one o'clock John came back and remarked as he hung up his hat: "I'm on time. It's 1 o'clock. Fetch me suthin' to eat.' The waiter went away muttering, and brought in rather a slim meal.

"Look a here,' said John, "don't try to go back on your contract. I reckon you did rather underrate my ability, but I'm a man.'

At 2 o'clock John came back and took a seat. The proprietor came in and asked him what he wanted.

"I want my dinner, supper, or breakfast, just what you mind to call it.'

"You have already eaten here three times to-day.'

"I know that.'

"Why do you come again?'

"Because it's 2 o'clock.'

"It is not supper time.'

"No, but it's 2 o'clock time.'

"I don't understand you, sir. What do you mean?'

"Your understanding may have been injured by my surprising ability. I came here with the understanding that I was to have my meals at all hours.'

"The contract has been adhered to; you have come irregularly.'

"No, sir; I've come regular. It was the agreement that I was to have a meal every hour, and I am going to stand up to it if it packs my stomach as tight as a green watermelon. You are trying to impose on me because I'm from the country. I have made arrangements with a boy to wake me up every hour to-night, and I'm coming here to eat.—That's my business now, and I'll act fair with you and eat every time. Give me an oyster can of coffee and some ball sassage.

The proprietor handed the man $3 and requested him to leave. A fight ensued, and John was led away by the police. When he completes his rock pile engagement he will sue the restaurant for damages.

Remakable Fate of Four Boys.

In 1853 four gentlemen entered their sons at boarding school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had for years been intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist church. These boys remained at this school, room-mates and classmates, and entered Wofford college, standing relatively, first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They remained at this institution four years, were room-mates all the time, graduating relatively first, second, third and fourth. They then entered a law office at Spartanburg and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins' rifle regiment from South Carolina and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's batteries fell in the ranks of this company, killed these four boys and none other in the company. They are burried on the same battle field and sleep together in the same grave. Their names were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and they were the sons of Bishop Capers, Rev. Drs. McSwain and Smith, of South Carolina, and Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Virginia, of Randolph-Macon college.

A PRETTY STORY.—A beautiful little girl, whose home was at Jacksonville, Fla., often played upon the veranda of her father's house. In a shrub bush, near by, a mocking bird built its nest, and here it would sit and sing all the day long, and even the night would re-echo with its ever-varying strains. The little girl would stay by the hour to listen to the bird, and in time the two, bird and child, grew to know each other. The little girl at length brought crumbs of bread daily and threw to the songster which became tame to a degree, and acted as though it bore affection for the little one who fed it. Ere long the child fell sick, and the bird was forgotten in the anxiety for the sick one, and, notwithstanding all was done that could be, she died. While her body was lying in the coffin the bird was seen to perch upon the window-blinds, pour forth one of its most thrilling songs and then flit away. Some hours after this the body of the bird was found dead upon the floor of the veranda, and was placed upon the coffin of its little friend, and interred in the same grave. The bird had died of grief and separation; it was more than a bird—it was a soul of music, the soul of the child departed, the music of the bird had ceased—had left the feathered breast where it had found lodgment and flew with the child it loved and worshipped to another realm where all is music and the essence of love. Tradition or superstition, the idea is beautiful.

A young gentleman advertised for a wife, through the Chicago papers, and received answers from eighteen husbands, saying that he could have theirs.

"Sam, why are lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subjec', Pomp.," "Why, don't you see? Cause dey am so fond of debate."

"Pass Me the Mustard."

The other evening the Rev. Mr. Philacter sat down to the tea table with a very thoughtful air, and attended to the wants of his brood in a very abstracted manner. Presently he looked up at his wife and said:

"The Apostle Paul—'

"Got an awful lump on his head'safternoon,' broke in the pastor's elderst. "Playing base ball. But the bat flew out of the striker's hand when I was umpire, and cracked me right above the ear, an' dropped me. Hurt? Golly!' and the lad shook his head in dismal but expressive pantomime as he tenderly rubbed a lump that looked like a billiard ball with hair on it. The pastor gravely paused for the interruption, and resumed:

"The Apostle Paul—'

"Saw Mrs. O'Ghemmie down at Greenbaum's this afternoon,' said his eldest daughter, addressing her mother. "She had on that same everlasting black silk, made over with a vest of tilleni green silk, coat-tail basque pattern overskirt made with diagonal folds in front, edged with deep fringe; yellow straw hat, with black velvet facing inside the rim, and pale blue flowers. She's going to Chicago.'

The good minister waited patiently, and then, in tones just a shade louder, said:

"The Apostle Paul—'

"Went in swimmin' last night with Harry and Ben, pop, and stepped on a clam shell,' exclaimed his youngest son; "cut my foot so I can't wear my shoe; and please can't I stay at home to-morrow?'

The pastor informed his son that he might stay away from the river, and then resumed his topic. He said:

"The Apostle Paul says—'

"My teacher is an awful liar,' shouted the second son; "he says the world is as round as an orange, and it turns all the time faster than a circus man can ride. I guess he hain't got much sense.'

The mother lifted a warning finger toward the boy, and said "hush!" and the father resumed:

"The Apostle Paul says—'

"Don't bite off twice as much as you chew,' broke out the eldest son, reproving the assault of his little brother on a piece of cake. The pastor's face showed just a trifle of annoyance as he said, in a very firm, decided tone:

"The Apostle Paul said—'

"There's a fly in the butter!' shrieked the youngest hopeful of the family, and a general laughed followed. Silence was restored, the eldest daughter, with an air of curiosity, said:

"Well' but pa, I really would like to know what the Apostle Paul said?

"Pass me the mustard,' said the pastor absently.

Then the committee rose, and the senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned.

DRINKING ICE WATER.—There is no more doubt that drinking ice water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human diseases says: Habitual ice water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after it is bolted. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent they read upon food and what the physiologist has to say about it—how long it takes cabbage and pork and beef and potatoes, and other meats and esculents to go through the progress of assimilation. They roar at new bread, not cakes and fried meat, imagining those to have been the cause of their maladies. But the ice water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious Providence has called to a clime where as far as is known, ice water is not used. The number of immortal beings who go hence, to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice-water, can hardly be estimated.

CONCERNING the payment of backstanding subscriptions to newspapers, the Germantown *Telegraph* well says: Why don't subscribers pay up. Everything is now getting to be prosperous. The great farming interest was never better, all things considered. Mechanics are flourishing. The industrial establishments are in full flow, and there is no excuse why the small some involved in a few newspaper subscriptions should not be promptly met. Those in arrears, too, should pay a full year in advance, to make amends for their shortcomings. Postoffices are too be found everywhere, and they are safer now than ever before to transmit small notes; besides there are the postal orders and the registered letters, so that those who cannot call at the newspaper office have no excuse to delay payment. To pay a collector to go after subscribers and to pay the postage in advance, as every publisher has to do upon every paper sent through the mail, leaves scarcely enough money to pay for the white paper before it is touched with a type.

JOHN'S ESSAY ON DOGS.—Last summer our dog Towser was a lying in the sun trying to sleep, but the flies was that bad he couldn't, cos he had to catch them, and by me by a bee lit on his head, and was working about like the dog was hisn. Towser, he held his head still and when the bee was close to his nose. Towser winked at him like he sed, you see what this buffer is doing, he thinks I'm a lilly of the vally which isn't opened yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you'll see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth very slowly so as not to frighten the bee, and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser shut his eyes dreamy, and his mouth too, and he began to make a peaceful smile when the bee stung him, and you never saw a lily of the vally act so in your life.

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend, replied the man of quills, "a considerate carpenter, foreseing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right!'

Do not trifle with the affections of an innocent young city girl; do not try to make friends with a mule by squeezing his hind foot. If you aspire either way you will find that life is a miserable failure.

When a strange dog shows his teeth and holds his tail perfectly still do not walk any farther. Wait for the wag-on.

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