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

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

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(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,

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(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

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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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MILLINERY.

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

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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.

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AND JEWELER,

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

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

mar28-tf. C. H. B.

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COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

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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.

For the Union.

MY ANGEL MOTHER.

BY MISS ELLA JUMP.

Thou hast died first; dear Mother!
Thy happy soul's set free;
And now sits at heaven's high portals,
To wait and watch for me.

God has called thee home to Glory,
A bright "golden crown to wear,"
To live with "white robed Angels,"
Their heavenly joys to share.

I fain would join thee, Mother!
In thy bright home of love;
To mingle with the "blood washed,"
Around the throne above.

Art thou watching for me, Mother,
Whilst journeying here alone?
May I join thee, Angel Mother,
Around God's peaceful throne.

Oh! when I die, dear Mother,
I hope thy face to see;
Me thinks 'twould not be heaven,
Unless 'tis shared with thee.

'Mid all the stars of heaven,
Thee, only, shall I see;
The earth-stars of my passion,
That heaven holds for me.

Keep watching for me, Mother,
Whilst lingering at the gate;
And be my "guardian Angel,"
To teach me how to wait.

Oh! pity me dear Mother,
In this vain world of care,
For I'm striving to be ready
To meet thee "over there."

THE BEST REVENGE.

We were all so happy and cheerful in our little seaside cottage when Aunt Buchan's letter came and told us that Fred Brastome had 'jilted' my sister Agnes. We were thunderstruck! Agnes herself refused to credit the report. They had only been engaged a few months, and the arrangement was a secret.—My aunt was ignorant of the actual engagement, but when she wrote and told us that Brastome was engaged to Sir Somebody Something's daughter, and had just inherited his uncle's property quite unexpectedly, it was a terrible blow to us all at home. Yet there were his letters full of affection.

Agnes bore up wonderfully, but at length even she succumbed. We had heard nothing from Fred very lately, and my inquiries only elicited the statement that he had gone abroad suddenly. Even our neighbors the Pendrewitt's, at whose house Agnes had first met him, were away yachting, and we could not get at the truth. I wrote to his bankers and got his address, and then wrote to him (a selfish letter) for explanation, and waited.

Agnes got worse. We could not rest. I vowed vengeance against the man, and unable to stand the suspense and loneliness, one evening, when darling Agnes' life was almost trembling in the balance, I rushed out to do something, ready to encounter any danger in search of forgetfulness of our injury. Only a few weeks since he had gone and this was the result! I could scarcely credit it.

I went out. It was a lovely night; I stood upon the steps and looked across the moonlit bay, at the southern side of which the lighthouse rose disdainfully. A flash came full upon my face, and with it came the thought—I will go out to the lighthouse.

I descended, rapidly at first, and then more slowly, and began to think; but still I went down, and met Bob Murray, my boatman, as I entered a shop to make a small purchase.

We ran out quickly, and in about an hour were close to the lighthouse. A simultaneous roar of "Phoy there!" brought my old friend Dobson to the gallery.

The tide was out; a well-judged spring as the boat rose to the waves, and I landed safely on the granite. When I turned round again Murray was already six feet from my perch.

"Good night, Bob. Come back to-morrow; tell them I'm coming soon, if they ask me.—I'm all right.'

"Aye, aye, sir. Good night!' Murray ran for home with the sheet hauled well aft, and lying as close to the wind as the flattened sail would draw.

I turned and found Dobson at my elbow.—He had heard my parting words and commented upon them thus, in a tone that chilled me through and through.

"If ye gets ashore much inside of a week I'm a Dutchman, and saving your presence, Mr. Enery, you's another! Come in now—the flood's making—if you please.'

We entered the lighthouse together, and as we ascended the winding stairway Dobson said:

"Did ye bring aught with ye, sir; have ye brought any clothing, or anything?'

"Just enough for a night,' I replied.

"Because, look ye hear,' he said, suddenly changing his tone. He led me to the windward side of the gallery which we just then reached. "D'ye see yonder line upon the sea?'

"Yes—what of it? It's a breeze coming up; all the better.'

"All the worser! Last time I see that with this moon, and after these warnings, was when the Ca'filly Castle went down on yonder reef, and only fifty was saved out o'nigh three hundred aboard.'

I confess I felt a dull sensation of dread.—That some calamity was pending, I felt sure. I shivered, not with cold though, and looked steadily at Dobson. Then affecting a cheerful manner, I replied:

"But there's no prospect of a storm yet, and there is plenty of time for any ship to get an offing if the skipper can read the sky as well as you. At any rate I'm quite safe here.'

"Aye, aye, for that matter, safe enough.—But ye see, Mr. Enery—well, well it's all right; come inside.'

We ascended through the bedroom. There were three beds between the windows, a cuckoo clock, an almanac, the stove-pipe tending upward, some clothing, and two telescopes, and some other nautical necessaries were visible at a glance. The bed-room was plainly and rather scantily furnished. Some books were on the single table, and in a cupboard were some blue lights. A pair of pistols, three cutlasses, and bayonets were also noticed by me, and I wondered why fire-arms were kept there.

As I gazed round the room the cuckoo burst open the little wooden door with tremendous energy, and 'cuckoo'd' ten times, retreating again only just in time to escape a blow from the door.

A sailor descended from the upper floor. He was rather astonished to see me, I think, but in a moment he touched his cap, and professed himself glad to see "a friend of his mates, who was a friend of his, and welcome'—so he said.

"Mister Enery's goin' to take a berth here to-night, Judkins,' said Dobson. "You and me will arrange about a shakedown. It's my watch at midnight, so he can turn in as soon as he likes.'

"I should prefer being up with you, Dobson,' I said; "I want to see the sea, and how things look in the dead of night. It must be very weird and very grand here in a storm.'

"Aye, aye, sir. You'll have storm enough. Better sleep while you can, and let the sea take care of itself.'

"But I came to sit up,' I remarked, "and unless you object——'

"Me, Mister Enery! Not a bit of it. Come aloft if ye like; I'll keep ye company.'

We went up to the gallery again, and I stood leaning over, gazing steadily, half dreamily, at the heaving water. The sea was evidently rising, and yet the long, heavy, booming swell rolled in without breaking till close upon the rocks. Then the roar arose, the spray dashed up in vain attempts to reach the beacon, and fell back exhausted on the whitened sea.

As I continued to look across the moonlit waves, a strong sensation of the unreality of it all came upon me. I could fancy it was all unreal; I knew and felt that I was in the lighthouse, that all was right, that I was in good health and spirits, and yet all the surroundings appeared as if I were in a dream. I could see a shape in the water beneath, a dark form, and lo! suddenly it was clad in white, a female shape, ascending in the gallery. I knew the face in the lanternlight. It was Agnes. Strange illusion!

I called out; the form vanished; the spray splashed heavily down to the water, and Dobson approached me quickly and anxiously.

"Din you call, Mister 'Enery?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. "The spray very nearly came up into the gallery. It startled me."

"That's nothing," replied Dobson; "you'll have it over the lantern afore tomorrow. Hold up your hand. D'ye feel the salt on it?"

I put up my palm to the wind, and then touched my tongue with it. It was quite salt to the taste.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but you's looking pale and wore out. Turn in, and come up at daybreak. That's the time to see the sea, and sunrise too."

I knew the well-intentioned sailor was quite right. I was over-wrought; my nerves were highly strung; I wanted rest.

"Will you call me early, or if anything turns up?"

"I will, sir; you shall know. One of my mates is goin' ashore at dawn; I'll call ye then for certain sure.',

So we bade each other a good night, and I descended to the sleeping-room in semi-darkness. In ten minutes I must have been sound asleep; the noise of the waves dashing outside, and the rushing sound of the wind, far from keeping me awake, were soothing to my troubled spirit. I slept, nordid the restless cuckoo in the clock that whirred and chirped the hours through the stormy night awake me from my dreaming.

I was half aroused by a touch upon the shoulder, and opened my eyes, but the semi-darkness was still before them. Then a voice I knew said:

"Tom's just off, but the morning's wet and stormy, sir. Be advised and stay below; you——

I had lain down again, and was asleep once more before he had completed the sentence.

I must have slept some time, when a dull sound aroused me. I looked about, and it was not till the clock-door burst open and the bird came out that I recollected where I was.

"Cuckoo!" I counted six strokes. Then the dull and distant sound came down upon the the wind, and I began to wonder what it was.

A third time louder now, and "flatter," so to speak, as if the wind had caught the noise and borne it hard against the stone-pillar wherein I lay. I could hear Dobson and his companion hurrying two and fro, and in a few moments, as the former passed the door, I called aloud, and he came in hastily.

"What's the matter, Dobson?"

"Vessel drifting in, disabled. She'll strike, I fear. They're signaling for help—don't ye hear the guns?"

He was gone. Guns! A vessel in distress! Here was an adventure, indeed. I leaped out of bed and hurried through my toilet, from time to time looking out upon the angry, tumbling sea, driven in before a sou' west gale, in broken hills of water.

I ascended to the gallery, and the grandeur of the scene beneath took my attention for a moment from the reeling yacht that was drifting helplessly, it seemed, fairly down upon the cruel line of jagged rocks that were now and then visible to windward.

"Now, mate," said Dobson, "you and me must take this job in hand. We'll cross the rocks before she strikes yonder, and save the poor fellows. Come."

To their astonishment I volunteered to help.

"Excuse me, sir, but you ain't any good in this. You can bear a hand on the life-line, howsomever; and if we should not both turn up to muster why——"

Without another word they shook hands solemnly with me and with each other, and then descended to the rock. I followed to the door, and made fast the lines they had secured around their waists. The sea was now sweeping over the rock, and the hissing of the foam was like escaping steam, or the horrid whizzing of an avalanche, which few can hear and live after they heard it.

The men disappeared around the rock and left me standing at the door irresolute, a life-line in my hand, a buoy attached to it hanging ready for use.

A loud cry attracted my attention—a cracking, grinding noise—the vessel had struck, and as I looked over the rushing, swirling waves, I could see, though indistinctly, three white faces, and three pairs of arms struggling with the water. I was facinated; I could only stare. Help was yet out of the question, but even as I gazed, one swimmer, with great presence of mind, turned with the waves toward the lee of the lighthouse, to a spot where in a momentary eddy, he might be saved.

I saw this now, and, "pulling myself together,' stepped cautiously just without the reach of the hissing waves, which swooped in masses down upon the rocks and slid in smooth layers of water, like thick glass, into the boiling surf beneath. When I had reached a coinge of vantage, the poor swimmer was still bravely battling with the undertow, and in a few moments I hoped to be able to heave the life-buoy to his assistance.

It seems so unreal to look back upon, and were I not sure of all this sad morning's work, I could almost believe it fancy. But there was no time to think what to do. In another moment I had grasped the line, and was about to swing the buoy to the struggling, drowning man, when I recognized his features, notwithstanding the wild spray and the disheveled hair that was matted by the salt water round his forehead.

The swimmer was Frederick Brastome—the man who had all but killed my darling sister—the traitor!

My arm fell lifelessly to my side. Agnes was dying, poor darling, almost within sight of the heaving sea which bore her faithless lover on its angry bosom; and should I save his life when he had wrecked hers? *No!* My revenge was complete. I had him in my power now. The demon tempted me to let him bide and die; and yet a strange sad compassion for the heartless destroyer of my sister's life, and his dire extremity, filled my heart.

He recognized me, and called gaspingly for help; for help—*for Agnes's sake!* For her sake! Did he dare to trade his safety on her blighted life? And yet at the sound of her name, the thought that she had forgiven him his trespasses against her now prevailed. I called out and hove the life-buoy close to him. He was almost spent, but clutched it with the grasp of drowning men, and soon, assisted by the waves, I hauled him almost senseless to the rock, alive? (The yacht drove on the reef just then, and the crew were rescued after.)

Thank Heaven, I have saved him! Now that he was free from danger I felt more at ease. The black cloud of revenge had passed away, and Agnes' pure influence had worked a wondrous change in me. He lay insensible, but in a short time Dobson and his mate, having hauled the others out of danger, came to my assistance, and they carried Brastome in and laid him on the bed.

I could not see him, though I saved his life, but afterwards I heard the facts from the other young men, who overwhelmed us with thanks, and their account was this, (we were sitting in the gallery when they told the tale, and how they met their companion—*him*—my enemy—as I judged.)

They had borrowed Mr. Pendrewitt's yacht and had sailed to Cherbourg. At that port they had encountered Brastome, who was very anxious to return at once to England, but had missed the steamer. Knowing he was—for they had met at Mr. Pendrewitt's house—they volunteered to bring him to our little port, as he said he had received a most urgent letter from a friend. My information, his own sailing master, had managed to get good anchorage about ten miles away at six o'clock the previous evening, but the storm increasing, the yacht dragged her anchor at three a. m. Thus they had drifted, and though they had managed to keep off shore, the set of the tide carried them to leeward, and the yacht bore down upon the reef, struck, and sank in eight fanthoms.

I listen to this narrative with very mingled feelings. The letter referred to must be the letter which I had sent. Why did he not telegraph his reply? I was still debating on the course I should adopt, when Dobson came up and said that the other gentleman wished to see me. I followed the sailor, and in a moment was in Brastome's room.

He held out his hand; I hesitated to accept it.

"Why, Harry,' he said, "how have I offended you? Your letter puzzled me considerably.'

"Can *you* ask how?' I replied. "You have jilted my sister, and blighted her life—and, I fear, caused her death by your distardly conductr I saved your life, but I could almost regret it. I have a long reckoning to settle with you.'

"But listen to me; you are quite in error. I never injured your sister; I am as true to her as even you could desire. I am indeed!'

"Are you not engaged to be married to Sir William A——'s daughter.

"Certainly not. *My cousin, who has come into the title, is going to marry her*—I hope to marry Agnes—your sister; and I can't really understand——'

I did not permit him to finish. I wrung his hand nearly off, begged his pardon, and almost cried in doing it. Then I rushed out and wanted Dobson to signal for a boat, which he very properly declined to do; so I sat with Fred. and talked about Agnes till I began to think that I had carried my affection quite far enough.

All was explained and I was happy again; and the next day! Oh what a happy day it was! The sea fortunately abated. Murray came out with the welcome news that darling Agnes was better, and that evening we all went ashore in the highest spirits. The glad intelligence of her faithful swain's return was gently conveyed to her, and she at once got so bright and happy, that we deemed she had been "shamming" all the time; and when, three days afterwards, she and Frederick were allowed to see each other—well, the meeting is beyond the power of my poor pen to describe.

Nothing now presented any obstacle to their engagement being announced. About three months afterward, on a cold January morning, my dear sister was united to the husband of of her choice "for richer, for poorer, till death do them part;' and, judging by external evidence, I am thankful to say that there is no prospect of a separation for many years.

I am very glad now that I heaved the life-buoy at Frederick's head from the Old Channel rock that stormy morning, just fifteen years ago. And that was my revenge!

"Ladies and gentlemen,' said an Irish manager to his audience of three, "as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to morrow evening.

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

A Delaware man the other day met a schoolmaster who tanned his jacket nineteen years ago, and the whilom pupil battered the old teacher until he could hardly walk. Time evens up all things.

"AGAINST the Bible there have been all sorts of engineering at work. Some have tried to undermind it on account of its theology; some are now attempting to undermine it on account of its psychology; one battery after another has been raised against it, but it still lives. There never was a book that was a book that was buried so many times out of sight, and came to life again. There it stands to-day more influential than it ever was before. While men are discussing whether all parts are equally inspired, whether you have a right to accept some parts and reject others—while all these things are going on in regard to the Bible, it yet lives. Why? Because there are breathed out of its sacred pages such sweet and beauti-ful aspects, such relation ships, such fragrance, because the God of patience and the God of consolation is in it, because the major part of the human family are in depressed circumstances, because so many are in bondage, because so many are sick, because so many are bereaved, because so many are trodden under foot by power, because so many are swept down by revolution, because so many are in trouble in one and another way, and the Bibble meets their wants. The vast requiem goes up night and day from the world, sighing and crying before God, and there is for every human soul that suffers this thought: God is your friend. He is the God of consolation; He is the God of love; but, more glorious still, He has a purpose in your snffering; He is the God of patience, He is the God of consolation. Therefore be patient, be comforted, be long suffering. Await His time. Wait for His purposes to be ripened. Your life burries here. That is of very little importance; but the beyond is all-important. God is caring for you. He loves you. He is your Father.

It is that that holds the Bible steadfast. Against that science may level all its enginery. All prejudices and all infidelities may beat against it. There are two things which you cannot destroy in life; one is the beautiful mercy that is shining out of the character of God; and the other is the evolution of true Christianity in individual man. These two things will carry the world. There is no enginery that can stand against love made manifest in God as represented by the Lord Jesus Christ—love suffering, rather, than that you should suffer; building man up out of himself; using time and the world to make others happy. The great brooding God, the great eternal Father, radiant, blessed, beautiful, though He may be hid from us, lives and fills all nature.

Oh, that men could believe it! And they will believe it when trouble overtakes them, when sorrows come upon them with tears and death, and take away the foundations upon which they stand. In those hours when honors have all faded, and pleasures are withered, and men have nothing but themselves, then they cry out, "Oh, for a God! for a God!" And they stand quivering and trembling in the consciousness of their sinfulness. But oh, Jesus Christ, God, who represents His eternal Father by having laid down His own life to save the life of men, He fills the heart, and warms it, and lingers at the entrance of a man's nature, and prepares him to live, to die and to reign."

"IF any man wants to come into the fruition of Christ he must have something of Christ in himself; and you must learn from what you feel in yourself of Christ what Christ is in the greater sphere and in the larger way. There must be Christ in you the hope if glory. No man can understand how He laid down His life for the world who is not willing to lay down his convenience for anybody. A state of mind such as his can never understand atoning love. A man that does not understand how joyful a thing it is to make sacrifices for those that he loves, to bear their pains, and to fill up their life by the affiatus of his, cannot understand the love of God. But, if on the other hand, a man reproduces in himself, even in a small degree, that love which is infinite in God and in Christ, then out of his own experience he will come to a knowledge of Christ and God, and you cannot keep it back from him.

And as to prayer, no man can help praying who loves Christ; and no man can help loving Christ who has learned to love disinterestedly, his fellow men. One leads right up to the other. The state of mind in any man that loves disinterestedly and nobly brings to him a sense of the ever-present Saviour; and where there is a sense of the everpresent Saviour the form of prayer will be largely one of ejaculation, of aspiration, of upward moving thoughts. I walk for whole hours on a summer's day, and there is little that I see which does not lead me, in my thoughts, to glance up to the Creator of it, and the influence of which upon me is like that of the perfume of flowers that works right upward. This is prayer. Formal prayer, with some natures, rather extinguishes the prayerful spirit; and they find it difficult to pray when they set out to do it; but there is a state of mind to which the Apostle refers when he says, "Pray always; be instant in prayer; pray without ceasing." It is communion. It is the moving of the soul of a man in the conscious thought of the everpresent God all around about him."

THE GLORIES OF THE SAVIOUR.—In this contemplation we are at once lost in an immeasurable ocean of over-powering glory. Imagination is bewildered, language fails. Go take a survey of earth on which we dwell. Collect every object and every quality which have been pronounced fair, sweet, or lovely. Combine these into one resplendent orb of beauty. Then leave the bonds of earth. Wing your flight through the field of immensity. In your progress collect what is fair and lovely in every world—what is bright and dazzling in every sun. Combine these into other orbs of surpassing brightness, and thus continue to swell the number of magnificent aggregates, till the whole extent of creation is exhausted; and after having united these myriads of bright constellations, combining in itself the concentrated beauty and loveliness of the whole creasated universe, go and compare an atom to the world, a drop to the ocean, the twinkling of a taper to the full blaze of the noontide sun, and then you may compare this all-comprehending constellation of beauty and loveliness with the boundless, the ineffable beauty and excellence of Him who is the brightness of God the Father's glory, and the express image of His person.

"The way to learn the love of God is to practice loving men; and when we have learned to love our fellow men we have the alphabetic forms with which, by and by, we can spell out the higher forms of the love of God."

THE LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I thought when I'd learned my letters
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful;
I'd be so sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right; it is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain tops we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Has each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

Future of the Republic.

When, in 1776, the thirteen North American colonies put forth that Declaration of Independence which preluded the birth of a nation, the combined white population inhabiting them did not exceed two and a half million souls. Yet they had the courage to throw the gage of battle to a Power "with which," in Daniel Webster's words, "for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, was not to be compared; a Power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial airs of England." Fourteen years later came, in 1790, the first census of population taken in the United States, and it was found that within the borders of the young nation, there were not quite four million souls. At the expiration of ten years it appeard, upon taking the second census, that the population was a little more than five and a quarter millions, having increased between 1790 and 1800 at the rate of thirty five per cent. In a short time the tenth census of what has long been a mighty people will be taken, and we risk little in saying that, in Joseph's phrase, "the tottle of the whole" will show a population of at least fifty millions, especially if the immigrants who are now pouring into the United States in vast numbers are not omitted from the calculation. In other words, the population of the great Republic in 1880 will be their population in 1776 multiplied by twenty, and were it likely that the same ratio of increase could be maintained for another century, the mind of man would sink before the effort of imagining what it is possible for the monster Republic to be in 1980. However boundless the resources of the North American continent may be, it can hardly be expected that the second centenary of the United States will be celebrated by a thousand million human beings, and such would be the result of multiplying fifty millions by twenty. Anyhow it is certain that a century hence no such assemblage of men speaking the same language and amenable to the same general traditions of feeling, habit and education, will never have been gathered together upon earth as will then probably occupy the great Western Continent.—*London Telegraph.*

Wholesale Slaughter of Bull-Frogs.

THE LATEST SPRING DELICACY AT READING RESTAURANTS.

This is the season for bull-frogs. They are plentiful in the waters of Berks and surrounding counties, and during the past two weeks there has been quite a wholesale slaughter of them by citizens of Reading. John Gabei, of this city, with three companions, caught 29 bull-frogs in one night along the Manatawny creek. The largest generally weighed a little over a pound. They are caught at night by walking along the stream and blinding them by throwing a strong light on them with a lamp having a strong reflector. They are then picked up and placed in bags that the hunters have fastened around their bodies. The restaurateurs of this city pay 50 cents to $1.25 per dozen for the frogs. A great many of them brought to Reading are retailed among private families. In dressing them the skin is cut loose at the head and drawn off the same as catfish is skinned, only more force is required. After being dressed and fried they are sold over the counter at 15 to 20 cents each.—*Reading Eagle.*

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—By awl means Joe get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and shiver it ont. There ain't any more trick in getting married than there is eating peanuts.—Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river ran out. Don't expect to marry an angel, they have all been picked up long ago. Remember Joe you hain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awfully slippery and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly dressed, with about two hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and bylaws, small feet, a light step; add to sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. Don't marry for pedigree unless it's backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

The Editor's Dream.

Once upon a time an editor dreamed that he was dead and in another world. He approached a city before him, and knocked for admittance, but no one answered his summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for entrance, but the only response was scores of heads appearing above the wall on the other side of the gate. At the side of him the owners of the heads set up a dismal howl, and one of them cried:

"Why didn't you notice that big egg I gave you?'

At this horrid and most unexpected interrogation, the poor local turned in the direction of the voices, to learn its owner, when another voice shrieked:

"Where's that piece you were going to write about my soda fountain?' and close upon this was the awful demand: "Why did you write that piece about old Tomlinson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?'

Whatever answer he was going to form to this appeal was cut short by the astonishing query: "Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?'

The miserable man turned to flee, when he was rooted to the ground by this terrible demand: "Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?'

He was on the point of saying the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried:

"You spoilt the sale of my horse by publishing that runaway!' and another, "If I catch you alone I'll lick you for what you said about me before the police court.' Another, "Why didn't you show up the school question when I told you to?'

And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically exclaiming:

"This is the brute that botched my poetry and made me ridiculous.'

Whereupon hundreds of voices screamed:—"Where's my article?' "Give me back my article!' And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, prespiring at every pore and screaming for help.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—An account of a remarkable Christian woman appears in the Boston Transcript. Mrs. Drusila Laha was born in Wellfleet, Mass., September 19, 1787, and at eighteen years of age was married, her husband then being in command of a vessel.—After having been married six years, she being but twenty-four years of age, and having two children, a boy of four and one of two, her husband was brought home to her an invalid for life, having been taken from the side of his wrecked vessel after four days' exposure to wind and the wash of the waters. Then it was that he became disheartened and saw nothing but destitution staring him and his family in the face. But to her things looked different. She started a store, small at first, of course, but for forty-nine years she made monthly visits to Boston in small sailboats, replenishing her stock, etc., and she says many and many a time she has taken over $100 a day over her counter. For fifty years she took care of her invalid husband, who was not able even to dress himself. She educated her two boys and started them in business. She also adopted, clothed, fed, educated and placed in good positions in the world twenty orphan boys and girls, besides visiting and taking care of the sick at all hours, day and night. She will be 92 years old in September.

THE RIGHT KIND OF PRIDE.—The Gilboa (*N Y.*) *Monitor* makes the following sensible remarks for the benefit of young people who are working their way: "A young man that works for his board,' no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame. A young man who eats the bread of idleness, no matter how much he has, is disgraced. All men starting in life ought to aim, first of all, to find a place to earn their bread and butter, with hoe, axe, spade, wheelbarrow, currycomb, blacking-brush—no matter how. Independent first. The bread and butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract attention, and let him constantly keep his eye open for a chance to do better. About half of the poor, proud young men, and two-thirds of the poor discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride, and carries a stiff upper lip, need not starve, and he stands a chance to become rich, if he cares to.

LATTER FROM GEN. LONGSTREET.—Gen. Longstreet has written a letter in reference to the action of the committee appointed by the recent convention in Georgia of white republicans, in which he says:

"There are large classes of merchants, farmers, mechanics and others who realize that successful domestic and international commerce can only be reached through republican policy. Many of those who would fail to meet under an ordinary party call may cheerfully do so under your recent manifesto. I must therefore recommend your plans and purposes, and wish you success in bringing the hearts and minds of the people together. It is not important to know now the causes or reasons which have influenced previous action, nor to inquire of the prejudices which have operated in withholding equality of political rights. To recognize that the laws must be respected, as just and equitable and necessary, is suffcient basis from which to start for future progress."

MR. SEYMOUR'S POSITION.—Dispatches from Utica, New York, show that ex-Governor Seymour's candidacy for the presidency is positively and wholly out of the question. He gives two reasons for declining to run: First, that he cannot carry the State, and second, that his health would not allow him to discharge the duties of his office. It is further stated it is Mr. Seymour's belief that Mr. Tilden would throw his whole influence against any New York man who would secure the presidential nomination, and hence for this reason he favors the nomination of a man outside of New York as the democratic candidate for the presidency.

To remove oil marks from wall paper where inconsiderate people rest their heads. Take pipe clay or fullers' earth, and, make into a paste, about as thick as ice cream, with cold water; lay it on the stain gently without rubbing it in; leave it on all night. It will be dry by morning, when it can be brushed off, and unless an old stain, the grease spot will have disappeared. If old renew the application.

IT requires as much courage to mount the first straw hat of the season as it does to storm a battery or ask a big-whiskered, bald-headed old man for his only daughter.

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