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The American Union,

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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 practie 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.

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 LIGHT ST. 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 Phfladelphia 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 HILL OF LIFE.

We only ask, my heart and I,
A little peace, a little rest.
We've traveled far my heart and I,
And no responds to our request.
The hill of life is steep and high,
And thorns the grasses underlie,
We know it well—my heart and I.

We've had our foes, my heart and I;
We've had our friends,
We've had our loves, our heart and I,
Where friendship ends.
We've bid a hundred loves good-by
We've seen a hundred friends die,
Aye, that we have—my heart and I.

We've met with scorn, my heart and I;
We've met with praise;
When envy lets his arrows fly
To mar our days
We'd laugh to see them pass us by;
If cunning forged a subtile lie,
We would his fiendish arts defy,
And foil our foes—my heart and I.

When beauty, blushing sweet and shy,
Would, unaware,
Pierce my young heart with glances sly,
We'd shun the snare.
Old trout avoid the angler's fly,
And faithless hearts would vainly try
To separate my heart and I.

Now here we are, my heart and I,
While far below
We hear the murmuring nations cry,
And reap and sow;
We've sown and reaped, my heart and I,
And only ask in piece to die,
God grant us rest, my heart and I!

FOR LOVE ALONE.

"Of course," said Mrs. Dorrance, "we must have a new Brussels carpet for the guest chamber, since Fanny Pynhurst is coming. The old one is positively not fit to be seen. And Swiss muslin draperies for the windows, with flutted ruffles—and a dressing case with a mirror back."

"Anything else?" demanded Mr. Dorrance, with a sarcastic elevation of the brow.

"That's all I think of now," said Mrs. Dorrance. "You see, dear, Fanny Pynhurst is an heiress—$6,000 a year, Dorrance, in her own right.—And I shall invite Florian here for the time of her visit. Such a chance as this, you see, my dear, don't often occur. It's a very nice concatenation of events," added the complacent matron, playing with the gold tassels of her watch chain. "I happened to see in the papers the arrival of Miss Pynhurst, of Pynhurst Place. Fanny Pynhurst used to be my schoolmate at Mrs. Ripley's seminary. And I remember how attached dear Fanny was to me in the old times. Isn't it lucky, Dorrance, that we took this cottage for the summer? Fanny Pynhurst can't help falling in love with Florian in such a picturesque wilderness as this?"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Dorrance, who was nearly bored out of his life in the absence of city interests and occupations.

"So I'll write to Florian at once," said Mrs. Dorrance, drawing her rosewood desk toward her, and examining the point of her gold pen.

And thus it came to pass that Florian Field, in the luxuriant surroundings of his favorite club rooms, became conscious that his sister had formed plans for his benefit.

"Why, can't these women let me alone?" grumbled Mr. Field, stroking his magnificant mustache. Though, of course an heiress would not be such a bad idea, if she wasn't absolutely hump backed. I wonder what her name is? Just as likely as not she is a regular Gorgan. However, I suppose Clara won't be satisfied unless I go and play the docile brother—and Clara has been good about helping to settle some of those small bills of mine."

So Mr. Field packed his portmanteau and set out for the station.

"Hallow, Field!" cried a burley, grey whiskered gentleman, as he entered the Iron and Crystal station where the traveling world doth most congregate. "Going up the line?" Florian nodded.

"As far as Sweetville?" asked the gentleman taking him by the arm.

"Yes."

"Just the fellow I want to see," said Mr. farland. "A young friend of mine is going, and I was prevented from escorting her, by a telegram summoning me another direction.—but I shall be perfectly satisfied to put her under your care.

Florian Field winced a little. He had been contemplating a cosy ride in the smoking carriage in the companionship of a cigar and the last new novel, and here he was detailed to play the unwilling cavalier to a young person who was a stranger to him. But Florian had too many of the instincts of a gentleman to back out of the dilemma.

"I shall be verry happy, I am sure," said he rather ruefully.

And Mr. Farland led him to a young lady in irreproachable traveling costume, who sat near the door of the waiting room and introduced him.

"Field! what a very pretty name thought the lady in gray silk. And how handsome he is!"

"Pynhurst? What an unusual surname," passed through the gentleman's mind. "And she is not bad looking, either. Perhaps on the whole, she will be better company than the novel would have been.

"I am going to visit a dear friend," said Fannie, "in Sweetville."

"Ho!" cried Field. "Are you; why so am I going to Sweetville."

"Is it nice there?" said Fannie.

"Delicious," answered Florian.

So they chatted on, becoming more and more pleasurably intimate as the train sped on. They soon seemed to each other like old acquaintances.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" said Florian merrily, as he folded the end of her traveling shall closer around his fair companion.

"Do," said Fannie laughing.

"I'm going to Sweetville to be presented to my future bride."

"Presented!" echoed Fannie, "Do you mean to tell me seriously that you have never seen her?"

"Never."

"But how do you know you will like her?"

"How do you know she will like me?" gaily retorted Florian.

"I don't understand you."

"Well, I will try and explain," said Florian, lowering his voice to a confidential accent. "You see' I've a sister that's a bit of a match-maker, and wants me to make a fortune by matrimony. She has invited an heiress to visit her, and I am to come down and try my best to make an agreeable impression."

"But," cried Fanny, "you surely never would—"

"Marry for money," here interposed Field. "Never."

For since he had seen dove-eyed Fanny, he felt sure all the gold in creation had not the power to move his heart.

"But your—"

"She'll be dissappointed enough, I dare say, but you can't expect a man to sell himself for a mere bag of gold. If I marry,," with a sly glance at Fanny, "I shall marry for true love only."

And little Fanny Pynhurst looked slyly at him from under her long eyelashes, and secretly thought what a hero he was. But all this time these very heedless and consistent young people never thought of teaching each other where they were going, and when the train ran into the station the Dorrance carriage was waiting.

"Mr. Dorrance's, if you please," said the driver, touching his gold-banded cap. To meet Miss Pynhurst."

Fanny looked around for her escort. He was busy sorting out her trunks from the miscellaneous heap on the platform.

"I am Miss Pynhurst," said she.—And just as she was about to enter the carriage, Field made his appearance, flushed and breathless.

"Where is Miss Pynhurst?"

"Here I am," said Fanny. "My friend has sent her carriage," said she.

Florian opened his eyes wide.

"That's my sisters carriage."

"Mrs. Dorrance's!' said she.

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance's.

"You—you are Mrs. Dorrance's brother?' cried out Fanny.

"And you are my sister's heiress?' echoed Florian.

Fanny Pynhurst burst out laughing, and Florian, disconserted though he was, could not help but join in her mirth, for you perceive the situation was ludicrous.

"Miss Pynhurst,' said Florian, frankly, "what a fool I have appeared to you.'

"I think you have been very kind and polite,' said Fanny, earnestly.

And Mrs. Dorrance, who had not expected her brother until the next day, was quite surprised when Florian led in the little heiress, with a face all rosy and smiling.

"How do you like her, Florian?' asked Mrs. Dorrance, when Fanny had gone into her room.

"She's an angel,' answered the young man, enthusiastically.

"How do you like brother, Fanny?' queried the fair arch-plotter, when Fanny reappeared and Florian was smoking a cigar in the dining-room with his brother-in-law.

'Oh, he's splendid!' confessed Fanny, laughing and coloring.

And the upshot of it was, that Florian Field married the little heiress after all. But it was for love alone.

Sir Walter Trevelyan's Wine Cellar.

At the death of Sir Walter Trevelyan last year in England, so long and honorably identified with the temperance movement in Great Britain, he left the contents of his wine-cellar to Dr. B. W. Richardson, "to be applied to scientific purposes." This wine is of the choicest brands, and came into the possession of Sir Walter on the death of his father in 1846 and has remained buried in the dust and cobwebs of its resting place in the magnificent cellar ever since. Dr. Richardson finds himself in a delicate position, and has written an article for *Macmillan's Magazine* recently, in which he says:

"To the last question that is so often asked of me—what shall I do with my trust—I am as little able to answer as any one can be to answer for me. I am instructed to apply it for scientific purposes, and how to meet that necessity is the difficulty. The difficulty, moreover, is not in the least lessened by the multiplicity of suggestions that have been sent me as to method of disposal. I have been offered six, and even eight times the actual monetary value of the bequest on certain conditions of application, which to some minds might seem quite right and honorable, but which to me do not partake of that character to the extent of leaving my conscience free to accept the offers. Sir Walter himself felt most of the difficulties that I feel. He did not like to destroy the wine, because he held it to be of considerable value from its history, and from the curiosity all lovers and students of antiquities feel for the smallest specimens of the past which mark the history of the past. That feeling I share entirely. I do not think, from what I have learned, that the attached much value to the wine intrinsically, as many would who like wine for its own sake, and that feeling I share entirely. It certainly was never his wish or intention that the wine should be so applied as to exalt the praises of wine and lead to the encouragement of wine drinking, even for the sake of the curious in drinking; and that feeling I also share.

"An enthusiastic and devoted disciple of temperance to the hilt would like to

'Point a moral and adorn a tale,'

by carrying the wine on a Thames steamer opposite the two Houses of Parliament, while those houses are sitting, and discharging the whole cargo into the Thames, bottle by bottle, to the tuneful measure of a minute gun. The number of unfortunate widows and other disconsolate and afflicted persons who have applied for one or two bottles of the old port it would be difficult to name; in fact, long as I have practiced the healing art, and teacher as I have been of therapeutical science itself, I had never until now learned to what a number of curative uses old port can be applied in the treatment of disease. It might, if human evidence could be accepted as accumulative evidence derived from individual experience and backed by individual authority, be the lost or never yet discovered *Elixir Vitæ* itself.

"Seriously, the disposal of this gift is a troublesome duty. Possibly Sir Walter thought that I could take the wine, and, by a magic scientific spell, transform it into some agent or agents that might be useful to mankind, and lead to no harmful result in return. Or, possibly, he might have supposed that a means would occur for enabling me to dispose of the wine for an entirely innocuous use, and apply the proceeds to some scientific researches in which I might be usefully engaged. These two courses remain open for consideration, and if I could see my way to the last, I should be a happier or less burthened man.

"Meanwhile I have removed the treasure from its old resting place, and have replaced it in a similar vault, with all due ceremony and care, and with scarcely an accident during removal. By this method it is preserved intact, and the antiquaries who are curious about wine may rest in peace until some ingenious suggestion of a practical kind breaks the charm, by showing how one total abstainer can make use of wine which another total abstainer has left him, in trust, for the purposes of science."—*Exchange.*

Hints to Swimmers.

Professor Marquis Bibbers, of the London Polytechnic Institute, gave an exhibition of fancy and useful swimming, in the Central Park baths, one day last week, and did some of the finest work of that kind that has lately been seen in New York. His programme was long and varied, beginning with practical illustrations of "how to act in case of shipwreck," and going down through "useful swimming," "easy way of turning in the water," "a learner's difficulties without a teacher," "ornamental swimming," "swimming with the hands and feet bound," and a number of "submarine feats." The swimmer first went into the water with a linen suit over a set of tights and showed the spectators how to undress on the surface of the water in case of accident. The secret of this, he soon demonstrated, is in keeping the left leg and right arm in motion while taking off the right shoe with the left hand, and vice versa, the remainder of the clothing being comparatively easy to remove. He showed that it was easy enough to rest when fatigued by a long swim, the motion of either hands or feet alone being sufficient to keep the body afloat. So the arms may rest while the legs keep at work, and the legs rest while the arms work. In case of cramp in the legs, grasp the cramped leg with the diagonally opposite hand and paddle away with the remaining fins.

The ornamental part of the exhibition was very pretty, but of no practical use. Prof. Bibbers then allowed his attendant to strap his hands behind him and strap his feet together, and plunged into the water. Instead of going to the bottom, as might have been expected, he struck out boldly on his back, using his bound feet to make the stroke, and made very good time. He next ate a piece of cake, drank a bottle of milk, and smoked part of a cigar under water,—the last being merely a trick, the lighted end of the cigar being dexterously put in his mouth just as he disappeared beneath the water. "How to save a person from drowning," and "how to break away from the grip of a drowning person," were two of the most useful parts of the exhibition.—Using his attendant for a drowning person, he showed that a single hair of the head was sufficient to draw the floating body ashore with, if the person retained sufficient presence of mind to keep quiet. If the person struggles, as is usually the case, he should be approached from behind his head held on the rescuer's breast, and both go ashore on their backs. The drowning person frequently grasps his rescuer, and endangers both their lives. In this case, if his head can be got under the surface again for a few moments it will confuse him and breaking away will be comparatively easy. Should he grasp the rescuer by the wrists, a quick wrench of the arm wil break his hold. Should he grasp him from behind, his hold must be broken by wrenching back his fingers, as in ordinary cases. When the drowning person gets his arms firmly clasped around his rescuer's neck or around his waist, or gets any other dangerous hold, the rescuer may instantly free himself by putting two of his fingere to the drowning person's nostrils, and thus forcing his head back. This will make a man loosen any hold, in the water or out of it. Even a drowning man cannot keep his grip when this plan is resorted to.

Food for She Bears.

HOW AN INQUISITIVE SMALL BOYS IRRITATING QUESTIONS BROUGHT HIM A QUARTER AND BOXED EARS.

The other day a lady accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma,' said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush.'

"Why must I hush?'

After a few moments silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?'

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

"What's bald?'

"His head has't got any hair on it.'

"Did it come off?'

"I guess so.'

"Will mine come off?'

"Sometime, may be.'

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?'

"Yes.'

"Will you care?'

"Don't ask so many questions.'

After another silence the boy exclaimed,—"Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home.'

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!'

"Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around. "What's the matter with that young hyena?'

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boys hair.

"One fly, two fly, three flies,' said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedge-hog,' said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train.'

The poor woman not knowing what else to do, boxed the boys ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?'

"I'll slap you again if you don't hush.'

"Mister, said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

"Youngster,' said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter.

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bold-headed money,' said the boy. "When I get bald-headed I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?'

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here.

"The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

Pass and the Sparrows.

The other day a number of gentlemen were sitting in the detectives' room in the City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, when an English sparrow flew near the window, peeped in and darted away. Captain Holzworth, who saw the little fellow, said that whenever he saw a sparrow flit it reminded him of a little scene which occured in his yard one cold day last winter. The sparrows, it seems, ascertained the fact that there was a knothole in the gable of his house, and took advantage of that knowledge by taking possession of the hole and a portion of his attic, where they passed the winter as snug as bugs in a rug. The captain's wife has a warm spot in her heart for birds. So when the ground was covered with snow, and the little fellows ran a risk of starving to death, Mrs. H. would sweep away the snow and spread upon the ground a fine repast of crumbs. The sparrows soon learned to depend upon her, and told their friends what a fine landlady they had. In consequence hundreds of them congregated daily about the Captain's house and partook of his charity. Close to the spot where the birds were usually fed was a pile of bricks, and upon this pile the Captain's cherished mouser used to station himself for the purpose of watching for prey. As soon as the birds would get comfortably settled about the crumbs the cat would pounce upon them and invariably get a tender sparrow for dinner. Finally the birds became accustomed to the cat's mode of precedure and would be on the watch whenever they were feeding. They were so alert that the cat would hardly get ready for spring before they were up in the air and out of danger. One day they were eating as usual, and the cat as usual was watching them. Like a bolt of lightning the mouser jumped into their midst, but they were too quick for her, and escaped unhurt. Miss Tabby, not discouraged, mounted the pile of bricks again and awaited their return. The sparrows, after flying about for some time, finally settled upon the fence at the foot of the lot, where they held a long and interesting confab. After chattering away for several minutes they cautiously returned to their crumbe and resumed their eating, keeping all the while a sharp lookout for the enemy. After the cat had become satisfied that they were too much interested in satisfying their appetite to think of her, she made another spring. The birds were up in an instant, and instead of flying away as usual they formed themselves into a hollow square and charged upon the foe. Some got upon the cat's back and scratched and picked with all their might; others flew right into her face, while the balance made it interesting in the rear. The cat was so surprised at first that she was unable to move. The birds became more and more infuriated and fought such a savage battle that they drove the foe down the garden path on a full gallop and under the barn. They returned to their feast and were left to themselves the balance of the winter, the cat making herself scarce when they put in an appearance.

Between Showers.

When you took a second look at him you could see a sort of grimness about him which convinced you that whatever he undertook to do he would accomplish or break his back in trying. About noon, when the rain fell faster, he appeared on Woodward avenue, Detroit, under an old umbrella worth the price of its ribs. At the opera-house he placed the old rain-shedder in a doarway and took position in another not far away. In about two minutes along came a citizen with his left eye watching for just such a chance, and he hawked on that umbrella with a chuckle of deepest satisfaction. He didn't wait around there for the owner to appear, and he didn't care a copper whether it belonged to a Sister of Charity or overgrown bondholder. As he started off the grim man followed. The umbrella-hooker had a walk of half a mile to reach his residence, and the grim man was close to his heels all the way. As the citizen halted at his gate the other detained him, and quietly remarked:—

"I want you to do me a favor.'

"Ah, yes—I never give anything to tramps,' was the reply.

"I want you to take that umbrella back to the doorway from which you stole it!'

"This umbrella? Why, is this yours?'

"It is, and you must take it back!'

"Well, you see I could do that, but I guess it is about worth a quarter to me.'

"Will you take it back?' asked the man with the iron jaws.

"Why, no. What's the old thing worth, anyhow?'

"One hundred dollars!'

"That's a good joke. I'll give you 50 cents and keep it.'

"If you don't 'bout face and take that umbrella back to that identical door-way, I'll mop you into every puddle of water between this and the other corner, and when I let up on you your wife won't be able to find a button to identify you by!'

Thus quietly remarked the grim man as he unbuttoned his overcoat and displayed a chest like a bass drum. He had the strength of an ox and there was an 'I-mean-it!' look in each eye.

"Say, I don't want any quarrell with you,' observed the citizen. "Take your umbrella and a couple of dollars.'

"No, sir!'

"Say three.'

"No, sir!'

"Say five.'

"The price,' said the grim man, "will be one hundred straight dollars, and you must take the umbrella back. If I stand here in the rain five minutes longer I shall charge one dollar a minute!'

The citizen headed for down town. He was too mad to raise the old umbrella, but carried it under his arm, while the grim man kept close behind him. When the doorway had been reached and the umbrella replaced the citizen was about to turn away, but the other placed a hand on his revolver and said:—

"Stranger, you are a good walker, and you have performed your share of the contract to my entire satisfaction. In the future it will be well for you to buy your umbrellas in the regular way, or to take your walks between showers. You can now finish your excursion!'

His remains Disinterred and Quietly Removed to Baltimore.

The Washington correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial* writes: It was only after some patient inquiry that I could ascertain the facts, which are interesting, and so far as I know are yet unpublished. Booth died, as will be remembered, in a barn in Maryland, from a wound received from the musket of Boston Corkett. His body was brought to Washington, and after having been identified by the court martial before which his fellow-conspirators were tried, was dissected by the surgeon general of the army. The brain and heart and some other parts of the body were preserved in alchol, and are now on exhibition in the medical museum of the surgeon general's office. The building in which the assassination occured was Ford's Theatre. The government confiscated it, but afterwards Ford was paid its full value, and it has since been used as the headquarter of the medical corps of the army. The brain and heart of Booth are in jars, standing in a case that is situated very near the actual scene of the assassination. After the surgeon had done with Booth's body it was buried in a grave in the arsenal grounds. Only half a dozen persons knew the exact spot, which was unmarked. In 1867, Edwin Booth, the actor, sent Mr. Weaver, the sexton of Christ's Church, Baltimore, to Washington, with a request that the remains of his brother might be taken up and removed to the family burial place. After some delay the request was granted by President Johnson, who was finally appealed to, and Mr. Weaver took the body to the cemetery in Baltimore and buried it beside the elder Booth and others of the family. The removal was conducted with great secrecy, and concealed from Secretary Stanton, who had refuse to give his consent.

A Plug of Tobaco.

WHY AN OLD TEXAN BECAME DISCONSOLATE AND MADE HIS WILL.

One day last month when trade was dull, a grocery clerk procured a piece of sole leather from a shoemaker, painted it black and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and inquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole leather was tied up, paid for and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired for the clerk.

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Well, was that a new brand?'

"Yes.'

"Regular plug of terbacker was it?'

"Yes.'

"Well, then, it's me. It is right here in my jaws,' sadly replied the old man. "I knowed I was getten purty old, but I was allus handy on biting a plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I could'nt tear to pieces at a chaw. I sot my teeth on this one and bit and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I have kept bitin and pullin for six days and thar she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me!'

"Seems to be a good plug,' remarked the clerk, as he smelt of the counterfeit.

"She am all right; it's me that is failing!' exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some fine cut and I'll go home and deed my farm to the boys and get ready for the grave myself.'

Two Laws.

Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice down the country on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the Justice, "de facks in dis case shell be weighed wid carefulness an' ef I hangs yer taint no fault ob mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter de raigular justice, but yer see I'se been put on as a special. A special hez de right ter make a mouf at S'preme Court ef he chuses ter."

"Do the best for me you can, Judge."

"Dats what I'se gwine ter do. I'se got two kinds ob law in dis court, de Arkansaw an' de Texas law. I generally give a man de right to choose fur his sef. Now what law does yer want; de Texas or de Arkansaw?"

"I believe I'll take the Arkansas."

"Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur steain' de mule"—

"Thank you, Judge."

"An' hang yer fur killin' de man,"—

"I believe, Judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man"—

"You have a good heart, Judge."

An' hang yer fer stealin' de mule. I'll jis take de' casion heah ter remark dat de only difference 'tween de two laws iz in de way yer state de case."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

DON'T SNUB THE YOUNG ONE.—There is much in the social training of a young girl for which mother and elder sisters are directly responsible. When it is true that children should not be unpleasantly forward in conversation, it is just as true they have a right to be heard, and that among kindly-hearted people their speech is always welcome if put forth properly. The persons who snubs the young sister, and crowds her out of sight when others are present, does her a sad injustice. This child is to be a woman, and is rapidly becoming one.—She needs kind and pleasant culture in everything that tends to make her womanly. A lift on her way helps her to that mental growth which nobody can enjoy if held down under pressure. Her mind needs to be quickened and strengthened by converse and contact with the minds of others. With this lifting and helping and quickening, she has a chance to grow in every proper and worthy direction.—Without it she retires out of sight and shrivels into a melancholy existence. The Chinese bind and cramp the feet of their girl children. We call it unreasonable. To bandage a child's mind, and to withhold from her the chance to attain that for which God has made her, is as undesirable and as culpable as anything the Chinese do in the way of crippling their girls.—*Phila. Times.*

Little by Little.

If you are gaining little by little every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are yet constantly accumulating and growing richer and richer every day? Be contented; so far as concerns money, you are doing well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day?—Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and laying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge.—Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is by little. The best men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better to-day than yesterday better this week than you did last, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfected, but do not become downhearted so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is obtained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

TWO ROBINS HANG A SPARROW.—About one hundred persons witnessed at Lansingsburg, N. Y., recently. It was nothing more or less than a bird execution. An English sparrow had by some means incurred the displeasure of a pair of red breasted robins, nested in a tree near Rawson Hall. A fight took place between the sparrow and robins on the rear of the roof of the Rawson Hall building. The sparrow fought pluckily until all at once one of the robins flew off while the other kept up the fighting. The robin messenger soon returned with a piece of cord that was soon wound around the sparrow's neck and the end held in the bill of one of the executioners.—This done the sparrow was forced off the edge of the roof and briskly attacked by the other robin. Thus situated the sparrow was comparatively helpless and in a short time hung suspended by the neck dead. After holding their victim and picking him until assured he was beyond resurrection the victorious robins flew to their nest in the tree, singing merrily, as though glorying over their vanquished foe.

SHE WAS A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED.—I remember a whimsical incident occurring in a theatra where the leading member of the company was celebrated for his magnificent physique. One nigh: he was enacting Virgininius, and his mother, who had never been in a theatre in all her life, happened on the occasion to be in the boxes. Fresh from her native Yorkshire village, it will be readily imagined that she was somewhat bewildered with the novelty of the scene. When her son appeared she was amazed at the grandeur of his presence in fleshing, sandals and toga. His appearance caused a great deal of enthusiastic applause.—When it had subsided the proud mother, unable to restrain herself, and to the astonishment of all around her, said: "I'm so glad you like him. "He's my son.' Whereupon the mother immediately became the centre of attraction, and one admirer exclaimed: "Well, madame, you may well be proud of your son, for he looks godlike as a Roman.' "Ah,' sighed the poor old lady in reply, "I didn't want him to be a Roman. He would have looked splendid as a policeman.'

HINTS FOR EVERYBODY.—The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it, is not to use it too much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance; appearances are deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriors; rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain; trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned, but make him pay quickly if there be any virtues in the law. Whenever you meet a man who is fond of argument, you will meet one profundly ignorant of the operation of the human heart. Mind your own affairs. Let all errors you see in other's management suggest correctness in your own.

A German named Baumgardner has invented an air-ship which is a combination of balloon and wings such as Mr. Edison proposes to use alone. From a published descriptipn it seems to be a rather unwieldly craft, there being ten or twelve wings and three cars. The wings are moved by cranks, and an ascent was made by Leipsiz the other day. The two assistants whom the inventor took with him got scared when the machine had mounted above the housetops and jumped out. Baumgardner, however, continued to ascend until the balloon burst, when he came down very suddenly. He expects to live long enough to try it again.

IF an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he smooths down the rough points—he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead—lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if not, his paper is dull and insipid.—

A Maine man made his own coffin several years ago, and placed it in his stable loft, and now he has to hungry and run ten miles every day to keep from growing to fat for the thing; and even with all that he may be obliged to commit suicide or have his coffin wasted. He is in a very distressing position.

A Woman in Allenville, Ark., conspired with a drug clerk to give her husband poison as though by mistake, instead of a substance which he habitually bought. The plan was to let the man die, and then the widow was to sue the clerk's employer for damages. Who says a woman has no head for business?

"I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world?" exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling lesson. "Why sis," said her brother, "they come through folks quarreling. Then, you know, one word always brings on another."

There is a man named Ice in the penitentiary in West Virginia. He froze on to somebody else's property.

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