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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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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,

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apr4-y.

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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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may13-tf.

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Poetry.

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one care for father?
Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders,
The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils on from day unto day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turning to gray.

Does any one think of the due bills
He's called upon daily to pay.
Milliner bills, college bills, doctor bills,
There are some kind of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a tread-mill,
He works on from morning till night,
Does any one think he is tired,
Does any one make his home bright?

It is right, just because he looks troubled,
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little action of kindness,
Might banish his burden of care.
'Tis for you he is ever so anxious,
He will toil for you while he may live,
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give.

The Story of a Physician's Wife.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear; but as I never saw anyone so afflicted, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject.'

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me the doctor turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance.'

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart.—I to commence practice in an Eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode:

"It is nearly two years since my husband [illegible] upon one evening to visit a patient [illegible] away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone, but I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperados in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husbands departure, and I locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger who awaited him, and, after the sharp rattle of carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself at the parlor astral, and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumed to drowsiness, and I thought of retireing, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck 12, so I determined to waite a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de chambre, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently waite and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stilness of the night. No a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush by moving or singing, I was so oppressed with the deep stilness. The human mind is a strange torture of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly like the man whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been killed by an accident in a saw mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too cautious for anything less than a cat. As I listened again my eyes were fixed on the window-blind. I saw the slats move slowly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, candavarous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! who was it? I felt the cold perspiration start from every pore. I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed close, and the great, sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footsteps towards the door. 'Merciful Heavens!' I cried, in a horror stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, 'the doctor in his haste must have forgotten to remove the door key.'

"God forgive me,' ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed, my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue I sat riveted in my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, who I never beheld before. He was dressed in a loose robe—a sort of gaberdine, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealing a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals and placed so near together that their gaze was almost preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyebrews hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madame, it is not necessary for me to stand on further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard (hereupon he again bowed profoundly) has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to night. I perceive,' he added glancing at my neglige robe, that you were expecting me.'

"No,' I found voice to stammer. "The doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night.'

'Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension,' he returned, advancing, and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he eyed me from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. 'You have a remarkably fine physique, Madame,' he observed quietly; 'one that might deceive the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?'

"Unable to speak I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone miles from any aid or rescue with a madman.

"Ah!,' he continued, reflectively, 'your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse,' he said, rising and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, Madame,' he said to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side with the case in his possession.

"Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!'

"Madame,' he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, 'you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering with an iliac abscess, and is very desirious of my attendance I must start for Europe immediately after operating on your breast;' and before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniane, he brought forth from some hidden recess in his gown several leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examening my left breast, he said:

"Madame, your husband has made a mistake I find no necessity for my intended operation.'

"At this I gave a long drawn sigh of relief and prepared to rise.

"But,' he continued, 'I have discovered that your heart is as large as that of an ox,' I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science, and of which I am the discoverer, and then replace it.'

"He then began to examine the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in preceptible tremor.

"'The, mechaincism of the heart is like a watch,' he resumed, 'if it goes too fast, the great blood-vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be clensed, repaired and regulated.'

"'It may interest you to know that I was present at the post mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death I would have saved her life by taking out her heart, and removed the polypi, between which it was firmly wedged, like as if in a vice, but I was called too late. The King and myself had a little difference; he was a German, I am French. I trust that is a sufficient explanation.'

"He now bent over me, his long, white beard brushed my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an æsthetic that I may not feel the pain,' I pleaded.

"'Indeed, indeed Madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured fortunately in season.'

"As he said this he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How prescious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed comprehended in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment; fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"'Doctor,' said I, with assumed composure, 'I have the utmost confidence in your skill—I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau.'

"'Ah, Madame,' he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty.'

"Then placing his hand upon my bosom he added with horrible espiegleric:

"I'll scarcely mar that whiter skin than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster.'

"O, God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast but with the same breath came deliverance.

"Quick as thought a heavy woolen piano cover was thrown over the head and person of the mad man, and bound tightly around him. As quickly was I released, and the thongs that bound me soon held the maniac.

"My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and taking the horror of my situation at a glance, had by the only means at hand secured the mad man, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of the keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: Madame, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!' I afterwards learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to that table my hair was black as a raven; when I left it was as you see it now—white as snow."

The Solar Family in June.

THE BRILLIANCY OF JUPITER—INFLUENCE OF SUN SPOTS UPON CORN-VENUS, MARS AND SATURN.

Jupiter is morning star and the only planet of much account during the month. He will be a brilliant object in the lovely June mornings, as he leads the starry hosts and holds his court without a rival in lustre, size and brightness. Those who have watched his movements will note his increasing magnitude and brilliancy, as with accelerating speed he rolls majestically onward in his orbit toward his perihelion and opposition with the sun, travelling toward the earth as well as the great central orb, whose disturbed condition may be particularly owning to the attraction of his huge mass. If the planet Neptune was discovered or supposed to exist on account of certain perturbations in the movements of Uranus, and if the earatic movements of Mercury reveal the presence of planets within his orbit, why should not the near approach of Jupiter to the sun stir up a commotion in his fiery elements! The sun is still diversified with spots, and the planet is near enough to perihelion to make his influence felt. Astronomers have been wise prophets thus far as to the influence of the commencement of the sun spot cycle. Tornadoes and cyclones of extreme severity have borne witness to abnormal conditions of the atmosphere, and a wave of intense heat, such as has not occurred for a quarter of a century at this season of the year, has confirmed the exactness of previous observations. We must still expect the usual storms, waves of heat and auroral displays that follow the maximum of sun spots; we have yet to learn whether the coincident perihelia of the four great planets will increase and prolong the elemental warfare. This is one of the most interesting problems of the day, as well as one of the most practical and important. It will not meet with a hasty solution, for the period of observation extends to the year 1885. Herschel, the great astronomer, said that "sun spots influenced the price of corn.' This assertion is easily understood, for heat, drought and storms exert a mighty influence on harvests, and if these are lessened the value of what remains is increased. Students of astronomy will, therefore, regard with especial interest the movements of Jupiter in the morning sky, while they ponder upon the mysterious link that unites in one harmonious whole the members of the solar family. The planet now rises at two o'clock; at the end of the month about midnight.

Saturn is morning star, and holds his place not far away from his more brilliant rival. He, too, the second in size of the giant members of the brotherhood, is traveling toward his opposition with the sun, and more slowly toward peribelion, so that he is increasing in size and dimming a clearer tint than the murky one that has marked his presence. He rises now at half-past 2, a half hour after Jupiter; at the end of the month, about half past 12.

Venus is morning star, and travels so near the sun as to be entirely hidden from mortal vison. She rises now a few minutes before 4; at the close of the month only about quarter of an hour before the sun. The beautiful planet in this portion of her orbit is, therefore, apparently blotted out of the celestial map, but she is only eclipsed in the solar glow, and will reappear before the summer has fulfilled its course.

Mars is evening star. His ruddy glow is paling and his size diminishing as he wends his way toward the sun and increases his distance from the earth. He sets now a quarter before eleven; at the end of the month about half-past 9.

Uranus is evening star, still wandering among the small stars of Leo, and too far from the earth to be visible without the aid of the telescope. He sets now about eleven; at the end of the month not far from 10.

Mercury is evening star after the 2nd, when he reaches his superior conjunction with the sun. He then rises and sets with the sun, being apparently joined to him, as the word 'conjunction' implies. He sets, therefore, about half past 7, and commences his oscillation eastward from the sun in the straight line in which he seems to move, being too near to be visible.

The June moon falls on the 22d. On the 6th, one day before her change, she will be near Venus. The new moon of the 7th will be near Mercury on the 8th, Mars on the 11th and Uranus on the 14th; and the waning moon on the 30th will again pay her respects to Jupiter. On the 22d there will be a total eclipse of the moon, which will be invisible in this portion of the globe, but will be partly visible in the western part of the United States, and entirely visible in the Pacific Ocean.

Events are somewhat monotonous on the planetary records of the month. The visible planets are evenly divided—Jupiter, Saturn and Venus doing duty as morning stars; Uranus, Mars and Mercury being numbered as evening stars. Jupiter takes the lead in interest, and we may expect to hear the report of observers concerning the great red spot that glows upon his disk. Sun spots are still to be studied in connection with meteorological changes, those occurring during the last month having been of marked importance. Auroral displays may also add their weird testimony to prove the existence of solar disturbance.

Gethsemane.

Two truths are shadowed forth to my thoughts in this story of Gethsemane. If I state neither clearly it is because I see neither clearly. There are truths which are like songs of birds in the air; it is possible to hear but not possible to transcribe them.

This Gethsemane gives a glimpse of the divine sympathy. If Christ was God manifest in the flesh, then Chirt's intense sympathy for men was a revelation of the divine sympathy. If Christ is the same yesterday, to day and forever, then the same heart of comprehensive love that beat in the garden still beats for all sin stricken and suffering ones. The Gospel is not a mere episode in the divine life, a kind of divine Ober-Ammergau play, enacted once in the world's history for moral effect. It is the manifestation of God's nature. It is the revelation of an atonement which suffering love perpetually makes. I am filled with awe when I think of the marvelous power of the Eternal One, which keeps in their places every constellation and in their orbits every planent in these myriad constellations, and which gives life to every seed and tiny blade of grass. I am filled with greater awe when I read the 139th Psalm and dwell for a moment in imagination on the Mind that knows the past, the present and the future, on the Eye that sees what is, what has been and what is to be. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high; I cannot attain unto it." But I am most of all overwhelmed when I try to conceive the infinite sympathies of the Infinite Love; to think of the endless calls upon the divine emotions; to imagine a nature so august and boundless in its feellings that it can at the same moment rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep; bring wine of joy to the marriage in Cana of Galilee and tears to the grave of Lazarus; bear in a Father's heart the remorse of the whole family of mankind, and yet bid all that labor and are heavy laden find in that unperturbed heart a refuge and a resting place.

This Gethsemane gives also a glimpse of the way in which we are to meet our own Gethsemane when it comes to us. For to every one, sooner or later, in larger or smaller measure, there comes a Passion week; blessed is he who foreseeing it, has forearmed himself for it. Into this Gethsemane we go alone. The dearest friends cannot accompany us in such an hour. They wait, alas! they often sleep, without. How many a mother has wrestled in the midnight watches for children that lay sleeping, though within the sight of her tears; how many a pastor or Sabbath-school teacher has borne the carelessness and indifference of his flock is an unknown anguish while they sleep. In this Gethsemane hour what is the prayer of victory Christ has taught us? "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." A great deal of the current discenssion about prayer is based on the idea that its object is to bring God to do our will; but the highest object of prayer it to bring us to do God's will; to bend not his laws to our wishes but our wishes to his laws. Such a prayer is something very different from the mere utterance of submission. It is not as thought Christ had said, I ask to have this cup pass from me, but if thou sayest No! I will submit. He declares his own wish with the frankness of childhood; My wish is to escape the cup; but He adds this prayer: I beseech thee let not my wish control; thou knewest best; do thou control. This is more than submission. This is what Christ means when He teaches us in the Lord's Prayer to begin all praying with the petition, "Thy will be done." This is what He means when in His last recorded prayer He begins with the petition, "Glorify thy Son also that he may glorify thee.' To see property slipping away and poverty impending, or health and strength taken away and the burden of a weary invalidism imposed, or a good name smirched by slander, or to stand by the dying bed of a wife, a mother, a husband or a child, and then to say, "Oh God! I beseech thee, do *not* let my wishes control; let *not* my will be done; I know not what is best for me or for others; I am but a child; be thou the Sovereign and Disposer; let thy will be done"—this is the very climax of prayer; this is the victory of Gethsemane; and this prayer, to the soul that learns how to utter it, always brings peace and assurance of answer.

How Ice is Made in New Orleans.

An account from that city tells us that the first thing one notices on entering the freezing-room of the factory is the intense cold, then the small heaps of snow lying around, and last the shining mass of solid ice, made up of blocks sixteen feet high, thirty long, and over a foot thick. These immense cakes are frozen on plates of steel, which are hollow, pipes containing the freezing agent, ammonia running through them. The water falls in drops from the roof, and freezes as it falls, thus forming the immense blocks.

In another freezing-room, the sight was beautiful beyond description, unnumbered columns of ice, sixty feet high, on a frozen floor, while from above came splash drops of water falling as steadily as summer rain. These icicles surround hollow iron columns, through which the ammonia passes, and freezes the falling water that comes from the roof. The icicles in a week or two unite, and in a little longer time they form a solid block of ice two thousand tons weight. This is then cut by iceplows and saws into blocks fit for sale.

The mode of making the ice is this.

Aqua ammonia is placed in two boilers which are heated by steam. Steam pipes are used for heating the boilers, because it is necessary to keep the temperature uniform and steady. The effect of the heat is to generate ammonia gas, which passes from the boilers into a dryer, where all remaining moisture is removed. From the dryer, the gas passes to a condenser, where it is subjected to a pressure sufficient to transform it into a liquid is conveyed, still by pressure, to the colums and pipes in the freezing-rooms. Released from pressure, the liquid again becomes gas, and expands to 2300 times its former volume. The sudden expansion absorbs the heat, which is carried off with the gas to those pipes on the roof of the building, where it is mixed with water and carried back to the boilers, to go over the same process. The loss of ammonia is very small, and one charge in the boilers will last a long time,

The most extraordinary feature of this mode of freezing is its purifying qualities. The natural tendency of water in the act of freezing is to exclude all foreign substances.

In this case, the rejected matter is continually washed away by the downward flow of the water over the scrface of the forming ice; thus the muddy, but not unwholesome, waters of the Mississippi are transformed into pure, transparent ice.

RAIN TO ORDER.

We read above of ice made by science, in a climate where nature never gives it. During the long May drought, while the people of New Jersey were fighting the forest-fires, and longing vainly or rain, what a boon it would have been if a scientific project, spoken of last winter, could have been put into execution. At that time, General Rugles, of Virginia, appeared by request before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, in Washington, and briefly explained his method of precipitating rainfalls by scientific means. His method—for which he has been granted a patent—to send up to the cloud realm, cartridges of dynamite or smaller explosive materials, in skeleton balloons, and to explode them either by time fuses or by magnetic electricity through light metallic wires connecting the baloons with the earth.

General Rugles, as the result of many years of study and investigation of this subject, claims that the diffused mists passing over arid regions, or regions suffering from unusual drought, may be consolidated readily into rainfalls by concussions and vibrations thus artificially produced; and he has therefore suggested to the committee that Congress may provide a small appropriation to make tests. The committee were so interested in General Rugles' plan that they asked him to give them more information, which he is to do.

The Temperature of Space.

Mr. James Croll has an interesting article in *Nature* on the temperature of space. "Few questions," he says, "bearing directly on terrestrial physics have been so much overlooked as that of the temperature of stellar space, that is to say, the temperature which a thermometer would indicate if placed at the outer limits of our atmosphere and exposed to no other influence than that of radiation of the stars. Were we asked what was probably the mid-winter temperature of England 11,700 years ago, when the Winter solstice was in aphelion, we could not tell unless we knew the tempearature of space. Again, without a knowledge of the temperature of space, it could not be ascertained how much the temperature of the North Atlantic and the air over it was affected by the Gulf Stream. We can determine the quantity of heat conveyed into the Atlantic by the stream and compare it with the amount received by that area directly from the sun, but this alone does not enable us to say how much the temperature is raised by the heat conveyed. We know that the basin of the North Atlantic receives from the Gulf Stream a quantity of heat equal to about one-fourth that received from the sun, but unless we know the temperature of space we cannot say how much this one-fourth raises the temperature of the Atlantic. Suppose 56 degrees to be the temperature of that ocean; this is 516 degrees of absolute temperature which is derived from three sources, viz: 1, direct heat from the sun; 3, heat from the Gulf Stream, and 3 heat from the stars. Now unless we know what proportion the heat of the stars bears to that of the sun we have no means of knowing how much of the 517 degrees is due to the stars and how much to the sun or to the Gulf Stream.

"M. Pouillett and Sir John Herschel are the only physicists who appear to have devoted attention to the problem. The former came to the conclusion that space has a temperature of 142 degrees C. or 224 degrees F., and the latter, following a different method of inquiry, arrived at nearly the same result, viz: that its temperature is about 239 degrees F. Can space, however, really have so high a temperature as 239 degrees? Absolute zero is 460 degrees.—Space in this case would have an absolute temperature of 222 degrees, and consequently our globe would be nearly as much indebted to the stars as to the sun for its heat. If so space must be enormously more transparent to heat rays than to light rays. If the heat of the stars be as feeble as their light, space cannot be much above absolute zero, and this is the opinion expressed to me a few weeks ago by one of the most eminent physicists of the day. Professor Langly is also of this opinion, for he concludes that the amount of heat received from the sun is to that derived from space as much as four to one; and consequently, if our luminary were extinguished the temperature of our earth would fall to about 360 degrees F.'

Finding Fault.

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

"THERE is no being in the universe that is so sorry for men that go wrong as God. The mother that brings home her erring daughter, with bitterness, is not so sorry for her as God is for those who have afflicted themselves by sin. The love that can draw back a prodigal to his father's house is not so strong as the desire of God that they who have done evil should learn to do well.

If you have done evil, the way to get back to virtue is to stop, turn round, and go back. There is no other question about it. God is all right, and He is ready; He is always right and always ready. The whole heaven above you is full of light and promise. The whole earth beneath you resounds with His wish. The heart of the universe throbs with the desire of the divine heart. He that to his own harm seeks evil goes away from his Father; and he that feels the bitterness of going away, and turns, and goes back, shall feel his Father's embrace, without money, without price, without condition, without trafficking, without theology. It is the impulse of divine love to make men purer; to make them better by making them purer; and let whoever has gone away from his God return. Return by the way in which you went away. Return along the way of hope, of promise and of divine longing and mercy. Say to God, I have sinsinned, I repent, and I want to go home"—that is enough; and the arm of everlasting mercy shall enfold you, and the love of God shall be your life, and heaven your eternal home."

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

BRONZING IRON.—The English *Mechanic* gives the following directions for bronzing iron: To one pint of methylated finis add four ounces shellac and one-half ounce benzoin; put the bottle in a warm place, shaking it occasionally. When the gum is dissolved let it stand in a cool place two or three days to settle, then gently pour off the clear mixture into another bottle, cork it well and keep it for finest work. The sediment left in the first bottle, by adding a sufficient quantity of spirit to make it workable, will do for the first coat or coarser work when strained through a fine cloth. Next get one-half pound of finely ground bronze green—the shade may be varied by using a little lampblack, red-ochre, or yellow-ochre; let the iron be clean and smooth, then take as much varnish as may be required, and add the green color in sufficient quantity; slightly warm the article to be bronzed, and with a soft brush lay on it a thin coat. When that is dry, if necessary lay another coat on, and repeat until well covered. Take a small quantity of the varnish and touch the prominent parts with it; before it is dry, with a dry pencil lay on a small quantity of gold powder and then varnish the whole.

Revenue from Rum.

The editor of the Ohio *Signal* recently met a liquor dealer who said:

"What would become of the country if it wasn't for the money paid by the saloons? Ye'd all starve if it was not for us liquor men. We pay more taxes 'n al o' ye put together."

The editor meekly replied: "Why, man, your accursed business makes all the paupers, and as to your taxes, a murder case is now going on in your own county, which has already cost two lives, and will cost $5,000 before it is done with. The gallon of whiskey that caused the deviltry paid ninety cents revenue. On which side is the balance of revenue in this case?"

"Well," said the rum-seller, "who would pay yer pensions to the soldiers if it wasn't for us? We pay every cent of it in taxes."

With a significant smile the editor replied: "The boot is on the other foot, my friend. You fellows get nearly all the pension money as soon as it is paid to the poor veterans, and if the country really depended on whiskey [illegible] for existence, then I should say, God [illegible] country."

REGISTERING WOMEN VOTERS IN BOSTON.—We are indebted to a "staff correspondent" for the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stone-cutters of the Hub.

Enter old lady of a certain age.

"I wish to register, sir.'

"Your name, please?'

"Almira Jane Simpson.'

"Your age?'

"Beg pardon'

"Your age?'

"Do I understand that I must give my age?'

"Yes, miss the law requires it.'

"Worlds, sir, would not attempt me to give it! Not that I care. *No;* I had as lief wear it on my bonnett, as a hackman does his number; *but I'm a twin,* and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age; and I could not give my own, because I don't wish to *offend her.*'

AN EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL CASE.—More than a week ago Alfred Withers, a miner near Elizabeth, Pa., was at work in a stooping position when a mass of slate fell, striking him on the back of the head. The scalp was cut across the back of the head from one ear to another, and turned forward like a hood. The mass bore him to the ground, where his forehead struck a large piece of slate, smashing in his skull. The physicians removed the skull of the forehead, from the eyebrow to the root of the hair. The bone of the nose was also broken, and had to be taken out. This left the brain exposed, yet the sufferer still lives and is perfectly conscious, converses freely, and it is hoped will recover. The scalp wound on the back of the head was sewed up, and is healing. This extraordinary case of vitality is attracting much attention among medical men.

TWENTY YEARS ago the steamer Arabia sank in the Missouri River, with 600 barrels of whiskey on board. The current of the river went on changing, and now the place where the steamer sank is dry land, and the forgotten wreck is buried forty feet deep in the sand.—The other day the man who owns the place put down a pump and the first liquid he found was whiskey in one of the buried barrels. For a while after he had tasted the vein his pipe had struck land in the vicinity was held at $472,000 an acre; but by-and by some one remembered about the old wreck and the price fell.

THE Barnum's Museum Company, organized with $3,000,000 capital, and including Barnum, William H. Vanderbilt and others, has bought the Madison Square garden property, in New York, for $800,000, and will erect the largest exhibition building in the world, including under one roof a museum, opera-house, colliseum, theatre, hippodrome, tropical garden, etc., to be finished and opened early next year.

WE should all love God more deeply could we but form some truthful image of Him. O that our minds could form some conception of Him who is everywhere, of Him who can make suns and moons and planets as a potter can make little cups! Ah, more! can make these worlds from nothing! What joy would arise could the heart feel the touch of this Deity as it feels the south wind on the face.

The Ilion man who was obliged to pound his sweetheart's brother to a jelly and throw a dark rim around both eyes of her father, before he could marry the girl of his choice, is now lecturing on "Battles of the Union."

"Mamma,' said a thoughtful youngster the other day, "how old shall I be next birthday?'

"Six, my son, if you live.'

"Well, suppose I don't live, can I go right on having birthdays, like George Washington?'

Josh Billings says: "I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattle-snaik's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snaik.'

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as the body.

If the clock of the tongue be not set by the dial of the heart, it will not go right.

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