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The American Union,

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BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

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

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AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan3-1y.

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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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,

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CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

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OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

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

T. N. GOULD & SON,

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(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

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

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

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

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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

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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.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

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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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326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

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

U CAN MAKE money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly out-fit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Poetry.

GRANDPA AND BABY.

Out on the lawn, one summer's day,
I left my baby boy at play,
And smiled to hear his gleeful shout
And happy voice sing in and out
Among the arches of the trees,
Then die away upon the breeze:
While all the playful echoes stirred
With merry laugh and lisping word.

But when I missed the cheerful noise,
Nor longer heard the prattling voice,
I rose and to the window hied,
And, looking hence, this vision spied—
O, Memory! though thy name be pain,
Paint, paint that picture o'r again!

The western sun his glory threw
Along the sward of emerald hue;
Save where, perchance in playful frown,
Some cool, green shadows nestled down,
And idly shifting with the sun,
Crept slowly eastward, one by one.

Beneath the elm tree's waving crest,
Where the wind tossed the birdlings' nest,
And where the alternate sun and shade
Like changing fancies skipped and played,
The old arm chair, secure and good,
With wide-spread arms inviting stood;
And all its cushions broad and deep,
Grandpa and baby sat asleep.

On rounded cheek and golden head
The sinking sun his radiance shed,
While on the grandsire's silver crown
A single ray dropped softly down,
And then, in benediction fell
On both, and wrapped them in its spell.

The breeze, in frolic, growing bold,
Tossed up the rings of shining gold
On baby's brow, then with the gray
On grandpa's head began to play.

In the worn palm, securely pressed,
One little dimpled hand found rest;
The other clasped a withered flower,
Culled, all at will, in Nature's bower.

Fixed was the look of sad content,
On the worn face a trifle bent;
And forward drooped, to rest the chin
My baby's clustered curls within;
While on the collar of his coat
The gray and golden together float.

Such tinting one might vainly seek
As slept on baby's lip and cheek;
But thin and pale the other one,
And sad and careworn, in the sun;
And so the evening shadows fell,
And deeper grew, but all was well.

The elm tree boughs now gaunt and bare,
Are tossed about the wintry air,
While pale, wan shadows come and go
Upon the lawn, all white with snow;
But nevermore, at eve or dawn,
On garden walk or grassy lawn,
May I, in vision fair, behold,
That little head, with crown of gold,
Nor evermore, on summer day,
That other one, with crown of gray,
Aneath the dreary, drifted snow,
The silver head, and gold, lie low;
Yet evermore, in joy or pain,
O, memory! paint that scene again.

—Royal Templar.

THE TALE OF A COAT TAIL.

Mimi Legrand had made up her mind that spinsterhood was to be her lot. Not that she was ugly or ill tempered—oh, no! She was as pretty as a picture, and as sweet as a May morning; but when one lives on Esplanade street, in a house with high wall around it, with a maiden aunt for a duenna, and a papa who scowls at the bare mention of 'marriage,' one runs a poor chance of meeting one's fate.

Mimi was just eighteen, and though she was brought up like a recluse, she began to think it was high time she had a lover.

One evening as she sat in the company of her father and Aunt Diane, she remarked suddenly, in a plaintive voice:

"Lucy Marshall was married last Tuesday.'

"And very silly, at her age!' retorted Aunt Diane. "A mere chit—she ought to be at school.'

Mimi had her own opinion upon the subject, but she prudently kept it to herself; merely remarking: "Millie Dupount is married, too, and she is six month younger than I am.'

"And what then?' asked papa, looking up from his newspaper.

"Oh! nothing!' Mimi replied, sighing profoundly. "Harriet says she was married at St. Louis, with six brides-maids, and a veil, and a train three yards long.'

"Harriet is an idle, gossiping servant,' interrupted her aunt, "who has no business filling your head with such nonsense.'

"And does my little girl envy these young ladies?' Mr. Legrand inquired.

"We-ell,' returned Mimi, in a noncommittal tone, "it must be very nice. All my friends are marrying, and—and—I am getting to be quite an old maid!'

"Marriage is not the chief end of life,' said Miss Diane, severely. "There are nobler, higher things to which a woman may devote herself.'

"Oh, bother!'—and Mimi shrugged her saucy shoulders.

"Mimi,' said her father, seriously 'you must give up these foolish thoughts. You might find great unhappiness in a lover.'

"But, papa,' urged Mimi, "I am sure you married.'

"And bitterly repented it,' her father might have replied, looking back upon his unhappy wedded life; but he only frowned and said:

"Let us have no more of this folly, Mimi.'

Thus snubbed, she did not dare to say more; but she pouted and thought to herself: "I might as well be a fright, for no one ever sees me. Unless I can slip away, I never can go out walking without Aunt Diane and even then she makes me bundle up my head in a veil, until, no doubt, every one thinks I've had the small pox. As for walking on Canal street' Aunt Diane says the men are impudent and stare too much, so she takes me round by all the alleys and little two-cent streets. It's a shame—that's what it is!'

But the darkest cloud has a silver lining.—One afternoon, when papa was away at his business, and Aunt Diane had just stepped out to see a friend, Mimi meditated upon what use she could make of her liberty. She sat down to the piano, began "I love my love," then jumped up with yawn.

The only thing she could find in the shape of a romance was 'Telemachus;' but she soon flung it into the corner, and went out on the balcony.

It was a lovely April day, and as she bent over the flower boxes, there came a loud ring at the bell. Hanging over the railing, regardless of appearances, she described a handsome young man standing on the steps.

"A man,' she exclaimed, inwardly, "Oh, joy!'

A few minutes later, Harriet came up stairs and said:

"Miss Mimi, dere's a genelman in de parlor, calln' hisself Mr. Wolfe, an' he wan't to see Miss Diany.'

"Aunt Diane in not home,' answered Mimi.

"I done tole him dat a'ready, an' he says any ob de fam'ly do jes as good.'

"I will see him, said Mimi with dignity.

"De law, miss! will you?' cried Harriet, awe struck by such bravery; adding discreetly: "But what'll Miss Diany say?'

"Whatever she chooses,' said the little rebel, with a parting glance at the mirror.

Meanwhile, George Wolfe was gazing around the old-fashioned room, with its tarnished gilding and spindle-legged chairs, and decided that its inhabitants must be a dreadful set of old fossils, when the door opened, and the sweetest little creature in the world came in. George had never seen curlier dark hair, or such soft, laughing eyes.

Once in the presence of that awful monster, man, against whom she had often been warned, Mimi lost courage, and faultered—, turning very red:

"If you please, sir, what do you want?'

The stranger did not seem at all abashed, but answered:

"My aunt, Miss Tarlton, commissioned me to place these papers in the hands of Miss Legrand. They are the minutes of the Society for the Propagation of Female Independence. I suppose, that is, I mean to say—are you Miss Legrand?'

"I'm not Aunt Diane,' she returned in an insulted tone, "I'm Mimi.'

"Oh! I did not think it probable that you were the president of the society; however, I suppose these papers will be safe in your hands,' sad George, and having finished his errand he should have gone. But he still lingered, and remarked brilliantly, 'We are having beautiful weather!'

"Beautiful!' assented she' looking at him under her long eyelashes, and thinking man was not so black as Aunt Daine painted him.

"I suppose,' he continued, desperately, "you enjoy walking in Canal street, these pleasant afternoons?'

"Ah!' said she, shaking her head sadly. "You little know Aunt Diane if you suppose anything of the sort. Dear me! I'm not allowed to walk on any street where any one else walks.'

"Isn't it?' said she, being an inveterate chatterbox, and glad to find some one who would listen to her. "I might as well be a prisoner. How would you like to have your aunt always following you about?'

"I should like it very much,' answered George, boldly, "if she were as charming as some people that I know.'

"But Aunt Daine isn't,' said she, confidentially. "Though,' she added, her conscience smitting her, "she is very nice and good. But she always will keep on saying that people ought'n to marry—and that is nonsense, isn't it?'

"Absurdity!' George cried, warmly; and after more conversation of a like nature, he rose to go, saying: "I hope this will not be our last meeting, Miss Legrand. May I call on you?'

"Oh, my!' cried she, aghast, "don't try it. Papa would be so angry, and Aunt Diane would bite your head off.'

George seemed quite cast down for a minute, and then said, "I will say good-bye; but it shall not be forever.'

"Au revoir,' said she, drooping her long black lashes.

As soon as Aunt Diane came home, Mimi told her about Mr. Wolfe, and gave her the package of papers.

"You went down to see him!' ejaculated the spinster, "alone, without a chaperon!—What well-behaved girl ever did such a thing? What an unprecendented boldness! What will your father say when I tell him?'

"Don't see what I've done,' pouted Mimi, "and why did you always tell me men were so frightful and wicked? I wasn't a bit afraid of him.'

"Misguided girl!' groaned her aunt, "you'll bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.—What will your father say!'

"Her dyed hairs, I guess she means,' thought Mimi, aloud, "Why, he'll say you ought to have been at home to receive the papers—that's what he'll say.'

Miss Diane reflected that this artful remark was true, and not caring to be reprimanded by her brother, she magnanimously said: "For once, I will consent to spare you, but never let it happen again.'

"Oh, dear, no!' said she, with a virtuous air; and that evening she prattled as artlessly as ever to her unsuspecting papa.

Several times after this, as she was peering through the shutters, she saw George Wolfe, and each time the audacious youth kissed his hand to her.

Having little else to think about, he was continually in her mind, and the warnings of her guardians defeated their object, by making her realize that stolen waters are sweet.

While this was going on, an old aunt of Miss Diane, from whom she had expectations, was taken very ill, and she flew to her succor, leaving Mimi to the care of her father, who fearing no danger, took no precautions.

One afternoon, Mimi, taking advantage of her new found liberty, went out to carry some soup to a poor invalid in St. Anthony's alley, and this being done, lingered in the square.—By a strange coincidence George Wolfe appeared from behind a eucalyptus tree and she turned as rosy as an April dawn at the sight of him.

"I had begun to despair of ever seeing you again,' he said, "and almost made up my mind to brave the dragon.'

"Aunt Diane is away on a visit, now,' she replied, demurely.

"That accounts for you being out of doors,' he said. "I have often seen you at the window, like a caged bird.'

"A jail bird, I suppose you mean. I might as well have been in prison. How nice you must find it to go about yourself?'

"I know some one I would like to go about with me all the time.'

"Who is it?'

"I am afrid to tell you.'

"Why should you be? I won't hurt you.'

"Will you give me permission to tell?'

"Why, yes, of course. Who is it?'

"You, Mimi!'

"O-oh!' she cried, opening her eyes very wide. "Would you really?'

"Yes, indeed.'

"But you might get tired sometimes.'

"With you, Mimmi, I could go on forever and ever, and—'

"Walking forever? I think I would like to take a street-car occassionally.'

"Now, you're laughing at me. I thought you liked me better than that.'

Discreet silence on her part.

"Perhaps, though, you don't like me at all.' Still silence.

"Do you, Mimi?'—very urgently.

"Yes,' she murmured, hanging her head.

Hands clasp, eyes meet, beneath the eucalyptus tree—and "the old, sweet story is told again.

These meetings had gone on for some time, when George determined to go to Mr. Legrand, and throw himself upon his mercy.

With outward calmness, but quaking inwardly, he entered Mr. Legrand's presence, while the cowardly little Mimi kept carefully out of the way.

"May I inquire the nature of your business, sir?' asked Mr. Legrand, loftily, looking down at the young man's card.

George turned scarlet, and said:

"I have the honor of knowing your lovely daughter—'

"You are laboring under a mistake, young man. My daughter has no masculine acquaintances. You must mean some other young lady.'

Heavens! As if there could be more than one Mimi in the world.

No, sir; there is no mistake. I love her very dearly, and I—I—have come to ask her hand in marriage,' stammered George, very much abashed.

"What!' ejaculated Mr. Legrand, and only the largest capitalists will at all express the awful emphasis he concentrated on that one word.

It frightened George, but he went on, bravely: "I am the junor partner of the firm of Davis & Wolfe, and my wordly prospects—'

"After all the trouble I have taken to keep her from contact with the male sex!' interrupted Mr. Legrand, apostrophizing the opposite wall.

"Yes, Mr. Legrand; I know it is very annoying, but I trust you will overlook it for once, and—'

"Mr. Wolfe, there is the door!' said Mr Legrand, sternly.

Refusing to take the hint, George continued—"And let me explain—'

His intended explanation was cut short by Mr. Legrand, who seized him firmly by the arm, and walked him out into the hall.

"Mr. Legrand if you will allow me a few minutes, I will explain—'

"You will explain nothing, Mr. Wolfe, retorted, still pushing the struggling suitor toward the door.

"But, my dear sir—'

"I am not your dear sir, young man, and I have no desire to be,' said the stern parent, and he hastly thrust George out, and shut the door, thinking he had seen the last of him.

But unfortunately—or fortunately as it turned out—he had slammed the door on George's coat-tail, and when that dejected suitor attempted to walk down the steps, he found himself securely there. What should he do?—Stand still, until some one came out, and allow the finger of scorn to be pointed at him by the gamin of the neighborhood. Perish the thought! After many struggles, he grasped the belle-handle, and pulled it furiously.

Still rufled in his temper, Mr. Legrand bounced out, and when he saw George still there, the exclaimed, "What! again, young man!'

"My good sir,' remonstrated George, "how could I go away, when you had fastened my coat tail in the door.'

Mr. Legrand had a sense of humor, and it was tickled by this dilemma. He laughed, and having relented so far, condescended to talk the matter over with George, the result being, that laughing, crying, blushing Mimi was called into ask papa's forgiveness, and make her lover feel himself supremely blessed.

"Well, well, girls will be girls, I suppose,' said papa, determined to put a good face on the matter, and after all he wanted his little mimi to be happy.

Even Aunt Diane's heart was softened; and she made no objection to the marriage—and Mrs. George Wolfe often says that she owes all her happiness to George's coat tail.

Wanted to Get In.

At eleven o'clock a Detroit policeman came upon a man pounding vigorously upon a door of a dwelling house, and he asked what he wanted there. The pounder was pretty well sit up. He descended the steps, went close up to the officer and softly whispered in his ear;

"It's my—my own abode, and I w-want to git in.'

"But why don't you call out? asked the blue coat.

"B-because I don't want to give myself away. I want to get in the house b-before the jawing commences. I want my wife to think it's somebody else.'

"Well, go ahead, but don't arouse the neighbors.'

The officer saunted on, but in about ten minutes he encountered the tipsy citizen on the other side of the block. The man was thoroughly drenched with cold water, and had lost his hat.

"Hello! didn't you get in?'

"N-not quite.'

"Conldn't awaken your wife, eh!'

"The t-trouble was,' whispered the man, as a big shiver galloped over him, "the t-trouble was that she was awake all the t-time.'

"And she deluded you from a second-story window?'

"I-I'm not zactly clear as to whether it was a thunder-shower or only a pitcher of w-water, and I thought I'd h-hunt you up and ask you if th-thunder showers ever come in the night and if lightning ev-ever knocks a perfect gentleman o-off his own doorsteps?'

The Crucifixion.

No event has ever produced so powerful an impression on the human race as death of Jesus of Nazareth. It is doubtful whether His teachings would ever have excited a wide influence outside the Province in which He lived if they had not been followed and in some sense exemplified by His death. In vain have some of His professed followers since endeavored to transfer the hearts and thoughts of the world from Calvary to the Sermon on the Mount. It is the death of Jesus which continues to transfix the world's attention and to command the world's love and homage.

If one considers it carefully, it is amazing that the death of a Galilecan carpenter, by whatever martyrdom, should have produced such results—results that have affected more hearts more deeply than all other lives and deaths combined, and have produced a larger influence on the civilization of the race than certainly any other single event in history. Is it said that this was not the death of a Galilecan carpenter but of the Son of God? I answer, it is the death itself that has gone far to convince the world that He was the Son of God. The crucifixion has produced on mankind the same impression which it produced on the Roman Centurion.

As a preparation for the study of the story of the crucifixion let us see if we can get any light in answer to this question. It is not to be found in the mere fact of martyrdom, for Jesus was neither the first nor the last of martyrs; nor in the agony of His sufferings, for they were neither as terrible nor as prolonged as have been those of many of His followers.

His death was wholly voluntary. Many men have hazarded their lives; Christ gave His life up. He went to Jerusalem knowing with clear prevision all that it had in store for Him—the treachery, the abandonment, the mock trials, the mob violence, the final death. He went, not as Luther went to the Diet of Worms, thinking death possible or event probable. He went knowing that it was certain—went purposely that He might die.

And in dying He was born up by no spirit of pride. Self-esteem was not present to reenforce love. He died not for an opinion but for men. The martyrs for opinion's sake have far outnumbered the martyrs for humanity's sake. They have died rather than falsify a conviction. Such death receives all honor, and receives no more than it deserves. But not so did Christ die. He had no opinions to retract. He was not martyr to a creed. He died not for opinions of His own but for others' hearts. He died not to attest His confidence in His convictions, but to save and *serve* men. He was a martyr to love.

And He died for men that were indifferent and inimical. As self-esteem was not an ally to love, so neither was apprebativeness. He was not upborn by the appreciation and the love of those for whom He died. He suffered for the taunting priests, the cold-blooded Roman soldiery, the unconcerned populace. Looking forward, He saw in the coming ages a few weeping disciples seeing in His crucifixion the evidence of His love; but He saw also infidelity crying scornfully, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save;" and indifference gambling at the foot of His cross. And for these He died; not for loved friends; not for a nation that He had cause to love; not for friendship's sake; but for enemies; for love's sake; for His own love wherewith He loved us even while we were dead in trespasses and sins.

This death, moreover, was not accidental or incidental—an episode in His life or a chance close to it. It was the fitting and neccessary climax of a life of self-sacrifice. He laid down His life for His sheep. From the manger to the cross the whole life was gladly given up to others. He turned aside from all avenues that opened to wealth, position, reputation, ease, or influence, as men estimate influence; He laid aside all intellectually congenial companions and became a friend of publicans and sinners; and He did it all that He might save those who did not appreciate either Him or His service. His dying was but a part of His laying down His life for others.

Of these elements some have entered more or less into other martyrdoms: but no other martyrdom has ever so bombined them all.

At Jesus' Feet.

Spiritually to sit at Jesus' feet is a confession of surrender of mind to His teaching as our Prophet, of affections to His cleansing as our Priest, and of life to His direttion as our King. Every rebellious, distrustful, complaining, murmuring thought or disposition is excluded from such a session. The ear is open to receive, the will is quick to obey, the hands are nervous for service and the feet restless for mission while the Christian is in this lowly attitude of love. And all the while we are thus placed our faces are turned toward His matches countenance, and our eyes are brightening with delight while we "see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Such a contemplative life is ready at the first consciousness of loving constraint to do His bidding. And, inspired by His nearness, it knows neither indolence nor weariness. Moreover, it is a part of an eternal and infinite whole. The income of enthusiasm does not diminish the fullness of the investment. As the days go on, there comes to the devout soul a development of enjoyment until heaven becomes a logical necessity. We enter into the joy of the Lord, for it is too great a joy to enter into us. Mary's good part "shall never be taken away from her."

The cultivation of such a spiritual habit is commended by certain characteristics which inhere in this Christ contemplation. Every other portion is in diametric contrast with its stability. Change is written on every other life-plan. Even the best forms of active consecration have wide fluctuations. Like the delicate mercury, we are exalted and depressed in turn by event atmospheric conditions. Or like the pendulum we swing our arc of duty and desire, returning to the place whence we came. There is a monotony in even our oscillations. We weary in all service that is sundered from the power of His presence and personality. Still more opposed to "Mary's part" is a life of sinful pleasure or greedy gain. How often by despondency or disease, by satiety or failure, is this part taken away from its possessor. And if it be not destroyed at least an entire parenthesis is in all such lives brought about by Providence, so that for a time its continuity is broken. It may be the voice of the divine Law which startles, or the wooing tones of the Gospel which win from the gratification of sinful or selfish instincts. But the largest success in this pureuit is soon blighted, for death is surely coming to purge the temple of the body from all that has profaned God's house, and to remove the spirit from the chance of profit to the certainty of loss.

A higher yet not less unstable plan is proposed by those who make the culture of taste the chief end of life. These have their own discontents with self and the world which others may not share. Soon they become cynics. Beside, a spirit in unrest will always fail to appreciate the truest thought and emotion of art. All beauty is the shadow of God. Only they who the substance can comprehend the shadow. At the best such a life, without the contemplation of God mixed with its culture, is unsatisfactory and changeful. At the worst it is pitiful, almost unendurable. There is no culture nor discontent which a man shall not take with him when he leaves this world. Death is only a comma, and the life which is to come is the continuation of the sentence begun here. The rest of trusts is the foretaste of Paradise. A part "at Jesus, feet" will never be taken away from us.

But the security not less than the stability of such a habit is its commendation. Its amulet of trust protects the life which it shapes from every possible evil. The providences of life which darken home, destroy rest, dissipate fortune, are to the owner of this charm only the crossing of the Great Father's hands when, like Jacob. He blesses His children. Trust reads the hieroglyphics of pain and sorrow which record so much of life's history. "None of these things move" him who rests at Jesus' feet. Even the power of evil which is ever assailing such a soul is impotent to take away his part. To him, as Peter, the Lord plainly speaks: "Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee a wheat."

She Was Missed.

She was getting her dinner when her husband came in and announced the death of a neighbor.

"Dead!" she exclaimed, holding the potato masher suspended in the air. "Ah how true it is that in the midst of life we are in death. Put on some of the tomater pickles, Tildy. They're spillin' an' we may as well eat 'em up, and when you cut the bread, cut one slice round; that's enough; or if it ain't you can cut some more afterwards,

I hope the funeral wil be at the church. There was Simmons' wife's funeral. They would have it in the house, an' it was so crowded. I thought my dress would be spoiled. Are going to have it in the house, hey? I'll bet it was one of her mother's notions. She always was as full of notions as an egg is full of meat.

Make a good lot o' gravy, Tildy. They don't eat so much butter where there is plenty of gravy, and I want to fill that three gallon crock this week.

Well, I shall miss her. She was what I call a good neighbor. I borrowed a recipe book there just a little while ago. There won't be no hurry about carrying it back yet awhile. Likely they'll be so overcome they won't care for nothing else but common vittles. I wonder if the girls will wear black! Well, the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away.

Come, sit right down; dinner is all ready. Have they got any one to help him over there? I believe I'll run over after dinner. How funny it'll seem not to see her around. I shall miss her dreadful. Samuel'll get married again, of course. One of the Stockman girls would make him a good wife. They are all good housekeepers and used to children. Funeral to-morrow, hey! Well, I hope it will be cool, I want to wear my black sacque. There will be lots from the city there.

Let the fire go down when the dishwater gets hot; hain't got to cook nothin' more, there's apple-sass for tea.

So she's dead! Dear me, dear me, how I shall miss her."

His Mother's Boy.

In one of the public schools of San Francisco, a few days ago, a youth bubbling over with spirits violated a long established rule, and was summoned to the bar of judgement. With many sobs and tears he confessed the soft impeachment. "Have your mother call to-morrow," the teacher remarked, with awful and ominous significance. His maternal ancester appeared on the following day, and after being duly and publicly informed of the flagrant breach of discipline her son had been guilty of, was requested to say if she would punish him herself or have the teacher attend to the matter. She preferred the latter course, and urged that the blows be well laid on. The next day was appointed for the flaggellation. At the usual hour for such unpleasant affairs, the youth was summoned to the front. He came with hang-dog look and some trepidation. An oration on youthful frivolities having been duly delivered, the boy was ordered his hand beneath an upraised ruler. He refused, and in accordance with the usual custom in such cases, was spread across the teacher's knees, and the punishment was administered in another quarter than the one originally intended. For some unexplainable reason the most energetic blows fell without the desired effect. A consultation of male teachers ensued, and the offender was conducted to a private room and his wardrobe subjected to a rigid examination. On the interior of his bifurcated garments, at a locality of great strategical importance in such an emergency, was a thick flannel baby's frock securely attached. "Who sewed that on?" demanded the principal in a voice of thunder. "My mother," answered the boy, with broken sobs. The teachers hurriedly consulted again, instructed the boy never to reveal the circumstance, and sent him to his studies. Somehow the the matter leaked out.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.—The results of soundings over the bed of the Atlantic have made clear, it is believed, the existence through the middle of the ocean extending from north to south, of a sunken ridge, often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface. while on either side the water has a depth of from 3,000 to more than 3,000 fathoms; so that the elevation of the ocean bottom required to make these depths dry land would bring up between them a mountain range from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in heightr The higher points of this sunken ridge now form the islands of the Azores.

A New Jersey colored man, whose wife had left him, said: "She would come back if I frowed her some sugar; but I ain't frowin' no sugar, do you 'leah?"

Women resemble flowers. They shut up when they sleep.

Scientific Investigation.

An Auburn, N. Y., man has a device to do away with the sound on elevated railroads. He would mount the cars on skates, to run in a rail grooved to correspond.

Edison is at work trying to run engines with electricity. He has built a short piece of track and runs his machine over it, driven by electricity generated at a central station. He makes the track itself the conductor, sending the current up one rail and down the other, the engine being operated by the current forming a circuit through it when the proper connections are made.

Bromine is likely to go into extensive use as a disinfectant, now that it can be had in a solid form, or, more strictly speaking, as a compound which readily yields the bromine, and which can easily be trransported. A Prussian chemist has hit upon the happy idea of causing bromine to be absorbed by silicious marl or the shell of infusoria, which has been employed to take up nitro glycerine in order to make dynamite.

This is an easy way of defecting the purity or adulteration of a sample of wine: Dip a small sponge into the wine to be tested. Place the sponge then in a saucer, the bottom of which is covered with a small quantity of water If the wine is pure, it will take from a quarter to half an hour before the water in the saucer becomes colored, but if the wine is not pure, the coloring of the water takes places immediately.

Success has attended the introduction of glass mill-stones in Germany. The idea of constructing mill stones of glass is said to have origiaated from the observation that the finest flour was produced by those mill stones which have the most glassy texture; from this observation came an experiment which demonstrated that pieces of glass combined in the same way as the French buhr, and similarly grooved on their surfaces, gave better results in grinding than the buhr mill stone.

Why He Felt Stuck Up.

Uncle Ben White, that antiquated, crippled and white-headed darkey always to be met on Woodward avenue, begging for a small loan, was looking so proud and conceited yesterday that an acquaintance asked him the cause.

"Well, I does feel a bit stuck up, sah,' replied the old man as he gave his hat a new slant. "My ole woman am as black as de spade of diamonds, an' I nebber 'sposed she 'mounted to a hill o' beans, but a few weeks ago she was tooken sick.'

"Was, eh?'

"Yes, sah, an' de oder day I called a doctah—same sort o' doctah dat tends on white folks. He looked at de old woman's tongue, axed her 'bout a fousan' quesbuns, an' den he shook his head an' said dat her system was run out.'

"Run down, you mean.'

"Yes, sah, an' den he told dat she mus' go to de sea-shore for three months dis summer to git her system back.'

"But you can't raise 50 cents.'

"Dat's so, but Lawd bress you, can't we feel tickled an' stuck up to know dat my ole black woman am advised to do jist de same as de biggist white ladies in de land! Fo' de Lawd, but when the doctah said she had a system, sah, same as rich white folks, an' dat she mus' go whar dey roll in salt water, dress in silk an' put up at a fe' story hotel, why, I jist shouted till dey heard me way out in de woods!'

—Detroit Free Press.

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—By awl means, Joe, get married, if you hav a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and shiver it out. Thar ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel—they have been all 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 dreadfully 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 $250 in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this 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.

Pa will you get me a pair of skates if I prove that a dog has ten tails?'

'Yes my son.'

'Well, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?'

'Yes.'

Well, no dog has nine tails; and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails! Hand over the skates please.'

'Tis pleasant at the close of day
To play
Croquet.
And if your partner makes a miss
Why, kiss
The sis.
But if she gives your shin a thwhack,
Why, "whack"
Her back.

The following unique epistle was picked up in the street the other day: "Dear Kup, the reason why I didn't laff when you laft at me in the post-ofis yesterday was because I hev a bile on my face and kant laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I luv you, Kup, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure invin Kate till death."

An old lawyer says that the three most troublesome clients he ever had, were a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to be unmarried, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins. Nice for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded with much gravity.

A physiogomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.

Drunkenness places man as much below the level of the brute as reason elevates him above them.

Second thoughts are the best. It is not so with mortgages.

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