The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD.,

By J. H. Emerson.

TERMS:

$1.00 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XXI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1880. NO. 24

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO. MD.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$ 1.00
1 " "	1 month	1.50
1 " "	3 "	2.50
1 " "	6 "	5.00
1 " "	12 "	10.00
¼ column, one year		15.00
½ " "		30 00
1 " "		60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. Can be found at the Drug Store, two doors above the Brick Hotel, when not professionally engaged.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,
jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties.
jan14-y.

WM. A. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,
DENTON, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims, &c. [aug5-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jly15-tf.

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 Real Estate, &c. [jly15-tf.

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.

P. W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER.

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
—AND—
Solicitors in Chancery,
DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties. Collections and all other business will receive prompt attention. [mar13-y.

Legal Notice.

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

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

CASPER MILLER,
Merchant Tailor,
DENTON, Md.

HAS removed his shop to his residence, east end of Gay St., where he is prepared to cut and make garments for the public. Fits guaranteed and work done in the best manner. [nov.25-tf.

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.

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.

DR. DAVID A. SPARKS,
Operative and Mechanical Dentist.

WILL be in Church Hill to professionally treat patients on Friday and Saturday of each week. Will be at his office in Greensborough, Caroline county, Md., from Monday until Thursday. Dr. Sparks performs the most difficult operations in Dental Surgery.

Extracting and Manufacturing Teeth a Specialty. Those desiring my services can see me at the places and the times above named. [jun5-tf.

Improved Stock.
For Sale Cheap.

GRADE ALDERNY and Brittany calves from imported stock for sale cheap for cash. CHAS. A. DUNNING.
jly29-tf. NEAR DENTON.

Poetry.

THIRTY-FIVE.

As one who climbs a mountain steep,
And pauses on the way
With backward glance his path to sweep—
So would I pause to-day,
Half-way.

Half-way! and looking down the road,
The stones that hurt my feet,
The wayside thorns, the tiresome load,
Make this short rest seem sweet—
Half-way.

Half-way! a haze obscures my sight;
My eyes grow dim with tears
As, looking downward from the height,
I count my buried years—
Half-way.

Ah, me! how bright and happy some!
Their graves are strewn with flowers;
But others shroud me in their gloom
And bring back heavy hours—
Half-way.

How many a treasure from my grasp
Has dropped long the way!
Father! Thy strong and steady clasp
I see anew to day—
Half way.

Half-way along! look above,
But nothing can I see!
My Fathers guidance and his love
Are all in all to me—
Half-way.

Half-way and may I never count
My "three score years and ten!"
But looking down on life's rough mount
Think that this *might have been*
Half-way!

And, looking down! If e'er my feet
May tread the Mount of God,
I fain would stop for rest so sweet,
And drop life's weary road
Half-way!

A Humorous Sketch.

DR. JEX'S PREDICAMENT.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

From Harper's Weekly.

It was the funniest thing that I ever saw in my life. Cruikshank would have gloried in it. I wish I had him here to illustrate that scene when the spirited vigor that only his dancing pencil gives.

It was in Kentucky that it happened—that pleasant land of blue grass, and tobacco, and fine stock, and white-teethed girls. Mabel, my sister, had married Dick Hucklestone, and they had begun life in great contentment and a little three-roomed house scarcely big enough to hold the bridal presents. But they were happy, hearty, healthy. They had two cows, ice cream every day, a charming baby, and Uncle Brimmer. Who shall say that their cup was not full? Indeed, they thought it full before Uncle Brimmer added himself thereto—a very ponderous rose leaf. He was one of our old family servants, who fondly believed that Miss Mabel and her young husband would never be able to get on without him. He walked all the way from Mississippi to Kentucky, with his things tied up in a meal sack, and presented himself before Mabel, announcing affably that he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for you, Uncle Brimmer," said Mabel, divided between hospitality and embarrassment.

"Lor', honey, you kin jes' tuck me aroun' *anywhar*. I don't take up no room."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the big brown gray-whiskered old negro, whose proportions were those of a Hercules, and shook her head. "You are not Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer."

"No, ma'am," said he, submissively, "but I've got his *sperit*. Couldn't I sleep in de kitchen, honey?" he went on, with insinuating sweetness.

"No, indeed," cried our young housekeeper; "I put my foot down on anybody sleeping in the kitchen."

Aunt Patsey, the cook, stood by, balancing a pan of flour on her head, one fat hand on her hip. I suspected her of a personal interest in the matter, and indeed she afterward acknowledged that she thought Uncle Brimmer's coming would prove a "blessin' to her feet." Those feet of hers had been saved many steps through the service of her ten-year-old daughter, Nancy Palmira Kate—called Nanky Pal for short. But of late Nanky's services had been called into requisition as a nurse, and Aunt Patsey, who was fat and scant o' breath, thought she had too much to do; and so she viewed with evident delight the stalwart proportions of our good-natured giant from the south.

"Dar's de lof', Miss Mabel," she suggested.

"It is too small, and is cluttered up with things already."

"Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in dat lof' 'cep de 'taters, an' de peppers, and de dried apples, an' some strings o' terbacker, an' de broken plough, an' some odds an' ends o' de chillen's, an' Lucy Crittenden's pups. Lor', dat ain't nothin' ter speak of in de lof'."

"He can't get in at the window," said Mabel, shifting her ground.

"Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer.

The kitchen was a small log cabin some distance from the house—"in good hollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsey. Above it was a low room, or loft, crowded with the miscellaneous articles enumerated.—The only way of getting into it was from the outside. A ladder against the side of the cabin admitted one, through a little window, no larger, I am sure, than that of a railway coach, into this storehouse of treasures. Nanky Pal, who was as slim as a snake, was usually selected to fetch and carry through the small aperature. But Uncle Brimmer!

"I'm pretty sho I kin do it," he said, squinting up one eye, as he took off his coat and prepared to try.

We stood in the door-way as he cautiously went up the ladder; and after an exciting moment he pushed himself thro' the window, and turning, smiled triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he soon became the mainstay of the family. Cheerfully avoiding all the work possible; indifferently as an ostrich eating all he could find in cupboards or highways; grimly playing hobgoblin for baby; gayty twanging his banjo on moonlight nights—memory recalls thee with a smile, Uncle Brimmer! I can close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapeless, indistinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat under the mulberry tree, singing,

"Wish I was in Tennessee,
A-settin in my cheer,
Jug o' whisky by my side,
An' arms aroun' my dear!"

This was his favorite. Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the poetry, romance, passion of life?

After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill, and we sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our county. He lived in Middleburn, seven miles away, and he came trotting over on a great bay horse, with a pair of saddle bags hanging like Gilpin's bottles, one on either side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee bit pawky body," as was said of Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was as pompous and self important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a mother. His boots were polished to the last degree. His pink and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice—ah! his voice. What a treasure it would have been could he have let it out to masquerades! Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of a man, or whether, like reading and writing, it "came by nature," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squeaking and soprano. No even tenor about that voice!

He held out his hand, with, "GOOD MORNING, *Mrs. Hucklestone; I hope* THE BABY HAS NOT HAD *an attack?*"

I popped into the dining room to giggle, but little well-bred Mabel did not smile.

"Oh no," she cried; "it is Uncle Brimmer."

The doctor offered to see him at once.—Mabel got up to lead the way. Up to this moment I warrant it had not struck her as any thing out of the way that she must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder and crawl through a window to get at his patient.—But as she looked at him, speckless, spotless, gloved, curled, scented, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of way, a sense of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul.—To add to her distress and my hilarity, we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out of the window some mysterious under-rigging that he wore. Long, red, and ragged, it "flaunted in the breeze' as picturesquely as the American flag on a Fourth of July.

"I am afraid, doctor, it will be a little awkward," faltered Mabel; "Uncle Brimmer is up there;" and she waved her lily hand.

"An' you'll have ter clime de ladder," put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful chuckle.

I thought the little doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and said:

"AS A BOY I HAVE CLIMBED *trees, and* I THINK I CAN ASCEND A *ladder as a man;*" and he smiled heroically.

We watched him. He was encumbered by the saddle bags, but he managed very well, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded, giving him the look of a snail half out of its shell.

"Here's my pulse, doctor," he cried, blandly, extending his bared arm. "It ain't no place for you up here. An' here is tongue." Then out went his tongue for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The doctor settled himself on a rung of the ladder, quite willing to be met half way. Professional inquiries began, when "A deep sound struck like a rising knell."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel; "what is that?"

Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended eyes, almost letting the baby fall.

Again,

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Sakes alive! Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmons' bull's done broke loose!"

She was right. A moment more, and in rushed the splendid angry beast, bellowing, pawing the ground, shaking his evil lowered head as if the devil were contradicting him.

Dr. Jex turned a scared face. My lord Bull caught sight of the fluttering red rags, and charged the side of the house. And I give you my word, the next instant the ladder was knocked from under the doctor's feet, and he was clinging frantically round the neck of Uncle Brimmer.

Fearful moment.

"Pull him in, Uncle Brimmer—pull him in," shrieked Mabel, dancing about.

"I can't honey—I can't," grasped the choking giant; "I'm stuck.

"Hold me up," cried the doctor. "Send for help."

Uncle Brimmer seized him by the armpits. The saddle bags went clattering down, and about the head of Master Bull a cloud of quinine, calomel, Dover's and divers other powders and pills, broke in blinding confusion.

"Aunt Patsey looked cautiously out from the kitchen door. "Yer don't ketch me in de yard wid ole Simmons' bull,' she said, with charming independence.

"Then I shall send Nanky Pal.'

"If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house I'll break every bone in her body.'

Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Patsey, let her go, please. I'll give you a whole bagful of quilt pieces, and my ruby rep polonaise that you begged me for yesterday.'

Aunt Patsey's head came out a little further.

"An' what else?'

"And a ruffled yellow sham,' said Mabel, almost in tears, "and some white sugar, and I'll make your hat—and that is all.—Now.'

"I reckon dat's about as much as de chile is wuth,' said the philosophic mother. "Let her go.'

"Fly, fly!' cried Mabel.

"I ain't skeered,' said Nanky. "I ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuther. She was jes' waitin' ter see how much you'd give.'

Nanky's bare legs scudded swiftly across the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the doctor clung together, and only a convulsive kick now and then testified to the little man's agony.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let go?' I suggested, in a hollow whisper.

"Oh, hush!' cried Mabel. "The doctor's blood would be on our heals.'

"Or the bull's horns.'

It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredibly short time brother John came riding in, followed by a half dozen stout negroes. With some delightful play that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull fight, his lordship was captured, and our little doctor was assisted to the house.

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes—as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?' said Mabel, piteously. She hovered about him like a little mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she asked him if he would not like the baby. And finally a wan smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me, I felt my face purpling, and leaving him to Mabel, I fled with brother John to the smoke house, where we—roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well, and went in to see the doctor. He returned with a new cravat, a cane, and several smart articles of attire, from which he inferred that in those trying moments when he supported the suspended doctor, that little gentleman had offered many inducements for him to hold fast. When questioned, he responded chiefly with a cavernous and mysterious smile, only saying:

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; starch in or starch out, he's de gentleman.

And brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right.'

A Touching Scene.

A passenger on the Pacific Railroad, while en route recently for San Francisco, witnessed the following very touching incident:

When the train reached Allen's Junction, Conductor Richardson proclaimed, "Cars stop here twenty minutes for refreshments" Then as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the station platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back with me to the first passenger coach and see a little girl that I hardly know what to make of.'

The engineer nodded, without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands on a bunch of waste, took a look at his grimy, dusty face in the narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam-gauge, pulled off his frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for his soft felt hat—taking these "dress up' articles from the tender box, where an engineer always has stowed away for any emergency—and went back to the coach as requested.

He entered the coach and made his way to the seat where the kind hearted conductor sat talking to a bright looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet. Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer,' said the conductor kindly, as Frank approached. She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My father was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead and my mother is dead—She died first, before Susie and Willie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to my old home in Vermont. And he said if the conductors wouldn't let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him I was James McKendrick's little girl, that used, to run on the M. & G. road.'

The pleading blue eyes were now full of tears; but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank now quickly stooped down and kissed her very tenderly, and then, as he brushed the tears away from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie McKendrick? It's my opinion a merciful Providence guided you on board this train.'

Then turning around to the group of passengers, he went on:

"If knew Jim McKendrick, the father of this little girl, well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana—before I got acclimated—I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got homesick and discouraged. Couldn't keep my board bill paid up—not to mention my doctor's bill—and didn't much care whether I lived or died.

"One day, when the pay car came along, and the men were getting their monthly wages, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't been free from the ague, nor worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so blue that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties, and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a great boy, out of sheer homesickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon one of the railroad men came along and said in a voice that sounded like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much sympathy out there, although the boys were all good to me in their way: 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up and there stood Jim McKendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of his bills a twenty dollar note and handed it to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face, 'Indeed, I cannot take the money. You need every cent of it yourself.'

"Indeed, you will take it man,' said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few weeks and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies; it will do you good.'

"I took the bank note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I rather guess Jim McKendrick's little girl here will not want for anything if I can help it.'

Then turning again to the child, whose blue eyes were wide open enough now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me, Bessie, dear, when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether those Vermont relations really want you or not. If they do, Mary or shall go with you. But if they don't care much about you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless his memory,'

Just then the Eastern train whistled. "All aboard!' was shouted. Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to his engine, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and sympathtic passengers could not suppress the tears this touching little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.

A Home For Mother.

It is delightful to turn from the too frequent sad example of dime-novel bitten run-away boys bringing themselves and their parents to grief, to a pure picture of filial love and duty like this: Says a letter written from a Western city:

Business called me to the United States Land-Office. While there a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir.'

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, "I earned it.'

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked about himself and parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative:

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often would return home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brother and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land out there.'

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?'

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready, will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age.'

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?'

"O, sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and I hope become a sober man.'

"Young man, may God's blessing attend you in your efforts to help and to honor your father and mother.'

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said:

"At last I have a home for my mother.'

The Bow in the Cloud.

Some of the most interesting scientific discoveries are those made by the spectroscope. A ray of sunlight in passing through a prism forms a miniature rainbow called the solar spectrum, which has been very carefully observed with the most delicate instruments. And it has been seen that the violet, indigo and other colors of the spectrum are not unbroken colors, but are everywhere crossed by fine black lines. It has been proved that these lines are caused by different substances in the sun itself in a state of luminous vapor from the intense heat of the sun. Thus, from the study of the miniature rainbow of the solar spectrum, it is known that in the distant sun are iron, copper, zinc, nickle, salt, and a number of other substances, like those of the earth. The rainbow teaches us a new knowledge of the great body which gives us light.

This helps us to understand the teachings of the bow in the cloud. God said to Noah, "I do set my bow in the cloud." The sun burst through the cloud and shone through the raindrops to form the rainbow.

Other clouds than those which form the rainbow gather over the people of God—clouds of trouble, of sorrow, of care. But the light shines through these clouds to form the rainbow. God, who is our sun, shines through these griefs to make manifest his love. We may see Him not as pure white light, but in all the splendor of the rainbow. The analogy of the solar spectrum teaches us that, by contemplating this revelation of himself which he makes in trouble, we gain a knowledge of God which we can gain in no other way. We see not merely the pure light, but we may also see the iron of his strength, the salt of his grace. The widow of Nain never comprehended so fully the compassion of her Lord as when the rainbow flashed through the retreating storm and Jesus delivered her son to his mother. Mary and Martha had a knowledge of the love of Jesus after Lazarus was dead which they never could have gained when that family circle was unbroken. Paul knew vastly more of the grace of God when he was told, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It was after he had been told that incurable disease had fastened upon him, that one of the sweetest singers of modern times was enable to write:

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
I'll have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, only abide with me.

Let the Christian so study his God in the midst of his sorrows that he may gain that knowledge which God then makes known. The scientist is filled with wonder looking through his spectroscope at the light of the sun. The Christian also will be lost in adoration, even while he mourns, at the knowledge of God revealed in the midst of his tears.—*Christian Observer.*

Nature's Big Gas Tank.

HOW SOME OF THE OIL TOWNS IN PENNSYLVANIA ARE LIGHTED AND HEATED.

Bradford, Pa., and neighboring places, are lighted and heated by natural gas. In 1875 an oil company was sinking a well on a high hill west of Bradford. At the depth of several hundred feet they struck a vein of gas. No oil was found. The force of the gas was such that when it was ignited a pillar of fire more than fifty feet high was formed. The roar of the gas could be heard for a mile and more. This burned for months. The heat was such that the grass and foliage grew in the depth of winter as luxuriantly for hundreds of feet around it as it did in the summer. Strawberries ripened near this well in February. The well had been burning for a long time before the feasibilty of utilizing it was thought of. A belt of dry territory, but yielding vast volumes of gas, was subsequently found to exist in the vicinity of the original gas well. A company was formed to carry the gas into the city. It is not distributed all over the place by pipes. A gas pipe, with jets attached, is run into the parlor and kitchen stoves. The supply of gas is controlled by a stopcock on the pipe. When a fire is wanted a lighted match is thrown into the stove and the gas turned on. The fire is started at once. The gas possesses great heating quaities, and apartments are warmed as quickly and as well by it as by coal. Gas for illuminating purposes is conducted into the houses the same as artificial gas is taken in. At first the light was not brilliant and steady, owning to impurities. Process for refining it were invented, and now the natural illuminator is unsurpassed by the finest manufactured gas. It is so cheap that people seldom turn out their lights. It burns day and night in stores, hotels, private houses and streets. Consumers pay by the month instead of by the thousand.

Gas wells have come to be more valuable than oil wells, and the sudden and phenomenal appearance of oil in some of the principal wells in the gas belt has created consternation among owners and consumers. For years the gas has flowed from the wells in unremitting volume. That oil was not to be found there it was thought had been conclusively settled.—A few days ago one of the wells ceased in its gas supply. It was found to be half full of oil. Fifteen barrels of excellent crude oil were pumped out, and the gas flowed again. One or two of the other gas wells exhibited the same phenomenon. It is necessary to pump the oil out daily before the gas will flow. This sudden appearance of oil in territory that was considered dry has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

Facetiæ.

Strange behaviour—A vessel 'hugging' the coast.

Of all summer clothing, the straw hat is at the head.

Beads of perspiration are not necessary for a lady's toilet.

Persons with a strong 'turn' for music—organ grinders.

To change dark hair to sandy, go into the surf of a storm.

A lie travels around the world while truth is putting on its boots.

Sweetness is no protection against injustice; even sugar can be crushed.

One man can kill another, but it takes twelve men to make murder of it.

The sphere of human duty is not there nor yonder; but there, just where you are.

If you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon find that you are better off.

Men are more inclined to ask curious question, than to obtain necessary instruction.

Chimney Sweep is the name of a trotting horse. It is said that at his last race he fairly flue.

An old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty-cent piece is shoved off on him.

"Do unto others as you would be done by,' but take care that you are not "done by others,'.

Little Johnny says, "Talk about patent base burning stoves! Why, my mother's slipper is a hot enough base burner for me.

A Western paper heads an article, "A lunatic escapes and marries a widow.'—Escaped, eh? We should say he got caught.

A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor. "If not yourself, who would you rather be?' replied sweetly and modestly: "Yours truly.'

"I don't mean to reflect on you,' said one man to another. "No,' was the reply, "you are not polished enough to reflect on any one.'

A Louisville woman, wearing four thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, was arrested for drunkenness. She fairly glittered with gems and gin.

A man down town was presented with a pair of twin boys yesterday. He remarked that it was a warm day, but he didn't expect two son strokes.

Square umbrellas have been introduced in Paris, but some one says they are just as bad as the old kind, because they are never round when wanted.

"Smile when you can,' is the latest thing we are asked to do by those gratuitously admonitory beings, the poets. No one can smile when he can't.

The only time a girl doesn't see every other fellow on the street is when she has just got a letter from her own fellow and is reading it as she goes.

The young man who dropped a ten cent piece down his sweet-heart's neck and called her a dime savings bank, had a dividend declared on the spot.

Wars come so thick in Europe that the soldiers don't have a chance to sit down for a moment's rest, and hence the necessity for keeping standing armies.

Servant (to Irish laborer,) "Here is some beer, Pat, if you care to have it; but I'm afraid it's quite dead.' Pat—"O, dead is it? Sure then, darlint, it's I'm the boy to bury it.'

It's about an even thing between a man and orange-peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange peel into the gutter, and sometimes the orange peel throws the man into the gutter.

A boy will go swimming and fool around the water for hours together; but when told to wash his face, he will have almost an hydrophobia dread of a half pint of water in a basin.

A gentleman on Main street, seeing his pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on, kissed her, supposing it to be the 'real one.' He discovered his error through the assistance of his wife.

An inquisitive man, who was fond of 'getting at the bottom of things,' looked down at the bottom of a gun-barral to see what was at the bottom of it, and soon had his head full of the contents.

If Mr. Edison, instead of wasting his time over an electric light that won't light, would perfect a process for the killing the smell of boiling sour kraut, he'd earn the gratitude of thousands of his countrymen.

A mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: It's to shake at the ladies in the street; that's what papa does with his.

A boy having complained to his father that Bill had thrown the Bible and hurt him on the head, the father replied: Well, you are the only member of my family on whom the Bible ever had the least impression.'

A crash is heard in the kitchen. The head of the family calls out to the cook: "What have you broken now, you black idiot?' Matilidy stops singing a hymn to answer: "Taint de forf commandment, bress de Lord.'

A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary, a poor peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him.'

Lately a gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began with "Know one woman, by these presents.' "You are wrong,' said a bystander, 'it ought to be know all men.' Very well,' answered the other, "if one woman knowns it, all men will of course.'

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3531-0111.jpg