The American Union.

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JAMES N. TODD.

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The American Union.

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ABOUT JOB WORK!

The UNION office would like the general public to understand that it is prepared to do All Manner of Job Work Neatly and Tastefully. It is Supplied with Presses that will do Work in the Best Manner. During the present year the UNION office hopes to turn out more Job Work than during any year since it has been organized, and in every instance it is believed satisfaction will be given. The offie has gradually accumulated a supply of Handsome Job Types.

ENVELOPES.

We can supply Envelopes Any Quality and Color to be obtained in the market, and we can supply them with desired Printed Matter on the outside, and can do it at a Reasonable Price. We can supply an Envelope Printed at as low a price as $2.00 per Thousand, but we would advise everybody to use a better quality of goods. Cheap stationary does not look business like. At $3.5 per 1,000 or $2.00 per 500 we can furnished Printed Envelopes that no man should be ashamed to use.

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We can supply Printed Letterheads in various Sizes, Qualities and Styles. We do them by the 500 or 1000 Very Cheap, but we had much rather furnish a little Better Quality at a little Better Price.

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The first of the year, near at hand, when every business man will want to make out bills and close up his books. We should like to have them call and look over our Billheads, and select something that suits. We know that we can please, in Billheads in Quality, Color, Size and Every Other Respect.

BUSINESS CARDS

—AND—

Cards of All Kinds.

Dance Programmes, Wedding Cards, &c.

We have in sample some of the Most Beautiful Dance Programmes we have ever seen anywhere. They are Surprisingly Tasteful. We have also in sample about fifty styles of Wedding cards. Orders should be given five or six days before goods are needed.

If there is Any Manner of Job Work which you desire, we should like you to give us a call.

AMERICAN UNION,

DENTON, MD.

ROB'T J. JUMP. JAS. N. TODD.

JUMP & TODD,

Attorneys-at-Law,

DENTON, MD.

Having associated ourselves together for the practice of our profess on. all legal business trusted to the care of either will receive the attention of both. ly

R. S. FOUNTAIN,

Carriage Manufacturer.

24 Buggies Started at One Time!

FOUNTAIN BUGGIES lead the TRADE.

THE FAVORITE.

They stand the test in the severest trials.

PRICES WILL PLEASE ALL.

BUILT IN TWO GRADES ONLY.

I have some fine work, just finished, that has been under way since the first of the year, and will sell them at great bargains. Some second-hand carriages that must be sold. A great sacrifice. Come and get one before they are gone.

Yours Respectfully,

R. S FOUNTAIN,

Easton, Md.

GEO. M. RUSSUM. HENRY R. LEWIS

RUSSUM & LEWIS,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

DENTON, - - - MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. [apr. -tf.

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.

J. W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.

BRYANT & TOWNSEND,

Attorneys-at-Law,

DENTON, - - - MARYLAND.

☞ Office opposite Court House.

T. J. McELHENIE,

HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

GRAINING AND PAPER HANGING executed in first class manner. All work guaranteed. oct.22-y.

I STILL LIVE,

And if you want your walls repaired, or any light jobs of Plastering done, (if not to be done in too much of a hurry,) I am your man. H. A. H. MASON.

BRICKLAYING

—AND—

PLASTERING.

Having located in Denton, I desire to notify my friends and the public generally that I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the best manner. WM. H. MOWBRAY,

oct.15-y Denton, Md.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON MD.

Has removed his shop to his residence east end of Gay Street, where he is prepared to cut and make garments for the public. Fits guaranteed and work done in the best manner. nov.5-tf

LOOK! LOOK!

R. S. FOUNTAIN,

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

—OF THE—

Easton Marble Works

Has laid in a large stock of

MARBLE,

and can fill orders on short notice for

Tombstones. Monuments, &c.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Regular Sizes of Tombstones for Friends.

R. S. FOUNTAIN,

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—GO TO—

SUMUEL PATCHETT,

DOVER STREET, EASTON, MD.

Who cannot be excelled in Goods or Prices —Everything of the latest designs and smallest prices.

There is no question of his taste in selecting Interior Decorations, such as

Picture Frames, Window Curtains, &c.

The handsomest stock of these goods on the Peninsula.

Undertaking a Specialty.

SAMUEL PATCHETT,

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BLACKSMITHING!

PRACTICAL

Horse - Shoer and Blacksmith.

PLAIN SHOES, 25 Cts.

STEFL TOLS, $1.00.

All work guaranteed and done in first-class manner and at correspondingly low rates. Call on me.

J. HN J. BARNES,

oct-29-y Denton, Md.

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

jan.6-y Denton, Md.

GEORGE E. JONES,

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DENTON, MARYLAND.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

THE LIGHT RUNNING

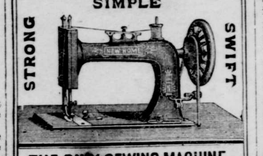
NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

SIMPLE

STRONG

SWIFT



THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

HAS NO EQUAL

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE CO.

ORANGE MASS.

30 UNION SQ. N.Y. CHICAGO ILL.

ST. LOUIS MO. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

F. L. THOMAS, AGENT,

Hurlock's Station, Md.

THE TWO DREAMS

I met one in the land of sleep
Who seemed a friend long known and true.
I woke. That friend I could not keep,
For him I never knew.

Yet one there was in life's young morn
Loved me, I thought, as I loved him.
Slow from that trance I waked forlorn,
To find his love grow dim.

He by whose side in dreams I ranged,
Unknown by name, my friend still seems,
While he I knew so well, has changed.
So both were only dreams.

—*C. P. Cranch, in the Critic.*

DRAGGED DOWN.

BY EDWIN ATWELL.

Regularly twice a week, about 11 o'clock in the morning, falls a peculiar tap on my study door. It is a short, light, impatient tap, such as might be given by an obstinate person, under protest. I hate to be interrupted at work, and am liable to grumble at a knock, but on these occasions I appear submissive—almost thankful.

"That fellow's here again," says Phœbe, the maid, looking severely over my head. Phœbe thrashed me when a boy, and long ago lost all regard for my feelings.

"Very well. Show him in, if you please, Phœbe," say I mildly.

"Humph! The day'll come wen you'll tell me to show him out, and wen it does don't say I didn't warn ye. Here, you!" she then cries shrilly, through the open door, to somebody in the hall, who was bound to have heard this encouraging dialogue, "come in here, and be quick about it!" and my old nurse marches stiffly out and slams the door behind her.

My visitor, of whom Phœbe so strongly disapproves, is an unwholesome-looking man of perhaps sixty. He slinks apologetically into the room and greets me with uneasy familiarity. Rough gray hair scrapes his greasy coat collar, and his hard, blotched face is twisted into an insinuating leer. Passing him on the street, the sturdiest optimist would have given him room. There was about him something so mean and abject, with something else so flaunting and defiant, that dull wrath and insurmountable disgust would rise at contemplating him. But I nod to him kindly as he pulls a package of pencils or a subscription book or a patent cork-screw out of his pocket. I am nodding to a memory; the memory of a man I knew years ago, and I shake hands; for I have set myself to try to kindle the ashes of self-respect in this reality I am familiar with to-day.

I buy his trifle and press on him a package of food, ready at hand—it needs little enough pressing, heaven knows! and talk to him hopefully of better times ahead. Then I watch him shuffle away to devour the bread and meat and drink up the money at the nearest saloon. Reason snarls "fool!" but conscience reminds me that it knows no outlawed obligations. I am paying the interest on an old debt.

On an old debt. For once the memory of this man gave me a five-dollar gold piece, at a time when gold pieces looked very large to a spendthrift schoolboy. My patron of those days was a gorgeous gentlemen, all blue broadcloth and patent leather boots and gold chains, who drove out to Dr. Flabber's academy for young gentlemen, at inwood, in a splendid green chariot drawn by dancing horses, glittering with silver buckles and rosettes; and we youngsters used to count the days between his fortnightly visits. He was always good for a generous tip all around, and to me particularly, as his son's chum, he came down most handsomely. You may be sure there was no more popular man in the country with us than Slope's father, and the cheer we used to give him as he drove off magnificently, with Slope swelling proudly beside him, could be heard a mile. Mr. Slope had an imposing office downtown and was spoken of generally as a broker; but his business was of a diversified nature. He was a real estate agent and the manager of several large properties, and president of the Boreas Mining company, treasurer of the Co-operative Building association, correspondent of a noted wine house at Bordeaux and director in a vast number of promising enterprises. He also dealt largely in commercial paper and speculated on the stock exchange. As a consequence of these manifold industries, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Slope enjoyed for some years a large annual income. Living in fine style, entertaining lavishly and being of a dashing, free handed disposition, he was naturally much respected. His wife and daughter moved in a select circle, were noted for their costly dresses—though Miss Ada was but fifteen—and gave freely to the cause of religion.

Tommy Slope was the worthy son of such a father. With trinkets galore and anything more for which Tom had a fancy, he was liberally supplied. His treats were something to look forward to, and when subscription papers were handed around Tommy was always down for the largest sum. A wonderful dandy was Tom, too, having all his clothes made by his father's tailor, and quite setting the fashion to the rest of us boys. He had a private parlor all to himself, and was never kept in at recess, by his father's express request. With all these advantages, however, Tom was incorrigibly idle and stupid at his books. Cigarettes were a novelty then, but Tom puffed them unremittently. Claret punch was in the nature of a wild and awful dissipation to most of us, but Tom mixed his bowl and took off his glass with the air of a connoisseur. His love for sweets was inordinate, and I am afraid he was a glutton. When Tommy had been three years at Flabber's his father presented him with a bewitching Shetland pony. The boy soon discovered it was poor fun to ride alone, and the next week what should arrive but a duplicate nag for myself. Our delightful adventures, however, were soon cut short, for my mother shook her head at such extravagance, and my father sternly commanded me to return the beast. He further intimated that the less I had to do with Master Slope the better he should be pleased. This was the first intimation I had that things with Slope were not what they ought to be.

Tommy's governor was as splendid and jovial and popular as ever. But though gas blazed and corks popped still in the big house uptown, it was getting to be a matter for dexterity and diplomacy to see Slope at his office. There were rumors afloat of hard straits and ugly reports about malfeasance of trust. And when the heirs of the Coventon estate applied to the court to get an account of the property which Slope was handling, there promised to be a very pretty scandal. It was settled somehow through and Slope went on and held up his head. Many still trusted him. Fortune failed but slowly, and business fell off by almost imperceptible degrees. Perhaps this was the more unfortunate. Perhaps had ruin come at once the weight of the overwhelming disaster might have given the man the courage and strength of despair to struggle from under it. Fate denied him the chance of a mighty effort. Armed with the wisdom of care; full, possibly, of underlying rectitude and honest regret, conscious of daring, of strength, of pride, of a self-respect born of the conviction of repentance, and in face of ruin and the frowning future, what might not Thomas Slope have done and been and escaped? There was none of all this. Slope lost ground too slowly. Slipping, slipping slowly downward, he dug his fingers into every fissure of pledge, of obligation, of trick, that could delay descent. Such is the instinct of the drowning and the falling they say; of lost wretches always; postponing the end—the end that comes.

The big house was given up in course of time. There was a heavy mortgage, but few knew that. Slope took an equally big house at a monstrous rent. Some of the costly upper furniture had to be sold to pay the truckmen. The parties and dinners still went on and the world told how Slope sold his house for a heavy profit and was getting ready to build another. Those who had loaned Slope money, however, drank the wine that was no longer paid for and made wagers on how long it would last. Nobody was paid any more; not the tailors and milliners, who still believed Slope's credit good; nor the servants, who were getting abnormally insolent; nor the grocer and the butcher and the wine merchant, nor the man who mended the chair, nor the poor devil who put in the coal. There was still a brave front. But there came a time when Mrs. Slope borrowed money from a neighbor on furniture which Slope afterward sold; and the tradespeople clamored no longer in whispers; and an execution was put in and humbug and disguise and imposition were out of the question. Lying and twisting and shamming and scheming and wasting and owing had not retrieved Slope's fortunes. It had placed them and him beyond salvation, rather.

The offices down town gave place to a poor desk in a cheap corner. Mrs. Slope, who had kept boarders in early life, and was an honest soul in the main, went back to her old calling with a stout heart and belief in her Tom's genius and resources unimpaired. It was only a temporary arrangement she told her few friends; and she believed so, poor soul! That Tom should get on his feet again she believed as firmly as that she should keep on using her own. Tommy was taken out of school and put to work, where he failed deplorably and was held only out of pity for his father. Miss Ada made over her old dresses, gave herself airs to her mother's boarders and clung desperately to the skirts of her fashionable friends. Slope worked hard to recover himself at first; but his spirit was broken. Commercial distrust he could stand. He had come to laugh over his sharp practices as rather fine business tactics. Under the reproaches or contempt of a "pigeon" he had "done" he could now chuckle and grin. But he loved the easy respect a spendthrift buys and the cheap popularity of the barroom Stripped of the power to be lavish, to back up loud talk with the stimulants to louder, to be called a good fellow, to brag and strut and swagger, Slope was a peacock without its tail. There was little of real heartiness or generosity in the man. He shone only with the reflection of money. Poor, though still voluble, he was fawning. No longer treating, he sponged, and the poor, shabby, bowing, scraping creature would put up with slights and sneers and brutal jests that once would have drawn a hot blow, to get his dram and a chance to show his dun, the barkeeper, that he could still keep good company. He talked jauntily of his prospects and liked to expand on his past opulence at this period.

Meanwhile he kept away from the boarding house, from Mrs. Slope, as much as he could. He was still ashamed to take her money and meet her customers; and he sneaked out early to avoid them and ate alone. One day, however, he confessed to his daughter that he regarded himself as an injured man. His wife, though her purse seemed to be full, did not give him money enough Great heaven! Was his own wife going to oblige him to ask her for money? The next day his allowance was silently doubled, but on his wife's face was a look of anxiety and reproof he had never seen before. He was to see it again many, many times before that last time, the horror of which comes, at times, even now, into his sodden, ropy brain. The shame of the act soon wore away. He began to take an interest in his wife's receipts and the management of the house. He gave up going down-town, and pretended to believe he was needed in the house. He no longer shunned the boarders. On the contrary, he went to market and collected the bills. On the first of the month his wife discovered the money he had taken was gone, and that her market bills were unpaid.

That was the beginning of the end. When his wife scolded—she was not as amiable as she used to be, poor woman—he went out and came back crazy with drink. It happened again and again. The house was given up. "Of course," his wife sobbed, "you couldn't expect people to pay for living under the roof of such a selfish, wanton, drunken brute." This was when they went into those wretched lodgings where Mrs. Slope died, and it was on this occasion that Slope struck her for the first time. Ada had left them a month ago, to go in a shop, she said. The girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes flashed when she said she would never again speak to her father; and she stopped to utter a hard, dry, horrible curse upon him over the threshold that she never crossed again. The day before she died her mother met Ada, with a companion, on the street. The next morning they found Caroline Slope's body cold beside her straw mattress. The coroner guessed she died of exposure. The reporter who described the position of the body when it was found had a curious theory. He said it seemed as if the woman had been kneeling when she lost consciousness and that the body, without support above the waist, had sunk until the head rested on the floor. Another gentleman of the press insisted that the woman died while crouching as if from a blow. The woman's husband, it appeared, was found drunk in a neighboring gin-shop. He was arrested, but discharged, there being no marks of violence on the body.

Manhood had gone, home and family had gone, name and friends and money and the means of living almost had gone, and yet this man lived. And he lived and seems content, as an animal would with plenty of food and drink. Now and then he will whimper or curse over the memory of his misfortunes—which he speaks of as wrongs—and mutter hastily the story of his son's disgrace—for Tommy is in jail for picking a pocket. But I don't believe he is unhappy. I doubt that absolute animals have that capacity. No doubt the world were well rid of him. But if I dare not take the responsibility of having him drowned, dare I let him starve? Beside, he has his ethical uses still.

But I never say all this to Phœbe; no, not even when I am called upon to pay for the meat she gives out, and never grudges, to vagrant cats.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Chinamen's Bean Cakes.

Though there are many staples of food common to the Chinese and Caucasians alike, still there are many peculiarities connected with the preparation and cooking of the ordinary diet of the Celestials utterly repugnant and distasteful to white men, and many varieties of animal and vegetable viands entirely unknown to us.

Passing through the Chinese quarter, almost the first thing which arrests the attention of the Caucasian visitor is the number of square, amber hued, cheese-like cakes, inscribed with Chinese characters, which may be seen exposed in the stalls of almost every Mongolian victualer. These, however, are not cheeses, but simply bean cakes, exported from China, where they are manufactured by crushing the beans and driving off the oil in a circular trough with a massive stone wheel drawn by oxen.

Side by side with these cheese-like cakes may be often noticed soft, whity, creamy curds of the consistency and appearance of blanc-mange. These are not milk curds, but bean curds, and are generally prepared during the night, so as to be ready for the matutinal meal. The beans are first reduced to flour by the ordinary hand mill; the flour is then passed, first through a strainer of coarse calico, and afterward through one of a finer quality. It is then boiled for an hour over a slow fire until it attains the proper consistency. The yellow color of the former, or cheese-like cakes, is imparted by mixing the bean flour with water, gypsum and tumeric.

These curds and cakes are esteemed as a great delicacy by the Chinese. Another bonne-bouche prepared from beans is what are termed bean-shoots. These, which may be seen in small quantities in the Chinese markets, are prepared as follows: The beans are deposited in coarse earthenware jars, which are filled with very clear spring water. In a few hours the water is drawn off by the removal of plugs, and this process is repeated six times in the twenty-four hours. At the end of seven days the beans are inspected, and each is found to have produced a tender shoot.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Studying Hydrophobia.

A French writer in an article describing the methods of M. Pasteur, the French scientist who has discovered a cure for hydrothobia, says: Biting dogs and bitten dogs fill the laboratory. Without reckoning the hundreds of mad dogs that have died in the laboratory during the last three years there never occurs a case of hydrophobia in Paris of which Pasteur is not informed. Not long ago a veterinary surgeon telegraphed him: "Attack at its height in poodle dog and bulldog. Come." Pasteur invited me to accompany him, and we started, carrying six rabbits with us in a basket. The two dogs were rabid to the last degree. The bulldog especially, an enormous creature, howled and foamed in its cage. A bar of iron was held out to him: he threw himself upon it, and there was a great difficulty in drawing it away from his bloody fangs. One of the rabbits was then brought near to the cage, and its drooping ear was allowed to pass through the bars. But notwithstanding this provocation the dog flung himself down at the bottom of his cage and refused to bite. Two youths then threw a cord with a slip loop over the dog as a lasso is thrown. The animal was caught and drawn to the edge of the cage. There they managed to get hold of him and secure his jaws, and the dog, suffocating with fury, his eyes bloodshot, and his body convulsed with a violent spasm, was extended upon a table and held motionless, while Pasteur, leaning over his foaming head at the distance of a finger's breadth, sucked up into a narrow tube some drops of saliva. In the basement of the veterinary surgeon's house, witnessing this formidable tete-a-tete, I thought Pasteur grander than I had ever thought him before.

A Much Disgusted Dog.

A ludicrous incident occurred at a rabbit hunt near Hoboken, N. J. The hound started the "cottontail" in a piece of short brush on a side hill. The hunter could witness the race at a great distance, and soon saw the rabbit making a circle. As he appeared emerging from the brush he was seen to stop suddenly. On rushed the hound, and as he lowered his head to seize the little animal the rabbit gave a spring to one side, and the dog doubled up like a ball. While he was letting himself out the rabbit was making time on the back track. The hound was soon in full pursuit again, but the rabbit led the dog to where two saplings grew close together from an old roots. He then stopped before and waited until the dog was almost upon him, when he leaped between the two saplings, while the dog attempted to follow. But there was barely room for the rabbit, and the hound was caught in the crotch and badly injured. The rabbit turned and looked at his enemy a minute and was soon lost in the thicket. The dog started immediately for home and no amount of coaxing could induce him to continue the hunt.—*New York Times.*

Trees and Lightning.

Percy Smith, writing on the liability of trees to be struck by lightning, says: "The suggestion that oak trees are struck because they contain iron is both erroneous and absurd. If oak did contain iron it would in all probability increase its conducting power and act as a preventive. If oak contained an estimable quantity of that metal the wood would turn black on exposure to air on account of the tannin which is present. The blackening may be seen surrounding the iron nails in any oak fence. The contour of the ground, nature of the soil, and the presence of water have more influence in deciding the locality of an electric discharge than the hight of a tree. Add to this the difference in conductility between the various woods, and we have at once an explanation of the apparent peculiarity of tall trees escaping unharmed while shorter trees are destroyed."

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

Not Nice Looking, but Liberal.

"Lottie, I hear that you have a new beau. Is it so."

"Yes, he is a real nice fellow, and I like him ever so much."

"Is he good looking?"

"Well, no; I can't say that he is near as good looking as Charley Smith, whom I gave the mitten to last month, but he doesn't mind spending money when we are out, and that, you know, is better than good looks. Why, the other night he asked me four times to have oysters, and I only accepted three of the invitations. I wasn't feeling well that night, and my appetite has been very poor for a month."—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The Lesser of Two Evils.

The municipal census taker was around taking names and pulled the bell at Bliffstick's, and Bliff came to the door. He was put through the usual formula, and finally the censuser asked the age of his wife.

"Can't tell" responded the husband.

"Can't tell?" echoed the questioner.

"Why? Don't you know?"

"Of course I do."

"Then you must tell me. The law says you must."

"The law! What law?"

"The law of the State."

"What will they do with me if I don't tell?"

"Put you in jail for contempt."

"All right; put me in jail."

"Why, man," exclaimed the astonished official, "you won't go to jail and suffer rather than tell your wife's age, will you?"

"Well, yes," he said resignedly; "I've never been in jail, and on one occasion I did tell my wife's age."

Competition.

"Mighty hospitable people in Covington," said a tramp at the kitchen table to a cook at a Walnut Hills residence.

"So I've heard," replied the cook. "They are that way in Kentucky."

"Yes, I found them much more so than the Ohio people."

"I don't know about that," said the cook straightening the dishes in front of him.

"It's so, though. Why they showed me every attention over there. Even went so far as to give me pie."

The cook set a full pie down in front of him.

"Thanks," he said, taking a good hold on it. "As I said they showed me everything, even the door."

Then he got out with the pie and the cook broke the pitcher, which she threw at him.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Married Life.

Bachelor—I have heard and read a great about the miseries of married men —those with children I mean—of their having to get up in the night to get the paregoric and to walk the floor with a crying baby and so forth. How is it? Do your children keep you awake at night.

Married man—they do.

B.—With their crying?

M. M.—Oh! no; they are quiet enough and sleep soundly as a rule.

B.—How then are you kept awake?

M. M.—Well, I have six of them, and I am kept awake thinking where I'm to get the money to pay the rent to keep a roof over their heads.

B.—Well, after the rent is paid?

M. M.—Then there's the grocer's bill, the butcher's bill, coal, wood, clothing, boots and shoes. After one bill is paid I am kept awake wondering where I'm to get the money to pay the next and so on.

B.—Well, after all the bills are paid?

M. M.—Then the rent is due again.

Bachelor pursues his way in deep thought.—*Boston Courier.*

Jo Badger's Shot at a Crow.

Jo Badger used to tell a good story. It may date back to another "Jo," surnamed Miller. I am not going to vouch for the originality of any story that I did not make up myself, and even then I should expect to unearth it in some old almanac or other joker's cemetery. But Mr. Badger's story, whether old or new, always produced its effect.

Jo would gradually insert himself into a crowd of sportsmen engaged in the popular amusement of proving Ananias to have been but an unsophisticated bungler in his business; and, after listening to their accounts of such slaughter wrought among the birds and beasts as to make one wonder that the entire fauna of the region was not exterminated, he would begin in that easy drawl that pertains by right to the acknowledged raconteur of the corner grocery:

"Speaking of shooting, the longest shot ever I made was back in York State, when I wasn't much more'n a boy. I'd been used to handlin' a gun some, but nothing to speak of—wasn't considered no kind o' shot. Well, it was a Sunday mornin'; I happened to look at an old dead tree away off, 'most as far as I could see anything. There was one limb left, and a crow was sittin' on it. It was so far off that I couldn' a' seen the crow if it hadn't been black and the old tree so gray. I could just see 'twas a crow, and that's about all. The old shotgun stood behind the door, loaded, and I took it up and, just in fun, pointed it at the crow. I didn't have no more idea o' hittin' that crow than I have now o' shootin' you. But I sighted him, and without thinkin' what I was a-doin' I pulled the trigger and bang he went!"

Here Jo would stoop down, looking for another piece of shingle or something to whittle on; and after a second or so, some impatient auditor would be sure to ask:

"Well, d'ye hit 'im?" The surprised and innocent look on Jo's face would be a study, as, with the air of one who had utterly forgotten that any denouement was expected, he would slowly answer:

"Hit 'im? Bless your heart! no; didn't come within a mile of him!"—*San Franciscan.*

An Old Squirrel Story, Newly Dressed.

It wasn't many Saturdays ago that a number of gentlemen standing upon the streets at Greenboro discussed fox-hunting, bird-hunting and kindred sports. Each one had told a story, remarkable in a high degree, when the climax was reached by one of the gentlemen, who told the following story:

"Coons!" said he with a sneer. "You don't know anything about coons in this country. Why, you ought to go to southwest Georgia. I lived there once, and my favorite pastime was coon hunting. Early one morning I started out with my dogs for a hunt. The morning was damp and heavy, and we hadn't gone far before the dogs struck a trail, and away they went. How beautiful it was. Through the underbrush they rushed, crashing, barking, the sounds coming to us like low music on the ope[illegible]

How Cheshire Cheese is Made.

The processes of cheese manufacture are few and simple, though there are many persons who would never excel in it. Milk, in a general manner of speaking, may be said to consist of casein (or curds) and whey. Casein is the solid white part of milk, and, though it contains other substances, it is quite accurate enough to call these curds casein.

The whey is such active principle as is left of the milk, and is the sweet drink that most children remember affectionately through life after they first taste it at a farmhouse. The great desideratum in the manufacture of cheese is to separate these two substances thoroughly, for if whey is left in the cheese it causes it to bulge out at the sides, and leaves a decomposed flavor which we may recognize in dairies of inferior value.

As soon as the evening's milking is completed and stored in a vat, it is cooled down as quickly as possible, and in some of the more complete dairy farms there is a zinc cistern with a false bottom, which is filled with cold water to reduce the temperature. In many farms about half the cream is taken away for churning, and the morning's milk is added directly after. The cold water is run off the false bottom of the vat, and hot water substituted, until the temperature is raised to about ninety degrees, and then rennet and anatto are added. Rennet, it may be said for those to whom the terms in cheese making are strange, is the mild acids that separates the curds from the whey. Other acids would do the same, but this is incomparably the best.

After it has acted properly, the curds are formed in solid blocks, and the whey is run off. This is all done within an hour, and then the curds are carefully cut up to let the whey still further drain off. Here again delicacy is needed, so as not to let the rich part of the curds mix with the whey, and impoverish the cheese. Indeed, if the whey is properly run off, it should be as clear as Rhenish wine, and very like it in appearance, though this would involve a very high standard of excellence indeed in the skill of dairymaids.

The curds are now salted, and the cheese formed into its shape and pressed, and in seven days it is removed to the storeroom. After being there for from seven weeks to three months, according to the quality, and more particularly according to the taste of the consumer, it is ready for market.

These, of course, are only short outlines of the methods used in making Cheshire cheese, and even they differ to some extent on different soils and in different dairies.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

Draining Ponds for Carp.

The carp culture in the highlands of central France is a form of industry which merits a good deal more attention and imitation than it has hitherto obtained. On that high plateau there are ponds of all sizes, many of them large enough to be dignified by the more grandiloquent name of lakes, but to the country people they are one and all "etangs" and nothing more. These ponds are one of the chief sources of wealth of the country, which is mostly but poor soil for cultivation, as a great part of it has recently been reclaimed from moorland and heather. These ponds are stocked with carp, and once every three years a great fishing takes place. All the able-bodied men of the country-side are engaged for a certain day in October to meet at one of the ponds; that on the highest level being taken first. The sluices of the pond are opened three days previously and the water allowed to run gradually off, leaving the bed of deep mud which seems to be one of the necessaries of carp existence. When there is only a thin rill of water left trickling down the centre of the erstwhile pond, the fishing begins. On all sides the carp lie floundering, panting, gasping on the expanse of mud; in some places the fish are two or three deep on top of one another. The number of carp in these ponds is something quite extraordinary; they do not seem to suffer individually from their great numbers, for the fish are remarkably fine and heavy. The men wade through the mud, catching the carp by the gills, and flinging them on the bank. There they are weighed by men who have come with carts from the nearest town to buy the fish, and after the weighing the carp are packed among straw in the carts as tightly as possible. When the carts are full they return to the town, and the carp are then placed in tanks. A carp takes a good deal of killing, and, though being tightly packed in straw for a whole day and jolted down hill for perhaps four hours, may strike him as a novel experience, it does not do him the very least harm; and as soon as he is released from durance vile and placed in the tanks, he resumes the even tenor of his way.—*Saturday Review.*

At 2 O'clock A. M.

He felt like a lion when starting for home,
And a lamb when he entered the door,
For his wife was up waiting until he should come,
And grim was the look that she wore.

"I'll see who's the boss," to the boys he had said,
As he staggered out into the gloom,
"I'll see who's the boss of the house," and he did,
When his shoulder she [illegible]

many minutes before the long howl of the leading dog told us that he had treed.

"We put out after them, going through the swamps, and down into a canebrake. There we come upon the dogs all clustered about a cypress log. They smelled it, and then all started back as if they didn't know what was to pay. We drew near and endeavored to urge them on. But they wouldn't urge. We went up to the log, and it seemed to be moving. I didn't know what to make of it. The sides of it rose and fell as regular as the beat of a clock. We finally cut into it, and there it was packed with coons. We killed a hundred and forty and I don't know how many got away."

"What made the log move?" innocently asked a bystander.

"Oh, plain as day. The coons were packed so close that every time they breathed the log would expand."

There was a ghastly silence and the crowd moved away.

"It wasn't a good day for coons, either," he yelled after them, and putting a fresh chew of tobacco in his mouth he walked rapidly in the direction of the "Cotton Bourse" on Wall street, and in a moment more was buying the fleecy staple with a serene and unmoved countenance.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald.*

TIMELY TOPICS

In Germany the inspection of pigs for trichinæ is more thorough than is generally supposed. The *Medicinische Wochenschrift* states that in one year there were established in Prussia 20,636 official inspecting stations. Out of 4,000,000 of the animals examined 2,000 were trichinous.

The use of Jamaica ginger is being carried to excess. A Philadelphia druggist says he has scores of customers who take from one to three ounces at a time. The alcohol which largely forms the basis of ginger accounts for the strange relish shown for the novel drink by those who thus gratify their perverted appetites.

There are 2,000 Chinese cigarmakers in San Francisco who command the same wages as whites, while from 6,000 to 8,000 Chinese are in the boot and shoe trade. A dozen Chinese firms have engaged in lithography, and in cheap work, as in label and card printing, are proving formidable competitors to the whites.

Some statistician, who wants to make people feel dreadfully blue, figures it all out thus: "Select 100,000 healthy boys and girls from the public schools of our country. Let each be ten years old. At twenty-three 10,000 will be dead; at fifty, 30,000; at sixty-five, 50,000; at seventy-five, 60,000; at eighty-five, 90,000; at ninety-three, 99,900; at ninety-five, 99,990—only ten alive, ann in 100 years 99,999 will be dead."

Dr. Gayton, an English physician who is believed to have had wider experience in small-pox than any living authority, has published his analysis of 10,403 cases which have come under his observation. Among patients showing perfect marks of vaccination the mortality was but 2.97 per cent. Among those whose marks were imperfect the mortality rose to 9.37 the patient whose marks of vaccination had entirely disappeared suffering to the extent of 27.18; while of the unvaccinated no less than 43.70 died.

A writer in the *Overland Monthly* gives some interesting facts regarding the free public libraries of the country. He calculates that there are now in the land about 5,000 public libraries of 300 volumes or more, containing, in the aggregate, at least 13,000,000 books, and maintained at annual cost of not less than $1,500,000. All these libraries are not entirely free, but a considerable portion of them are. The writer holds that the essential principles on which a public library should be conducted are three, viz.: It is a parlor and not a barroom; it is to furnish good books, not bad ones; the books should be kept in the best possible condition for the longest possible term of use.

It was not long ago that the doctors discovered the existence of a muscular disease, due to the excessive strain of bicycle riding; and now the name of tennis elbow to ment which is sufficiently its title. While playing int suddenly felt in the right e arm drops to the side, and take vice is impossible for periods from six weeks to six months. Suc it now appears, are very frequen sufferer ascribes it to rheumatism other found he had fracture bone. The former tried rhe icine and the latter poultice got well; but the majority tients find that rest is the deed, the only remedy.

The Philadelphia *Record* little singular that this c grow its own eggs. W the Canadians last year for which we paid When there is so m hard times and of lac ment for women, it poultry business do degree of attentio which does not ad on in a wholesale of hens do not th to visitations o them off by ha be made a sour of small farm than more co ments.

Accordi Cleveland is one of double about and these those of any of his callers. His is always white, and he puts on a new turnover collar every day. His favorite necktie is one of black, very quiet and modest in its tie. The President ties himself, and he does not require the sistance of a valet in making his He wears a moustache which is heavy and of a brown color. of his face he shaves with his own hands every morning. President Arthur had his own barber come to the White House and shave him. Arthur bought many fine suits of clothes, and he used more while he was in the White House than Cleveland will get away with in a lifetime.

Professor Shaler, of Harvard, has collected some interesting information for the Boston trade club in regard to New England mines. There have been, he says, between 500 and 700 mines, the owners of most of which had started a paper mill and printing press for the production of certificates for State street and Wall street before attempting to develop the mines, involving a loss of from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000. The history of them was very amusing. One mine in Lisbon, N. H., originally started as a gold mine, was unsuccessful, and the proprietor, with true Yankee ingenuity, ground up his quartz and sold it the first year as a wonderful fertilizer, and, that failing, sold the product the next year as a potato-bug exterminator. Another, originally started as a coal mine, has been successful afterward in the production of stove polish. He thought that the New England mines were of little value at present, as they were worked, but with economical and prudent management they would prove profitable if operated by individuals. One ore heap in Maine had been used to salt many others, to the ultimate pecuniary discomfort of many shareholders. The Ely mine of Vermont, although now practically abandoned, was a remarkable exception, and had paid out about $2,000,000 dividends.

A missionary in India says [illegible] temples [illegible]

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