The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 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. XV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY JUNE 24, 1875. NO. 49.

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.

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

Poetry.

PAT'S CRITICISM.

There's a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign
Depicting a beautiful rill,
And a lake, where a sprite,
With apparent delight,
Was sporting in sweet desabille.

Pat McCarty one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine,
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying: "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"Ye've lift out o' that,
Which, be jabbers, is quite a mistake,
It's trim, and it's neat,
But to make it complate
Ye shud have a foine burd on the lake."

"Ah! indeed! pray then tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same
I've forgotten the name, [quack!"'
But the song that he sings is 'quack!

A NIGHT OF ALARM.

My sister Julia was always courageous. In our youth the country was wider than now; but it might be said of her that she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl. She would travel the most unfrequent paths, wondering at any timidity.

There was nothing masculine, however, in Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character, and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or actual danger.

When I was sixteen and Julia was eighteen my father hired a laborer named Hans Schmidt a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment.

He was a powerful man, with a heavy, imbrued countenance; and both Julia and myself were struck at the very first with an intuitive dread of him. The feeling in Julia hardly took the character of fear, but was one rather of loathing.

One evening she read of a horrible murder that thrilled our blood; and upon turning her eyes from the paper, they encountered those of Hans Schmidt. There was something terrible in that glance; and from that moment, she resolved that the villian should be turned away.

As her wishes and opinions were always of much weight with father, he gave Hans his discharge.

Soon after this, Julia and I were left alone in the house, both our father and mother being absent upon a visit until the following day, And we happened to be with out a female servant at the time, (for we never kept more than one.)

At night we went up to bed and had partly disrobed, when Julia turned hastily to the window.

"I declare,' she said, "the evening is so pleasant that it is a pity to remain in doors. I don't feel a bit sleepy; let's go down upon the lawn.'

We descended the stairs. How little I imagined what was in Julia's heart! Harry Irving came up just as we reached the lawn. He was only casually passing the house.

Julia engaged him in conversation and he joined us. My sister was more than usually lively.

"Where are Tom, and Edgar, and Will? she asked.

"Oh,' replied Harry, "They are over to my uncle's. They will be coming back soon.,

The three young men soon appeared upon the road; and, to my surprise, Julia arose at their approach, and called us aside from the door.

"Now, Mary, you need not be nervous,' she said. "Keep quiet, and do not speak above your breath. There is a man under our bed—there, there!' and she clapped her hand over my mouth—"a man under our bed, and the young Irvings are going to secure him.'

They all provided themselves with heavy sticks; and then, guided by Julia ascended the stairs.

As to myself, I could not follow them, but remained trembling and leaned upon the door steps. Never did I experience a greater sense of relief than when the assailing party descended looking partly ashamed and partly amused, having found nothing to justify their sudden armament.

Julia was in agony of mortification and wept piteously; for, although but half convinced that her apprehensions had been groundless, the idea that she who had never till now feared anything, had placed herself so ludicrous in the eyes of those men, was insupportable.

The man, she said must have taken the alarm and fled out the back door, for she could not have been so deceived.

Our young friend, more in pity for her mortification than from any belief in the reality of the night intruder, offered to remain in the vicinity till morning; but she would not listen to the proposition, and they took their departure.

I was sorry to see them go, and watched their forms till they were out of sight, for the affair of the evening had almost frightened me into hysterics.

Julia, however, at once rushed to the chamber, and flinging herself on the bed continued bitterly weeping. She had exhibited herself in a character which she despised; and her man under the bed would be the talk of the neighborhood. I followed her but neither of us could sleep.

The clock on the mantlepiece struck eleven; and then 'tick, tick, tick,' it went on for the next dreary hour. Julia at last ceased weeping, and lay in thought, only an occasional sigh betraying her wakefulness.

Again the clock struck, but it had not reached the final stroke, when Julia leaping out of bed, flung herself upon an immense chest at the further end of the room.

"Oh, Mary!' she cried, "quick, quick! He is here! I cannot hold the lid—he will get out!'

There was indeed some living thing inside the chest; for, in spite of Julia's own weight the lid was lifted, and then, as the instinct of self preservation overcame my terror, I sprang to her assistance.

Whom or what had we caught? Imagine yourself holding down the lid of a showman's box, with a boa constrictor writhing beneath; or keeping a cage-top in its place by your weight alone, with a hyena struggling to tear his way out and devour you.

But we were not long in suspense. Horrid execrations, half German, half English, chilled our very hearts, and we knew that there, in the midnight, only the lid of an old chest was between ourselves and Hans Schmidt!

At times it started up, and once or twice his fingers were caught in the opening.—Then finding our combined weight to much for his strength, it would become evident that he was endeavoring to force out an end of the chest. But he could not work to advantage. Cramped within such limits his giant power of muscle was not wholly available; he could neither kick nor strike with full force; and hence his chief hope fested upon his ability to lift us up lid and all.

Even then, in the absolute terror that might have been supposed to possess her, a queer feeling of exultation sprang up into Julia's heart.

"I was right, Mary,' she cried. "They won't think me a fool now, will they? I shan't be ashamed to see Harry Irving!'

Poor Julia! under the circumstances, the idea was really ludicrous; but nature will everywhere assert herself, and Julia hated a coward.

Thump! thump! thump! Lid and side and end alternally felt the cramped powerful blows. Then came the lift—the steady straining lift, and Julia cheered me when the cover shook and rose and trembled.

"He can't get out Mary! We are safe, only just keep your full weight on the lid, and don't be nervous either; it is almost morning!

She knew it was not one o'clock.

But one o'clock came. How I wished it was five! And two o'clock came, and three, and four; and we hoped that our prisoner had yielded to his fate which must now appear to him inevitable.

A small aperature at one end of the chest, where there was a fracture in the wood, supplied him with air, and hence we could not hope that he would become weak through suffocation. He was evidently resting from the very necessity of the case, for his exertion had been prodigious.—There was a faint streak of morning in the sky; and there, upon the chest we sat and sat and watched for the gleam to broaden.

Suddenly there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final effort. At each end of the chest there was a crash, and immediately the German's feet protruded through the aperture that they had forced in the board. So horrible now appeared our position, that I uttered a scream such as I do not think I ever at any other time could have had the power to intimate.

To get off the lid, in order to defeat the movement through the chest end, would have instantly been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the chest we caught at the projecting feet. In doing this, however, we partially lost our balance; and a sudden bracing up of the muscular shape below so far forced open the lid, that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Schmidt were thrust forth, and with a fearful clutch, he seized Julia by the throat.

Just then a heavy crash was heard at the door below, the foot tramps springing towards us as if some person were tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daybreak hardly revealed his identity, but I had a faint conception that young Harry Irving had come to us in our peril.

Sometime during the morning I found myself in bed, with Julia and several of the neighbors standing about me. Julia clasped me in her arms, and cried:

"We are safe, Mary! Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned after seeming to go home. The last scream he would have heard, as he at last heard yours; but I am glad you did not scream before, for now we have had an experience and know what we can do.'

Hans Schmidt had decided upon the chest as a safer hiding place than in which Julia first discovered him.

Upon the very morning on which Harry Irving stunned and secured the ruffian in our room, the officers of justice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel, as a supposed murderer, and he was soon convicted and hung.

Julia became the wife of Harry Irving, and a most excellent wife she was. Magnanimous and unrevengeful, she was perhaps the only one who felt no gratification at the fate of old Hans Schdmidt, but rather a pity for the ignorance which had steeped him in crime.

Christianity Imperishable.

What is false, or corrupt or partial, is unfit for either universality or perpetuity. Hence the false, or at least grossly corrupt, systems of religious belief which have prevailed in the world, have gradually decayed and been at length thrown aside as effete rubbish. What has become of the manifold religions of antiquity? With a few exceptions they have perished with the nations and times that gave them birth.—They were once celebrated with pomp and splendor. Proud temples were erected for their service, and prostrate multitudes celebrated their costly rites. Their creed enchained a nation's intellect, and became interwoven with its song, its philosophy, and its history. What is the secret of their decay? They were false, or too corrupt to abide. Those nations perished, or outgrew their creed. Knowledge and reason came into conflict with essential elements of their religious faith. The struggle was arduous and long,—the issue prevailing scepticism. Pious and prudent minds sought to vamp up the outworn creed, but to no purpose.

Often in the history of men has this process been repeated—a religious faith at first universally and earnestly held among a people and then gradually discarded, first by the more reflective minds, and then by general consent, because it was falsely grounded. Some nations make slow progress and retain their early superstitions a great while; but as sure as progress is the irreversible law of mind, these childish things must be put away. China and India are to-day too old for their creeds, and are chilling with the winds of infidelity—Even Judaism, though true and divine, was partial. It was not intended by its divine Author for all men, but only for the peculiar people "till the fullness of the times" should come.

But the religion of the Gospel is by preeminence "*the truth*"—truth unmixed with essential error. It fosters science and promotes progress. But no progress of mind has ever outstripped its principles, and no discoveries of science have revealed its falsity. The increase of mental culture and knowledge has gradually divested the image of certain draperies with which the imperfect conceptions had been wont to clothe her, but has by so doing only exhibited her under other forms of more surpassing beauty and perfection to her wonderful beholders. In other words, science has exposed no falsities in religion; though it has sometimes removed misconceptions in regard to it,—misconceptions, however, which had a certain truthfulness and value in them for the age in which they prevailed; and these mistakes have been only opportunely taken away, and that under the favoring influence of religion itself. Science has been the waiting maid of religion, adjusting her garments under her directions to suit the varying tastes and prejudices of her beholders. If one vestment becomes outworn, it gradually falls away and reveals another more perfect than the former, or rather seems itself to be transferred into a form of more surpassing beauty.—The truth of Christianity has never been shaken; but now, after more than eighteen centuries of thorough scrutiny and searching criticism, after every new found fact in history and principle in science has been carefully compared with her teachings, she stands as strongly entrenched in the confidence of the world as she did even in those early ages of her history, when miracles, and tongues, and prophecy, and inspiration were the glorious witnesses of her truth. Her pure truth makes her invulnerable to decay, and commends her teaching to the world as "worthy of all acceptation."

Knowledge and criticism have made amazing progress in modern times; they have revealed the falsity of many an inveterate error; they have dissipated many a long-cherished delusion; they have exploded many a fable which for ages passed current in history; they have unawed forced their way into the inner sanctuary of hoary superstition; have torn away the veil from their mysteries, and exposed their follies to the contempt of the world. But what has been their effect upon the credit of Christianity? In their explorations of the hidden recesses of knowledge, in their searching analysis of the principles of things, they have found witnesses against her? Have they discovered a weakness in her claims to the confidence of mankind? We know the premature joy with which her enemies have hailed certain dispatches from the leaders of scientific inquiry. We know with what exultation they have exclaimed, Ha! we knew it was so; how must the boasted superstition which has ruled the civilized world for centuries, perish. But their triumph has been short.—These dispatches have turned out to be the invention of persons too eager to believe a lie, or desirous of making capital out of their falsehoods. Better intelligence from the headquarters of scientific truth have at length proclaimed some new triumph of the Christian cause. They have told us, indeed, of new assaults upon her entrenchments, but that the foe has been repelled, and new proofs afforded of their impregnable strength. Thus God "makes the wrath of man to praise him," by illustrating the invincible strength of his truth.

How he Came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, ogler boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and demijohn. Shadows present—hoop-skirts, band boxes, ribons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap sugar teats, paragoric, hive syrup, caster oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, sena, salts, squills and doctor's bills. Shadows future—more pound babies, more hive syrup, etc., etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught.

I was almost the meanest, most tea custard bashful fellow you ever did see, it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; it wasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind the fence looking through a knot hole I couldn't look at one long enough. Well my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker,' dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get into my room. I smoked up a bunch of segars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and soon put myself snug in bed.

"Now,' says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!' And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody rapped at the door and woke me up. "Rap' again. I laid low. "Rap, rap!' Then I heard a whispering and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. "Rap, rap!' Then Lib sings out—

"Jack, are you in there?'

"Yes,' says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in,' says she.

"I won't,' says I, "can't you let a fellow alone?'

"Are you in bed?' says she.

"I am,' says I.

"Get up,' says she.

"I won't,' says I.

Then came another laugh.

By thunder. I began to get riled.

"Get out, you peticoated scare crow!' I cried; "Can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go with you—I wont—so you may clear out!'

And, throwing a boot against the door, I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal button! I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls things are in there!

Oh, Lord, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry.—Smash! went the millenry in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep—and the way I fumbled around in the dark was death to straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my Leghorn!' cries one—"My dear, darling winter velvet! cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that way, boxed my ears; and one bright eyed little piece—Sal——, her name was—put her arms right around my neck and kissed me right on my lips!—human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Ceasar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack, says she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?'

"Yes,' says I. "I will.'

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new made cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hen roost—the bull frogs were commencing their evening songs—the polly wogs, in their native mud puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among mullien stalks, and came laden with the delicious odor of hen-roosts and pig sties.

The last lingering raps of the setting sun glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot hole in a pig pen, full in Sal's face, dying her an orange peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's wast, my hand resting on the small of her back; she was almost gone, and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a fish ball.

"Sal,' says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?'

She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said "yes!'

She gave clear out, then, and sqatted in my lap; she corkscrewed and curflumixed and rolled in. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions she had ate two weeks before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we should walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks. The night, the company and the minister came, the signal was given and arm and arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door when down I went, kerslap on the oil cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a bananna skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my casimeres, right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out; so, clasping my hand over it, we were spliced—and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her untill I jumped up to take a slice; when, oh horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended.—Good night.

The Canning of Fruit.

THE ALDEN PROCESS—THE PROFITS—CONSERVING MORE PROFITABLE STILL.

For the purpose of obtaining some practical data upon which to prepare an article on the above named subject, we have interviewed one of the leading men of the Alden Fruit Drying Company, who has been five years carefully prosecuting this business, and the facts and figures herein used are given by him.

In any season when there is a full crop of peaches, they can be had at thirty cents a basket, delivered at the factory, and each basket will yield three and one-half pounds of the cured product. The whole cost of paring and drying is thirty cents a basket, making the total cost of the three and one-half pounds of dried fruit sixty cents.—This cost, our readers will remember, is by the Alden process, and that machine cannot be put up for less than a thousand dollars for each evaporator. In the new machines, which are very much cheaper, the cost ought to be much less, but we leave it at that for the purposes of our article.

Cost of fruit per basket	30 cents.
" " canning	30 "
Total	30 "
3½ lbs. at 33 cents per lb	$1.15 "
Profit per basket	55 "

At this rate of the newly isvented drying machines, which will easily dry 125 baskets per day, will yield a profit of $68.75 per day. This appears to be pretty steep, but it is founded upon the facts vouched for by an experienced man. We can afford to drop one half of this, and then we have left a good profit on our investment, and for all our labor. On a machine that will not cost exceeding $500, to construct and put in operation, the one-half of $68.75 clear profit per day will do very well, and the hope of even an approximation to this ought to be sufficient to induce our fruit growers to demonstrate for themselves the truth or error of the statement.

Now as to the value of the fruit dried by this process (which we make the standard of excellence, and which the other machines must equal,) it has never yet sold at less than thirty cents per pound, at wholesale. The first season's product from this machine realized thirty to thirty-two cents, that of the second season thirty-two to thirty-five; the third, thirty-five to thirty-seven, and the last forty to forty-five cents per pound. This continued advance in price demonstrates an increasing demand that has not yet been met. To fill this demand now offers an excellent opportunity to the growers of the Peninsula; and as it begins to appear that our call for the machine, that shall dry fruit equal to the Alden, at a much less original cost, is met by some or all of the newly invented machines, that will be on the market this year, we expect to see a resolute offort made in this direction. As to the profit promised, we can see from the data above given that it will be at the very least fairly remunerative.

While from those facts and figures, there appears to be most excellent promises for profit in this direction, we believe there is still now in the *conserving business*.—We gave last week, the method, and now in this connection we only have again to commend the subject to the careful consideration of our readers.

If a basket of peaches will dry out three and a-half pounds, the same quantity will yield nearly or quite double of the conserved product, which will also command a higher price per pound, while the cost of preparing it will be but little enhanced.—The sugar that is in it at ten cents per pound cost, will be no drawback to the profit, when it is sold at forty or fifty cents per pound. We hope to see large and carefully conducted experiments made this season, in this branch of the subject.—*Milford News and Advertiser*.

A Western editor, in his financial article says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach.'

The Sacredness of a Christian Man's Vote.

BY ENOCH STUBBS.

It was long claimed by the royal heads of Europe that they ruled by divine right; that the office of King was divinely appointed, and families who filled it, divinely elected; and hence, that rebellion against kings was an offence particularly heinous, because it was treason against God-given prerogatives.

This is still the position of the throned ones of Europe. English coins still read: "Victoria Dei Gracia"—Victoria Queen by the grace of God.

Of course the vulgar world has long since learned to regard this royal claim with more than scpticism; and we speak of it now as an ancient fiction. But there has always seemed to us something peculiarly fascinating in the thought of ruling by divine right—ruling for God; and of thus filling an office which has all the sacredness of Divine authority. Suppose a ruling king to hold this ancient doctrine honestly, and to feel all its force: what must be his thoughts and feelings in the discharge of those duties which he regards as divinely imposed? How carefully, thoughtfully, and justly he would cast every royal decision, when believing that the sceptre in his hand and the crown upon his head were the insignia of divine responsibility. There have been not a few examples of such conscientious royalty.

The doctrine of the divine right of kings, though not true in the form in which it was so long held, had truth in it. "The powers that be are ordained of God," said Paul. There was a sense in which a king did rule by divine right, and in which, therefore, he was a "Minister of God," and this made him responsible to God for the proper exercise of all his royal powers.

Now, we have been providentially placed under a democratic form of government. We acknowledge no royal head; but since government with all the authority, responsibility, power and sacredness belonging necessarily to it, is essential to our very existence as a nation, it must be rested somewhere; and since we have not a royal ruler to bear the sacred responsibilities of government for us, it is vested in the suffrages of the entire people. We have no common king, but royalty is the common possession of every citizen. Every man is a king, and though not in the same degree, yet as truly and unequivocally the power, authority, responsibility and sacredness, once vested in the hand that held the sceptre, are now placed in the hands that casts the vote. The vote is the sceptre of American royalty It involes the same responsibility on the part of its possessor, and the manner in which it is wielded decides the destiny of the democratic realm. It declares who shall make the laws and who shall enforce them. It thus decides both the character of the Nation's laws, and the political administration of them, and thus the voter is responsible for any evils which result from defective government. If a king ruled by the unlimited exercise of his own will: a perfect autocrat, making the laws and administering them, you would refer all political evils to him, and hold him responsible for them.—Are the laws unjust? He made them so, and is guilty of all the misery they inflict, and will be so until he improves them.—Do men break them with impunity? He is responsible for this, also, for he should enforce them. Do you tell me it is the fault of those ministers of government by whom law is applied? This does not improve the case, for he appointed them, and should have done so in view of their fitness for their duties. If they are incompetent let him remove them.

Now, since this is a Republican country the voter takes the place of the king; all we have just said of the autocrat is true of the voter. If voters neither make nor administer laws, they say both who shall make and who shall administer them. If, therefore, there are evils resulting from the law being unjust in its character, or inefficient in its execution, those evils lie at the door of said voters. They are responsible both to society and to God, and will remain until they select men who will both make laws and execute them.

Suppose the king before referred to should sit upon the throne of his miscrable realm—miserable, because he either fails to frame good laws, or neglects to enforce them—and should fret and complain, and find faults with the evils around him.—Would you not feel like saying, "You are the autocrat; you have no power in your own hands, why do you not remedy them? So we feel like saying as we contemplate the evils of society, resulting from intemperance. On almost every corner there is a man whose professed business is to get rich at the expense of other people's peace, prosperity and happiness and safety. Men go into his house to purchase brutality, incendiarism, bestiality, and assassination.—They come out to vomit on the pavement, to roll in the gutter, to make night hideous with curses, to fight like demons, and shed blood like barbarians. They go home to terrified children to abuse, starve and murder them; making work for the coroner, judge, lawyer and jailor at public expense; and cases multiply until the city reeks with them, heaven weeps, hell is glutted, and every newspaper print is polluted with the disgusting record. The damning evil touches every house and tarnishes almost every heart. And lo! from every square, street, and window stands some voter looking upon the scene, throwing up his hands in horror, turning pale and sick at the sight, and uttering a thousand epithets of hot indignation against the man on the corner, whose poison has wrought all this mischief.

I feel like saying to him as he felt like saying to the inconsistent outcast, "Lift your sceptre (your vote) aganist it. It is the magic wand that can sprite away the evil genius which produces all this misery. Do not complain against the man on the corner; though heaven knows he is bad enough; he is there by your fault. The law, under whose protection he thus curses society, was made by men whom you sent to the Legislature; and you know what sort of a law they would make before you sent them. If there is a good law, and the mischief complained of is done in spite of it, your vote elected the Mayor or other officer who refuses to enforce the law.

The enormity is as great as you say. It justifies all your indignation and honor, but it lies at your door. You are responsible for it. Stop your inconsistent whining, and hold yourself guilty for all we have described, until you have given your vote against it. Let your indignation turn the sceptre of your vote into a two-edged sword, that shall cut off the political head of any man who will not serve the cause of God and humanity in the exercise of his official duties.

A Human Salamander.

A NEGRO IN THE WEST WHO PLAYS THE SAME TRICK AS THE CAROLINE COUNTY MAN.

Last night James Dixon, "The Salamander or Fire King," as he delights to call himself, gave a private exhibition of his powers to a representative of this paper.—The man is a negro, black as the ace of spades, and badly pocked marked. As a model for Appello he would fail, but as a hot coal heaver he was a genius. He applies red hot irons to his face, arms and legs, and seems rather to enjoy the sensation.

He began his performance by sprinkling some rosin over a quantity of oakum on a tin plate, and then setting the mixture on fire. When it was in full blaze he cut the oakum into small pieces, and chewed it by bites until the flames were extinguished.—While the Salamander was taking his meal of fire, an iron rod, with a flat cresent shape blade, was being heated in a small furnace, such as is used by traveling tinkers, when he drew it out its heat was intense. He drew the red hot blade up and down his arms and legs and across his face, after which he licked it with his tongue until the blade became as black as if just plunged into the water. A cylindrical tube, about six inches in length, and a six pound cannon ball were next heated, and the Fire King pushed them over the floor with his bare feet. The sizzle of his scorching hoofs, and the smell with which it was accompanied make it desirable that this portion of the performance be witnessed at some distance from the odorous African.

Next he melted some lead and poured the moulten metal into his mouth, and the next moment ejected it hard and cold. To show his internal arrangements are as fire proof as his external, he boiled some swee oil and drank of a cup with evident relish, his eyes turning upward in apparent ecstasy. In conclusion, he heated several strips of flat iron at one end, and holding the cool ends of the strips he bent the ends into the form of a poker, first with one foot and then with the other, and straightened them again with his hands. The crackling of the burning flesh and the smoke arising from his hands and feet, sends a thrill through one.

If Dixon uses chemicals to prevent the fire from reaching his flesh he does it so cleverly as to blindfold the shrewdest observer. Noticing a shade of sadness on the man's ebony visage, the reporter asked what great grief oppressed him. He smiled (like a horse) and replied: "Oh, nuff'n much, sur; on'y sometimes I feel bad on 'count o' havin' no whiskahs, 'kase I would jes like to enjoy the luxury ob shavin' myself with a red hot rasah!' So it appears that even this fire-proof African is not entirely happy. He contemplates giving a public exhibition here, of which due notice will probably be given.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

The Vanity of Human Wishes.

There is no more striking evidence of the vanity of human ambition than in the proposal to sell the house of Mr. Jay Cooke in Pennsylvania and the transfer to a railroad company of the palace of the late Mr. LeGrand Lockwood, of Connecticut. Ten years ago Mr. Cooke and Mr. Lockwood were among the richest, most enterprising nd most celebrated merchants of this country. Wealth rolled upon them in the fullness of a spring tide. With wealth came the ambition to found a family and a home—an ambition which, whatever we may think of our democratic and liberal institutions, seems to be an instinct of human nature. Mr. Cooke built his house at Ogontz, which, from reports, cost him more than a million dollars. Although the sale was under decree of bankruptcy it was postponed. Mr. Lockwood's palace at Norwalk cost one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This the reporter informs us, "is probably the finest private dwelling in America, constructed of solid blocks of granite, finished inside with rosewood and mahogany and cedar of Lebanon. Mr. Lockwood is dead, and a railroad corporation possesses his dominion. Mr. Cooke is a bankrupt, and the auctioneers are vainly asking the world to buy for a song what cost him a fortune. How true it is, as the wisest of men once said. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'—*New York Herald.*