American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

FORTUNE'S CAPRICES.

John Mallory was returning from his day's work, with his spade over his shoulder, when he saw a woman sitting close to the wall, weeping bitterly.

John had a kind heert, and was easily moved at the sight of distress, so he stopped and addressed the woman.

"You seem to be in trouble"—that was what he said. The mourner lifted her face, and he saw that she was a very young woman, scarcely more than a girl, in fact.—But this did not lessen his pity at all; possibly it increased it, for his heart was human as well as kind.

"Trouble? Ah, yes; I have come such a long way, and am so fatigued,—so much weary! I went to the people's doors, but no one said anything only, "Go way!" we have no room for strangers. Go to the hotel, why do you not?'

"So I went to the hotel, but the landlord was worse than all the rest. O! how he frightened me, he was so fierce, so loud! He called me a tramp—a thief because he found I had no money. No money, yes, that was it; and he bade me go about my business; but I have no business, and so I came out into the woods to die alone.'

"Cheer up, then, if that is all,' said John, "and come with me. My mother won't drive you from her door, you may be sure.'

And John spoke truly, for his mother's heart was like his own. She only needed to know that the girl was a stranger and in distress, to give her a cordial welcome.

"Take off your things, my dear,' said she removing the girl's shawl with her own hands. "and sit here by the fire. How you shiver, poor child! You're chilled to the bone.'

"You are so kind—so very kind!' said the visitor, taking the rocking-chair offered her; and then John saw that she was not only young, but singularly beautiful, though thin and pale, as if from recent illness.

"You're out of health. You're not fit to be abroad,' said Mrs. Mallory. "How your mother would feel to see you looking so!'

"Alas I have no mother!' said the girl, and her tears began to flow afresh. "I will tell you my story.

"There, there, I'm sorry I said it—I'm such a blunderer! Never mind the story now, but after supper, when you are warm and comfortable, you shall tell us about yourself, that is, all that you wish to tell.'

So, when the three had eaten their evening meal, and Mrs. Mallory had cleared away the table and taken out her knitting work, the young girl told her story.

She said that her name was Estelle Le Roy; that her father was a French refugee; but that she herself was born in Canada, some years after he had left his native country, he having married a Canadian. After the death of her mother, he had come to Boston, hoping to be able to support himself and her by teaching his own language; but just as he found a situation which promised to be permanent, he became very ill: in fact, the climate of this country had never agreed with him, and he always mourning for "la belle France." He was sick a long time, and when he died he left her penniless.

Of her relatives in France she knew nothing; and although since her father's death, she had written more than once to her mother's friends in Canada, no letters had ever been received in return. She believed she could get there, and that was now her aim. What she had suffered since she left Boston, she said she could "never, never tell.'

"It's all over now, my dear,' said Mrs. Mallory, "so try to forget it, and just try to make yourself contented with us till you are better able to travel than you are now.'

For a whole week Estelle stayed with the Mallorys, gaining in health and beauty every day, and developing a careless lightness of spirit, greatly in contrast to her first depression.

That John was not insensible to her attractions, may well be imagined, and what the consequences might have been I cannot tell, if his heart had not been already preoccupied. That being the case, there was no room there for the fair stranger, save in the way of friendship, and he showed his friendship by bringing Mary, his betrothed, to see her.

Curious it was to see the two together—Mary, the staid New England girl, with her rosy cheeks, her calm, blue eyes and yellow hair; her plain dress, and steady Northern tongue; and Estelle, with her olive skin, her hair and eyes as dark as night, her fanciful, idiomatic speech, and her airy figure, which gave grace even to the worn garments which clothed it. It was the brown thrush and the canary bird sitting side by side on an apple tree bough.

Still, they got on well together—these two—and kissed each other when they parted. But when Estelle parted from Mrs. Mallory, she hung on her neck as if it had been her own dear mother she was leaving.

John saw her safely on her journey, and when he took her hand to say farewell, he left in it a sum sufficient for her expenses.

"I shall not forget you, ever—ever—no, not till my dying day comes,' said Estelle, with tears in her eyes. "The good God bless you for your kindness to the poor stranger—you and the dear mother and the pretty Marie.'

In a few weeks the Mallorys received a letter from Estelle, saying that she had reached her journey's end in safety, and was among friends. It was the only letter they ever received from her.

In course of time John and Mary were married and settled down on the Mallory farm, and there for the present, we will leave them.

One day a handsome traveling carriage drew up before the door of a hotel in a quiet New England village. It was an event in the history of that hotel, for never had such an establishment been seen there before. Out came the two hostlers, out came the stable-boys, out came the barkeeper, and lastly, out came the landlord himself.

A gentleman alighted from the carriage, and was followed by a beautiful and richly-dressed lady. Bobbing his bare head, and waving aside his subordinates, the obsequious landlord led the way to the parlor, took the orders of his distinguished guests, and communicated them to his servants. Then there was an opening and shutting of doors, a ringing of bells, a rushing to and fro—in short, a tumult as if the queen had come.

When the travellers were left to themselves, the lady broke out into a merry laugh.

"O, its too droll, Sir Edwurd; it is the same landlord who, fifteen years ago, bade me begone for a thief and a tramp.'

"The villain! I should like to lay my cane over his back,' said Sir Edward.

"It isn't worth while—such an insignificent back,' said the lady; "only don't take on airs, thinking all this attention is for us. It is only for our carriage and horses, and our clothes.'

By and by, the landlord having made some further errand to the parlor, the lady, who was sitting by the window, remarked:

"You have a pleasant little village here.'

"As pleasant and thriving a village as any in the county,' answered the delighted landlord.

"Do you know if there is a family by the name of Mallory living here?' asked she.

"There's a farmer by that name, ma'am. Mr. John Mallory—if it's him you mean.

"The same, no doubt. He's living then—and his mother?'

"She died some six years ago, ma'am, and it's well, perhaps, considering the misfortune that's come to the family.'

"Misfortune?'

"Then you don't know,' said the landlord, delighted to have some intelligence to communicate, but marveling much that this great lady could feel any interest in the Mallory family. "Well, it's a great misfortune, and the worst of it is, it was all his own fault. If people will be so foolish, they must take the consequences. There wasn't a more prosperous man in town than John Mallory, and his property being mostly in real estate, there was no reason why he shouldn't keep it always, and his children after him, for real estate doesn't take to itself wings and fly away, as other riches does. But what does John do but sign a note for a friend, and now he's lost everything.'

"Everything?'

"Everything—just turned himself and family out of house and home. That is to say, they'll have to go; there's no help for it.'

"He's at the old place now, is he?'

"He is, ma'am; but he won't be long; the sale takes place to-day.'

"Thanks,' said the lady; and then, as if to herself, "Poor John! so like him.'

"You know him?'querried the landlord.

"He showed me great kindness once, fifteen years ago. I was here, also, at that time. You do not remember it?'

"It is very strange, but really, ma'am, it has escaped my recollection.'

"Quite likely. It was before marriage.' And with this the landlord was forced to be satisfied.

The sale was over, and John Mallory was wandering from room to room, taking a mute fare, farewell of the house which he could no longer call his own, when his little daughter came to say that a lady was in the parlor who had asked to see him.

"Very well,' said he supposing it to be some neighbor who wished to see him on a trifling matter of business; but when he opened the door a stranger stood before him.

She greeted him courteously, and then said, without any circumlocution:

"I am the purchaser of your farm, and I have brought the deed, that you may see if it is all right.'

He took it listlessly enough, but as he glanced over it his countenance changed.

"I don't understand,' said he, and no wonder, for the deed was made out in his own name.

"So you, too, have forgotten me, as well as the big landlord up there; but may be you will remember that,' and she held out a queer little purse of netted silk.

John Mallory fixed his startled gaze upon her face, and something in the lustrous eyes, the smiling mouth, touched a long-silent chord of memory. She saw it, and answering his look, said:

"Yes, I am Estelle Le Roy, and the same Providence which sent you to me in my despair has sent me to you in your time of sorrow. No thanks, John Mallory. I do no more than requite your kindness to me, and hardly that; so keep the deed, I pray you. But the little purse, with that I will never part.'

She then told him that within two or three years after returning to Canada, she had married an Englishman of rank, and had been in Europe most of the time since; but that, being on a tour through "the States," they had come out of their way to visit those who had befriended her in her need.

"The dear mother is gone, I hear; but the pretty Marie, she is well?'

"My wife is well, and will come herself and thank you for your great goodness.'

"Not to-night; not to-night; but to-morrow Sir Edward will come with me, and we will talk it over—the past and the present. He knows it all, and he will say the thanks are due from ourselves, not you.'

And in this she proved a true prophet.

'I THINK I can suit you to a hair,' said a boarding house landlady to a bachelor applicant who had been stating his requirements. 'Suit me to a hair madam! I hope not; that's what my last landlady tried to do, and gave me three samples in the butter.'

Startling Figures.

The standing army of this country numbers in time of peace, about 32,000 men and costs about $40,000,000, while the navy costs about $30,000,000 per annum.—Pensions amount to $30,000,000 per annum, and the interest on the national debt (now some 2,225,000,000), reaches the sum of 111,250,000 per annum, making the sum total of $211,250,000! This sum divided among our estimated population, 44,000,000, would give to each man, woman and child of the whole country about $4.80, and to each family about $24.00 as their yearly contribution for the worship of the god of war. And let it be remembered that the whole national domain is mortgaged to the amount of $2,225,000,000 to be paid by us or our descendents, or remain as an incubus on the energies and enterprise of our prosperity in all coming time! And what have we in return for such an exhorbitant expenditure? What beside a crippling of energies, a wanton waste of human life, a waste of property, a cherishing of the war spirit, and a fearful depression of the standard of morality, as indicated by a manifest increase of murders, thefts, robberies and licentiousness?

"I CAN'T DO THAT."—A writer in the *American Wesleyan* tells the circumstances under which he heard those words. They contain a fearful confusion of the despotism of evil appetite. The writer, being in New York, a stranger, stepped into a coffee saloon, early one cold morning, and called for a cup of coffee.

The saloon had a liquor bar attached, and the proprietor, in handing the coffee to my friend, said:

'Will you have something else?'

'Nothing else,' was the reply; 'I drink nothing stronger than coffee.'

While he was drinking of the cup a well dressed man, whom he had observed walking the floor, stepped up to him and said, with an earnest manner:

'Sir, I would give you all I am worth to be able to do what you are doing.'

'How so?' What am I doing that you can't do?'

'Why, sir,' spoke the earnest man, 'you can drink your coffee with a zest, and refuse the rum at that bar; that's what I can't do; no, sir, I can't do that.'

A GOOD old minister of one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed a strong desire, on the next Sunday, to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves.

After its performance, however, he was somewhat surprised and chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor.

A few Sundays after, the same elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion.

"And how many of them will join the society?' queried the minister.

'Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on,' was the reply.

'Very well,' said the good old man, 'you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing.'

A FLORAL CURIOSITY—A flower has been recently described by an eye witness at Constantinople which is so great a rarity that one is apt to treat it as a fable, and wait for the confirmation of one's own eye sight. It belongs to the narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanical name of ophyrs mouche. There were three naked flowers on the stalk hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, while the two others were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming bird. The breast of bright emerald green is a complete copy of this bird; and the throat, head, back, and eyes are a perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the outstretched wings are bright rose color, one might almost say flesh colored. On the abdomen rests the whole propagation apparatus, of a deep dark brown tint, in the form of a two winged gad fly.

A FOOT LAMP.—One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere, in daily life, the things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out at night without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening and look out, you will see what seems to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of sandals, as the late traveler rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one.—In an instant the voice comes to your memory, written in that same city three thousand years ago—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.'

As the astronomer on the Boston Common was getting his telescope in position, the other evening, two Irishmen who were sitting on a bench near by, asked a young man beside them what the instrument was.

"It's an air cannon,' he replied.

"Indade! An' what will he do with it?'

"Shoot stars,' returned the young man.

The telescope man, having got his instrument adjusted, stooped to take a squint.—Just then by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it!—he's fetched it down! cried the two Irishmen in a breath. "Sure, an' that's the greatest shooting I ever saw in my life.'

A French butcher who was on his death bed said to his wife: "If I die, Francoise, you marry our shop boy. He is a good young man, and the business cannot be carried on without a man to look after it.' "I have been thinking about that already," said his wife.

Mr. Madder married Miss Backup. At the wedding, he got his Backup, and she was made Madder, and until she marries again will remain so.

A Couple short of money gave a clergyman in Cedar Springs a dog and an accordeon for marrying them.

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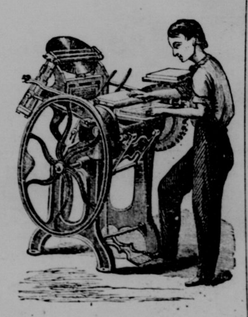

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oct30 tf

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