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. XVI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY NOV. 25, 1875. NO. 19.

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.

AN OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners;
  Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
  Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
  May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
  Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
  Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
  Hidden, crushed and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
  Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
  But as pebbles in the sea.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
  There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
  There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not nations,
  Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
  Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
  Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
  Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads;
  Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
  Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
  Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
  While there is a sunny sight.
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
  Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
  As the pebbles in the sea.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Elder Boyd, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Oldville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp lookout for the main chance—a peculiarity from which Elders are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more and more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the Elder, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and name. But the Elder was wary. Matrimony was to him, in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity.

Unhappily the little village of Oldville and the towns in the immediate vicinity contained few who were qualified in the important particular, and of these there were probably none with whom the Elder's suit would have prospered. So it happened that year after year passed away, until Elder Boyd was in the prime of life—44 or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability, likely to remain so.—But in all human calculation of this kind they reckon ill who leaves widows out.

Elder Boyd's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The widow Hayes who had passed through matrimonial experience, was some four years younger than Elder Boyd. She was still a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be.

Unfortunately the late Mr. Hayes had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money which was insufficient to support her and a little son of six, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property though hardly 'productive' of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take care of three boarders to eke out her scanty income, which, of course, imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

It is surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage as a method of bettering her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflection upon this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her next neighbor, Elder Boyd? The Elder, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort, and beging one of the chief personages in the village, could accord her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression upon the female heart; this was true, but he was of a good disposition, kind-hearted, and would no doubt make a very good sort of a husband. Widows are, I take it (if any shall do me the honor to read this story, I trust they will forgive the remark,) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second alliance than a first, and so, in the widow's point of view, Elder Boyd was a very desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered; for in the present case, it was evidently doubtful if the worthy Elder, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Boyd, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a chance for a little management wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be expert.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, widow Hayes sat at the fire in the sitting room with her feet on the fender.

'If ever I am situated so as not to have to work so hard,' she murmured, 'I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as Elder Boyd.'

Still the widow kept up her thinking and by-and-by her face brightened. She had an idea, which she was resolved to put into execution at the earliest possible moment. What it was, the reader will discover in the sequel.

'Freddie,' said she to her son the next morning, 'I want you to stop at Elder Boyd's as you go to school and ask him if he will call on me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient.'

Elder Boyd was a little surprised at this summons. However, about 11 o'clock, he called in. The widow had got on the dinner and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

'Freddie told me that you would like to see me,' he commenced.

'Yes, Elder, I should; but I am very much afraid you will think strange, at least, of what I have to say to you.'

The Elder very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

'Suppose,' said the widow, casting down her eyes—'mind, I am only supposing a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?' The Elder pricked up his ears.

'A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why unqestionably the law would have nothing to do with it.'

'And the one who formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, Elder?'

'No, madam; unquestionably not. When the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course.'

'I am glad to hear it, Elder. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur in my mind and I thought I would like to have it satisfied.'

'Certainly, widow, certainly,' said the Elder, abstractedly.

'And, Elder, as you're here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at 12.'

'Well, no,' said the Elder, rising, 'I'm obliged to ye; but they'll be expecting me at home.'

'At any rate, Elder,' said the widow, taking a piece of steaming mince pie from the oven, 'you won't object to taking a piece of mince pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on making mince pies.'

The warm pie sent up such a delicious odor that the Elder was sorely tempted, and after saying, 'well, really,' with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, 'On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice.'

The widow was really a good cook, and the Elder ate with much gusto the generous pieces which the widow cut for him, and, after a little chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

'Was it possible,' thought he, 'that the widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but who should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, as his knowledge extended, there was no one who would be likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the suggestion. I will wait and watch,' thought the Elder.

It so happened that Elder Boyd was one of the directors in a savings institution, situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month to attend meetings of the board.

On the next occasion of this kind the widow Hayes sent over to know if he could carry her with him, as she had a little business to attend to there. The request was readily accorded. Arrived at the village, Mrs. Hayes desired to be set down at the bank.

'Ha, ha!' thought the Elder, 'that means something.'

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank. The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

'Can you give small bills for a ten dollar gold piece?' she inquired.

'With pleasure,' was the reply.

'By the way,' said she, 'the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?'

'None in the State on a better footing,' was the prompt response.

'You receive deposits, do you not?'

'Yes, madam; we are receiving them every day.'

'Do you receive as high as ten thousand dollars?'

'No,' said the cashier, with some surprise; 'or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. Did you know of anyone who—'

'It is of no consequence,' said the widow hurriedly; 'I only asked for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as come within your limit?'

'Five per cent, ma'am.'

'Thank you, I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is?' And the widow tripped lightly out.

Shortly after the Elder entered.

'How's business, Mr. Cashier?' he inquired.

'About as usual.'

'Had many deposits lately!'

'None of any magnitude.'

'I brought over a woman this morning who seemed to have some business with you.'

'The Widow Hayes?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know,' said the cashier, 'whether she has had any money left her lately?'

'None that I know of,' said the Elder, pricking up his ears. 'Why, did she deposit any?'

'No; but she inquired whether we received deposits of as high as ten thousand dollars.'

'Indeed!' ejaculated the Elder, 'is that all she came for?' he inquired, a moment afterwards.

'No she exchanged a gold piece for bills.'

'Ha!' pondered the Elder, reflectively. 'Did she give any reason for her inquiries?'

'No, she only asked out of curiosity.'

The Elder left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He now no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least equal to ten thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm this story.

'I rather think,' said the Elder, complacently, 'I can see into a millstone about as far as most people.' A statement, the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, though as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then forced themselves upon my mind.

The next Sunday the Widow Hayes appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

'How much vanity some people have, to be sure.'

'How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out in such a bonnet is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough now to know better.'

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempting to catch a second husband had hitherto proved utterly unavailing.

'I supposed,' continued the same young lady, 'she's trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I condescend to such means, I'd—I'd drown myself.

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwillingly hit upon the true motives. The widow was intent upon catching Elder Boyd, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth. The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated.—Monday afternoon the Elder found an errand that called him to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea time. He was importuned to stay to tea, and somewhat to his own surprise actually did.

The polite widow, who knew the Elder's weak point, brought one of her best mince pies, a piece of which her guest partook of with zeal.

'You'll take another piece, I know,' said she persuasively.

'Really, I am ashamed,' said the Elder, but he passed his plate. 'The fact is,' he said, apologetically, 'your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop.'

'Do you call these nice?' said the widow modestly. 'I call them common. I can make good mince pies, when I set out too, but this time I did'nt have as good luck as usual.'

'I shouldn't want any better,' said the Elder, emphatically.

'Then I hope, if you like them, you will drop into tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, Elder Boyd.

Elder Boyd assented and he meant what he said. The fact is, the Deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook. Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money.—What objection could there be to her becoming Mrs. Boyd? He brought this question before her one evening. The widow blushed and professed to be greatly surprised. In fact, she never thought of such a thing in her life, but on the whole she had always thought highly of the Deacon, and to cut the matter short, she accepted him. A month afterward she was installed mistress of the Elder's large house, somewhat to the surprise of village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over. Some weeks after the ceremony the Elder ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in her cellar.

'Pot of gold?' she exclaimed in surprise; 'I know of none.'

'But,' said the Elder, disconcerted, 'You asked me about whether the law could claim it.'

'Oh, lor'! Elder, I only asked from curiosity.'

'And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?'

'Certainly. What else could it be?'

The Elder went out to the barn and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that he ejaculated as a closing consideration:

'After all she makes good mince pie.'

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the Elder and the widow proved a very happy one although to the end of his life he could never make up his mind about the 'Pot of Gold.'

A Mouse-Catching Baby.

A letter from Erie, Pa., to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* contains the following curious story:

A singular phenomenon is just now creating a sensation a few miles south of this city, in the shape of a mouse catching infant, surpassing in expertness the agility of the best canine or feline mouser in the country. The report of this singular freak of nature reached me so well authenticated that I concluded to gratify my curiosity.—The little girl in question is a trifle over a year old, and can just begin to run about the house and yard. The moment she gets out of her crib she goes to the old kitchen fire-place, which is infested with a species of small house mice, and sits down by a hole in the corner very much like a cat, with her eyes intenly fixed on the burrow. She sometimes occupies this position for an hour without moving, till a mouse makes its appearance, when, by a sudden start, apparently without any effort, she seizes her victim by the neck.—As soon as her prize is secured she seems to be electrified with joy, and trembles from head to foot, uttering a kind of a wild murmur or growl, resembling the half surpressed snarl of a wild cat. On arriving at the house and making known the object of my visit, the mother expressed the willingness to give me an exhibition of the strange peculiarity of the baby providing I would promise not make their names public, as she seemed to dread the notoriety already given to the affair. The baby was asleep when I arrived, and on awakening she started on her strange mission.—She is a beautiful little blonde, of delicate features and bright blue eyes, and her hair lies all over her head in golden curls.—There is nothing unusual about the countenance of the child, or different from that of any pretty featured baby, except while stalking her game. Then her eyes become glistening and fixed, sperkling like gems and her face and hands turn pale as wax, while she appears to hear, or notice nothing going on a around her, but keeps her eyes steadily centered on the burrow whence she expects her game to sally forth. The mother, an older sister of the child and myself sat in a semi-circle around her.—During that half hour we neither moved nor spoke above a whisper, when suddenly, like the springing of a trap, the little thing's hands went down upon the earth, followed by the fine squeak of the mouse, and that strange, low growl and singular tremor of the body of the child. As usual, she held the mouse by the neck in the right hand, while it squirmed desperately to get away. She then pressed it up against her bosom and felt of it gently and softly with her other hand; then would dexterously change hands, carefully keeping her grip on the neck to avoid its bite, though her mother told me she had been frequently bitten, and while sensitive to pain, and crying at the least ordinary hurt, she never was seen to wince or show the least pain from the bite of a mouse. I examined her fingers and found them scarred in many places where she had been bitten. I tried to realize how the feat had been accomplished, but it was done so suddenly there was no time to analyze it. Yet it was assured by the family, who had taken frequent observation, that the mouse when once out of its hole seems to become charmed or magnetized, and has no power, or at least shows no disposition, to escape till caught, when it is too late. If any one approaches the child to take the mouse away from her, she will utter a shrill scream, and then try to conceal her prize by putting it into her mouth.

The Sea.

Off there, shimmering in the sun, lies the great wide, blue, vague, uncertain sea—the sea which everybody has tried to describe and failed. It allures by its mystery, and repels by its treachery; and it moans all the time as if in pain at the world's distrust. To go and spend a few weeks beside it is to breathe in new life.—How can one remember the petty worries of the day in sight of this great ocean that sweeps round the world, and could swallow up whole nations and never mark their tomb by a single extra ripple upon its surface? It is so vast, and you are such an atom, that you dare not affront it with your small personal cares and repinings.—With your first bath you bury them all in its waves; and, for the time, you are a new man, and free. No—nor can the slumber that refreshes you, or the dinner that must be eaten afresh every day. But sleep and dinner are necessaries of life, and the demand of the human being for a change is almost as imperative as for food and sleep. If you cannot leave your home for the season, get off, if only for a few hours, where all is new—where the salt airs fills you with exhileration, and the waves invite you to their embrace.—There are plenty of such retreats for a day near most of our large cities. Seek them for such brief relaxation, if no more; but, if you can go, go for a few weeks to the sea-side, and see the morning sunrise and the red sunset, and the waning of the summer-moon, no matter if your room is small and your bed hard, you have all the outdoor world in which to refresh yourself.

Her Silence Saved Me.

'I remember,' said a young man, 'being in company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception; a serious, quiet, and beautiful woman, whose religious opinions were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue through the columns of our village paper. Suddenly I conceived the thought of bantering her on religious subjects, and with the fool-hardiness of youth and recklessness of impiety, I launched forth with some stale infidel objections that none but the fool who saith in his heart, 'There is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly goslings about me laughed and tittered, and I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold, and repeated my inuendoes, occasionally glancing slyly toward the principal butt of my fun. She did not seem to notice me at all; but she did not smile, did not look away, and did not look at me.

'Still I continued my impious harrangue thinking that she must refute something, that she would not surely hear her own holy faith held up to ridicule by a beardless boy. The snickerers around me gradually began to advance toward her. Her face was so quiet, so even solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them, and I stood alone, strivihg by my own senseless laughter to buoy up my fast sinking courage.

Still she never spoke nor smiled—scarcely moved; her immobility grew awful; I began to stutter—to pause—to feel cold and strange—I could not tell how. My courage oozed off; my heart grew faint—I was conquered.

That night after I went home, in reflecting over my fool-hardy adventure, I could have scourged myself. The sweet, angelic countenance of my mute accuser came up before me in the visions of the night; I could not sleep. Nor did I rest until some days after; I went to the home of the lady I had insulted, and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me, how mild! how Christianly! how sweetly!

I was subdued, melted down; and it was not long after that I became, I trust, an humble Christian, and looked back to my miserable unbelief with horror.

Her silence saved me. Had she answered with warmth, with sarcasm, with sneer, or with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my bantering, or more determined in my opposition. But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the mighty words of an Omnipotent God. O, how often would it be better, if, instead of vain argument or not to dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence.'

The Gentleman.

Every man may be a gentleman if he will—not by getting rich, or by gaining access to that self-appointed social grade that claims the exclusive right to give the badge of gentility—but by the cultivation of those unselfish, kind and noble impulses that makes the gentleman. It is too rarely we find among those who vote themselves the gentlemen and ladies of the day, anything to warrant their assumption. There is but little of the true metal about them. Personal contact reveals arrogance and pride; and too often a meanness of spirit and a littleness that disgraces human nature.

So far as our observation goes—and it covers many years of contact with high and low, rich and poor—we are constrained to say that, while among the poorer classes there is, as a general thing, a sad lack of external culture—of attention to little personal habits that are not agreeable to others, and which ought to be corrected—there is really, in the lower and middle ranks of society, so called, quite as many true gentlemen and ladies as among those who claim the exclusive right to these honorable designations.

The apprentice and the errand-boy, the man who digs a ditch or carries a hod, the mechanic and the artisan, the shop girl, the seamstress, the cook, and the waiter, may be as truly gentlemen and ladies as the richest and most cultivated in the land. The qualities that makes the lady and gentleman are qualities of the soul, and there is no monopoly or exclusive right to these.

Reader, no matter what your condition in life, resolve to be a gentleman or a lady. Cultivate not only the external amenities and grace of true gentility, but the inner graces that give these outer signs of their glory and their strength.

Gems.

Learn not to judge too rashly of any one, either in respect to good or evil, for both are dangerous.

Man is sometimes the slave of ten thousand imaginary necessities.

Women are apt to think that certain vices in a young man, like moles upon a fair skin, are beauty spots.

There is nothing like perseverance. Begin with doing ever so little at a time, and great results are accomplished simply by keeping on.

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope.

Estimating everything at its real value, keeping everything to its proper place, doing everything at its proper time, and keeping everybody to his proper business, would perhaps comprehend all, or nearly all, that can promote comfort, and contentment in our hearts and homes.

Wide Relations on the Sabbath.

In an admirable discourse by President Hopkins, on 'The importance of the Sabbath to the purity and perpetuity of free institutions,' he says:

'The Sabbath is not, as many seem to suppose, an institution slightly connected with the other arrangements of God. It may seem so at first, but trace its connections and you will find it inseparably blended with all the arrangements of God for the elevation and well being of man. Its laws of rest is enstamped even upon the physical organization of all beings capable of labor, whether of body or of mind; and in its simplicity and variety of adaptation, like the air, the light, the water, it bears the evident impress of the hand of God.—How simple, and yet, while it meets the wants of the exhausted animal, how evidently was it 'made for man in all conditions and in all his relations.

'How perfectly is it adapted to the laboring man in his toil, to the young man in his temptations, to the business man in his perplexities, to the scholar in his exhausting process of thought, and to the statesman as bearing the burdens of public life! How is it adapted to families, consecrating home and giving opportunity for family instruction; to communities, as the individuals composing them are related to each other and to God, and as needing opportunity both for private and public devotion! How does it blend to social and religious nature of man, and fit for him a social heaven! How is it related to the Bible, as a book requiring study and time to study! How does it connect man with the past, by constantly reminding him of that great event which it commemorates; how with the future, by its glimpses and foretastes of that heaven which it typifies! Keep as God commanded, and it would improve the individual man, physically, individually, morally. In his social relations it would secure purity and harmony; in his civil relations, security and freedom. It would unite man to man, and all men to God. Surely whatever he may intend, he who fights against the Sabbath, fights against the best interests of his race, and against God himself.'

A Missionary's Touching Story.

I was urging this one time in a meeting in America, and an old man got up at the close and said, 'I want to endorse every word that has been said. I believe in the conversion of little children. Sixteen years ago I was in a heathen conuntry laboring as a missionary, and my wife died and left me with three little motherless children. On the Sabbath after her death my eldest girl, ten years old, came to me and said, 'Papa, shall I take the children into the bedroom and pray with them as mother used to?' That is the power of example; the mother was dead and gone, and little Nellie, ten years old, wanted to follow in her footsteps. The father said yes, she might if she liked, and she led them off to the chamber to pray. He said when they came out he noticed that they all had been weeping, and asked what they had been weeping about. 'Well father,' said the little girl, 'I prayed just as my mother taught me to pray, and then'—naming her little brother—'he prayed the prayer that mother taught him to pray;—but little Susie, she was too young, mother had not taught her a prayer, and so she made a prayer of her own, and I could not help but weep to hear her pray,' 'Why,' said the father, 'what did she say?' 'Why she put up her little hands, and closed her eyes, and said, 'O God, you have come and taken away my dear mamma, and I have no mamma to pray for me now—won't you please make me good just as my dear mamma was, for Jesus' sake, Amen;'' and, said the old missionary, God heard that prayer. That little child before she was four years old gave evidence of being a child of God, and for sixteen years she was in that heathen country leading little children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Mother, do you believe your child can come too early? Do you believe your child can have his name written in the Book of Life too early? Oh, may God help us to labor for it, to call our children into the ark! May God give us our children, and may their names be written in the Book of life!—*D. L. Moody.*

Experience Teacheth.

I am an old man, upwards of three score years, during two scores of which I have been a tiller of the soil. I cannot say that I am rich now, but I have been rich and do not owe a dollar; have given my children a good education, and when I am called away, will leave them enough to keep the wolf away from the door. My experience has taught me that:

1. One acre of land, well prepared, manured and cultivated, will produce more than two acres which receive only the same amount of manure and labor expended on one.

2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog, well fed, is more profitable than two kept on the amount of food necessary to keep one well.

3. No farmer who buys oats, wheat, corn, fodder and hay, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff from the door in the end.

4. The farmer who never reads an agricultural paper, and sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences, and complains of "bad seasons."

5. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier and wiser than he who uses strong drink.—*Ex.*

Names of Counties.

In looking over an official list of the counties in the United States, some interesting facts are developed. The letter most largely represented in the naming of these counties is S; the next is M, and the next C. More counties are named after Washington than any other President of the United States, the number being 29.—The names of the other Presidents represented by counties occur as follows: Jefferson 23, Jackson 21, Madison 19, Monroe 18, Lincoln 17, Grant and Polk 12 each, Johnson 11, Harrison 9, Adams 8, Taylor 7, Van Buren 4, Pierce 4, Buchanan 3, and Fillmore and Tyler 2 each. In many cases, however, in the above list, counties were not named after the Presidents, but the selection of a name was influenced by local considerations. There are 22 counties named after Franklin, 20 after Colfax, 47 after Marion, 2 after Fremont, 3 after Greeley, 1 after Hendricks, 8 after Benton and Boone, 9 after Cass, Marshall and Putnam; 4 after Carroll, 11 after Douglass, and 18 after Montgomery. The names of almost all of the revolutionary heroes except Arnold is represented in the list.—*Washington Evening Star.*

Love One Another.

Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effects which little acts of kindness produce upon your circle? We love to receive little favors ourselves; and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle!

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles, they strew the path of life with flowers; they make the sun shine brighter, and the green earth greener; and He who bade us 'love one another' looks with favor upon the gentle and kind hearted, and He pronounced the meek blessed.

Brothers! sisters! love one another, bear with another. Be kind to little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward.—Be patient with them and amuse them.—How a whole family of little ones are restored to good humor by an elder member proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, or gathering them around her while she relates some pleasant story.

Never be unkind to one another, never be ashamed to help any one; and you will find that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Danger Island.

Far south, in the Indian Ocean, (writes a traveler), in the midst of the most eternal surf and spray, rises what is appropriately called Danger Island. Of all the lonely spots on the globe, whose existence has been ascertained, that is probably the most lonely. Once only has it been known to have been visited by man. The sea for many hundred miles rolls and slashes over a shallow bottom, till, arriving at a certain degree of latitude, the floor of rock abruptly terminates, and the ocean becomes in a moment of unfathomable depth. On the very edge of this abyss stands Danger Island, which the least touch of an earthquake or an unusual stroke of hurricane may some day topple over into the bottomless gulf. The billows incessantly fret and foam against the cliffs of Danger Island, which on all sides descend sheer into the deep, so as to appear from a distance inaccessible.

CHALK.—It is odd to think that a bit of chalk has to be brought all the way from the cliffs of Dover before it can make marks on your walls; but it is wonderful to learn that that bit of chalk is composed of the elytra, or shells of myriads of little animals, the *globigerinoe*, that lived and died in the ocean, year after year, age after age, for hundreds of thousands of years, and then, solidifying into compact rock, were pushed five hundred feet above surface of the sea. The bed of the English channel is supposed to be of solid chalk, many hundred feet thick, extending over to France, and cropping up near Paris.—Through this soft material the contemplated tunnel is to be bored, the bill authorizing the work having already passed through the House of Commons.

There is scarcely a trade or manufacture, workshop or school, that does not find use for a bit of chalk. Great quantities are ground up for whiting and putty, and, though it is an humble material, yet nothing can supply its place. There is little or none found in this country; all that is used here being imported from England, either kiln-dried or in blocks as it is quarried, at about $10 a ton.

A THANKFUL HEART.—At a dinner table, in the cabin of an English steamboat, there sat a conceited young man, who thought he displayed his own importance by abusing everything placed before him. A minister present remonstrated with him, but in vain. Even on deck he continued his complaints of the ill-cooked, unsavory fare, until the minister, thoroughly disgusted, turned away and walking down the steerage, noticed an old man in his homespun, and well-worn shepherd's plaid, crouching behind the paddle-box, where he thought himself unobserved. He took from his pocket a piece of dry bread and cheese, and, lying them down before him, reverently took off his blue bonnet, his thin white hair streaming in the wind, clasped his hands together and blessed God for his mercy. In the great Giver's hands lie gifts of many kinds, and to the scantiest dole of this world's fare we oftentimes see added that richer boon—a grateful heart.—*Sel.*

WHAT is the difference between a bill and a pill? One's hard to get up and the other's hard to get down.