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 DEC. 9, 1875. NO. 21.

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.

Poetry.

LIFE.

BY HENRY KING.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot!

A Game for Life or Death.

It was night in the camp of Maximilian's army, and sounds of merriment were heard upon all sides, for soldiers are ever wont to indulge in pleasure, regardless of what the morrow will bring forth.

In a tent in the inner circle of the camp sat two officers at a rude table, upon which was marked with lead pencil a chess, or checker board, while black and white buttons served for the 'men.'

Around the tent were stationed guards, and both of the officers were unarmed, while not a weapon of any description was visible in their canvas room.

They were prisoners; soldiers in the service of Jaurez, captured the day before; but their appearance indicated that they were not Mexicans.

Both men were of tall commanding forms, and of easy, graceful address; but, where one had dark blue eyes, and light hair and mustache, the other had eyes that were large and black, with brown hair and mustache.

Both men were exceedingly handsome, and upon their faces bore the impress of noble souls and hearts that knew no fear.

A love of adventure had caused them to leave their homes in the north, after the close of the civil war, in which both had fought bravely, and cast their swords with Jaurez, to aid in driving from Mexican soil a German emperor.

Capoul Monteith, the blonde officer, was a young man of wealth and good family, a New Yorker, and a pet in society.

Garnet Weston, the brunette, was a poor man, a young lawyer in New York, of good, though poor parentage. He was possessed of superior intelligence, and was fast winning a name, when he crossed the path of Mabel Monteith, the sister of Capoul and a beauty and an heiress.

So deeply did Garnet love Mabel that he was miserable when not in her presence, and he believed she cared for him; but his pride was great, and he would not offer a pauper hand to a belle and and heiress, and so struggled hard to win fortune and fame in his profession.

One day, an evil day for Garnet, a pretended friend told him that Mabel was his promised wife, but that their engagement had not yet been made public.

Like one in a dream Garnet Weston listened, and then in despair determined to seek some more stirring field, where the image of his lost love would not be ever before him.

A month later found him a cavalry captain in the army of Benito Juarez, where, a few weeks later, he was surprised to be joined by Capoul Monteith, who had also offered his services to the Mexican President.

In an engagement, two days before they are presented to the reader in their tent, they had been captured and carried into the lines of Maximilian.

That night in camp they were playing a game of checkers, *pour passer le temps*, and Capoul, who was an expert player, was surprised to see how readily he was beaten by Garnet.

Suddenly a heavy tread resounded without, the sentinel challenged, there was a response, and the next instant three of Maximilian's officers entered the tent, one of whom was an American, a Republican fighting for Imperial Mexico, against the Republic; another was a flashy-looking Frenchman; the third was a Mexican colonel.

'Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you; but news has come to-night that Benito Jaurez has executed a captain of our army, and I have orders to select one of you, and march you forth to die in retaliation,' and the American Imperialist looked sad over the duty he had to perform.

'You cannot mean that one of us must die for an offence against Maximilian by Jaurez,' said Capoul Monteith, rising.

'Even so are my orders, sir; but I know not which to select, for my duty is most painful.'

'Let the gentlemen play a game for the choice—the loser to die,' suggested the young Frenchman.

'A good idea, monsieur. Gentlemen, I observe you were playing a game of checkers when we entered, so set to work and play three games, the one who wins two of them to escape, the other to die.'

'When is this execution to be?' asked Garnet Weston.

'Within the hour, sir.'

'Very well; Capoul, I am ready for the game of life and death.'

Capoul Monteith paced to and fro the tent with quick, nervous strides; he was young, handsome, possessed of vast wealth, and fond of life, and he cared not to be thus shot down like a dog; but he was a brave man, and thought of Garnet Weston, whom he had always admired, and half wished to be the loser rather than to see his friend die.

'I am ready,' he at length said, and the two friends, strangers in a strange land, sat down to play the game for life or death.

Capoul Monteith played with the utmost caution, for, 'If one must die, I have as good a right to struggle for life as has Garnet,' he thought.

Garnet Weston played with indifference, a quiet, sad smile upon his face, and around them stood the three officers, and the platoon that were to be the executioners of the losing one.

Ten minutes passed, twenty, and the game was won by Capoul Moneith, whose face flushed crimson and then paled again.

Garnet Weston's face never changed an expression, for the same smile rested there.

The second game passed quickly, Garnet making his move the instant Capoul had raised his hand, and surprising all by his reckless indifference, but cool manner.

Five minutes passed, and the second game was won by Capoul Monteith.

'My God! Garnet old fellow, I feel for you from my heart,' cried the winner, the tears starting to his eyes.

Garnet pressed his friend's hand, the same smile upon his face as he said, quietly:

'I was ever a poor unlucky dog, Capoul; but, my friend, when I am dead look in my saddle-roll, hanging there, and the papers you find please deliver to the proper address and—and—Capoul, say to—to Miss Mabel I left a farwell for her.

'Gentlemen, I am ready.'

'Curses on your Imperial humanity!—Will you slay a man as though he were a hound?' cried Capoul, angrily turning toward the officers, for it cut him to the heart to thus part with his friend.

'I yield to the fortunes of war, Capoul, and these gentlemen but do their duty.

'Come, let it be over,' replied Garnet, and shaking the hand of his friend warmly, he was marched away.

Half-distracted with grief, Capoul Montieth paced his tent, his thoughts whirling, and his brain on fire, as he gazed at the stool where a short while before poor Garnet had sat.

An hour passed, and the American officer of the Imperial army stood before him.

'Well?' said Capoul, hardly daring to ask the question.

'*He is dead.*'

'God have mercy upon him,' groaned the sorrowing friend.

'Yes, Captain Montieth, he is dead, and though I have seen many men die I never saw one face death with such perfectly calm indifference, as did your friend.

'He gave the order to the platoon to fire, and fell instantly; but, ere he died, he wrote this note to you,' and the American Imperialist handed a slip of paper to Capoul, and turning left the tent.

In Garnet's bold hand was written:

'CAPOUL:—

'I gave my life away to save you, for I loved Mabel too dearly ever to let her brother die where I could be sacrified instead.

'I dare tell you this now, for I stand on the brink of my open grave.

'Farewell! GARNET.'

A bitter night of sorrow passed Capoul Montieth in that lonely tent, for well he knew his friend had spoken the truth, and when months after the star of Maximilian's crown had set in gloom, and he resigned from the army of the successful Juarez, he wended his way homeward with a heavy heart, for he could not forget that Mexican soil covered the noble man who had fallen, a sacrifice to save his life.

Three years passed away after the game for life or death, and one pleasant evening, toward the sunset hour, a horseman was riding slowly along a highway, traversing a fertile valley of a South-western State.

Three years had added more dignity to the face, and perhaps saddened it; but otherwise no change had ever come over Capoul Montieth's fine features.

Upon his right hand, setting back from the road, was a pretty little farm-house, surrounded by fertile fields, and the sight promising well for a night's lodging 'for man and beast,' Capoul turned in at the white gateway, and rode up to the front door, and dismounted.

The owner of the mansion descended the steps to greet him, and Capoul Monteith *stood face to face with Garnet Weston.*

'My God! has the grave given up its dead!' cried Capoul, in dismay.

'No, old fellow, you find me flesh and blood ready and willing to give you a hearty welcome to this my home, left me by an old bachelor uncle, a few months since.—But come in; I will tell you all.'

The surprised and delighted Capoul willingly accepted, and around a well-spread tea-table that evening he heard how Garnet had been carried forth to be most bunglingly executed; but a squadron of Juarez cavalry had appeared and frightened off his executioners, ere the first platoon had retired, and that a watchful ranchero had seized him and borne him to his ranches where, through months of suffering, he recovered, and was able to depart from the house of his good friend.

But it was long ere he could gain strength enough to reach Galveston, Texas, and there he met an old uncle, who had carried him to his comfortable home with him.

The kind old bachelor was one day thrown from his horse, and night and day Garnet had watched by his bedside, until death relieved him of his sufferings, and the young man found that his uncle had left him all his wealth.

'But, old fellow, why did you not write to let me know, for you know not how I have mourned for you?' asked Capoul.

'I did write to my old law partner in New York, and he said you had removed away, none knew whither.'

'True; poor Mable failed in health, and I carried her to Europe, but we soon returned and to effect a change in scene and air I purchased a fine farm, about two days journey from here, and there we now live. Mabel is contented, if not happy.'

'She married—'

'She married? Fiddlesticks! No, she never had any idea of marrying any man excepting yourself, and you went off to Mexico, and nearly broke her heart.'

'God, I thank Thee,' cried Garnet, and he buried his face in his hands and wept like a very child.

Three months passed, and the bachelor home of Garnet Weston had a mistress to preside over it—a queenly-looking woman of twenty-two, perhaps, with dreamy, sad eyes, and a face of wondrous beauty.

That woman was once the heiress and belle of New York—Mabel Monteith—who had, after long years, married her first and only love, through that game of life and death, in the gulf-washed land of Mexico.

It Was a Bee.

Any one passing along Howard street just before noon, not long since, would have seen him laying under one of the shade trees in his yard, a pillow under his head, his feet on a bench, and a magazine in his hands. He looked the picture of comfort and contentment, and the women who were going along with pull-back dresses on sighed and wished they were men.

The great City Hall bell struck the hour of noon. The deep toned echoes floated out on the still summer air and touched a tender chord in the Howard street man's heart. The echoes sounded to him like whispers of the night wind singing through the grand old wilderness.

'Oh! solemn bell!' he said. 'Oh! sad solemn—!'

That was all he said about the bell. A bumble bee settled down on him to look for sugar, and as he turned partly over he gave the bee a rub. It is a bad thing to rub any kind of a bee. He feels insulted and gets annoyed at things which a mud turtle or a dove would pass by without a thought. The echoes of the bell were just dying away when the Howard street man got up. He got up like a man in a hurry. He went away from there. He didn't meander—he went like a rocket. Something seemed to ail him. He made a line for the house, and up the steps at a bound, and, as his wife asked him the cause of his haste, he replied:

'Thunder—oop! hoop!'

'Is this house on fire?' she asked, as he tore around the parlor and upset things.

'House be—oop! Lordy!' he answered, as he made a circle of the room and dashed into the hall.

The dog rushed after him, the wife rushed after the dog, and the man bound out of the house.

'Are you crazy, Robert?' shrieked the wife, as she beheld him pounding his legs with his new silk hat.

Two or three boys run in from the street, a strange dog came in and got up a fight, and all things conspired to make a lively time.

'He's got the colic,' yelled out one of the boys.

'Or the tremors,' shouted another.

'See that hat!' shouted a third.

'Boys, go out of here!' whispered the panting man, as he stopped using his hat. They went out, and as he limped into the house, his tearful wife asked:

'Now, then, will you tell me what has happened?'

'No, I won't!' he shouted, and he didn't. She fell into hysterics at the thought he had used his brain too much, and had suddenly become crazed, and he went down to the drug store and applied arnica to the spot, and informed the clerk that a thousand of the largest kind of bumble bees had settled right down on him in a body.

Don't Worry About Yourself.

To regain or recover health persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body. For a person to think that he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. It is found in the hospital that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of it themselves; and the mental power is so great that sometimes people die of disease which they only have in imagination. We have seen a person seasick in anticipation of a voyage before reaching the vessel. We have known a person to die of cancer in the stomach when he had no cancer or any other mortal disease. A blind-folded man slightly pricked in the arm has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, well persons, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith men are saved, and it is by their faith that men die. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease; and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls, and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselve; they are only resources of life—tenements of their souls. The will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.—*Journal of Health.*

Sowing Wild Oats.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

There is an ancient story of a man who owned a beautiful field which a wily stranger vainly sought to purchase.

The young man was firm in his refusal to sell the inheritance of his fathers.—When every effort failed, the stranger at last offered to hire what he could not buy; and proposed to rent the land long enough to raise one crop to maturity and get it off, and then the lease was to expire, the property revert to the owner, and the stranger's right in the field was to cease.

The bargain was concluded, and the cunning scamp sowed the soil with *acorns*, from end to end. The first year they sprouted like leaves, the next year they grew like scions, five years after they were slender rods, ten years after they were thrifty saplings, twenty years they were young trees, and so the crop grew on until the young man became old and poor, and weary with waiting; and when at last, grizzled and gray, broken with many years, he sank into his grave, his own verdant field was a forest of oaks, which lifted their giant arms heavenward to the sunshine, defied the summer drouth and the wintry hurricane, and bade fair to survive the storms and changes of many centuries.

At yet the lease was unexpired. The one crop had not become mature nor been gathered to the garner, but the thoughtless young man had lost his heritage; the land was his no more.

Just so in the fair generous soil of youth, with its bounding pulses and its exhuberant life, Satan says, "Let me sow just one crop, and gather it in, and then, in a little while, when it is removed, I will ask no more. Pluck up the good seed sown at a mother's knee, buried by a mother's prayers, and watered by a mother's tears, clear off the rubbish that has grown up from the sweet influences of home, amid the gentle loves of sisterhood, and the kindly power of piety and grace; away will all religious mopings and godly nonsense, clear the field for a new crop—just one; young men, you know, 'must sow their wild oats.' When this crop is off, then there will be time for other grains. Then, in mature life, plant the seeds of goodness, greatness, nobility, purity, and godliness; all these may grow, Satan says, 'only let me first have one crop of wild oats.'

And multitudes give heed to his wiles and consent to his proposals. But of all the mad delusions of mortals, theirs is the worst. Nothing grows longer, or roots stronger than wild oats. And may God pity the man who has leased his soul to Satan for one such crop. I have seen wild oats sown and grown. I have seen the harvest. I have seen the fatal brand of lust upon the beastly countenances. I have seen the blear of drunkenness in the reddened eye. I have seen the restless twitching of the shattered nerves. I have seen the stiffened gait of the ruined debauchee, and the sneeking glance which told that nothing but brass could make him hold up his head before the world. I have seen the wasted form, the sunken cheeks, the hectic flush. I have heard the shattered voice, the hollow cough, the sad confession, the vain regrets! Aye, I have preached Christ through grated windows, and in gloomy cells, and through the long, stony corridors whence bars and bolts shut out the freedom and the joy of life; I have looked on fetters, and knelt by the side of the young man guilty of his brother's blood and amid it all I have said, 'This is the harvest that comes of sowing wild oats.'

Yes, and there are dark, dishonored graves, where lie in the buried hopes of fathers, the joys of mothers' hearts, the pride of brothers, the love of sisters fair, and in the rank and tangled weeds that sprout and flourish, feeding on the corruptions of the dead, we see the result of 'sowing wild oats.'

Young man, possessed of all the grand opportunities of youthful life in this swift speeding age, can you, will you, lend your soul to Satan for to raise one crop of wild oats? Will you sell your brith-right for a summer's purchase? Will you, in the beastliness of lust, in the vortex of pleasure, in the red gleaming of the wine-cup, in the deadly hallucinations of narcotic drugs, in the poison of tobacco, in the pleasures of riot, in the foul pestilence of disease, in the madness of the gaming table, in the painted harlot's vile embrace, will you, can you, drown all there is about you of purity, and nobleness, and principle, and manliness, and become a poor, degraded, wretched thing?

Would you find your youth a fond delusion, your manhood a fruitless struggle, and your old age a vain regret? Would you spend a weary, worthless life, and see your sun go down at noon? Would you feel that existence has been a mournful failure, never to be retrieved? Would you come before the Giver of your powers, to receive His condemnation and His curse? Would you miss that glad and glorious immortality which is the heritage of all the sons of God? Would you come forth in the last harvest day, to shame and everlasting contempt? Then sow wild oats.'

You cannot eradicate the crop. The admantine chains that bind together cause and effect will link you to the results of your actions here. Some things are already done beyond recall! In God alone is there pardon for the past! In Christ alone is there salvation from the guilt already incurred. In the blood of sprinkling alone, is there cleansing from the deep stains that now pollute your soul. In the Holy Spirit alone, is there a renovating power that shall revive and renew the wasting vigor of your moral life. In God's word alone, is there a lamp to guide your feet in your perplexed and dangerous path. In God's love and grace alone, is there deliverence from all your iniquities.

Rejecting these, you will bind the millstone of sin about your neck as with the chains of fate, and plunge hepeless in the fiery billows of despair. Beware what you sow. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.' Gal. vi.7.9.

What to Teach our Boys.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their faces and hands, brush their hair, and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to their mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and as helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which will otherwise take the time of some one or other, who has more to do than themselves.

Not to make their friends among boys

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on his own buttons.

If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into confidence, and, above all, ever to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, necessaries to bad ones.

To remember there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To learn to save their money, and invest it, from the first penny they earn, and they are sure to be rich men.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

Influence of Reading.

If we were to pray for a taste which would stand us in stead under every circumstances, and a source of happiness and cherfulness to us through life, and a shield against its ills however it might go amiss and the world from upon us, it would be a taste for reading. We speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and superior and stronger panoply of religious principle; but as a taste, an instrument, and as a source of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible that the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in the habit of reading, well directed over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of.

Damaged Men.

You can see any day in the streets of any city, men who look damaged. Men, too, of good, original material, who, started out in life with generous aspirations, once it was said that they were bright, promising lads; once they looked happily into the faces of mothers, whose daily breath was a prayer for their purity and peace. Ah! what if some of them have vowed their souls away to confiding wives who silently wonder what can be the meaning of this change—the cold, slow-creeping shadows—that is coming over the house and heart.

Going to the bad the spell of evil companionship; the willingness to hold and use money not honestly gained; the stealthy, seductive, plausible advance of the appetite for strong drink; the treacherous fascination of the gaming table; the gradual loss of interest in business, and in doings which build a man up; the rapid weakening of all noble purposes; the decay of manliness; the recklessness and blasphemy against fate; the sullen despair of ever breaking the chains of evil habits. What victories of shame and contempt, what harvest of hell, have grown from such seed as this!

"Gil."

BY M. QUAD.

A ragged, sad eyed boy, aged nine or ten, stopped me on the street the other day and said;

'I have not had anything to eat this whole day. Won't you please give me ten cents?'

I gave it to him. I'd have given him the money if it had been necessary to pawn my hat.

'Do you let impositors swindle you in that way?' asked an acquaintance.

A journalist who has knocked around for a daily paper for a dozen of years, has seen every phase of human life. Men, women and children have swindled him, or sought to; people have lied to him; his money has been given to whining, lying vagrants, who told direful tales of distress, and he ought to be able to correctly read human nature.

'I'll bet that boy is a professional beggar?' continued my friend, chuckling at the idea of my being swindled.

None of us care for the loss of a shinplaster on the street, while every one feels vexed and annoyed at the idea of being swindled out of a single penny. I could not say that the boy was not a swindler, and yet I would have divided my last shilling with him.

'Why?'

I told my friend why, and I will tell you.

One day last year, when the wild wind blew the snow over the house-roofs and around the corner in blinding clouds, and when the frosty air cut one's face like a knife, a boy of ten came up to me as I waited for the car. He was thinly clad, his face betrayed hungering and suffering, and in a mournful voice he pleaded:

'I'm hungry and cold.'

'Why don't you go home?' I said.

'I haven't any.

'Haven't you any relatives?'

'Not one.'

'How long have you been here?'

'Three weeks.'

The boy spoke in that drawl which professional beggars assume. I believe, too, that I had seen his face on the streets, time and again. I hardened my heart and said:

'Boy! I know you, and if I catch you asking any one for money again I will have you arrested.'

He moved away quickly. I argued that this proved his guilt, forgetting that a homeless, friendless waif might evince fear when entirely innocent.

Five hours later, when night had come, the wind had blown to a fierce gale, the boy halted me again, as I plunged through the snow-drifts. I did not see him until he called out:

'Master! I'm almost starved, I'll freeze to death if I can't get some place to sleep.'

The same thin, ragged clothes, hardly comfortable enough for June weather—the same whine in his voice. I felt like giving him money, but the fear he had been sent out by his parents to beg, restrained and angered me. Catching him by the arm, I yelled out:

'See here boy! If you don't own up that you are lying to me, I'll take you to the station.'

Through the blinding storm I saw his white face grow paler, and he cried back:

'Don't take me—don't. Yes, I was lying.'

I released him and he hurried away, while I walked on, flattering myself that I had played a sharp game and done the generous public a good turn.

An hour later when the night had grown still wilder and colder, some one knocked at my door. It was a timid knock, and I wondered who could have sent a child abroad on such a night. When I opened the door that same boy was on the step, his face blue with cold, his whole form shivering, and a look of desperation in his eyes.

'Please, Mister——!' he began, but stopped when recognizing me.

I was puzzled to know why he should have followed me home—why he had selected me for a victim and trailed me so persistently. I might have argued that the storm had driven people off the streets, and that the freezing, starving boy had, in his desperation, called at the house, but I didn't. Had it been any other boy, or any other person asking charity I would have given promptly and freely. But was angry at his trailing me—angered that he thought he could swindle me, and I grabbed at him and inquired:

'Boy, what is your name?'

He leaped back, and, standing where the furious storm almost buried him from sight, he answered:

'Gil.'

'I know you, sir,' I shouted, and he moved away without another word.

May the Lord forgive me for that night's work; but you might have acted the same. When morning came, after a night so bitter that policemen were frozen on their beats, I opened the door to find that boy dead on the steps, frozen to death. I knew, as the dead white face looked up at me through the snow, that I had wronged him with my suspicions, but it was too late then,—the angels had opened to him a gate leading to a place where the human heart and its unworthy thoughts can never enter. Poor Gill! a warm meal or a shilling would have saved his life, and I drove him out to his death.

This is why I give when I am asked now. I know sometimes I give to the unworthy, but it would be better to give all I possessed to an impostor than to have another homeless waif creep back to die on the spot where I had unjustly accused him.

Origin of the Term "Brother Jonathan."

The story of the origin of the above term, as related many years ago to the editor of the *Norwich Courier*, by a gentleman over eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution, is as follows:

"When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it and make preparations for the defense of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose Judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.'—The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan.' The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but, 'Brother Jonathan' has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England."

A Sea Serpent in Conflict With a Whale.

The Zanzibar correspondent of the *Western Morning News*, writing under date of October 20, says: The bark *Pauline* has arrived at Zanzibar, with coals for her Majesty's ships. When off Cape St. Roque, South America, a sight was presented that made the crew aghast—nothing less than the great sea serpent engaged in a conflict with a whale. It had wound itself twice round the whale, and was twirling it with tremendous velocity, lashing the water into foam. The noise could be distinctly heard on board, and after battling for some time both disappeared. The serpent's length can be imagined. It had two coils round a full sized sperm whale, with thirty feet clear at each end. Its diameter was from three to four feet. They saw it twice afterward. Once it came very close to the vessel, and raised itself about sixty feet out of the water, as if about to attack them. I have questioned men and officers, trying to find out any discrepency between their statements, but am a convert to the belief that it was seen. Another naval officer writes to the *Western Morning News* to precisely the same effect; and the officers of her Majesty's ships, on the station are said to be convinced of the truth of the story.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Capital and Experience.

Drawyer was chatting a few weeks ago on the piazza of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, with a bright German gentleman, retired from business, who related the following little anecdote:

'Going down to New York the other night on the boat,' he said, 'I got chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing.

'Vell,' he replied 'shoos now I am doing noding, but I have made arrangement to go into piziness.'

'Glad to hear it. What are you going into?'

'Vel I goes into partnership mit a man.'

'Do you put in much capital?'

'No, I dosn't put in no gabital.'

'Don't want to risk it eh?'

'No, but I puts in de experience.'

'And he puts in the capital?'

'Yes, dot is it. We goes into piziness for dree years; he puts in the gabital, I puts in de experience. At the end of dree year I will have de gapital, and he will have de experience!'

TERRIBLE IF TRUE.—We have heard of a very distressing accident occurring in Jackson county, West Virginia. It was a "house raising." As is customary on such occasions, chickens had been killed by chopping off their heads. Two little sons of the owner of the house to be raised saw the chickens thus guillotined, and during the day concluded to repeat the operation. It was just at a time when the men were lifting a heavy log into its place. The father, who was holding one end of the log, casting his eyes towards the little fellows, one of whom had the axe raised to sever the neck of his brother, let go of the log to save the boy, and it fell, killing six men, two instantly, the others living only a few hours. The axe fell before the father could reach the scene, severing the neck of the son.—*Middleport* (Ohio) *News.*

A NEW USE FOR ONIONS.—A New Hampshire paper states that the speediest way to cure the epizootic and make a horse thoroughly happy is to give him onions.—In proof whereof the case of a Portsmouth horse is cited, which had a severe attack of the disease, and his owner placed half a dozen onions in with his regular food.—The horse tackled three of the onions immediately, and by the time he had swallowed them began to cough and sneeze and prance about, appearing quite indignant, and refusing to touch the remaing onions. For full five minutes he wept at the nose, and then—he was a cured horse. He has not had a cough, a sneeze, nor any symptom of the epizootic since, but he had the courage to eat the onions remaining in the crib the next day after the cure.