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 businessmen generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XVII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY JAN. 18, 1877. NO. 27.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted 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 ◆◆◆◆ BALTO. ◆◆◆◆ FREE LIBY

Poetry.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of each other,
As we pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife!
We can only see things on the surface,
For few people glory in sin,
And on unruffled is no index
To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!
To man who to-day passes by,
Blessed with honor, fortune and titles,
And holding his proud head on high,
May carry a dead secret with him
Which makes in his bosom a hell,
And he sooner or later, a felon,
May writhe in the prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
That woman of fashion, who sneers
At the poor girl betrayed and abandoned,
And left to her sighs and her tears,
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her face
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other!
Of ourselves too little we know;
We are all weak when under temptation,
All subject to error and woe.
Then let blessed charity rule,
Let us put away envy and spite—
For the skeleton grim in our closet,
May some day be brought out to light.

Going to the Dogs.

"I received your bill to-day, Mr. Leonard," said Mr. Baker, as he entered the shop of a master mechanic.

"I hope it will cause you no trouble. I make it a rule to send out all bills at this season," returned the mechanic, bowing.

"Oh, no; not at all. I am ready to pay you," said Baker; "but I think your bill rather high. You must throw off something. Let me see—" and the customer drew out the bill—"twenty-seven dollars and forty-six cents—twenty-five will do. There, receipt the bill, and I will pay you.

But Leonard shook his head.

"I can't deduct a cent from the bill, Mr. Baker. Every article is charged at our regular prices, and every cent less than the bill is just so much clear loss to me."

"Oh, yes, you can. Just make it twenty-five dollars, even money. Here it is." And Mr. Baker counted out the cash.

"I am sorry, Mr. Baker, I cannot afford to deduct anything. If you owed me only twenty-five dollars your bill would have been just that amount. I would not have added a cent beyond what is due, nor can I take anything less than my due."

"Then you won't deduct the odd money?"

"I cannot, indeed."

"Very well." The manner of the customer was changed. He was evidently offended. "The bill is too high by just the sum I asked to have stricken off. But no matter. I can pay it."

"Then you mean to insinuate," said the mechanic, who was an independent sort of a man, "that I am cheating you out of two dollars and forty-six cents."

"I didn't say so."

"But it is plain you think so, or you wouldn't have asked an abatement. If you considered my charges just you wouldn't dispute them."

"Oh, never mind, never mind! we'll not waste words about it. Here's your money," said Mr. Baker, and he added another five dollar bill to the sun he had already laid down. The mechanic receipted the account and made the change, both of which the customer thrust into his pocket with a petulant air, and then turned and left the shop without another word.

"It's the last bill he will ever have against me," muttered Baker to himself as he turned away. "If that is his manner of treating his customers he'll soon go to the dogs. It was downright insulting, and no gentleman will stand that from another, much less from a vulgar mechanic. Mean to insinuate! Yes, humph! Yes, I did mean to insinuate," said Mr. Baker, volubly quickening his pace. "He will lose a good customer," he continued to himself. "I have paid him a great deal of money, but it's the last dollar of my money he'll ever handle."

Baker was as good as his word. He withdrew his custom from the offending mechanic and gave it to another.

"I've got one of your old customers, Leonard," said a friend in the same business to the mechanic, some six or eight months afterwards.

"Ah! who is it?"

"Baker."

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

"How came you to lose him?"

"I'll tell you how to keep him," said Leonard, "if you want to adopt that kind of business; I confess I do not myself."

"Well, how?"

"If your bill amounts to thirty dollars make it thirty-three and a few odd cents by increasing some of the items. He will want the surplus knocked off, which you can afford to do; then he will pay it and think you are just the man for him."

"You lost him, then, because you wouldn't abate anything from a true bill?"

"I did."

"Thank you. But suppose my bill should be twenty-six, or twenty-seven, or eight; what then? I couldn't knock off the odd dollars for the purpose of making an even sum."

"No; in that case you must add on till you get above thirty."

"And fall back on that?"

"Yes; it will be knocking off odd dollars, which he will think clear gain."

"That would hardly be honest."

"Very true. Remember, I do not advise you to follow such a plan. I am only telling you what kind of a man you are dealing with."

"Well, I do not intend to cheat him; but if he likes that way I suppose I must accommodate him."

On the very first bill Baker paid to the new tradesman he obtained an abatement of two dollars and ninety cents, which amount was purposely added, and Baker went away flattering himself that he had saved that much by "beating down."

Having withdrawn his support from Leonard it was the candid opinion of Mr. Baker he was "going to the dogs," as he expressed it, about as fast as a man could go. He often passed the shop, but rarely saw a customer.

"No wonder,' he would say to himself. "A man like him can't expect and doesn't deserve custom.'

In the eyes of Mr. Baker the very grass seemed to grow upon the pavement before the door of the declining tradesman. Dust settled thickly in his window, and the old sign turned grayer and grayer in the bleaching air.

"Going to the dogs, and no wonder,' Baker would say to himself as he went by. He appeared to take a strange interest in watching the gradual decay of the mechanic's fortune. One day a mercantile friend said to him:

"Don't you know anything about this Leonard?'

"Why?' asked Baker.

"Because he wants to make a pretty large bill with me."

"On time?'

"Oh, no. And that is why I asked. I am surprised that he should be so particular to ask me the cash price of everything. Of course you know we can make a large discount on goods for ready money, and it struck me that perhaps he wanted to get my cash price of everything and then desire to buy on time or turn me out worthless securities."

"Don't sell to him. Why, the man is going to the dogs at railroad speed.'

"Indeed!'

"Yes; I am looking every day to see him close up. He might have done well, for he understood his business. But he's so unaccommodating, and, I might say, insulting to his customers, that he drives the best of them away. I used to make large bills with him, but haven't dealt with him for some time.'

"Ah, I was not aware of that, I am glad that I spoke to you, for I should not like to lose six or seven hundred dollars.'

"Six or seven hundred dollars! Is it possible that he wants to buy recklessly? He has no such amount of money. Depend upon it, there is some trick. Take my advice and don't think of trusting him.

"I certainly shall not.'

But the next day, Mr. Leonard finding he could do no better, ordered the goods sent to his place of business, and then drew a check on the bank for the full amount.—The merchant, still doubtful that all was right, withheld the goods until he sent the check to the bank. It was readily cashed, much to his astonishment.

It happened that Mr. Leonard had a very pretty and very interesting daughter, on whose education the mechanic had bestowed great pains; and it so happened that Baker had a son, who in most things was a 'chip of the old block.' Particularly was he like his father in his great love for money, and scarcely had he reached his majority ere he began to look around him for a good matrimonial arrangement by which plenty of money would be secured. Such sordid, calculating souls are not rare in society. Their only standard of excellence is money. Honesty, talents, industry, and disposition are of no account in their estimation. Money mends, or rather hides, all imperfections, be they of body or mind.

Adelaide Leonard, on account of her beauty and accomplishments, was much sought after, and mingled freely in society. Young Baker had met her frequently, and could not help being struck with her beauty and grace, although, most unfortunately, he had so much of his father's mercenary spirit that beauty and grace were of little account without money.

"There is a chance for you,' said a friend to him one evening.

"In Miss Leonard?'

"Yes.'

"She's a charming girl,' replied the young man. "I wonder if her father is worth anything?'

"People say so.'

"Indeed!'

"Yes. They say the old fellow has laid up something quite handsome, and, as Adelaide is his only child, she will, of course, get it all.'

"I was not aware of that.'

After this young Baker was exceedingly attentive to Miss Leonard, and made preceptible inroads upon her heart. He even went so far as to visit pretty regularly at her house, and was meditating an avowal of his attachment when his father said to him one day:

"What young lady was that I saw you with yesterday afternoon?'

"Her name is Leonard.'

"The daughter of old Leonard, the mechanic?'

"I think so, although I have never seen him. He is always away at his work.'

Mr. Baker looked grave and shook his head.

"Do you know anything about her?' asked the son.

"Nothing about her; but I know her father is going to the dogs as fast as ever man went.'

"Indeed! I thought he was very well off.'

"Oh, no! I've been looking to see his shop shut up, or to hear of his being sold out by the Sheriff, every day for these two years past.'

"Indeed!'

"Miss Leonard is a very lovely girl.

"There's no gainsaying Adelaide's personal attractions,' replied the son; "but if her father is in the condition you allege that settles the matter as far as she is concerned. I am glad you introduced the subject, for I might have committed myself, and, when too late, have discovered my error.'

"And a sad error it would have been, Henry. In any future matter of this kind I hope you will be perfectly frank with me. I have much more accurate knowledge of the condition and standing of people than you can possibly have.'

The son promised to do what the father wished. From that time the visits to Miss Leonard were abated, and his attentions to her when they met in society became coldly formal. The sweet young girl, whose feelings had really been interested, felt the change and was for a time unhappy, but in a few months she recovered herself and was again cheerful and bright as usual.

One day, about a year after his timely caution to his son in regard to Miss Leonard, Baker happened to pass along a street where he had not been for some months.—Just opposite a large new, beautiful house, to which the painters were giving their last touches, he met a friend. As they passed Baker said:

"That is an elegant house. It has been built since I was in the neighborhood.'

"Yes, it is a very fine house, and I suppose it didn't cost less than twenty thousand dollars.

"Do you know who owns it?'

"Yes. It was built by Leonard.'

"By whom?' Baker looked surprised.

"By old Leonard. You know him.'

"Impossible! He is not able to build a house like that.'

"Oh, yes he is, and half a dozen more if necessary.'

"Leonard!'

"Certainly. Why he's worth at least a hundred thousand dollars.'

"You must be in error.'

"No. His daughter is to be married next month to an excellent young man, and this house has been built and is to be furnished as a marriage present.'

"Incredible! I thought he was going or had gone to the dogs long ago.'

"Leonard!' The friend could not help laughing aloud. "He go to the dogs? Oh, no! There isn't a man in trade who does so good a business, with as little show as he makes. Good work, good prices, and punctuality are the cardinal virtues of his establishment, and make all substantial—How in the world could you have taken such a notion?'

"I don't know, but such has been my impression for a long time,' replied Baker, who felt exceedingly cut down on account of the mistake he had made, and particularly so in view of the elegant house and a hundred thousand dollars, which might have all belonged to his son in time if he had not fallen into such an egregious error about old Leonard. But that error was most fortunate for the charming daughter of the mechanic, for nothing on earth is more intolerable than where man and wife are bound together only by a money consideration.

So the world moves on. People are prone to think what they smile on lives, and what they frown upon is blighted and must die.

Every Day Religion.

We must come back to our point, which is, not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep others' vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who tells of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time to fill these up with holy service. —*Spurgeon.*

MISTRESS: "Come, Bridget, how much longer are you going to be about filling that pepper box?" Bridget (a fresh importation from where they don't use pepper castors): "Shure, ma'am, and it's meeself can't say how long it'll be takin' me to git all this stuff in the thing through the little holes in the top."

Do Your Own Work.

A shipbuilder, intending to build a ship, sent men to the forest to fell timber fit for his purpose. The men brought to him a large number of trees of various size, quality, and name,—oak and pine, birch and elm. The trees, according to our parable, knowing that they were to be used in the building of a ship, were all ambitious of having a conspicuous and important place in the floating structure. All the fine straight trees hoped to be made into masts, yards, and other honorable spars. One fine tree of large scantling was sure it would be made the mainmast; another stout, bulky piece of timber counted upon being made the bowsprit, the foremost and proudest part of the ship. When the shipbuilder went round to examine the lot of wood laid down in his building yard, he marked the would-be mainmast as the *keel*, for it was *oak*, not *pine*, and so, instead of its coveted elevation, a low place was assigned it—far out of sight. The self-elected bow-sprit was marked as a cross-beam under the deck; and so of other logs, larger or smaller. Not one of them obtained the place it sought; but all had the good sense to acknowledge that the shipbuilder knew better than the ship's timber what each log was fitted for, and they had the satisfaction of reflecting that the parts of the vessel which were entirely out of sight were quite essential to the strength, completeness, and usefulness of the ship as the loftiest spar and the most conspicuous ornament of the wonderful fabric. A ship, composed of innumerable parts, is a splendid *unity*, and so is a Christian church. But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him; that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one of another.

Remedy for Trouble.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will.—There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want to sleep—calm sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, you go loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry of your woes, you will lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast the next morning and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well as leaving no disagreeable sequels, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE BEATEN PARTY.—"My son," said a pious father on South Hill to his hopeful son, "you did not saw any wood for the kitchen stove yesterday, I told you to; you left the back gate open and let the cow out; you cut off eighteen feet from the clothes line to make a lasso; you stoned Mr. Robinson's pet dog and lamed it; you put a hard-shelled turtle in the hired girl's bed; you fed a strange dog to Mr. Jacobson's door bell, and painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polaby's white pony, and hung your sister's bustle out at the front window. Now, what am I—what can I do to you for such conduct?' "Are all the counties heard from?" asked the candidate. The father replied sternly: "No trifling, sir; no, I have yet several reports to receive from others of the neighbors." "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official count is in." Shortly after the election was thrown into the house, and before half the votes were canvassed it was evident, from the peculiar intonation of the applause, that the boy was badly beaten.

A GOOD WINTER WIFE.—A negro man has just applied to a Milton magistrate to know how to get his wife back. Milton is only separated from the Virginia line by a small creek, and it seems the woman's brother had run her off from her husband and taken her across the creek. "How can I get her boss, un' what's de law in Virginny?" asked the negro. "The cheapest way," said the magistrate, "is to have no law about it; just go across the creek and overpower her and bring her home." "I'll sho do it, boss," said the negro; "a hard winter sett'n in, no wood and no nuffin; but dat gal weighs 200, and she gibs out heat like a stove, d' only time a wife's comfort." He waded the creek with a steer whip in one hand and a long rope in the other.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

"MY friends," said a minister, as a preface to his sermon, "let us say a few words before we begin."

Singular Property of Tomato Leaves.

"I planted a peach orchard," writes M. Siroy, of the Society of Horticulture, Valparaiso, "and the trees grow well and strongly. They had but just commenced to bud when they were invaded by the curculio (*pulgon*), which insects were followed, as frequently happens, by ants. Having cut some tomatoes, the idea occured to me that by placing some of the leaves around the trunks and branches of the peach-trees, I might preserve them from the rays of the sun, which was very powerful. My surprise was great upon the following day to find the trees entirely free from their enemies, not one remaining, except here and there where a curled leaf prevented the tomato from exercising its influence. These leaves I carefully unrolled, placing upon them fresh ones from the tomato vine, with the result of banishing the last insect and enabling the trees to grow with luxuriance. Wishing to carry still further my experiment, I steeped in water some fresh leaves of the tomato and sprinkled with this infusion other plants, roses, oranges. In two days these were also free from the innumerable insects which covered them, and I felt sure that, had I used the same means with my melon patch, I should have met with the same result. I therefore deem it a duty I owe to the Society of Horticulture to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaves, which I discovered by the merest accident."—*Living Age.*

Fame of Fruit.

Love of honor is right; to be ruled by such love is sinful. The temptation is strong to avoid posts of service, and seek those of fame. Many a man will work well in the lead, but loses all interest when others have control. Lust for the uppermost seats distracts and weakens many a Christian church. Ministers even are ensnared by the temptation, and neglect that work which yields no *eclat*, and devote all their powers where fame is likely to be won. Do they not often hunger more for throngs of hearers than saved souls? Is not love of fame often at the root of eagerness for pulpit notoriety? Those do not save souls who preach to the most people. The best work that is done in the ministry is by obscure men—quiet, every-day workers, who preach from house to house and win souls one by one. In glory we shall be surprised at the wealth of stars which flash from the crowns of men never heralded as great on earth. The sweetest, dearest spot to live and work is in forgetfulness of honor and absorption in love for the lost. In such a spirit, we delight in hard, needy fields, more than where the people are cultivated, fashionable and good; seek the morally sick and degraded, because such are more needy, rather than the well and honorable; seek fruit rather than fame.

"THE SPIRIT"—The indwelling presence and power of God, under whatever varying names,—was to Paul, and doubtless to all the apostles and the churches in which they wrought, the crowning truth of religion of Christ. It was this in which Paul found his salvation from the sin that worked in his lower nature. It was to this that he gave all the praise for whatever he achieved, feeling himself to be nothing, and the Divine power and goodness to be all. It was this spiritual communion which he felt to be higher even than those disclosures of the risen Jesus which marked the great epochs of his life: "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh yet now henceforth know we him no more." It was this Spirit, this God in the heart, to which he looked for freedom, for victory, for light, for love, joy, peace

RUSKIN says a man ought to know—1. Where he is,—that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how they do live; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. 2. Where he is going—that is to say, what chances and reports there are of any other world beside this; what is to be the nature of the other world; and whether, for information respecting it, he had better consult the Bible, the Koran, or the Council of Trent. 3. What he had best do under these circumstances,—that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what is the present state of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of obtaining happiness and imparting it to others.

A WIFE'S OPINION.—A man was sawing wood the other day in his back yard. He sawed two sticks as thick as your arm and then went into the house. "Mary," said he to his wife, my country needs me;—there's no use talking, we have just got to slaughter all these Injuns; no true patriot can be expected to hang around a woodpile these days."—"John," said his wife "if you fight Indians as well as you saw wood and support your family, it would take one hundred and eighteen like you to capture one squaw, and then you'd have to catch her when she had the ague and throw pepper in her eyes." John went back to the wood-pile wondering who on earth told his wife all about him.

HOPE is the ruddy morning of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—*Richter.*

The Stary Heavens.

The intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the West and North remained unchanged. Steadily the wonderous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch stars shut up their holy eyes; the East began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky, the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magicians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—*Edward Everett.*

SELECTED MISCELLANY.—Happiness is having what one likes; contentment is liking what one has; but contentment is only the pale ghost of happiness.

One of the happiest and most independent of the human occupations is that of an intelligent farmer, whose land is paid for and who keeps out of debt.

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all in it, even to the dog and the cat, share our affections. Do not repine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

We never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How can they govern others? Those who govern well, are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

LOUD TALKERS IN PUBLIC.—Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, talking of railway manners, tells this story: "A young woman suddenly flounces in her seat and throws up her arms, and exclaims to her fellow-travelers through a companion, 'Did you ever know anything so hot? I'm stifling. Can't you open this window? Whew! whew! O, dear! it's dreadful, isn't it? It's always so in these cars. My! it's awful!" On one occasion, when this kind of remark had been made at some length for the edification of the company, a voice was heard from the other end of the car, 'Yes'm, it's awful. But let's try to bear up. 'Tain't nothin' to the sufferin's of the early Christians!" A general laugh followed, and nothing further was heard from that young woman.

AN Arkansawyer, who dates his letter at Clarendon, writes that a gentleman of color was arrained before a justice of the peace of the same hue on a charge of stealing cow-peas. The theft was clearly proven, but the sable magistrate was in doubt as to what punishment to inflict. Aided by the constable, he pored carefully over the Statutes, to find a penalty for "stealing cow-peas." Failing to find anything applicable to the case, he delivered himself as follows "De prisner will stand yere! De cote can't fine no law 'bout stealin' peas; but you must be punished, sah! Raise your rght hand! I frows you into equity, and fines you ten dollars. Now don't steal no more cow-peas and git cotched!"

UNTRAMMELED RICHES.—In the wild country of Buenos Ayres, in South America, many a man who is very rich in cattle has not a bed in his house, and is too indifferent or lazy to shear the wool from his sheep to spread on the ground beneath him. He may own a thousand oxen and horses, and perhaps five thousand sheep, but he has not a chair or anything in his house such as we think we must have in order to be comfortable. The skull of an ox furnishes a seat which he thinks is good enough, and a horn is his cup. This is all his household furniture

POMPEY: Was you eber in lub, Sambo? Sambo: No, Pompey, I'se neber had dat 'sperience; has you?—Pompey: Oh, yes, Sambo, I knows what dat thrillin' emohsun is. Sambo: Well. Pompey, please 'splain it to dis unfortunate chile. Pompey: I'se very happy Sambo, to tell you in a beautiful figger, what it am like. When I was in love it was like a buckwheat cake a floatin' up in de sky, while all de little angels was pourin' 'lasses on me.

IN all Buddhist temples a tall and broad-leaved lily stands directly on the front of the altar. Its idea is as beautiful as its workmanship. It represents that just as the pure white flower may grow out of the mire and filth, and blossom into loveliness, so may the heart of man raise itself above the wickedness and corruption of the world unto a state of spotless purity.

Truth and Right.

Obedience to law, the observance of the constitution and the maintenance of truth is not a party question or proceeding. It is beyond party and above party. Parties may contend, and I believe it wholesome in a free government that parties should contend, over measures and candidates.—But when the contest has been submitted to the ballot-box, the final arbitrament of popular contests known in our system, the only duty, the only lawful proceeding connected with it which remains, is to find an honest, true result, to declare it, bow to it and stand by it. That is the duty of the hour. It rests on the two houses of Congress, it rests on the nation, it rests on every citizen of the republic. That it will be done, and done peacefully, decently and in order the petitioners do not, I think, disbelieve. They, in common with all men, may derive confidence from the fact that interest and expendiency, not less than patriotism and honor point in one direction and teach one lesson. That lesson is:—"Whoever stands on truth and right shall not fall; whoever stands on falsehood and wrong shall be overthrown."—*Senator Conkling's speech in the U. S. Senate, Jan. 4.*

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is the clear, blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face, a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright and softening the hue of the dark; like a flute in full chorus of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

AN eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey.—The prosecutor had left the animal tied to a gate, and, when he returned, it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness. "Do you mean to say, witness the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir, "giving the judge and jury a sly look, at the same time pointing to the counsel, the ass was Missing."

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in his Hospital Sabbath sermon in London recently, told the story of a sick man who begged a priest to give him a crown. The priest refusing, he begged for farthing. "No," again said the ecclesiastic; "but kneel down and I will give you my blessing."—"Not so," said the invalid; "if you will not help my necessity I do not want your blessing." "And he was right," said Spurgeon. "A man who would do nothing to keep alive a poor creature's body he could do little for his soul."

IF Jesus were God only, and not man he could not suffer anything whereby to satisfy Divine justice; if man only, and not God, he could not satisfy, even though he suffered. If man only, his satisfaction could not be sufficient for God; if God only, it would not be suitable for man. And, therefore, be capable of suffering for men, and able to satisfy God, himself must be both God and man.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

A little boy was summoned as a witness in a recent case before the Frederick County Court. Being examined as to his knowledge of the nature of an oath he said "he would go to hell if he swore falsely." He was asked the location of that interesting place, and said it was "in Sugar Loaf mountain," which makes it a dreadfully convenient locality for Frederick county people.

"That boy!" We know him. He's "our "boy. When you want him, he isn't there. When you don't want him, he's "investigating." What you don't know, most likly he can tell you. What you do know, he's bound to find out. What you have lost, he has left somewhere, and he knows where everything is except what you want.

"WHERE did this baby come from?" asked a little three year girl of the nurse, who was washing the squealing little stranger. "Why, from heaven, of course!" replied the nurse. "Well, if it screamed like that there, I don't wonder they sent it off!" was the stunning rejoiner.

CHRISTIANS are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each others roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.—*Bunyan.*

A hundred years ago when you called on a girl she kissed you good-by. Now if you suggest anything of the sort, her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?

UPON the unsteady flower that rocks in the breeze the bee makes her perch and gathers her honey—thus man enjoys the fleeting things of earthly life while all things rock under his feet.—*Auerbach*

IT is stated that 60,000 Philadelphia familes will break up housekeeping on the 1st of January, and start around the country making centennial calls. Revenge is sweet.