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, MAY 10, 1877. NO. 43.

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO. Md.

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.

Poetry.

WHOLE-HEARTED.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might,
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright:
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive *me*,
But believe me,
To *himself* he is a sneak.

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy, or heal a pain;
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, and with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things;
God will hear and answer too.
Trust Him ever;
Doubt Him never;
Then He'll show what He can do.

THE WAY TO KILL AN ENEMY.

T. S. ARTHUR.

"That man will be the death of me yet,' said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry.

"Thee means Dick Hardy?'

"Yes.'

"What has he been doing to thee now?' asked the questioner, a Friend, named Isaac Martin, a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head.'

"That's very bad friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?'

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me.—You know the fine Bartlett pear tree that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?'

"Yes.'

"Two large limbs full of fruit hung over on his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off those two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground and his pigs were eating the fruit.'

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?'

"Nothing of any consequence.'

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember.'

"I know what first put him out; I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home I suppose, was all the time prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. The next morning a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off. I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous look haunts me now; I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight.'

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering,' said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off.'

"What did thee do?'

"I went to Dick Hardy, and gave him a piece of my mind.'

"That is, thee scolded and called him hard names, and threatened.'

"Yes—just so, friend Martin.'

"Did any good come of it.'

"About as much good as though I had whistled to the wind.'

"How has it been since?'

"No change for the better; it grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me.'

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee.'

"O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage maker's bill at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with a prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt the time had come to act decisively, and sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that Dick was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he left gaps in his fences, in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his dogs on them and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who had strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than the master, or she would have been torn by his teeth instead of being only frightened by his bark.'

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit.'

"The spirit of the devil,' was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy assuredly; and if thee doesn't get rid of him he will do thee great harm. Thee must, if thee would dwell in safety, friend Levering.'

(The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent towards his neighbor in a confidential manner.)

"Thee must put him out of the way.'

"Friend Martin!' the surprise of Paul was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him.'

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him!' he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self preservation being the first law of nature.'

"And get hung!'

"I don't think they'll hang thee,' coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, when he's dead, I think people will be more glad than sorry.'

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer; I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!'

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood!' said the Quaker mildly.

"Why, you?'

"Thee's mistaken, I never used the word blood.'

"But you meant it. You suggested murder.'

"No, friend Levering, I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee.'

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?' demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy,' said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. *My way of killing enemies is to make them friends.* Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness and thee'll never have no more trouble with him.'

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed.

"A new way to kill people.'

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try.

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?' said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way.'

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately, but to no purpose. The cart wheels were buried half way to the axles in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stones off on to the side of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy,' said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and unhitched his horse. But Dick pretended not to hear, and kept on pitching off the stones. "Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble,' added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones.—"Two horses are better than one. With Charley's help we'll soon have the wheels on solid ground again.'

Understanding now what was meant Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side. "There,' said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's and made the traces fast. "One pull and the thing is done.' Before Dick could get down from the cart it was out of the mud-hole, and without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the front of Dick's animal, and hitched up again and rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence through which Levering's cattle had broken once or twice, thus removing temptation and saving the cattle from being bitten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering,' said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee does not kill him.'

"Not long afterwards, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering who saw from one of his fields the accident, and understood what its loss might occasion, hitched up his own wagon, and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days and ruin from two to three tons of hay.—Dick could not decline the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. "I've come,' said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down on the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it is only right I should pay you for the use of it.

"I should be very sorry,' answered Paul Levering, cheerily, "if I couldn't do a neighbor a turn without pay. You are quite welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that field of clover. How much did you get.'

"About three tons. But Mr. Levering I must—'

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me,' interrupted Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor, pay me in good will.'

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and looking in a strange wondering way at Mr. Levering, said: "Shall we not be friends? Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip, and then as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it, and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him said the Quaker, on his meeting with Levering, "thy enemy is dead!'

"Slain by kindness,' answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied.'

"No, thee took it from God's armory, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible,' replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors.—They are sure to kill.

A Solemn Thought.

Often we hear it said that one or another of the persons with whom we were well acquainted are dead. We have often been in their company, but we shall never see them again. We have had many opportunities of speaking a word to them in reference to their soul's eternal welfare, but we shall never have any more! Did we improve those we had? If not, what a solemn thought! What a sad reflection!—They are now beyond the reach of any efforts to save them—either saved or unsaved forever. If we failed to improve the opportunities which we had of doing them good, and they are nevertheless saved, what a comfort we have lost by not lending a helping hand while they were struggling along the pathway of life. And if they are not saved—dreadful thought!—how awful to think that we have had opportunities of doing them good, or of trying to do so, at least; but we neglected to improve them, and now they are forever beyond our reach! While they were with us we thought but little about their soul's welfare. They made a profession of religion, perhaps, or, at least, were "moral," and so we felt quite unconcerned, it may be, about their soul's salvation; but on the days they were then spending rests their eternal state. If they improved it they are forever blest, but if otherwise, how can we indulge such a hope?

O, how important that we all remember that the few years we spend upon earth will decide our future destiny. We all have an influence, and this influence will be exerted either for good or evil, upon every one with whom we meet. How important, then, that our influences should tend to good and not to evil, in view of the momentous consequences!—*J. Lawson.*

A BATCH OF WHYS.—Why are ambassadors the most perfect people in the world? Because they are all excellencies. Why is sympathy like blind man's buff?—It is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature. Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it is light when it rises. Why is a crow like a brave bird? Because she never shows the white feather. Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Because whichever way he goes down goes the dust. Why is washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard. Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Because he keeps cool (keeps school). Why are mountains like invalids? Because they look peakish. Why are umbrellas like pancakes? Because they are seldom seen after Lent. Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo?—Because he doubts whether to give up the worship of Juj-or-Not. Why cannot two slender persons ever become friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Science and Faith.

The Latin *scientia*, or science, from *scio*, "is to know," denotes the study and knowledge of all facts and truths knowable, whether gathered by the senses from the realm of Nature, or whether existing in the sphere of heavenly things where man's sight is set aside and only faith finds footing. Hence there is such a thing as the science of faith, for to believe in divine things is to "know" on the indisputable word of another or his second, and whatever is know is demonstrable, is scientific. Were mankind never to know anything save what we can see or experience, how limited would be our knowledge. For our knowledge of geography, geology, history, and all human sciences is in few instances primarily obtained, but is mainly derived from others, who themselves receive statements at second and third hand. If we should disregard all second hand evidence, the existence of a Cæsar, a Buonaparte, or a Washington would be a matter of dispute. Historic doubts relative to thousands of accepted statements were then justifiable. All science, even its first principles as well as its facts rests upon faith; faith in philosophers, in travellers, in observers, in experimentalists. Science itself is but the child of yesterday; and geology, one of the youngest, yet the noisiest of the sciences, is now scarcely two hundred years old; while faith is as old as Adam, Abel and Noah. The common sense of mankind that as regards a million of things the race lives, not by science, but by faith; not by what each one for himself can demonstrate, but by what he believes has been demonstrated to or by others.

Many a professional chemist could not analyze one tenth of the nine hundred and forty-two substances treated of in Turner's Chemistry; many a man pretending to be a geologist never examined one millionth part of the crust of the earth,—Sir David Brewister affirms that "not one-fiftieth part of the whole" dry land is yet geologically explored, while the geology of the vast ocean bed is almost totally unknown. So with other sciences.

But limited as is his knowledge, the skeptical geologist is ready to fling Moses to the winds for the sake of his pet, crude theories. Others give us most of the facts we know,—we may build on them. Others calculate, experiment and prove—we believe them. We are compelled to. It is in a thousand cases the only knowledge we possess. And yet infidels tell us that "modern man demands substantial proofs for all kinds of knowledge, and rejects that which is merely a matter of Faith."—*Merely!* As if to receive Humbolt's statement of a fact were wisdom, but to receive with equal assurance Paul's statement of a fact is only nonsense. Alas, this science falsely so called" though senseless in its opposition to God's truth, has come to be very fashionable.

Positive of what others teach concerning the deep places of the earth, the distance and nature of the stars, the remote past ages, and the essential essence of things, men who get their evidence just in the same way Christians get theirs, viz.,on the testimony of others, will senselessly reject evidence pertaining to matters of revelation and religion; while at the same moment they assert the truth of a million of other things theoretical and less thoroughly accredited. These men, while denying the miracles of Scripture, as did Paine and Parker, cannot fathom the accepted mysteries that are piled thick all about their feet; though they never think of disputing them. They will cavil at the mysteries that underlie the whole system of the atonement by Jesus the Saviour, but cannot tell with all their wisdom how the blood circulates, how the grass grows, how the wind blows, how atoms came, what is the last division of an atom, how pain exists, how thought is evolved; and these foolish wise men evermore stammer and hesitate when questioned concerning the secrets of their own existence. Ask such a man if he believes in unseen winds and pains, and he will tell you "Yes." Ask him if he believes in the unseen Christ, and the reply is "No." How pitiful is skepticism, which only believes in all unbelief, and believing not the truth is "damned." How grand is faith, that with Job and Saul enables its possessor to say of eternal realities, "I know." Give me this faith.—*Armory.*

"SIXTY years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmalcum parish," says John Fraser, "I was using whiskey bitters, for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and unnaturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He laid on the floor and howled until the effects of drink were off. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the dresser for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass to get outside." So much for the wisdom of the dog surpassing that of foolish drunken men.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

Law and Grace.

The law came by Moses. Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. The law says: This do, and thou shalt live. Grace says: Live and then thou shalt do. The law says: Pay me that thou owest. Grace says: I frankly forgive thee all. The law says: The wages of sin is death. —Grace says: The gift of God is eternal life. The law says: The soul that sinneth it shall die. Grace says: Whosoever believeth in Jesus, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in him shall never die. The law proclaims condemnation and death.—Grace proclaims justification and life.—The law says: Make you a new heart and a new spirit. Grace says: A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. The law says: Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. Grace says: Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sin is covered; blessed is the man to whom God will not impute sin. The law says: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Grace says: Herein, is love, not that we loved God, but that he first loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitation for our sins. The law speaks of what Christ has done for man. The law addresses man as a part of the old creation. Grace makes a man a member of the new creation. The law bears on a nature prone to disobedience. Grace creates a nature inclined to obedience. The law demands obedience under pain of punishment. Grace beseeches men by the mercies of God. The law demands holiness. Grace gives holiness. The law says:—Condemn him. Grace says: Embrace him. The law speaks of priestly sacrifices offered year by year continually, which could never make the comers thereunto perfect. Grace says: But this, Man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever; by one offering hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. The law declares that as many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law. Grace brings eternal peace to the troubled soul of every child of God and proclaims God's truth in defiance of the accusations of the calumniator.—He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed out of death unto life.

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED."

Three Hours in Glory.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL SAW IN A TRANCE.

The following singular story comes from Monroe, Wis., and is vouched for as strictly true by prominent residents of that place: Nellie Blackford is thirteen years old, and never has been a robust child.—Some two months ago or more, she supposed her mother to be dying, and ran nearly two miles for neighbors to be present. She returned exhausted, was taken down to the bed with illness, suffering greatly for many weeks afterward. A physician gave all possible attention, but she continued to grow worse. The doctor finally declared that no human power could save her, and that she must die. Nellie, too, expressed a desire not to live, say that she wished to go to God and the angels, ere her dear afflicted mother left her a helpless orphan.—On Monday afternoon, the 16th inst., the friends and neighbors assembled to see her pass away. At three o'clock her extremities became cold, and they thought her gently and happily passing over the river. All at once a change passed over her features, a sweet smile illuminated her countenance, and the most intense delight seemed portrayed and lingered on her face until it fairly shone. Words fail to express the happiness, contentment and glory there depicted. A continual change seemed passing over her quiet face, and telling of something bright and beautiful passing before her enraptured eyes. All at once, to the astonishment of all, she raised her little hands in the attitude of listening intently, changing her position continually, and seeming to listen with all the power of her being. She continued in this state for nearly three hours, seemingly perfectly unconscious of all surrounding objects and sounds. She seemed to gently rouse from this condition. She opened her eyes, and, seeing her mother standing near, a sweet and heavenly smile passed over her face. Her mother stooped and asked her if she heard sweet music. Nellie had spoken before of hearing music when in her sinking spells.

And now comes the strange and miraculous story of the little daughter of affliction as related by herself:

"I seemed as though I was walking through a pleasant country till I came to a place that surely was heaven. There were streets all paved with gold, and such beautiful fountains as clear as crystal that seemed to rise up and then fall in bright sparkling drops. I laid down on a soft, grassy bank to rest, near a fountain, where my grandpa, who has been dead for six years, came to me, and said I should go back and take care of my little sister till she was large enough to take care of herself. My little brother, whom I had never seen, came up to me and told me he was my brother; and he made such nice music for me on a golden harp. A crown of gold encircled his head. He was all dressed in gleaming white, and so was grandpa. And he did not look so old as when here, and his eyes were perfect, not blind of the one he used to be. His voice sounded so familiar.

"Then, oh! I can hardly tell, I saw Jesus all robed in white, a dazzling crown upon his head. He sat on such a beautiful high seat that was on a raised platform. All seemed of gold, and there were beautiful trees, flowers streams and fountains of clear water around the throne and everywhere. Angels were flying around, bright crowns upon their heads and golden harps in their hands, and they played the sweetest music that I ever heard. I felt sorry at first when grandpa told me I should go back and take the place of my dear mother, and she should come. When I first seemed to get to this beautiful place the sweet word Welcome! Welcome! echoed all around. I saw so many things that words fail to tell them now. The angels said they would cure me, that I should take no medicine, and I know I shall get well."

Nellie Blackford, it is said, has greatly improved since her trance vision, and seems in a fair way to get entirely well.—*N. Y. World.*

A Happy Place.

"What is the state of morals in your district!" asked a long-faced reformer, of a farmer who recently visited town.

"Pretty good," replied the farmer, "everybody seems disposed to mind his own business in our parts."

Enviable farmer! If you have an ounce of pity for your kind, telegraph your exact latitude and longitude. Delectable town!

"Everybody disposed to mind his own business." Let's all emigrate thither!—Neighbor Jones over the way will never know or care whether we have fish balls or beefsteak for breakfast. Squire Jenkins and his wife, up in the big house will never bother themselves to inquire whether our great grandfather was a hod carrier or a descendant of Lord Littlebrain. If our daughters choose to wear their last year's bonnet, not a saucy tongue shall whisper that "the old man has failed. If our husbands are civil enough to lift their hats when they meet a lady acquintance, we shall not straightway be visited by Neighbor Spywell and Madam Quarrellmaker; for these twain shall find no abiding place in the land where "everybody minds his own business." If our wives take a fancy to make a visit home without publishing their intentions and a full statement of reasons thereof, we shall not at once be accused of being cruel and unfaithful by Mr. Longtongue, for friend L. will find his occupation gone, and emigrate to a more congenial climate. If by some lapse of conscience or in an hour of overwhelming temptation some friend has erred we shall never know it, but can go on trusting him and loving him, and so encourage him to be his true self again and always; for Mr. Faultfinder and his cousin, Mr. Makelt worse, will never come to that happy region to stay. We have never been a very firm believer in the millennium, but if that farmer tells the truth and lies not, we are satisfied that the millennium has commenced. Heaven grant that it may not long be confined to one locality—we need it badly in Macedonia.

Remarkable Dream.

The accuracy of the following may be relied upon in all its particulars. Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat—severe, and protracted; but not considered as attended with any danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair. The watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of family associations; and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together, in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation; and having aroused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream.—"dreampt," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped;—and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, "Much worse than that has happened, for Jame's breath has stopped also!"—naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister, immediately got up and found the brother sleeping quietly;—and the watch which had carefully been put up in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner; the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while another was writing a note in the adjoining room.—When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing desk, when she was astonished to find it had stopped; and at the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook rather unnecessarily asks, "What becomes of the wicked?" Mr. Cook we thought, had been in New England long enough to know that they usually practice law for awhile and eventually go to the legislature.

A dog-fight is not a noble spectacle although it is undoubtedly a display of *cur raje*

Sam Houston and the Ham.

On a recent business trip to Houston I had for traveling company a well-known merchant of this city, who told story after story of early days in Texas. One struck me as worth preserving.

"When my father first came here,' said the merchant, "he settled in Houston—then the capital of Texas. I was put in a grocery and provision store, under a very strict and parsimonious boss. One morning, just as I had swept out, Tom, Gen. Houston's body servant, came into the store. Looking round he spied a fine ham—a *rara avis* in those days. Having asked the price, he said he would take it and the President would call around and pay for it. I felt proud of my sale, and called the attention of the boss to it as soon as he came in.

"Did you get the money?' he asked quickly.

"No; but President Houston is coming round to pay for it.'

"President Houston—the devil! Did Tom say he would see it paid?'

"No, Sir.'

"Then you are a fool. Now, sir, you go straight to the President's kitchen and bring me that ham, unless Tom will say it shall be paid for.'

"I started off, very much crestfallen, and not liking the job before me. But I resolutely walked into the President's kitchen. Tom was there. I saw my ham lying there, with a few slices cut off it, and seizing it, told Tom, unless he would undertake to see that the money was paid, I must take it back.'

Tom cogitated awhile, and then said:—"Young man, take back your meat.—The Gineral is a mighty good master, but a mighty poor pay-master, and I don't keer to involvitate myself with his debts?'

"This was enough for me. I left with the ham in my hand. Going around to the gate I had to pass the front door. There stood Gen. Houston, the President of Texas, with a pocket handkerchief in one hand and a tooth-pick in the other. 'My little man,' says he, in his superb manner, "tell your master I am under great obligations for a most delicious breakfast and would pay him, but I really havn't got the money. The fact is young man, Texas is very poor, and, as her President, I must share her poverty?'

Money and How to Get It.

There is no word in the English language more often used and universally admired than "*money.*" In fact it is considered the thing altogether desired, and men to obtain it will go through all kinds of toil and hardship imaginable. They will even commit the most henious crimes.—Everybody is after money, and the great desire to gain it hastily often ends in a total failure to accomplish the desired end.—About the first questions a youth asks when he gets old enough to think about providing for the future is, "How can I get money, and how can I get rich?"—There are two ways of getting rich. One is by industry and economy, and the other is by dishonesty. Riches accumulated by industry, economy, and judicious investments never detract from a man's dignity and self-respect, but carry with them happiness, contentment, and clear conscience, and leave no regrets. The true secret is to "make haste slowly." In getting money it does not make so much difference as to the kind of business a man engages in, for any business will pay if attended to properly, but no man should embark in any business to which he is not adapted; but when he does make his selection he should go in with a steady and determined purpose to win, and succeed by constant and persistent labor—remembering that "little by little" is the sure way to succeed, and out of that little a little should be saved. Remembering also that it is by what we save that we get rich, and not by what we make. A man may make a million a year and if he spends it all he will be no better off at the end of the year than in the beginning. Whilst the man who makes $500 a year and saves but ten is getting rich.—The man at thirty who can save five dollars a month, and invest the same in real estate, is in a fair way to be in easy circumstances when he reaches his fiftieth year. No man has yet lived who saved his money and invested it in real estate that did not make money. Therefore, the true and only certain way of getting money is by industry, economy, saving, and investing in real estate, and the man who follows this rule is sure to win.

JOSH BILLINGS' APHORISMS.—Be merciful to all dum animals; no man can git to heaven on a sore backed horse.

The grate fight is fust for bread, then butter on the bread, and the sugar on the butter.

The grate secret of popularity iz to make every one satizfied with himself and afterwards satizfied with yu.

The grate mistake that most people make iz, they think more over their cunning than they do ov thar honesty.

The unhappiness of this life seems principally to konsist in gitting everything we kan, and wanting everything we hain't got.

I have finally cum to the konklushun that the best epitaff enny man kan hav, for all praktikal purposes, is a good bank akount.

Paupers suffer less than mizers do—the man who don't kno whare he is going to git his next dinner suffers less than the one who is anxious to no how much it is going to kost him.