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The American Union.

VOL. XVII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1877. NO. 48.

The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

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
½ column, one year,		15.00
½ " " "		30 00
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☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of Claims, Sales of Real Estate, &c. [oct-5-1y.

GRAIN. FRUIT.
Gould, Dukes & Co.,
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE
GRAIN AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL. POULTRY.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHT'S,
328 North Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [3-30-1y.
Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
305 North Water St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
FRUITS, &c. FUR, &c.
☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

John B. Isler,
Land Surveyor,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.
On Tuesday at the Office of G. M. Russum, Esq., Denton, Md. [2-24-1y.

N. L. DOBBS,
Bricklayer & Plasterer,
IS PREPARED to execute work in his line at short notice. Orders left at this office will be attended to. Address Greensboro', Caroline county, Md. [4-13-1y.

PAINTING and PAPER HANGING.
E. H. FURNISS,
Easton, Maryland,
TAKES pleasure in informing the citizens of Caroline county, intending to have
PAINTING OR PAPER HANGING
done that by calling on him and examining his large lot of beautiful
PAPER SAMPLES,
they can be pleased in both style and quality. Those furnished with wall paper who may desire to do their own work themselves and at the lowest prices.
Painting done by contract or otherwise.—Paints furnished when desired. Orders forwarded to me at Easton will meet with prompt attention. [apr12-8m.

TAILORING
J. W. Irving,
FORMERLY of Centreville and lately of Chestertown, has located himself in Denton, and proposes to carry on the
Tailoring Business
in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit the patronage of the public.
Cutting, Scouring and Repairing
done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

J. L. STOLL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
GREENSBORO', MD.
IS PREPARED to cut and make entire suits in the latest style. Scouring and repairing done at short notice.
The latest Paris fashions regularly received. The patronage of the public is solicited.

CHOPTANK HOTEL,
Denton, Maryland.
HAVING leased the Choptank Hotel property, formerly occupied by Capt. Thos. E. Heather, I am prepared to accommodate boarders by the day, week or month, on reasonable terms.
LIVERY STABLE.
I also keep horses and carriages to hire on very moderate terms.
I hope by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of patronage.
jan11-y ANDREW BAGGS, JR.

J. P. FIEROE,
GREENSBOROUGH, MD.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles & Harness.
Patronage solicited of all who want anything in the above line. Prices and quality guaranteed to suit. [2-24- 1y.

W. F. COOK,
Watch Maker
AND JEWELER,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Confectionery, Notions &c., &c.
MAIN STREET,
may18-6m GREENSBORO, MD.

HOUSE CARPENTRING.
HAVING PERMANENTLY located in Denton, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to contract for the erection of Houses, either by contract or by the day. My work shall be done in a faithful and workmanlike manner, so as to give entire satisfaction.
REPAIRING
old buildings or improvements added in any style of architecture when desired. Persons contemplating building or adding improvements are requested to call and see me and get estimates. I hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
Picture Frames of Walnut Gilt and all other kinds furnished to order.
My shop at present is opposite the Building and Loan Association.
WM. F. MURPHEY.
1-6-1y. Denton, Md

BLACKSMITHING,
AT LOW PRICES.
John T. Comegys.
I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmiths Business at the old stand, but after the first of January next, I will discontinue the Wheelwrighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmiths business only.
I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.
Plain Shoeing - $1.00.
With Steel Toes - $1.25.
I have also the sole right of E. B. Burton's Sub-soil Pulverising Plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to any Plow at a cost of only $5.—Satisfaction Guaranteed.
JNO. T. COMEGYS,
Oct-12-tf. Denton, Md.

CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING
I GIVE NOTICE through this medium that I still continue to carry on at my old business stand
CABINET MAKING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Undertaking A Specialty.
No pains spared in trying to give satisfaction.
Persons taking measures for coffins should give the exact length of the corpse.
A good hearse, nearly new, a gentle horse and a trusty driver.
All material of the best class.
I will also brick up graves when desired.
Scythe and cradles at shortest notice of white ash.
All work put up with sharp tools.
Forty years experience in the above business
I flatter myself that my work cannot be surpassed on this shore. In my absence my brother, Collison Pritchett, will be found at my house or shop.
Orders should be sent in early for Scythe and Cradles.
Our thanks for past patronage.
Respectfully the public's ob't. servant.
5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT.

Poetry.

ROSES AND LILIES.

When soft, serene, ambrosial June
The world with joy and beauty dowers,
She brings, methinks, no sweeter boon
Than fragrant flowers—lovely flowers;
But roses red, and lilies white,
Of all flowers give me most delight.

Together Love and Youth bestow
On roses their auroral hues;
But lilies with their robes of snow
'Tis Innocence alone endues;
And roses red, and lilies white,
Of all flowers give me most delight.

O maid beloved, these are, in sooth,
But mirrors of thine excellence—
Red roses of thy love and youth,
White lillies of thine innocence!
So roses red, and lilies white,
Of all flowers give me most delight.

And I a crown for thee will wreath,
But no fair blooms that deck the earth
Shall, shining there, their odors breathe,
Save these, the symbols of thy worth;
For roses red, and lilies white,
Of all flowers give me most delight.

The Perils of a Night.

We lived in a large old house, built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the south, and the two large parlors looked to the east and west. The dining-hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the west and back was another large room, sometimes called the great porch, and at the east and back was the dairy, and another porch. There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the centre.

The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and bidden Good-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove round to the front door on the southern side.

It was a midsummer day, and warm, bright and beautiful. Just after our early breakfast, a merry party came riding down the lane in carriages and on horseback, and calling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold-fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold.—I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some out of it, and putting it into another bag.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beauty and rich dress, that so became her.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half wished I were to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger—a figure not unusual—a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning on the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him something to eat. Of course I said yes, and with light steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread and cheese, which he come into the kitchen to eat. Betsy and Hannah were busy, hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to tea and to spend the evening.—They talked gaily about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that he had prominent ears, low forehead and a large mouth, with a receding chin, where grew a stubby beard of grizzly black, like his hair. I did not know why I observed all this, or his eyes—small and hid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him when no one appeared to be looking. His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

I was glad when he had finished his meal and rose to go. He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two. He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and said they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing, or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half-holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them. I expected my father and mother soon after 8 o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain. Heavy clouds were gathering in the west, and the thunder rumbled suddenly. He took the covered wagon and old gray, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted the doors, because he told me to, for otherwise I should not have thought of it. It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent. I went to the east parlor and looked out to the south, but I could not see out very well, as the honeysuckles covered the windows. The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with a natural vanity, for I was young and fair enough to look upon.

Then there came a great flash of lightning, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in at the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither screamed nor moved. The face could not see my face and I kept still. It was an ugly face and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass I went steadily toward a table that stood near the window, and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily, as usual, took up the water pitcher and looked in it, and then took my candle and went toward the kitchen. The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth, and put my foot on the wick. I set down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall hastened through the west room, up the front stairs, into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the head of the stairs. I unlocked his box, took out the bag of gold, and relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices. I heard the door tried low. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others, to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about me in the dark. There was a sliding pannel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs, and slid the panel carefully into its place. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought each bound must be audible. I heard voices, the Raven's. I knew that harsh croak. The man must have learned, in some unaccountable way, of the gold, and learned too, when here in the morning, that I was to be alone. It was all plain to me now. He had returned and brought accomplices. My peril was terribly imminent. Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish plainly the words that were spoken.

"Drat her! she must have seen you."

A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it; for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the Raven, "and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."

But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings. They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley.

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver, that will be something."

"Curse the silver. It's the gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl. So let her look out!"

A cold perspiration. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! then the rats will squeak, down drop the money bags, and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."

"Hold your noise. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

They spoke low, hideous words, that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go. They got up, and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling. I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back.—My resolution was taken. I would get out of the house, run down the road, and meet my father. I would save him. I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly. I lifted myself cautiously on the window-ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry tree which grew close to the house. Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground, safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me.—The Raven's voice shrieked hoarsely:

"There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me. I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to throw them off the track. Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided slowly by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards. I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound. Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths, and a deep groan. Shuddering, I sped on over the fields. No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran down to the second bars, and let them down. It began to rain a few great drops, then fast, then it poured. I was wet to the skin. I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly; I stood in the road and cried; "Father! Father!" The chaise stopped. Another chaise behind stopped also. It was our next neighbor's, who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child! Good heavens! What is the matter? What has happened?"

I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger, because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father, I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place. Our neighbor was timid. He proposed going on to his house, and returning with weapons. In the meantime I had got into the chase and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on and came to our gate under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all was still. My father put the reins in my mother's hands and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoitre then, a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still.—The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool house. They went all around the house—all was quiet. They went in. We sat still, speaking few words, my hand clasped in my mother's, and my frame trembling with fright.

Just then Thomas drove up with the girls and Nathan came out followed by father.

"Are they gone?" we asked in a breath.

"Yes, with some of the silver and a few things. We don't know what yet."

The horses were put under the shed and we all went in.

Father said calmly: "We will take a lantern, Thomas, and look around out of doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well.—I stood and looked out of the window and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved. In a very few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across some barrels in the shed and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who fell in the well, had shot him through the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was uglier. It was the Raven. That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment. The third escaped. I was never left at home again alone.

The Poor Pope.

The Pope has been represented over Europe as being reduced to such utter poverty and distress as to be obliged to sleep on straw in a dungeon. Single straws have been sold in large numbers to devout but ignorant Roman Catholics under the false pretence that they were the veritable ones on which the head of their church was compelled to lie, and a large sum, it was stated raised in this way to provide for the distressed prisoner. All the while he was having a good time of it in his palace, no more a prisoner than the Prince of Wales in Marlborough House, and was constantly receiving gifts from all parts of the world. His good luck, so far as treasure is concerned, is growing still better. His jubilee is bringing into his coffers millions of money, so that he will be able, at least, to purchase a new straw bed. The following letter from Rome, to the *N. Y. Evening Post*, was written some weeks ago, and since that time the stream of pilgrims, of gold and of other costly gifts, has been pouring into the Papal palace:

"Showers of gold seem to rain upon the Vatican, and all the riches of the world and the glory of them are represented in these gifts, which are humbly offered by the faithful at the feet of Pius IX. There are two hundred English pilgrims from the aristocracy bringing twenty thousand pounds sterling. Americans, headed by Archbishops Wood of Philadelphia, Bailey of Baltimore and the representative of Cardinal McCloskey of New York, bring in all $110,000. There is a box of unset diamonds from South America, a gold cup from Lyons, two keys, half a yard long, one of silver and the other of gold, symbols of the Pontifical power, from Clermont; a gilt oak throne, covered with ancient sculptures, and fifty-six thousand francs from Marseilles; and three purses full of gold, one for poor priests, one for the seminaries and one to repurchase the ecclesiastical properties from Lisle. One of the gifts is an album richly bound, the leaves of which are blank bills. A society of workingmen sends a silver statue of Jesus as a laborer; and the ex-officers of the Pontifical army have sent the Pope a sword. The Belgians sent thirty altars for poor churches, and the Swiss pilgrims bring no less than fifty silver watches. The clericals of Venice send a magnificent chandaler wrought at the glass factory of Salviate. This is described as an artistic wonder. Its diameter is 270 metres and its height four metres—a metre being a little more than a yard. It is decorated with wreaths and bouquets of glass flowers in various colors, with appropriate inscriptions, with the Papal tiara, and with the lion of St. Mark."

A despatch from Rome to the London *Times*, of the 1st inst., states that a large portion of the $600,000 which the Pope has already received from pilgrims has been remitted to London and deposited to provide against the needs of the Holy See while the Pontificial throne is vacant, and for the first requirements of Pius's successor.

How different the condition of the prisoner of the Vatican from that of Paul when he was "a prisoner of Jesus Christ, at Rome.

A tree does not drop its fruit at the first stroke you give it; you must shake it again and again. So with prayer; shake the tree of life till the desired mercy drops into your lap. Christ loves men to pray earnestly, and importunately.—*Spurgeon.*

"I Wish I Had Capital."

We do not know the author of the following, but he preaches one of the best practical business sermons to young men that we have read this many days:

"I wish I had capital;" so we heard a great, strapping young man exclaim the other day in our office. We did want to give him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it.—You want capital? Haven't you got hands and feet, and bone and muscle and brains—and don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody?—"Oh but they are not money," say you? But they are more than money, and no one can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow or hoe, or jackplane or broad-axe that you can find, and go to your work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ah, but there's the rub. You don't want to work, you want money on credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry to some rich girl who may be foolish enough to marry you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you could not make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have to be idle and waste and run out, it would be the same if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for some one to come it and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you be sure to do it as Billy did his drumming—well. Yes, what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have planty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.

Novel Use for Paper.

Steadily increasing are the uses to which paper is being put. The inventive geniuses of the Old World are quite as active as our own in experimenting with the article that was so long considered as not adapted to any other purpose than that to which printers and writers have for so many years put it. Paper is coming into vogue as a building material, and is being put into competition with fire-proof safes, having been endowed with properties that defy the action of flames and the vicissitudes of the weather. An English sea captain of an ingenious turn has succeeded in rendering paper a water repeller of such potency, that he proposes to sheathe ships' bottom with it in lieu of the metal hitherto used exclusively for that purpose. The British seamen is giving his ship-sheathing paper a practical test by placing it on the hull of an ocean-going craft at Portsmouth. Not only does the inventor claim impenetrability to water for his prepared paper, but he further insits that seaweed will not grow upon its surface, and that barnacles cannot adhere to it. Both the latter—weeds of the deep, if they may be so called—are a source of annoyance and expense to navigators and ship owners. If the paper covering for the outsides of hulls of vessels is all that the inventor sets forth an additional use for paper is assured. How it is prepared for submarine service the progressive captain does not tell; he would not be a shrewd fellow if he did. Let the paper mills sell him their product; he proposes to do the rest. If actual experience makes good English seamen's claim, paper for sheathing vessels will soon be in demand in the shipyards of the United States.

Bishop Simpson's Lecture.

Bishop Mathew Simpson lectured in Associated Hall last evening on the majesty of the Bible in its representation of God and His plans, also its holiness in precept and promise, and in the example of Christ. The Bible has neither preface nor introduction. The first sentence brings us face to face with creation. It does not attempt to prove either the existence or attributes of God. In the beginning, God. When was the beginning! We cannot tell. The human mind is overwhelmed when it attempts to measure the ages. He created. That is all we know, Moses could not estimate. He said, "In the beginning God.' Carry your mind back to the astronomical and the geological ages—five hundred thousand years—still, in the beginning. God. He made everything out of his own conceptions—everything that exists. What did God create? It is possible that all that's visible to us is only a little island among other immense worlds. Above, beneath, around as are the germs of life. On the earth, in the waters, in the atmosphere.—We breathe it every second. God created it all. We are discovering new worlds.—We see them in the far distance. We may be only on the verge of God's creation.—David knew only of the sea beyond the Mediterranean. He knew not the land beyond the sea, nor that there was another sea beyoud that land.

Plant Trees.

If every farmer and every farmer's son would plant for himself and for every female member of his family one shade or fruit tree each, every year, how immense would be the increase of value in farms, and how largely the comforts of farmers would be increased. "Plant a tree and it will grow while you sleep," is an old proverb, the teachings of which are not regarded as they should be.

There is not a farm in this great commonwealth of ours, or in the whole country, on which there is not room for many fruit and forest trees, and which would not be greatly improved in appearance and worth by their presence. The actual outlay in money and labor connected with the planting of a tree is so small, and the resulting product so great, that it has long been a mystery why farmers are so neglectful of this important duty. But the fact of their remissness stands unchallenged. A ride through the country in almost any direction establishes it. Farm houses stand exposed to the glaring heat of the summer sun; entire farms are guiltless of fruit trees of any kind. This should not be. Economy, health, comfort and beauty all demand that there shall be a change.—Every day demonstrates more conclusively the growing value of forest trees. Every day proves the healthful and nutritious qualities of fruit, and yet in view of these incontrovertible truths farmers will not plant trees.

A LIVE FENCE CHEAPER THAN A DEAD ONE.—A correspondent of the Cecil, Md., *Democrat* says:—I can make a live fence with osage orange hedge, and pay five dollars per thousand, cheaper than I can hire a man to cut the timber from my own woods and build a fence. My plan is where I intend to plant I plow a space five feet wide, harrow it well and make a ditch with a plow, then plant the hedge in the ditch six inches apart. I find the best implement to plant with is a mason's trowel. I keep them worked and cleaned for two years, then I take my shears and cut them close to the ground, after which they will sprout up much thicker, and the June following I cut the tops one foot from the ground, and in October eighteen inches, and so on until the fence is completed, about four feet high. The most appropriate implement to trim with is a sharp corn knife.

DIFFERENT countries have different modes of dealing with their young. The Greenland baby is dressed in furs and carried in a sort of pocket in the back of his mother's cloak. When she is very busy and does not want to be bothered with him she digs a hole in the snow and covers him all up but his face, and leaves him there until she is ready to take care of him again.—The Hindoo baby hangs in a basket from the roof, and is taught to smoke long before he learns to walk. Among the western Indians the poor little tots are tied fast to a board and have their heads flattened by means of another board fastened down over their foreheads. In Lima the little fellow lies all day in a hammock swung from a treetop, like the baby in the nursery song. In Persia he is dressed in the most costly silks and jewels, and his head is never uncovered, day or night, while in Yucatan a pair of sandals and a straw hat are thought to be all the clothing he needs.

NEW WAY TO PAY AN OLD DEBT.—Two daughters of a farmer in St. Lawrence county, New York, desired to pay the debt on their homestead, but they preferred not to do it by hard work. They hit upon an idea that suited their purpose, and have made enough money to remove the debt.—They had a large quantity of porous stone sawed into small pieces and thoroughly soaked in an odorous preparation, which imparted to them a durable scent. These they peddled throughout the State, at twenty-five cents each, representing that they were cut from the rock of a wonderful perfumed cave in South America. The girls are so demure and pretty, and tell their lie with such an appearance of simplicity, that the sales are very large. They have just put a fresh lot of stone in soak, preparatory to an extended Western tour.

RIVER OF INK.—The water from the mines above Cumberland is impregnable with sulphate of iron, a decomposition of iron in the coal, and flows into Will's creek. The creek is now very low, and but a small body of water flows down the bed. At the head of the city are located two or three extensive tanneries, and in the tanning of hides large quantities of tannic and gallic acids are poured into the stream. As soon as these acids come in contact with the sulphate of iron, the water comes black, as is now the case in front of our city. There are millions of gallons of ink now lying in the bed of the creek, which needs but condensation and packing to make a saleable article for exportation. Here is a chance for capitalists.—*Cumberland (M. D.) Alleganian.*

MRS. PARTINGTON INSULTS THE DOCTOR.—"Yes, Doctor, and a few days previous, feeling somewhat predisposed, and having a groaping pain in the adondon, I took some patent medecine, and I feel convicted that it seriously repaired my constituent.—I suppose that I'm of an execrable temperature, for I'm always a worrying ever since Betsy Smith had congregation of the lungs or some tonsorial affection; but, to tell the truth, I've always dreaded an infernal rumor.'