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Md.

The American Union

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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. [apr12-6m.

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,

GREENSBOROUCH, 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.

—:o:—

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.

Oct-12-tf. JNO. T. COMEGYS, Denton, Md.

CABINET MAKING

AND

UNDERTAKING

—:o:—

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.

The Mother's Prayer.

A mother's holy arms caressed
A babe that laid upon her breast;
Then thus to heaven she cried in prayer,
"Now even as his face is fair
O Lord! keep Thou his soul within.
As free from every spot of sin."

From heaven the Lord an answer made,
"Behold, I grant as thou hast prayed."
Within the door the darkness crept
And babe and mother sweetly slept,
The belfry rung the midnight bell,
The watchman answered "All is well."

Awaking at the cradle side,
The mother saw the babe had died.
With grief to set a woman wild
She caught and clasped the marble child,
Until her heart against his own
Was broken beating on a stone.

"O God!" she cried in her despair,
'Why hast Thou mocked a mother's prayer!'
Then answered He, "As I have willed,
Thy prayer, oh woman, is fulfilled.
If on this earth thy child remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain.

"At thy behest I reach my hand
To lift him to the heavenly land."
The mother heard and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead,
And cried, "O God, I dare not pray,
Thou answerest in so strange a way."

In the shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and moaned the live-long night;
But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

HE HAD A HEART.

BY W. A. TAYLOR.

"As heartless as a Jew" is an expression that long since passed into a proverb, but why as "heartless as a Jew" would probably puzzle the inventor of the expression were he now living.

Its survival only shows, even in the nineteenth century, that we have not outgrown the blind and unreasonable prejudices of the middle ages.

The story of Abraham Levi, dealer in second-hand clothing and purveyor of cast-off, trifles, is a notable example showing that the much abused Israelite has a heart. His place of business is in a tumble-down old house on Webster avenue, in the smoky city of Pittsburg. The exterior of his shop and dwelling reminds one of the tenements of the Five Points, while its interior presents a veritable curiosity shop filled with every imaginable second-hand article, as though a whole colony of enthusiastic Mrs. Toodleses had consolidated their auction treasures for the purpose of giving a grand exhibition.

Overcoats and dress coats in various stages of dilapidation, broken-winded pianos and melodeons, torn music and broken-backed books, door-plates and boot jacks and every imaginable odd and end of domestic or personal appointment, are to be found piled up on boxes, shelves and in dusty corners.

Every day Mr. Levi sallies forth with a dirty black and green piano-cover under his arm, and comes back with a miscellaneous collection of books, broken crockery, dilapidated hats, old boots, and all manner of cast-off articles to add to his collection, and meet the wants of his customers who live on the "hill."

Mr. James Harbison was one of the iron kings of the Smoky City, a widower with one son and two daughters, and a million in solid cash.

Emma Harbison was not a favorite with her brother Arthur and her sister Samantha. She had been her mother's favorite, but her father never exhibited much partiality for her. She was reserved and shy as her brother and sister were forward and boisterous.

Mr. Harbison had removed to Pittsburg from the interior of the State, upon the death of his wife, while his children were yet small, and Emma, as she grew up, still kept the rural ways of her early childhood, which gave mortal offense to their fashionable brother and sister. Fashionable life and flash society had no charms for her, and she was soon ignored in the household, even her father lavishing all of his attentions and paternal regards upon his two older children.

At length Mr. Harbison died, and was buried, and the will, which he had taken good care to make, was admitted to probate. It was short and to the point:

To Emma Harbison I bequeath the work-box that belonged to my dear wife, with the trinkets it contains. To my dear children, Arthur and Samantha Harbison, I bequeath all the remainder of my estate, bonds, stocks, lands, tenements and property of whatever kind.

It is also my wish that my two children, Arthur and Samantha, give Emma a home until she marries. (Signed.)

JAS. HARBISON.

The friends of the family were astonished at the provisions of the will, and were still more astonished when Arthur and Samantha openly proclaimed that Emma was not their sister at all, but a pauper that their father had adopted out of charity.

And as such they treated her and made her the household drudge. For months she acted the part of a servant almost uncomplainingly, and then she was discharged from service and turned out upon the world, her only earthly possessions being a little bundle of clothes, her mother's work-box and $10, her earnings during six months of slavery.

She went forth fully resolved to maintain herself by her labor, but misfortune still followed her. Being frail and delicate she found it impossible to keep a place as a house servant, and she could get no other employment.

At length her last penny was gone, and starvation stared her in the face. Hunger at last drove her to the shop of Abraham Levi. She must part with her mother's work-box for bread!

"Mr. Levi,' she said, "I am in great need, and am compelled to part with this box for a little ready money.'

Mr. Levi looked at it critically, and inquired, "What you ask for him?'

"I could put no valuation on it, as it is priceless to me. Let me have $5 on it, and I will redeem it in the future.'

"Oh! Mein Gott! Miss, fife dollar? Vy, it would bankrupt me if I gif you a dollar. I do not care to take him at dat.'

In vain did Emma Harbison plead the sacredness of the keepsake. Mr. Levi was inflexible, and at last she parted with her inestimable treasure, receiving a single dollar in exchange. But this pittance only kept off starvation for a day or two, and at last she was picked up one night by the police, wandering the streets, and taken before an alderman.

She told her pitiful story to the magistrate, and her brother and sister were sent for. They came and disowned her, and declared her an imposter, and she was consigned to the House of Refuge, which was under the management of one of the worst tyrants that ever disgraced a reformatory institution.

A legislative committee, a year ago brought to light the horrible practices that had been carried on for years. How delicate girls were horsewhipped and tied up by the thumbs, and subjected to every conceivable torture at the caprice of the officials. Poor Emma, so gentle and uncomplaining, came in for a share of the punishment, and her recitals before the committee made strong men weep in very indignation. A wealthy lady, hearing the story of the poor girl's wrongs, adopted her and gave her a home full of comfort, and her young life became joyous once more.

But how fared it with her unnatural brother and sister? For a while they led the fashionable portion of society, and lived magnificently. They outrivalled all in the magnificence of their entertainments and the splendor of their equipages.

Arthur prided himself on his financial sagacity, and invested his and his sister's fortune in paying stocks that brought handsome dividends.

But the financial crash of 1873 brought them ruin. The collapse of the National Trust Company, Brady & Co.'s banking house, and other banks where Arthur had invested, beggared them, and swept almost a million dollars out of their selfish grasp.

They were in as great straits for the necessaries of life as poor Emma had been, and lived solely on the charity of a few of their wealthy friends, a little less heartless than the most who had once fawned upon them but knew them no more.

Abraham Levi valued Emma's work-box at ten dollars, but found no purchaser.—After vainly trying to sell it one day, he shook it indignantly at the customer as he was leaving the shop, and was surprised to hear something move inside of it. Taking the key to unlock it, but it was empty.—Holding it open, he again shook it, and again heard something moving. Examining the interior still more closely, he observed a minute spring, against which he pushed, and a false bottom was thrown open.

And such a sight as met the astonished eyes of the Jew! Spread out on the bottom of the box was a new United States seven-thirty bond, with ten years' coupons unclipped. He picked it up, and another precisely like it met his gaze. Grasping the second, the third appeared, and so on till they numbered thirty-five. Here was a greater fortune than Abraham Levi had ever dreamed of. He seized a pencil and calculated the interest. The bonds and coupons were worth more than six hundred thousand dollars in the money market.—They were his. He was wealthy at last. He replaced them in the box, put down the false botton and locked it up in the safe.

But Abraham Levi's peace of mind was gone. He no longer took any interest in his business and began to lose his customers. Several times he had taken the box and started to New York to get the bonds exchanged, but his heart always failed him. He knew that he ran no risk, and yet he had not the courage to realize his fortune.

One day, after musing for an hour, a strange smile crossed his face and he said:

"Dots shust vat I vill do!'

He opened the safe, took out the box and placed it under his arm. Just as he reached the street a carriage stopped in front of his store and Miss Emma alighted.

"O! Mr. Levi,' she exclaimed, "I am just in time. I see you are going to sell my box. I have come to redeem it.'

"No, Miss,' replied Levi; "I not go out to sell him; I go to take him to you. But coom in, young lady. I vish to explain.'

Emma entered the dingy place, and Mr. Levi told her the whole story in a straightforward way, and then showed her the fortune he guarded so carefully and ignorantly for so many years, and which he had tried to sell for the sum of $10.

"And how can I ever reward you, Mr. Levi?' asked Emma, grasping his hands.

"Vell,' said he, "I dink ash you might gif me a hoondred dollars.'

"No! no!' said Emma, and seizing one of the bonds, said, "you shall take one of these at least.'

But Levi hesitated for a long time it sisting that $100 was a sufficient reward. Finally Emma induced him to accept a ten thousand dollar bond, and to-day Abraham Levi is one of the happiest of men, altho' he still keeps up his endless variety of odds and ends and goes from house to house in search of "old clo's.'

Emma Harbison was too sensible a girl to act like the girl in the story and divide her fortune with her ungrateful brother and sister. She did nothing of the kind. She secured the position of shipping clerk in a rolling mill for Arthur, and the position of music teaching for Samantha. She treats them in the most sisterly manner, but insists that they shall earn a living for themselves, and to this all who know the trio say amen.

A Water-Wonder.

PROPELLING BOATS WITHOUT WHEEL OR SCREW.

About three years ago, says the Baltimore *Gazette*, an intelligent mechanic of Baltimore began to put in shape some ideas he had concerning water as a propelling power for vessels. He believed that by judicious manipulation a boat could be propelled without a wheel or screw. With an inventor's sublime faith in the correctness of his theory he gave his spare moments to putting his ideas into practical form. He built a model and launched her in a trough. He "fired up" with kerosene and raised steam to work his pump. The experiment with the working model satisfied the inventor that he was on the right track. But between that model and the trim little Alpha, which ran down the bay on her trial trip yesterday, there was a wide gulf of hope, disappointment, hard work, and expectation. At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mr. George G. Caldwell, the inventor; Capt. Jeremiah Cotterell, master; Mr. John Ahern, business agent; and Mr. Wm. Warren, who has aided Mr. Caldwell, went on board at the Long Dock, accompanied by representatives of the press. The Alpha is a Baltimore built boat constructed on the tug-boat model, and as neat a thing of the kind as there is afloat. She is forty three feet in length, and has ten and a half feet of beam. She is furnished with one sixteen horse power horizontal tubular boiler and a No. 7 Knowles pump. From the pump to the stern are two lines of pipe, which strike the water about three feet beneath the surface. Two similar lines run to the bow. The pump drives through each pipe a two and a half inch stream, which enters the water through a 1-inch nozzle. With sixty pound of steam the pump makes 180 strokes to the minute, each stroke driving into the body of water. This is all there is about this wonderful device. And yet, under all the disadvantages of a trial trip, this was the device which yesterday enabled the Alpha to make ten knots an hour under sixty pounds pressure. There was not a ripple astern, and no perceptible displacement of the water, except the little made by the cutting of the bow. She was backed and turned with perfect ease. To back the boat the stream is driven through the bow nozzles and the craft obeys on the instant. If the boat were to spring aleak, the pump would simply draw its supply from the hold and go on with its work. It is claimed that a vessel provided with this appliance could not sink under ordinary leakage. For prudential reasons there were no experiments in this line yesterday. A remarkable feature of the Caldwell contrivance is that the power which propels will also steer. To accomplish this the nozzles are worked alternately from side to side, using the streams as levers, on the principle of the oar. There is yet another use to which this device can be applied. In case of fire on board or about the docks, a line of hose is attached to the pump, and in a second there is a floating steam engine which at least holds its own with anything on wheels. The inventor claims that his device can be profitably applied to any vessel, although it is mainly intended for canal service, where the demand is for a cheap propeller that will not wash the banks. Mr. Caldwell declares that both the first and after cost of his invention will be far less than that of anything now in use. The entire driving apparatus is below, and no part of it could be carried away by accident or design. The whole thing is so simple that there is not much to get out of order, and nothing that could not easily be repaired. The attempt of the British Government in 1866 to apply water as a propelling power to vessels is the only similar effort within our knowledge. The Water Witch was propelled by streams forced out at the sides, a rotary fan supplying the power.—The Water Witch achieved a failure and retired from business. Mr. Caldwell's invention has been patented in Europe, as well as in this country.

A minute analysis of life at once destroys the splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display or luxury enjoy is procured by offices from which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all the magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all pomp ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.—*Johnson.*

The Sermon on the Mount.

The most careless reader has probably been struck with the contrast between the delivery of the Law on Sinai. We think of that as a "fiery law," whose promulgation is surrounded by the imagery of thunders and lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet sounding long and waxing louder. We think of this as flowing forth in divinest music amid all the calm and loveliness of the clear and quiet dawn. That came dreadfully to the startled conscience from an Unseen Presence, shrouded by wreathing clouds, and destroying fire, and eddying smoke; this was uttered by a sweet, human voice, that moved the heart most gently in words of peace. That was delivered on the desolate and storm-rent hill, which seems with its red granite crags to threaten the scorching wilderness; this on the flowery grass of the green hillside which slopes down to the silver lake. That shook the heart with terror and agitation; this soothed it with peace and love.

And yet the New Commandments of the Mount of Beatitudes were not meant to abrogate, but rather to complete, the Law which was spoken from Sinai to them of old. That Law was founded on the eternal distinction of right and wrong—distinctions strong and irremovable as the granite bases of the world. Easier would it be to sweep away the heaven and the earth than to destroy the least letter, one *yod*—or the least point of a letter, one projecting horn—of that code which contains the very principles of all moral life. Jesus warned them that he came, not to abolish that Law, but to obey and to fulfil; while at the same time he taught that this obedience had nothing to do with the Levitical scrupulousness of a superstitious adherence to the letter, but was rather a surrender of the heart and will to the innermost meaning and spirit which the commands involved. He fulfilled that olden Law by perfectly keeping it, and by imparting a power to keep it to all who believe in him, even though he made its cogency so far more universal and profound.—*Farrer's "Life of Christ."*

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Young man you must paddle your own canoe! It is, on the whole, better that you should. See that young man who gets into a canoe purchased with money of his parents or his friends. When the vessel is launched, he must have it paddled by hired hands, while he lolls back, and perhaps sees nothing but an unsubstantial shadow of himself in the smooth waters. By and by the canoe through carelessnes and presumptuous steering, is dashed among the rapids and he goes down. Should he come up again, he finds that he is abandoned by all, and that he has made a wreck where he might have made a fortune.

Young man or woman! paddle your own canoe. Even if you are favored with parents and friends who can give you one, be sure you earn it by the worthiness of your lives. In high purposes, in noble resolves, in generous deeds, in purity and virtuous endurance, and blameless conversation, let your endeavors to paddle your own canoe be seen by all. Pull away! If the paddle breaks while pulling against the rapids, have another ready. If you have but one, pull with the stump of the old. Don't relax one effort. One stroke lost, and it may be the fatal one. Pull away! your canoe if you have built it, like your friend, of the right material in your character, will hold as long as yourself will. Pull away, and before long you may find yourself in as fair a heaven as the man that "paddles his own canoe."

WORSHIPPING UNDER A BOTTLE OF RUM.—All along North Main street, people were looking, this morning, at some sight aloft. Far up in the air, on the spire of the Fourth Congregational Church, at a height of nearly 200 feet from the pavement, two men were seen at the very top of the spire, and one of them on a ladder above the top.—They were taking down the weather-vane, preparatory to painting the spire and church which needs it, not having been painted for eighteen years. One of the men, a painter, named Bullock, is said to be nearly or quite sixty years old and is lame.

The Fourth Church was erected in 1848 and '49, and was not finished before the close of the latter year. When the spire approached its completion, and the ornamental finals or hollow balls below the weather vane were in progress of construction, certain residents of North Main street contributed a quart bottle of fine old rum, and a pack of playing cards, which were placed unknown to the church committee, in the hollow swell beneath the vane. The bottle of liquor was duly marked with the date, 1849, but probably without the names of the contributors; and under these ungodly devices the religious services have been carried on for nearly thirty years, without the knowledge or suspicion of the odd situation of things aloft, up in the steeple.—*Hartford Times.*

THE ESTATE OF DANIEL DREW.—The report of Wm. G. Choate, referee, announcing the sale of the following property of Daniel Drew under execution, was confirmed by Mr. Justice Donohue: To plaintiff, as trustee, 9,200 shares New Jersey Steamboat Company at $30 each, $322,500; 74 first mortgage bonds Toledo, Canada Southern and Detroit railroad at $200 each, $14,800; 500 shares Canton Land Company of Baltimore, at $20 per share, $10,000; and to Wm. A. Timpson 775 shares Louisville and New Albany and Chicago railroad at $1 per share, $775.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. The other night somehow it slipped down, and as the Judge was restless it gradually worked its way downward toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, he was surprised and scared, and jumping out of bed, he said:

"By gracious, Maria! there's a toad or a snake or something under the covers. I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream, and was out on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go hollering and waking up the neighbors," said the Judge. "You go and get the broom or something, and we'll fix this thing mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge, with the remark that she felt as if snakes were creeping all up and down her legs and back.

"O, nonsense, Maria! Now you turn down the covers slowly, while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside the bed, too, so's we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and, as soon as the black ribbon of the watch was revealed, he cracked away three or four times with his broom. Then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the bucket to the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might have known that! Just like you women to go screaming and making a fuss about nothing! Who's going to pay me for that watch? It's utterly ruined."

"It was you who made the fuss, not me,' said Mrs. Pitman. "You needn't try to put the blame off on me."

"O, hush up and go to bed! I'm tired of hearing you blather. 'Pears to me you can't keep your tongue still a minute.—Blame me if I ain't going to get a divorce and emigrate."

And the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

A Land Full of Gold and Silver.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Alexandria, informs the public that Capt. Burton, the African traveler, has made a 'find' of unusual interest. At the request of the Khedive he has visited the 'Land of Midian,' the desolate region on the eastern side of the Gulf of Akabah, the easternmost of the two long and narrow estuaries in which the Red Sea ends. Accompanied by M. George Marie, a French engineer, Capt. Burton landed in Midian on April 2, and in an expedition of some weeks explored a region full of ruined towns, built of solid masonry, with made roads, aqueducts five miles long, artificial lakes and massive fortresses, all marking a wealthy and powerful people.—Their wealth was based on mining operations, and Capt. Burton reports the existence of gold, silver, tin, antimony, and turquoise mines. The auriferous region is extensive; indeed, the discoverer believes he has opened up a California, and the Khedive proposes to have the country worked by European capitalists. It will be remembered that in the Bible Midian is always described as a land full of metals, especially gold, silver and lead. It is more than probable that Solomon's Ophir was situated there, as the small ships in which he imported gold, ivory and peacocks were launched at the head of the Red Sea.—Midian is part of the Egyptian Viceroyalty.

LIVELY LOCALITY.—A good story is told of an Irishman who gave evidence before a Fishery Commission on the west coast of Ireland. Amongst other questions, as he seemed rather discursive, and inclined to aver anything, one of the commissioners asked him "If they had many whales there." "Is it whales?" questioned Pat. "Shure ye may see'm by the dozen, spouting about like water engines all over the place." Another commissioner gravely asked if there were many dogfish. "Dogs, begorra! Faix ye'd say so'ad ye passed the night there; sure we can't slape for the barking of them." Lastly, one of the other commissioners asked "if flying fish abounded." The answer was, "arrah, an' if we didn't put the shutters up every night, there wouldn't be a whole pane of glass left in the house, for the creatures against them." This finished the sitting, and the next day Pat came to ask for his expenses, exclaiming in extension of them, "Sure now, honey, didn't I swear to everything ye axedme?"

AN AWKWARD PAUSE.—A young gentleman undertook to relate a circumstance one Sunday evening in the presence of some young ladies, and he commenced as follows:

"A lady friend and myself, last evening went to Bed—'

With a sudden spring the old lady bounced him out of the house. The next day the old gentleman met him on the street and asked for an apology.

"I was about to say,' commenced the young man, "that a lady friend and myself went to bed—' when a thrust from the old man's cane started him back several feet, upon which he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"A lady friend and myself went to Bedford street church, you old fool!'

Government began in tyranny and force began in the feudalism of the soldier and bigotry of the priest, and the ideas of justice and humanity have been fighting their way like a thunderstorm against the organized selfishness of human nature.