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The American Union.

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The American Union

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JOHN H. EMERSON.

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1 "	1 month	1.50
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¼ column, one year,		15.00
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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 practice 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.

Cut'ing, 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.

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.

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.

To Shippers.

THIS is to announce to the public that we are yet engaged in the general freighting business between Greensborough and Baltimore, and herein concentrating all our attention and means, we feel satisfied after an experience of some years, and by dealing fairly and honestly we can assure our friends and patrons a business that will stand on its own merits. A trial will, we think, satisfy you. Prices are in general less—to suit the times.

Hogsheads	Lime,	Salt,	Syrup, &c.,	1.50
Casks,	Soda,		"	75
Barrels,	Coal oil,	Syrup,	"	35
"	Plaster,	Sugar,	"	30
"	Flour,	Fish,	"	25
1-2 Barrels	Fish,	Flour,	"	15
Kegs	Nails,		"	12
Lumber per 1000				2 00
Shingles,				1 00
Plastering Laths, per 1,000				75

Other prices in proportion.

All orders *must* be accompanied with cash or grain to insure prompt attention. Positively no freight delivered until paid for unless specially agreed thereto.

Thankful for past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same.

apr-12-tf. J. B. DRAPER & CO.

BURNS & SLOAN,

Lumber,
Shingles,
Felloes,
Doors,
Sash,
Bricks,

AT LOWEST RATES. in Lots to Suit.

If in Want of any of the above Articles,
WRITE US.
132 Light Street Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.
jly2-1y.

Poetry.

SMILES AND TEARS.

ARGOSY.

You bid me sing a gay refrain,
Win from my lyre a note more glad,
And when I chose a brighter strain,
Still!—still you told me it was sad.

I did not mean it should be so,
Nor was my wish to make you sigh;
But you are young, and do not know
How joy and grief together lie.

There ever is a minor chord
Struck somewhere in our earthly lays,
Ever a shadow on the sward
Of brightest scenes whereon we gaze.

And while we may not heed the one
Nor hear the other, each is there;
Yet lurking in the blithest tone,
Yet darkening the landscape fair.

Thus, often scarcely knowing why,
We cannot look without a tear;
And so it is we sometimes sigh,
Tho' joyous be the song we hear.

THE PORTRAIT.

—o—

"Robert Southley, you are always standing before that picture!'

So cried a beautiful, high-bred girl, as she entered the splendid reception room where stood the young man gazing upon a sylph like figure enclosed within a massive frame.

"I cannot help admiring the picture,' he said—"it has a fascination for me which I cannot explain to myself. Is there an original, or is it one of those dream-faces that artists sometimes fashion under the peculiar inspiration of Heaven?'

"Oh, it's no dream-face,' said Eugenie, lightly, "but a cousin of mine, I believe—that is, I've heard papa say so. She is living now, I believe, but, dear me, they're dreadful common sort of people.'

"They?' queried Robert Southley.

"I mean my aunt and cousin. They are in reduced circumstances, and I understand Annie has got so far down that she takes work at the shops. You smile and I suppose you think I ought to know more about them, but I assure you it is not my fault. Ever since they would not consent to make it their home here, papa has forbidden me to have anything to do with them.'

"But why did they not stay?' asked Robert.

"O, they had some foolish notions of independence—said they would not live on the bounty of those who had robbed them, and many other impertinent things. I wonder papa was so patient with them!—I'm sure he couldn't help it if it was their home once, you know, if his brother willed it to him.'

"So, so——,' said Robert Southley.—And his fine eyes roved again to the portrait. The noble face seemed lighted up with a trusting smile, as he gazed, and yet it was but a child's face—a child of only seven years.

"How old is that cousin by this time?' he asked carelessly.

"O, about my age. I assure you she's a very plain looking girl. The painter idealized that face.'

Eugenie Bartlett was both vain and heartless, and had not even wit enough to conceal either defect. She had fancied that she loved more than once, but never till the poet-face of Robert Southley met her vision had she in reality known the true meaning of the much used, much abused word. She fancied that her beauty was irresistible—it was to some men, but not to him. He liked to call there because he often met Mr Bartlet, who was a liberal patron of the arts, a good scholar, and interesting conversationalist, but for the handsome daughter he had nothing more than friendship—scarcely that.

She, however, fancied that he was interested in her—nay, that he was desperately enamored of her charms, and did not dream that he sought for heart, not beauty for mind, not wealth.

"How long did they occupy here?' asked Robert Southley.

"O, till she was seven—in fact, that picture was taken the year my uncle died. There was a great time about the will, and when she found that it was really in favor of my father, the widow left the house and went out West, where she has resided till within a few years. When they came back again, father offered them a home, but they refused. To tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I thought my cousin was a gawky. How could it be otherwise?—no boarding-school privileges. I suppose her mother has been her teacher, but dear me, she can't know much.'

Robert Southley glanced at the speaker with a look she could not have relished, had she noticed it. Fortunately, her eyes were cast down.

"Do let us change the subject,' said Eugenie, with a little start of impatience; "what did you think of Guardaline last night? Wasn't he superb? I positively adored him—for the time, I mean.'

Robert Southley seemed quite indifferent whether she adored him for the time or all time, and replied to her arch look with a quiet, almost a contemptuous smile.

"The 'Barber of Seville' is, I think, the most charming of operas,' continued Eugenie, "don't you?'

"On the contrary, I dislike it the most,' replied Robert Southley.

"O, is it possible? Why everybody goes in raptures over it,' replied Eugenie.

"I don't agree with everybody,' then he said, quietly. "I have but little sympathy with everybody.'

She looked as if she did not know how to take this declaration, and it annoyed her to see his eyes again wandering to the portrait.

"I'll take it down and burn it,' she angrily ejaculated to herself.

After a few more common-places, Robert Southley took his leave.

He walked about until it was quite twilight, and then remembering an errand in another part of the city, he retraced his steps. Was it his guardian angel that prompted him.

He had nearly reached the place toward which his steps were bent, when he felt a light touch on his arm. He looked down. There was the face of the portrait, only more mature—much sweeter in expression. His heart beat as it never beat before.

"May I ask your protection?' said a sweet voice—"some one has followed me and spoken to me more than once, and I—' the lip trembled, and the elegant eyes swam in tears.

"Certainly I will protect you,' said Robert Southley, drawing her hand within his arm—"and as to that scoundrel over there, I know him—he should be chastised as he deserves. He will be before long, if he is not careful.'

The man met his eye and skulked along back street. It was Mosely, the keeper of the slop-shop.

"I should not have been out alone at such an hour, but my mother needed medicine,' she said as they walked along. The fair girl trembled excessively.'

They moved rapidly away, till they came to the miserable building where lived Annie and her mother. Annie's cheek burned as the young man ascended the steps and opened the door for her. There were loud and disagreeable sounds up stairs, the entry was dark, and poor Annie stood hesitating.

"They are very noisy and quarrelsome, some of the families in the rooms, she said, timidly.

"Stop a moment,' ejaculated Robert Southley. And he knocked quietly at one of the doors. "Lend me a light to show this young lady up stairs,' he said to the woman who appeared.

The occupant of the room hurried to light another candle. As she gave it to him he placed a piece of money in her hand, which she was nothing loth to take—and desiring Annie to follow him, the young man went as far as she directed.—The door of the garret stood open, and Annie's mother, with a strange gladness in her face, looked out toward Annie as she came up stairs.

"Thank this gentleman, mother, for his kindness in protecting me from insult,' said Annie, gently. "But I left you sick.'

"I am well now,' exclaimed the excited widow, "and here is what has cured me.' She held a folded paper in her hand. "The will that was lost! the will that Lawyer Crandall and other witnesses knew that he made, is here in my hand! It is dated a year later than the one his brother has!—Annie, my child, thank God with me—thank God!'

She had gone into the neat little garret room, Annie and Robert Southley following. The latter made no apology—he felt acquainted with the circumstances, and told them so. Annie's face was radiant—It was the picture quickened into beautiful life—the same innocence of expression, the same spiritual loveliness.

"Annie, you know how sacredly I have kept this little Bible since your father's death,' said Mrs. Bartlett; "only in times of peculiar joy or sorrow reading from its sacred pages, because it was the one your father used in his private devotions. One day when he was ill, but not yet sick enough to be confined to his bed, he asked me for a piece of green baize. I brought it to him and went somewhere—I forget where. When I returned, the Bible was covered. I asked him what he had covered it for, and he replied with a smile, 'for you.' I thought he referred to the possible event of his death, and it made me sad. After that he was struck with complete paralysis, and neither spoke nor moved.—Once before, when thought to be very sick, and under the influence of his brother's stronger mind, he made the will in which Mr. Bartlett now holds our lawful rights. He had a strange fear of his brother—I never knew why he could alway control my poor husband. To-day, after Annie went out, I got this Bible and read it, lying upon the bed. As I opened it, I thought the cover felt strangely slippery, and curiosity led me to push it hither and thither, until I felt sure there was a paper underneath it. I unpasted the baize, and there, folded carefully across the back of the sacred word, was the will. O, praise heaven! We are poor no longer.'

"Will you allow me to transact this business for you?' asked Robert Southley, turning to the mother. "I am a lawyer, and it would give me particular pleasure to serve you, as I am acquainted with your relatives.'

One glance at the noble face before her decided the widow. She accepted the offer with thanks.

"I will find you a better home than this to-morrow,' said the young man. "An uncle of mine is on the point of visiting England—you shall immediately be put in possession of a part of his house. This is no home for you.'

Annie blushed, for the look he directed toward her was full of meaning. She felt as he did, that their meeting was no chance circumstance, but a direct providence, and his fine appearance won insensibly upon her heart.

* * * * * *

"It is very strange, daughter—very strange!' exclaimed Harry Bartlet, walking back and forth hurriedly—"are you sure?'

"Certainly I am sure,' replied Eugenie Bartlet, with flashing eyes, lifting her bonnet with spiteful jerk—"don't Robert Southley sit right in front of us? Yes, he came in with that Annie, that low, slop-shop girl and her mother—and you should have seen how splendidly they were dressed—that is, richly. Annie Bartlett never would show off, she isn't capable.'

"That is very strange,' repeated her father, walking more quickly. "It cannot be—' He stopped short, a cloud of perplexity gathering across his features.

The beautiful Eugenie was savage. She snubbed her maid, and kicked her lap-dog, and broke the Sabbath twenty times before night came.

The next day the mystery was disclosed. There was no use in disputing the will—in contending with the powers that were—but it broke the merchant down. He had lost previously in foolish speculations, and had on his hand only the house and a few thousand dollars, which he had managed to save for his daughter's portion. The widow offered Eugenie a home, however, and she was too thoroughly humbled to decline. She felt that it was useless attempting to earn her own living, for she had barely a smattering of any essential knowledge. She could play a few tunes, she had painted a few landscapes, embroidered a few collars, and worked a few lamp-mats—there her acquirements ended.—Harry Bartlett, broken-down and conscience-smitten, went to California, and there he died. Robert Southley married Annie, one year after the finding of the will.—And as to Eugenie, she is always reported engaged; but we fear will never be married.

The True Gems.

Talking recently with a lapidary upon the value of gems and the constant increase of false and spurious stones in the market, we asked: How do you detect the real from the false—the genuine from the paste? His reply was: In these modern days, when art has made marvellous progress; when the keen eye, the steady hand, the wealth of science, are all summoned to aid the workman, there leap out from the furnace and the forge gems that shine and sparkle side by side with the diamond and the chrysoprace, and the spurious dazzles the beholder even as the pure. We try acids, and the false will bear the sharp tooth which heretofore has been sure to detect the counterfeit. We subject the stone to a fiery ordeal, and it comes out unharmed. We try that keen-eyed officer from the sun itself—polarized light, and the jewel shines and smiles unharmed by that terrible test. *Time alone is the detective.* With the passing years the glory and the beauty of the false pretender fades and the lustrous gem becomes but a piece of glass or a brittle stone.

So time alone detects character and reveals the true man. When each fading year brings out into clearer relief the crystal beauty of the soul; when with the creeping on of age there shines from the eye of a tenderer, softer light; when, as one draws nearer the sunset, there is a divine radience beaming from every feature,—then may we be sure of the existence of a true diamond, whose lustre eternity itself cannot dim. These are the ones of whom it is said: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Brilliant talents, a high position, commanding influence, the applause of an admiring people, are no tests of a man's character; they may all centre about him, and yet he be false within. Time with its trials and burdens, its corroding care and bitter temptations, will surely prove of what stuff he is made. He who searches all hearts will in due time come for His jewels, and we may rest assured that He knows the genuine; hence the glory and the beauty of His kingdom.—*New York Observer.*

A STRANGE FREAK.—Last Monday a small bird entered the restaurant of the Salisbury Hotel and perched upon one of the chandeliers. From this position he made frequent excursions around the room, always returning to the same point. At length the proprietor captured the feathered guest and placed him in a cage.—From this confinement he soon managed to escape, and strange to say he still remains in the room, seemingly perfectly contented, though the windows and doors remain open and allow of his free exit. At night he allows himself to be taken without resistance and placed in the cage, which he leaves early in the morning. The bird is about the size of a sparrow and somewhat resembles a canary, but as yet our most proficient ornithologist has not been able to classify him. He is an inveterate fly-catcher and makes this insect his only diet. He is now perfectly at home, and does not seem at all frightened at any of his surroundings.—*Eastern Shoreman.*

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words:—"Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell.

Without a Soul.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT—A FRENCH PHYSICIAN RESUCIATES A DEAD BODY.

Mons le Docteur Bussy d'Alembert, a noted French surgeon and physician, has long held that life might be prolonged indefinitely in some classes of patients; such, for instance, as those who have suffered no fatal lesions, but who are perishing from anæmia or the degeneration and non-production or proper blood corpuscles. Until the 8th day of last November he found no one willing to accept as true his seemingly visionary theory, but having secured a suitable patient for experimental purposes in the person of M. Nathan Isaacs, a near relative, by the way, of Baron Rothschild, he immediately proceeded to demonstrate truth of his hitherto unsubstantial assertions. Mr. Isaacs was dying of an anæmic disorder, and having heard of Dr. d'Alembert's theory, he sent for him on the date above mentioned, having discharged his family physician, and placed himself wholly under the care of Dr. d'A. Upon his arrival Dr. d'Alembert found his patient at the point of death, and the more strongly to demonstrate the tenability of his belief, he determined to allow Mr. Isaacs to expire before trying his experiments. No stimulants being exhibited, Mr. Isaacs quietly breathed his last on the morning of November 11, at 4:30 o'clock. Dr. d'A., who slept in the house, having been informed of this fact by one of the nurses, immediately had the body placed in the box (constructed with double walls packed with charcoal) and entirely covered with pounded ice, and then had it removed to his office where, in the presence of Drs. Dupuy, Dien, Ettieune, and Record, (the two latter members of the Academy of Science), had the body removed from the box, wiped thoroughly dry and placed on the table, the top of which was formed of a plate of glass two inches in thickness.—The Paris *Revue Medicale* describes the results of the experiment as follows: Two assistants then began to shampoo the entire surface of the body. This being thoroughly done, the doctor made an incision, reaching to the spine at the first vertebra, and buried there a smooth copper plate attached to one wire of an electric battery. The incision was neatly sewed up to hold the plate in place, and the cicatrix covered with collodion or other tincture of gun cotton. Another copper plate connecting with the same pole of the battery was buried at the base of the skull, and still a third, of zinc, connected with the opposite pole of the battery, was buried in similar manner at the base of the sternum. Every thing being in readiness, an almost imperceptible stream of electricity was turned on, and so gradually increased that it was fully an hour before any twitching of the muscles could be discovered. At intervals of five minutes the tongue was moistened with an elixer composed of cognac brandy of 180 per cent. proof, which had been rectified six times through filters of sand, charcoal, and felt. The tongue and fauces were moistened with lime-juice and water to prevent excoriation of them by the strength of the liquor. At the end of an hour, as above stated, a slight tremor of the muscles became discernable, and at the end of the second hour very minute globules of perspiration could be seen with the magnifying glass upon the glands of the throat, axillæ, and groins. At this point artificial respiration was begun and kept up. Toward the close of the third hour the flesh had a moist feeling, the entire surface of the body, covered with a light perspiration. From this stage we deem it best to copy *verbatim* the diary of d'Alembert:

Fourth Hour—Breathing being established, artificial respiration was discontinued. Time between exhalation of the breath twenty seconds, though growing more natural.

Fifth Hour—Slight pulse; breathing all right: on forcing open the eyes, pupils found very much dilated; eyes not glassy.

Sixth Hour—Left in charge of attendants while physicians were at dinner, no reliable notice of progress taken.

Seventh Hour—Still improving pulse regular, though very weak; eyes open and shut of themselves.

Eighth Hour—Stimulation with brandy discontinued, strong egg-nogg of goat's milk being substituted; steady progress.

Ninth Hour—A muttered attempt at speech.

Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Hours—Sound slumber, from which the patient awoke refreshed, and began a conversation in a weak tone. Perfectly rational.

The battery was kept attached to Mr. Isaacs and the stimulants continued, though at longer intervals and in larger quantities. The most singular part of this truly strange story is the fact that, although Mr. Isaacs recovered his intellect with the renewal of his life, yet his moral faculties were entirely dormant. When his wife and child were brought to him he evinced no emotion whatever, and while his memory recalled every incident of his former life—and all of his acquaintances say that his conversation and ideas were more brilliant than ever before—yet it was impossible to call up any association that was aught save indifferent to him. When informed of the death of his mother (though he had been the most devoted of sons) he merely remarked, "Well, she was old enough, heaven knows." Though formerly very devout in his observance of religion, he had become most blasphemous. He would not tell the truth, if possible to lie, and seemed to take a most intense delight to steal and secrete about his person any object even of the most trivial value. He made frequent attempts to rob the doctor of his watch while bending over him to administer stimulants, etc. Dr. Reynault St. Pierre, the highest Parisian authority on insanity and matters relating to the psychology and physiology of the brain, being called in said that he could account for his condition only supposing that while his intellect had been resumed along with his new life, his soul had fled forever. He argues that were this a case only of insanity the brain would not have increased in brilliancy, nor would the memory have continued so perfect.

The blasphemies and obscene conduct and conversation of Mr. Isaac having become too horrible, it was determined to discontinue the stimulus and disconnect the battery. This being done, the fatal sign of hiccoughing began and in thirty minutes the animal heat and all signs of life had disappeared, and death had resumed his sway. Immediately on his dissolution the eyes sank, the skin shriveled, a hideous stench pervaded the whole apartment, and the corpse had all the appearance of having been dead for weeks. Thus ended one of the most remarkable experiments on record.

Dr. d'Alembert says that prior to this experiment he has made several similar ones on the bodies of cats and dogs, starved to death for the purpose of experimenting.

Gold From the Roof of the Mint.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "The dust which has been allowed to accumulate upon the roof of the Philadelphia Mint during the past twenty-five years was collected recently by order of Governor Pollock, for the purpose of ascertaining what proportion of metal it contained. The roof is of asphalt, and, as it softens, the dust sticks to it tenaciously. Some amount of difficulty was consequently experienced in removing it, but finally a quantity amounting to 1,732 pounds in weight was removed. This has just been submitted to the usual assaying process, and the result shows that 42 ounces of standard gold and 96¼ ounces of standard silver—a total valuation of about $850—had been conveyed in the upward flight of the smoke of the chimney to a place where it became located for a season. A similar experiment was tried a quarter of a century ago, and out of 3.80 ounces of dust an ounce of gold was extracted, which is now exhibited as a curiosity in the office of the Assayer. The floors of the Mint are swept every week and the accumulation preserved, and once a year the woodwork of the refining room and the gloves of the employees are burned and the precious dust obtained from them, while the residue is sold to sweep-smelters."

TOM MARSHALL'S EXPERIENCE.—The latter part of the life of Thomas F. Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, was a continual struggle against the power of strong drink. But the drink habit had so long been indulged that it was too much for him, and finally overcame him. He said:

"I sought relief, I took the pledge, and have not wanted to drink since. I would not have the appetite return, not if this earth were one crysolite, set all over with the richest gems of Golconda—and if the city of New York with all the wealth and magnificence it may acquire for half a century to come—not if all this wealth were placed at my feet; by my honor and my soul, I would not have this appetite return."

These words were doubtless honest words, yet, the last utterance this great man made was: "This is the end. Tom Marshall is dying—dying upon a borrowed bed, under a borrowed sheet, in a house built by charity, and without a decent suit of clothes in which to be buried."

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The Precious Little Herb.

Two little German girls, Brigitte and Walburg, were on their way to the town, and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head.

Brigitte murmured and sighed constantly; Walburg only laughed and joked.

Brigitte said, "What makes you laugh so? Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I am.'

Walburg answered: "I have a precious little herb in my load, which makes me hardly feel it at all. Put some of it on your load as well.'

"Oh,' cried Brigitte, "it must indeed be a precious little herb. I should like to lighten my load with it. So tell me at once what it is called.'

Walburg replied: "the precious little herb that makes all burdens light is called PATIENCE.—*From the German.*

Some scientific men are "going back of Darwin," as the phrase is, and maintain that all animals, including man, came from vegetables. One is inclined to believe that theory possible when he reflects what *small potatoes* some folks are.

"Porter," asked an old lady of an Irish railway porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?"

"Sixty minutes past eight, mum," was Mike's reply.