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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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Advertisements conspicuously inserted the following rates:

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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. [jan1-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. Orderg 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 can 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.

GEO. T. MELVIN. M. S. MUTCHLER.
MELVIN & MUTCHLER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICES: { Denton, Md. Greensboro, Md

☞ Special attention paid to the collection of claims. [jly12-y.

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

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.

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. [oct16-tf.

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.

Whitelock's Vegetator.
Reduced Price.

AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE
W. WHITELOCK & CO'S TRADE MARK
VEGETATOR
BALTIMORE
1GO
THE CROP PRODUCER

$3.50 per bag. $3.50 per bag.
Quality Guaranteed.
BEST MATERIAL USED.
NOT SOON EXHAUSTED.
Produces the Crain.
Can be Drilled.
UNIFORM IN QUALITY.
Discounts to Dealers and Clubs.
W. Whitelock & Co.,
No 44 South Street,
jun28-4mos. **Baltimore.**

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted.—Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta Maine. 3-9-tf.]

DRUMMERS all killed out by B. G. STEVENS.
Potter's Landing July 10th, 1877.

BARGAINS IN STORE at B. G. STEVENS.

Poetry

WAITING.

BY AMANDA.

Waiting, softly waiting
While the night comes up in the east,
And Hesperus trims his taper
Like some holy, Jewish priest
On the altar of the sunset:
And the glorious purple tints,
And the amber lights grow dim,
And the crimson-throated robin
Trills his mournful, vesper hymn
In the old moss-covered pear-tree,
Waiting, softly waiting!

Waiting, softly waiting,
For the breaking of the day,
And the flash of golden sunlight
On the billows far away
Where aurora holds her court;
All the evanescent splendor
Of her evanescent throne,
And the pearl and carmine glories
To our Western skies unknown—
In their opaline array—
Waiting, softly waiting!

Waiting, softly waiting
Through the day and through the night,
Be it cold, and bleak, and dreary,
Be it fair, and warm, and bright,
Always waiting, softly waiting;
For the good will come some time,
Sorrow will not bide for aye,
Joy and peace will fold their pinions
Softly in the heart, some day—
Some fair, joyful day—
Waiting, softly waiting!

Waiting, softly waiting
God's own time in everything;
Loving faith and patient waiting
Will their own sweet blessings bring,
Fair twin-weanlings of our trust.
Waiting, softly waiting
Though the full heart aches, and aches—
Heaven is just beyond the billows
And their rhythmic murmur breaks
Softly on the Golden Shore.
Waiting, softly waiting!

VIOLA'S FOLLY.

BY GIBSON FOSTER.

I hope I am not actuated by spite in writing this record. I acknowledge that a twinge of indignation took me yesterday as she passed by me, she in her carriage, I upon the pavement, she with her plump gloved hands indolently folded in her lap, I with my poor lame son beside me, and she cast us an indifferent glance that went coldly sliding over us with no sign of recognition. For I remembered the incident I am about to tell.

Viola was my schoolmate, at an inland seminary principally dependent upon local patronage. Accident, perhaps, more than affinity, had brought us into that peculiar relation of intimate and confidential friendship by which each school girl is disposed to distinguish some other. Comparatively mature in age, and therefore considered trustworthy, we had been permitted to occupy a room at the house of a widow lady residing at some distance from the seminary building. Entering the school simultaneously and unacquainted, the decision of the principal and not our own choice had determined this condition of things.

My partiality for Viola induced much comment and discussion. She was known to be of a wealthy family, but this in your younger years passes for little. Most concurred in calling her cold and selfish. Certainly she was never profuse or demonstrative in expressions of attachment, or, indeed, of feeling of any kind. Delicate, dainty, free from apprehension of rivalry, for she was neither very clever nor ambitious, there was nothing passionate or rude in her demeanor toward any. Perhaps it was the soft and glossy languor of her manner, the well-bred poise and *aplomb* of her department, that attracted me toward her, it was so unlike the somewhat boydenish and extravagant carriage of the gushing misses who surround us. And I had never had a sister.

I know I loved her very fondly—both loved and admired her. The hints of worldly wisdom that sometimes escaped her opinions upon matters of taste in dress and ornament, her allusions to the usages of society, were to my untaught mind the utterances of an oracle.

I used often doubt if I repaid her fully by my assistance at her tasks and exercises, for the quiet suggestions she would give me touching the appropriateness of ribbons, the harmony of colors, the effectiveness of a style of coiffure. She was beautiful. I was painfully, girlishly conscious that I was not.

So I loved her. And although it sometimes vexed me when she affably chid my *abandon* and simplicity, still with no less frankness did I make her the recipient of my confidences, wondering meanwhile that she should assure me that she had none to return. And thus, while she, I believe,

——"fingered me, dog-eared me,
'As if she had spelled me by the fireside half a life."

I recognized in her reticence an inscrutable superiority, when others, less enviably intimate, saw only vacuity and heartlessness, and sneered accordingly.

"Come Viola,' I eagerly exclaimed, bursting into our room, one afternoon in June, "the girls are all going to Black Rock, and are going to walk back by the splendid moonlight this evening. They are waiting for us.'

"They need not wait for me, then,' she replied with a smile. "The day has been too warm, I am too comfortable here, and this story is too entertaining.'

I remembered expressions of impatience that I had overheard as I delayed the party while I should seek my friend, and allusions to her fine ladyish contempt for their society and amusements, and urged her warmly.

"Oh, fie, you little goose, they do not want me, or I them. No. Excuse me prettily to the girls, Mary, and be as happy as you can, Come, kiss me good-by.'

I saw it would be in vain to insist, and complied with her request. As I kissed her, I was startled to find her cheek was wet. But I was eager to be gone. So with no more words I left her, cuddled in the corner of our little sofa, her long, fair lashes drooping over her cheek as she bent over a book.

It was dark in our room when I returned, flushed with exercise and overflowing with a recital of the adventures of our merry excursion.

"Viola!' I called, as I groped in the darkness for a light. "Viola! are you asleep, or have you taken to sitting in the darkness?'

There was no reply. Viola was gone.—My first instinctive feeling was that Viola was in danger, and I must save her. Very vague and shapeless, but none the less appealing was the sensation, and I tried to make it yield to many conjectures that I framed to account for her absence. Might she not be visiting in the vicinity? But such was not her habit, and she could hardly have failed to apprise me of such an intention. Accident or illness at home might have induced her parents to send for her unexpectedly. But this could not have been without the knowledge of Mrs. Atwater, and I had just left her in the room below where I had paused long enough to wish her good-night and be smiled at for my impatience to unbosom myself to my friend. No. Viola had gone, and gone secretly. Then I remembered the tear upon her cheek.

Something must be done, must be done by me, done quickly, done quietly. But what? Stunned and bewildered, I seated myself where I had last seen her sit, and leaning my face upon my clasping hands tried to gather in my memory some possible clue to the mystery. It was of no use. The sense of loneliness and impotency, and the goading impulse to action, became almost intolerable. I remembered stories I had read of persons compelled to witness but unable to aid those they loved as they were perishing by fire, by drowning, by wild beasts, and compared their anguish with my own. I looked out from the window. The bright June day was succeeded by a dark and starless night. The rising wind moaned piteously. It was very late, and my candle was waning. Again I asked myself should I call others to my aid.—But beside the hopelessness of success from such means, I shrank from any act that might bring public reproach and scandal upon Viola. I must not do that.

Tired, sick, dispirited, at last I lay down, dressed as I was, upon our little bed, not to sleep, but to try and reflect more thoroughly and calmly. As I did so I touched something on my pillow. What an eager thrill it sent through me. It was a note from Viola.

"Dearest,' it said, "before you sleep tonight make a package of some of my clothing and place it on the stoop in the rear of the house. I am too hurried to do it myself. Keep my other things if you want them, not to remember me by, for I beg you to forget me. You have been very kind and good to me, but we shall not see one another again.'

The shock I experienced at this confirmation of my fears showed me how much hope had lingered among them, and thus suddenly dying, it left my heart sick indeed.

But the resistless impulse to action forbade me to pause even to deliberate, and my resolution was speedily taken. Discriminating but little, I hastily made up a package from Viola's wardrobe, threw around me a large cloak, the hood of which I drew far over my features, and went down—first locking my door—to the back stoop. The ghastly moon looked out a moment from a rift in the black clouds, and then like a guilty face, shrinking from sight, hid itself again. Leaving the bundle, I secreted myself behind some shrubbery in Mrs. Atwater's little garden, and then crouching there waited for events.

Wearily the time crept by. The restive wind made weird sounds among the leaves and branches of the trees. At length a drizzling rain set in, and heightened my discomfort. Still crouching, shuddering at every sound, I waited, waited. I own that there were moments then when I almost repented that I had not demanded the counsel and assistance of others. But I strove to repress the thought, and to approve my own resolve that, come what might, the good name of my proud and delicate Viola must run no risk of tarnish from me. If she were lost, if horrible shipwreck of life and fame were to be the result of her wild error, let men and women learn first her misbehavior from another, not from me. I would not be thus disloyal to her I so fondly loved.

With tense, strained nerves, I sat there, every faculty absorbed in expectancy, my misery and wretchedness forgotten, until at last I believed I heard a step on the walk. It was certainly a heavy foot crunching the gravel, and, peering from my lurking place, I saw a female figure stealthily grope for the bundle I had made. Without a word I sprang out, and grasped her wrist.

"Holy Mother! What is this?' she exclaimed, dropping the package and struggling to escape. My grasp upon her arm was steel, and I pressed my other hand upon her mouth.

"Be still and listen to me,' I said, in low tones. "I shall not harm you but you must do as I wish.'

Reassured by a human voice, she turned toward me the broad, blowsed face of an Irish servant girl. Calming her still further, and thrusting the trifling contents of my purse into her hand, I finally persuaded her to pick up the bundle and proceed.—Of course, I accompanied her, notwithstanding her remonstrances.

It was a long and weary walk through ways already heavy with mire, and the monotonous dripping of the rain was incessant. We stopped at what I recognized as an ill-favored and ill-reputed little tavern, standing by itself, with no other house in sight. I remembered that the coach that brought me first to Weymouth had stopped there to take up a passenger.

Bidding the girl go at once to the lady who, she said, had sent her on her errand, I followed her to the door of a squalid and wretchedly furnished room, which she entered. I looked in and my heart leaped up in joy. There, in hat and shawl, just as she had left the house, sat my delicate Viola. The girl, by my direction, had not closed the door, and I cannot forget the wild look, so mingled with dejection and alarm, that Viola cast toward it.

"Is he—is anybody with you?' she asked.

I could restrain myself no longer.—Springing into the room I threw my arms about her. A strange cry, such as might burst from the pallid lips of one who, hanging over a terrible abyss, feels the strong deliverance around him, and she sank fainting in my embrace. With the awkward assistance of the servant, I at length succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.—But how changed. Submissive as an infant to my will, trembling at every murmur, she suffered me to place my cloak around her, and, without remonstrance or explanation, to conduct her out of the house.

Hardly had we crossed the threshold when a carriage stopped before the house, and I heard a familiar voice cursing drivers, horses, weather and luck. Viola's agitation was fearful, and she clung to me for support. I drew her hastily aside from the entrance, as a man brushed past without observing us. As he passed into an inner room, I heard Viola remark, "Thank God,' and knew that she was weeping on my shoulder.

Hurriedly we made our escape, and before morning, drenched and exhausted, I had unlocked the door of our little apartment, and welcomed Viola home. I made no inquiries. I could not, but silently assisted her to prepare for bed, and fell to sleep, clasping her tightly in my arms.

When the long and perilous illness that succeeded my night of exposure and excitement had left me, I learned that the term had closed days before, and that Viola had gone home, not to return again.—They told me, also, as among the incidents that had occurred during my illness, that our teacher of music had resigned his position unexpectedly about the time I was taken ill, with the avowed intention of going abroad. It was his voice I had recognized.

It was years before I saw Viola again—not until we were both wives and mothers, and I a widow. I have not met her otherwise than as yesterday, nor has the supercilious glance she gives me ever wavered. Yet I believe she knows me.

Without a Newspaper.

An exchange thus strikes the centre of a subject which should receive attention:—Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families, both in town and country, but more especially the latter, that subscribes to no paper of any kind.—Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing up utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them—ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast amount of injury that is being inflicted on the rising generation—those who are to take our place in the busy world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of present, or any study of the past, this ignorance, too, being imbued into them by the sanction of those who should, and doubtless do, know better, did they only think of the injurious effect of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act our different parts.

A MINISTER was once riding through a section of the State of North Carolina, where custom forbade inn-keepers to take pay from the clergy who staid with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate his breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, I am a clergyman!' "That may be," responded Boniface; "but you came here, smoked like a sinner, slept like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner; and now sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

Why Old People Remember Things.

The extraordinary persistence of early impressions, when the mind seems almost to have ceased to register new ones, is in remarkable accordance with the law of nutrition. It is a physological fact that decline essentially consists in the diminution of the formative activity of the organism. Now it is when the brain is growing that a definite direction can be most strongly and persistently given to its structure. Thus the habits of thought come to be formed, and those nerve tracks laid down which (as the physiologist believes) constitute the mechanism of association, by the time the brain has reached its maturity; and the nutrition of the organ continues to keep up the mechanism in accordance with the demands of its activity so long as it is being called into use. Further, during the entire period of vigorous manhood, the brain, like muscles, may be taking on some additional growth, either as a whole or in special parts, new tissue being developed and kept up by the nutritive process, in accordance with the modes of action to which the organ is trained. And in this manner a store of "impressions" or traces is accumulated which may be brought within the sphere of consciousness whenever the right suggesting strings are touched. But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the "waste" becomes more active than the renovation; and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) the "old-established horses" keep their ground, these later firms whose basis is less secure are the first to crumble away—the nutritive activity, which yet suffices to maintain the original structure not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working order. This earlier degeneration of later formed structures is a general fact perfectly familiar to the physiologist.

The Hearts of the Lowly

One day three or four weeks ago a gamin, who seemed to have no friend in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gratiot avenue and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own size and age looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and to leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something, if not more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and asked if he could go in. He had been invited to, many times before, but had always refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at the sight of boy, and before he realized who it was the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can you forgive a feller? We was allus fightin', and I was allus too much for ye, but I'm sorry! 'Fore ye die won't tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me.

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin white arms, clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heavin' a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me, I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both o' us!"

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly and gasped:

"Did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

"You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached.—No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new made grave with a heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crust of vice and ignorance, there are such springs of pure feeling, and true nobility, who shall grow weary of doing good.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Dead.

How seldom do we think of the dead! Although we sit around the same hearth where they once sat, and read the same volumes they so loved to peruse, yet we do not think of them. Oh how the hearts throbs with wild and uncontrolable emotion as we stand beside the dying friend we dearly love! We wildly strive, but all in vain, to prolong the precious life: we follow in deepest anguish down the dark flowing river; the spirit of the loved one passes onward alone, and we are left to linger on the shores of time. We think as we behold the inanimate form consigned to the cold damp grave, and hear the damp earth rattle over it, that we will never forget the life scenes of the departed—that their memory will always remain fresh in our hearts, and almost wonder that the busy multitude can move so briskly around—But the sun shines as brightly as ever on a new made grave Nature looks as gay and smiling, and the birds sing as merrily as before.

Again we mingle with the busy, jostling throng. Weeks and months roll on—we visit the grave less frequently, and gradually cease to think of the lost ones, save when some voice or incident of bygone days recalls them to our memory. The feelings of bitter anguish and bereavement are soon worn off by the accumulating cares and pleasures of life. Thus we, in turn, must, ere long, pass away and be forgotten. Such is human life.

The Railroads of the United States in 1876.

From advance sheets of "Poor's Manuel of Railroads of the United States for 1877-8—" the highest authority in the United States—we learn that the number of miles of railroad opening during the year 1876 was 2,856, against 1,919 miles for 1875; and 1,911 miles for 1874. The excess of miles built, as compared with the two preceding years, is due almost entirely to the great activity in the Southern Pacific lines, and in narrow gauge lines in Ohio, Texas, and Colorado. The miles operated in 1876 numbered 73,518; the capital and funded debt amounted to $4,468,591,935; the gross earnings $186,452,752, and the dividends paid $68,039,668. Compared with 1875, there is an increase of 1,749 in the number of miles operated; an increase of over $250,000,000 in the capital and funded debt; a decrease of $5,800,000 in the gross earnings; an increase of nearly $1,000,000 in the net earnings, and a decrease of $6,-200,000 in the dividends. The increase in the net earnings, although the mileage of the roads has been increased and the gross earnings have fallen off, betoken an increased economy in railway management. The dividends paid last year were larger than in any previous year, except 1875, but not as large in proportion to the capital stock as in many preceding years.

In the ten years from 1867 to 1776, the railroad mileage was nearly doubled increasing from 39,276 in the former to 77,-470 in the latter. During the same period the population of the country increased only 23 per cent., so that the increase in railway mileage has been at a rate more than quadruple that of the population.—Nearly two-thirds of the increase has been in the Western and Pacific States. The number of inhabitants to a mile of railroad is 577. In the West the number averages considerably less, being but 427 inhabitants per mile. The Manuel says that the experience of the New England States demonstrates that, to enable railroads to be operated at a profit, a population of at least 850 to a mile of railroad is necessary in this country, and that the history of the of the railroads in the Western States also proves it. The inevitable result, the Manuel also says, has come, and that the result can not be overcome until the population shall again increase to the necessary proportion.

It is estimated that in 1876 the number of tons of freight transported was more than 50 per cent. greater than in 1871.—The decrease in rate of freights is estimated as the basis of decrease in Massachusetts, New York and Ohio, at 36.6 per cent.—The average rate per ton per mile in cents, was in the aggregate, in those States, in 1876, 1.23, against 1.94 in 1871. The earnings from freight transportation on railroads throughout the country are less by more than $132,000,000 than they would have been had the rates of 1871 been maintained.

Since 1867 the capital stock of the railroads has increased from $766,228,000 to $2,248,358,375, and the funded debt from $416,658,000 to $2,220,333,560. As the net earnings of the roads in 1876 were $186,452,752, and the dividends amounted to only $68,039,668, nearly $120,000,000 went to interest on the debt.

About Florida.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Sanford, Florida: "Thousands of persons are writing to people in this State for information, with a view to coming here to settle, and I would like to say, too, a few words to all poor men who contemplate such a move. First, there is a superabundance of labor here, colored men, who will work for $12 per month and rations, i. e., a peck of meal and three and a half pounds of old bacon per week; and a poor white man has very little chance to rise. Of course he can live on mean food, and very little clothing, if he cares nothing for the education of his children, or his own social relations. Men of means are coming here, and doing well as labor is cheap, and the profits of orange growing are very great, and these men gobble up poor men's improvements at a sacrifice.—There are hundreds of idle men who came to look for some "light and profitable employment,' and I might add that this class of persons are at a great discount, more helpless than the common farm laborer.—Invalids who come here and stay almost invariably get relief, and a large percentage of them recover entirely, when they go into the interior of South Florida, and engage in some quiet persuit, if they have the means to support them. The ordinary farming, or planting, of this country is not profitable, and those who follow it for a living lead a life of what a Northern man would call extreme poverty. There is a great deal of extravagance indulged in by writers who are interested in some land scheme, and who believe that if they can get white men down here they can dispense with negroes, but I would advise all poor men who have to work for their living to keep away from the South. They can not compete with negro labor. What the South wants is capital, and in the Peninsula of Florida time will be needed as well as capital, as crops are not obtained in a season, but require years to get returns, and no man should commence an orange grove unless he has a safe income for five years."

"No,' she said, and the wrinkles in her face smoothed out pleasantly, "No, I do not remember the last seventeen-year locusts. I was an infant then."