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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

THAS. 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.

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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,
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Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [8-30-1y.

Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,
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Commission Merchants,
305 North Water St.,
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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,
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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. [apr12-3m.

KELLER'S VEGETABLE LIFE DROPS
TRADE MARK

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops,)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood
LIVER AND STOMACH;—
INDIGESTION,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint,
Biliousness,
Ulcers, Rheumatism,
Pimples, Skin Diseases,
Blotches, Neuralgia,
Boils, Eruptions,
Headache, Nervousness,
Jaundice, Fever & Ague,
Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,
BALTIMORE, MD.

J. P. FIEROE,
Justice of the Peace
—AND—
COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS,
Greensborough, Md.
aug2-y.

25 FANCY CARDS all styles with name, 10 cts. post paid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, Rens Co., N. Y.

Poetry

LIFE'S ROSES.

When the morning first encloses,
And before the mists are gone,
All the hills seem bright with roses,
Just a little farther on!
Lo! with eager upturned faces,
Wait the children for the hours
That shall bring them to the places
Of the tantalizing flowers.

Hands begin to clutch at posies,
Eyes to flash with new delight,
And the roses, oh! the roses,
Burning, blushing, full in sight!
Not a thought of rainy weather,
Nor of thorns, to sting and grieve,
Gather, gather, gather, gather,
All the care is what to leave!

Noon to afternoon advances,
Rosy red grows russet brown;
Sad eyes turn to backward glances,
So the sun of youth goes down.
And as rose by rose is withered,
Sober sight begins to find,
Many a false heart has been gathered,
Many a true one left behind.

Am I Not An Unfortunate Man?

I was born on Friday. Of course I am an unfortunate man. Why my parents were so—well, indiscreet, as to allow me to be born on such an (proverbially) unlucky day I can not make out. My father was the very pink of neatness, order and regularity, and abhorred Friday as the most unlucky day in the calendar. I have often wondered how my father could have taken so little interest in my well being as to have allowed my introduction into this world on such a day. Yet he was not without love for me—after years proved that—so I have arrived at the conclusion that my father was from home, and my mother took advantage of his temporary absence, and introduced me to an admiring doctor and nurse.

When a boy my troubles began. I could never put on a pair of new pants without immediately falling down and cutting them across the knee. At school I was the fag in general to the whole academy, and was punished more than any other boy. If a window happened to be broken, or if the store-room had been robbed, it was always laid at my door.

On one occasion Tom Stone (he was always my evil genius, and wore a drab suit, exactly like the one I wore) got the schoolmaster's daughter behind the door and kissed her. Her father happened to see the operation being performed, and ran forward to seize the culprit; but Tom being as active as a cat, eluded him. That gallant act of Tom's I was punished for. Of course I said it wasn't me, but it was of no use—the master saw a drab suit, and wouldn't believe me.

I dare say mothers will wonder why I did not tell who the real culprit was. My dear madam, if I had, Tom—he was a much stronger boy than I was—would have whipped me, and the whole school would have been down on me. So I bore my punishment like a martyr, and Tom gave me half an apple the next day.

But my school days have nothing to do with the present story, so I will drop them and tell you my latest piece of misfortune.

In a pretty villa, a short distance up the Hudson, resides one Col. Webber. Now Col. Webber is a widower, and has a charming daughter, who is an heiress in her own right—a mere trifle—to some hundred and fifty thousand dollars or so. She was a charming girl, and how I used to wish, for her sake, that it was twice as much.

Col. Webber and my father were old cronies, and from boyhood I had known the Colonel and his daughter. Last summer the Colonel visited my father's house, and invited me to spend a few weeks with him at his villa on the banks of the Hudson. I accepted the invitation, and on the following day started with the Colonel.

I had not seen his daughter for some time—nearly three years—so I pictured to myself, as we journeyed along, her probable good looks and the havoc I might make with her heart.

No, sir, you needn't smile in that way. I assure you that the hundred and fifty thousand dollars that didn't enter into my head for a moment.

I was prepared to see a handsome girl, but I assure you, as she welcomed me, I was completely dazed with her beauty.—Beautiful! That was not the word—at least, it is not strong enough to give you any idea of her great beauty—she was angelically lovely.

Imagine to yourself a young girl of about eighteen summers, as the novelists have it, tall, stately and graceful as a lily, with golden hair, hanging down with luxurious profusion upon—O, it is impossible for me to describe her! Imagine Venus, Psyche, and all the other beautiful women rolled into one, then you will have a faint idea of her exceeding loveliness.

Of course, my lady readers will, by this time, have found out that I have fallen in love with my host's daughter.

What glorious times we had together.—How we walked, sketched, sang, talked and played duets together. I loved her, and thought she loved me in return, for did she not return my pressure when I squeezed her hand? One evening—I never shall forget it—I took one of her golden locks in my hand and kissed it. She blushed, lowered her eyes, but said nothing.—Thus emboldened, begged a tress, that I might treasure it forever.

Call out Gilmore's band! Sound the clanging cymbals. She gave me one, and I was bubbling over with joy.

Thus time passed on. I was becoming entwined more and more in the meshes of love, when another visitor arrived at Col. Webber's villa. It was no other than Tom Stone, my old enemy of the drab suit. I had not seen Tom since I had left school, and was somewhat surprised to find him a friend of Col. Webber's. He assured me he had known him for years, and that every summer he visited the Colonel for a few weeks.

There never was such a fellow as Tom for finding out new drives, and new plans for amusement. He was a dashing, rollicking fellow, with broad shoulders, a blonde mustache, and a laugh that was irresistably charming.

I soon saw he was captivated with—by the way, I have forgotten to give my heroine a name, we will call her Fanny—well I soon found that Tom was charmed with Fanny, but that gave me no uneasiness, for still she smiled graciously upon me.

One evening as Tom and I were strolling around the garden, smoking our cigars, previous to bed, Tom said to me, somewhat abruptly, for neither of us had spoken for the last ten or fifteen minutes:

"Nice girl.'

"Who?' I asked innocently.

"Fanny—that is, Miss Webber.'

"Do you think so?'

"Don't you?'

"That is not answering my question—I asked you if you thought so.'

"Yes, I do.'

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it.'

"She is rich, ain't she?'

"What a splendid moon,' I replied.

"Yes, lovely, but about—'

"Look at it shining through these trees; what strange, weird, fantastic shapes the shadow makes upon the ground. Have you finished your cigar? Here's the house. Are you coming in? No! Well, good night.'

Now, I dare say, many of our readers will wonder why I did not answer Tom's question why Miss Webber was rich or not.

Listen, and I will tell you. Some women—of course, you, my dear miss or madam, are exceptions to this rule—are changeable, and Tom was a remarkably good-looking fellow. Now, perhaps you understand the reason.

On the following day Miss Webber's brother arrived from college, with the intention of spending the vacation at home. He was a gay, reckless, good-tempered young fellow, full of fun and good humor, so I made friends with him directly.

When you are sweet upon a young lady, always make friends with the brother. It's good policy.

I noticed, with some uneasiness, that Tom Stone was paying more and more attention to Miss Webber every day, and that she did not appear to object to it at all. Yet, in riding or walking, I was always the favorite swain, so I made up my mind to "pop the question' at the very first opportunity.

One evening, the whole four of us were sitting on the pizza talking little nothings, as people are wont to do on summer nights, when Harry Webber proposed a stroll and a cigar. A smoke was the very thing I wanted. I had not had my usual after-dinner puff, so I gladly accepted.

"Will you come, Tom?'

"Yes.'

"You are very polite, I must say,' said Miss Webber, "leaving me here alone; but you men are so selfish,' and she gave a short, sarcastic laugh.

"Pardon us,' I began.

"O,' said Tom, interrupting, "I feel rather tired, and prefer not going. I will challenge Miss Webber to a game of chess instead.

"And Miss Webber will accept. Come along.'

They entered the house to play their game of chess. We took our hats and strolled down the lane to enjoy a cigar.—If I had known what was being enacted at the house I had just left, I am afraid I should not have enjoyed my cigar quite so much.

We returned home in about an hour.—When we entered the parlor I cast my eyes upon the chess board, and found the game not quite played out. But Miss Webber and Tom were sitting a long way from each other. She sat upon a lounge by the window, and Tom upon a chair, at the farther end of the room. When two young people have been left alone for some time, and when you enter the room and find them some distance apart, take my word for it, they have been making love together. It was so in this case.

While in my bed-room that evening, I heard a tap at my door. I bade the rapper to "come in' and in walked Tom.

"Hullo!' said I.

"Hullo!' replied Tom; and he sat down upon my bed and began swinging his legs about.

"I hope you enjoyed your game of chess?'

"Yes; Miss Webber plays very well.'

"You didn't finish the last game, tho'.' Tom turned all manner of colors.

"Ah! you sly dog,' I said with a forced laugh, you neglected your game to make love.

"Have you a cigar?'

"Yes; there they are upon the mantelpiece.'

Tom took a cigar, and we had animated metaphysical discussion. At last Tom rose to go. He went to the door, opened it, closed it, again returned to the bed, and sat down. He looked at me with a queer smile upon his face. At last he said:

"I am going to be married in the fall.'

"The duce! To whom?'

"Miss Webber.'

"What!'

"Yes. I proposed to her to-night, and was accepted.'

It was too true. That confounded cigar cost me a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The next morning I packed up my things, bade them all adieu, and returned to New York a melancholy man.

Last fall Miss Fanny Webber was made Mrs. Thomas Stone. Am I not an unfortunate man?

The Richest Woman this Wide and Wealthy World Contains.

The Queen of England is, says Mr. Jennings, at this moment the richest woman in the world, totally apart from the sum she annually receives from the country.—When the Prince Consort chose South Kensington as the site for the great exhibition he invested a large amount of money in lands thereabouts, and that money has by this time increased 40 or 50 fold and brings in a revenue adequate in itself to cover the expenses of a good sized kingdom.—The Queen herself is an excellent manager, and had she begun life with a capital of £500 she would by this time have made it £50,000, for she has a turn for money making, and never loses a chance of increasing her shining store. It may be doubted whether she spends much if any, more than £25,000 a year, for she rarely receives anybody even to dinner, and although she has to keep up a large class of servants, £25,0000 will go a long way even here to defray all expenses of that description. I mentioned this sum of £25,000 the other day to a friend of mine who knows a good deal more about the Court than I do, and he laughed at it as being absurdly high. However that be, the Queen receives £385,000 a year from the nation, about £40,000 more from the Duchy of Lancaster, and not less than £200,000 from her investments—£3,125,000 a year. The Prince of Wales receives £40,000 from the nation, about £60,000 from the Duchy of Cornwall, and his wife £10,000, from the nation—altogether £110,000, and upon this he has to keep a large family and to receive and entertain numerous visitors and guests, give garden parties, balls, dinners and incur vast expenses generally which ought properly to fall upon the monarch. No wonder that he is relatively a poor man.—The prospect before him is not very bright for the Queen may reign for twenty years to come yet. She is only fifty-eight, and as strong as a lion, in perfect health, and probably hopes to reign as long as her distinguished ancestor George III., who was on the throne for sixty years—peace to his memory! And certainly no one wishes any evil to happen to the Queen, or to see the shortening of her days, for after all, it is by no means certain that a change, whenever it may come, will necessarily be for the better.

Human Life.

We are on a journey through a strange country, and, stopping here and there only for a night, we should deem our accomodations of small importance; we should not think of fitting up in a costly manner a house in which we should remain but a few hours. Human life is a journey through a strange land.—Our home is beyond it, far away. Each object we behold is a monitor pointing us downward to the grave in which our ashes shall soon repose. Is it not vain then for us to give our whole attention to wealth and fame? We cannot carry them with us into the grave. The rich and poor are alike in the coffin, and all the fame of earth will make no difference in the world to which we are hastening. I have read of a man who was rich on earth. He fared sumptuously every day; he was clothed in purple and fine linen; he rode in his chariot and reveled in wealth and splendor; but death, the common enemy, visited his splendid abode, and hurried him away. He took no goods, no silver with him. His chariot he left behind. His magnificence, pomp and distinction, were all of earth. In that other world, he was miserably poor. He had no home. On the waves of an angry sea, his soul was tempest driven. He had no pillow but the wave of fire, and in vain he prayed for a cup of water to cool his parched tongue.

I have heard of another man who sat at that same rich man's gate, full of sores, and covered with wounds. He was poor, very poor, but in time he died. Angels caught his spirit and carried it to a world of bliss. All was changed. In an hour he had become wealthy, honored, and supremely blest.

So far as our good works are concerned, we may well throw them aside, as we would a worn-out garment. Sometime they may be gathered up in Christ's name, rejuvenated, transfigured with His beauty, and by His power made unperishable.—Let us hope so. We can afford to work and wait. The present is all we have, and is all we want. The future is not ours, and to worry about it, is unquestionably foolish—it may be wicked. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Good doing may be out of fashion now, but there is another standard of fashion than that the world has set up.

Thinking.

Thinking is not dreaming. The world is full of dreamers. A few men do most of its thinking. Thinking is manufacturing. It is taking mental tools and hammering and filing and moulding and shaping, until ideas have grown into fully developed realties of the brain, with dimensions and clearly marked outlines. The reason there are not more thinkers is because thinking is work; it wears away tissue and muscle. It is tiresome. It requires time and purpose. Men can dream while they sleep; to work they must be awake. Dreaming is tearing away the flood-gate and allowing the flood to pour through; if anything remains it is only drift wood because they are not thinking. Thinking is measuring chances, weighing principles, watching the operation of the law; it is a process of creeping upon things and taking them by surprise before they have time to get away. A thinker is a hunter. He must live alone. He must be satisfied with small daily fare, and often see his game fly before he has time to shoot. He must have courage to face chasms and dark places, and climb steep mountains.—He must love solitude on an outspot hidden in the rocks.

And here is the reason this age is not prolific of good thinkers. It is an age of company, of travel, of theatre going, of corporations and speculations. Men live in crowds. It is a day of double houses. Too much man and not enough of God.—Communion with nature is shut out.—There are no sparks because the flint and steel are not in contact. Men are following the college drones pouying through life. Everybody wants to ride. Going to the spring for water is out of fashion. The spring must come up the hill. We want to turn the faucet and have things run out to our hand, the faucet must be on castors that it may be convenient.

For these reasons most people are only sponges; they live wholly by absorption, and are like the thing they touched last.—They wait for things to "turn up," but the only thing they ever find turning up especially for them, is a little sod in a lone corner of the graveyard, and they are at first laid away, while the great multitude, having never missed them, ask in wonder, "When did he die?"

Luck.

Some people are fond of denying that there is any such thing as 'luck,' but, be that as it may, there certainly are persons to whom what seems like fortuitous good fortune comes. Col. Green Wilkinson gave a seat in his pew in London to an old gentleman who left him $40,000 a year.

A young Bostonian crossed to England three or four years ago, and got into conversation with an elderly gentleman who observed that he found they had the same name. It turned out that they were second cousins. The Elder had gone to California in the early days, made a vast fortune, and entirely lost sight of his relatives. That chance meeting gave the young Bostonian a fortune of between two and three millions. Two ladies had a box at the opera in London. An old man opposite bored them dreadfully by perpetually 'lorgnetting' them. The scene came to an end and they thought no more about him. One day, a year after a solicitor called on one of the ladies, Lady Frances Bruce, and told her that an old gentleman, Mr. W. had left her property worth several thousand a year. "Never heard of the man,' she said, 'must be a mistake.' 'Very extraordinary replied the solicitor.' Suddenly a happy thought struck him. "He lies in his coffin in St. James street, close by, at Banting's, the great undertaker's; will you come and see him?' She went. It was the old lorgnetter. And it is said that he left it to her under a mistake, after all, having intended to leave it to her friend, whom, and not Lady Frances, he admired, but was misinformed as to the names of the ladies. And to give one more, a quite recent instance. A young New Yorker went to San Francisco to seek the fortunes which so many have failed to find. He got a poor clerkship, and had to be thankful for that. One evening at a place of entertainment he watched a game of cards, saw that an elderly Englishman was being cheated, exposed the fraud, and had a tussle with the cheat. The Englishman has presented him with $20,000 to start him in business, and there is every prospect that more are to come.

The Fly at His Toilet.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking-glass—an article which he reserves for the most ignoble uses—he brushes himself up and wabbles his little head, chuck full of vanity, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and his little round body all soiled with syrup and butter and cream, he passes out of the dining room and wings his way to the clean, white cord along which the morning glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider that is practicing gymnastics n few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early for breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clear, Then he pushes the two legs along his body under the wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting on his hind legs and middle legs, he raises two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of his head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide.—Some of his motions very much resemble those of pussy at her toilet. It is plain even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when he has finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but Floppy is himself again, and he bids the morning glories a very good evening.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Squaring It."

A good story has been told of a lisping officer's having been victimized by a brother officer—who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves—and his 'getting square' with him in the following manner. The cool joker—Captain Blakeny—was always quizzing the lisping officer, a lieutenant, for his, nervousness, and said, one day, at mess:

"Why nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, no brave man is ever nervons."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you act thpothing a thell with an inth futhee thould drop itself in a walled angle, in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharpthooterth, and where it wath thertain if you put cut your nothe you'd get peppered?"

'How,' said the captain, with a look at his brother-officers. "Why, take it coolly, and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up, and all retired.

The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lisping lieutanant.

Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked to a cluster of officers:

"I want to try an ekthperiment thith morning, and thee how ekthceedingly cool Tom Blakeny can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth and placed in its hottest part a powder canister, and instant-retreated. There was but one door of egress from the quarters, and that opened upon the parade ground; the occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out, if you love me!' shouted the captain.

"Thpit on the canister!' shouted he, in return.

No a moment was to be lost; the captain had at first snatched up a blanket to cover himself with; but soon dropping it, he raised the window and out he bounded, *sans* everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed on to a full parade-ground.

The shouts which halied him brought out the whole of the occupants of the barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat,' answered the captain.

"All I've got to thay, then, ith,' said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it!'

A Hebrew Parable.

An old Hebrew story tells how a poor creature one day came to the Temple from a sick bed on tottering limb; he was ashamed to come for he was very poor and he had no sacrifice to offer. "As he drew near, he heard the loud choir chanting, 'Thou desireth no sacrifice, else would I give it; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, and a broken and a contrite heart; O God, thou wilt not despise.' Other worshippers came, pressed before him and offered their sacrifices, but he had none; but at length he prostrated himself before the priest; who said 'What wilt thou, my son; hast thou, an offering?' And he replied, 'No, my father, for last night a poor widow and her children came to me, and I had nothing to offer but two pigeons which were ready for the sacrifice.' 'Bring, then,' said the priest, 'an epah of fine flour.' 'Nay, but my father,' said the old man, 'this day my sickness and poverty have left only enough for my own starving children, I have not even an epah of flour.' 'Why, then, art thou come to me?' said the priest. 'Because I heard them singing, 'the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' Will He not accept my sacrifice if I say, 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner?" And the priest lifted the old man from the ground, and he said, 'Yes, thou art blessed, my son, it is thy offering which is better than thousands of rivers of oil.'"

NEAL DOW, the well known advocate of the Maine prohibitory law asserts in a letter to J. L. Bailey, of Philadelphia, that the law is rigidly executed in Maine, and that the liquor traffic in that State is reduced to very small proportions, and is entirely suppressed except in two or three of the larger towns.