

THE UNION

E. M. Dick]

[Editor

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The Union

Is published every Monday
by E. M. Dick
Brookertown, Md. E. M. Dick

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Rates of Advertising

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Half "	"	" 30.00
Quarter "	"	" 20.00
One square	"	" 10.00

Business cards, not exceeding
four lines \$5.00 per year. over
four lines & not exceeding
eight \$8.00. per year

Yearly advertisers are entitled
to change their advertisements
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Special headed notices 25 percent
additional to the above rates
Legal notices inserted at prices
allowed by the Statute

The Union is published
expressly for the benefit of Union
Lodge No 257. Therefore we
a cordial invitation to all
of its members to forward
their communications for
publication. Communications
may be handed to the Editor,
or delivered at the office of the
"Union; on 1st Street, 2nd ^{door} north
of Mill Creek".

How a story goes
Did any one of you ever
stop to think how it is that
a story goes when once started?
And in fact how it starts;
And of the different colorings
& faces & additions it receives
as its career around the
neighborhood or town?

Perhaps you have; but if
you would give a little more
heed to your own thoughts, or to
the many good hints thrown out
by the many pieces that have been
written on the same subject by
others, you would give far less
credence to their truth.

That he liked to have fallen through himself. At the word snake, young Peter fell back again as nimbly as a wire dancer, and bawled in turn, where is de schsnake? Aup mine trousers Peter. Oh! mine Gott, Oh! mine Gott. schneid Peter jimmie, kill him fadder. No a, no a, he kill me, Peter come quick.

But Peter the youngsters cowardice overcame his filial love while his fears gave strength to his legs, and he started like a scared locomotive, to call the old burley Dutchman who was in a part of the field to give his father a lift with the snake. Old Jake, the farmers assistant, came bungling along as soon as he heard the news, and passing by the fence whereupon Peter and his boy had hung up their linsey-wolsey coats, and hurried to the old man who still managed to keep his pins, although he was quaking and fluttering like an "Aspen leaf in a June gale of wind". O mine Gott, come quick (Yacob, Vot you get eh schsnake? Yaw, yaw, come, come Yacob, he bite me all to pieces here up mine leg. Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people old or young are dead to calm when a poison reptile is making a levy; gathering up a stiff dry stalk of stalwart weed old Jake told the boy to stand ready, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill him stone dead; and old man Peter less loth to have his leg broken, than to be bitten to death by the viper, designated the spot to strike and old Jake let him have it.

The first blow broke the coiled, and also knocked old Peter off his feet on a hay-cock. Oh! roared Peter, you have pruned my leg; and de tam schsnake's got away. Vee, vee, cried Jake, moving briskly and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon. But on your wheel dew, here it is said the old kroust-eater, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garments upon his old humpy back. The moment old Peter made the effort, he grew livid in the face; his hair stood

on ends, like quills upon a fright-full porcupine.

"As Mr Partington observes" he shivered, he shook, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked a staccatto compliment.

Oh! Yacob, carry me home; I'm so dead as nits; Vot, ish dodder schsnake in your trousers? No, a no, look i'm swell^{all} up, mine wheel wont go upon mine pack. Oh Gott;

Order and then; cried Jake; as he took the same conclusion. And with might and main lugged and carried the boss some quarter of a mile to the house. Young Peter had shinned it for home, at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the Girls that they were in "high stakes" when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

"Old Peter was carried in and began to die as natural as life;" when in cometh the old Lady in a great bustle and wanted to know what was going on; "Old Peter in the last gasp of agony and weakness", pointed to his leg. The old Lady rapped upon his pantloons and out fell a Thistle-top, and at the same time, considerable of a scratch was visible.

"Call dish a schsnake? Boh, says the old woman. Oh! put I'm poisoned to death Molly", see i'm all prizen, mine wheel wont come over mine pody at all. Haw, Haw, Haw. roared the old woman, Vot a fool, you got Peters wheel on; kosh roars old Peter; shaking off deaths icy-fitters at one surge, and jumping up, Yacob! what an old fool you must be to say I was schsnake bit.

Go bout your business Galls; Peter giving me some beer, The old woman saved Old Peters life.

Chicago April¹⁵. 1867

To the Editor of the Union

Mr. Editor

Dear Sir. (You knowed that some time ago I promised to furnish you with a very tuchin

piece of poetry, which I gave the opening stanza thereof
at the same time; but owing to some difficulty in the
affairs of providence I was not allowed to send the afore-
said poetry till now. I advise you to read this piece
with a few soothing words to read before reading the
verses, for fear it will be too much for the audience to bear
all at once, without shedding tears, unless they be prepared
for it. But I will now give the tricking lines, which I
assure you are wholly original, (which will add much to
the affect when they can know I made this) So here
they go.

There is a man
Who never can
Sit still upon a cushion.
Especially if
The cloth is stiff
With needles that won't push in.

His feet won't stand
Upon the sand
When bare, and you can't matron,
If it has got
By sunshine hot
Enough to burn or bake 'em.

A man is he
Who can not see
When ere he shuts his eyes up.
He burns his tongue
The stary pun
When eating red-hot Cat-soup.

He eats & breathes
And can see
Like any other man
When he falls down
Upon the ground
He gets up if he can

His mother said
When he was fed
While he was yet a child
He'd drink and eat
Both milk & meat
When rather baked or fried

I expect by & by
He'll up and die
And then his life is ended
They'll lay him down
Deep in the ground
When his soul, it hath ascended,

There now Mr Editor; do you think it will do to
put these in your paper? If you think it will not cause
too much of a sensation, why, put them in. I will do well
enough to try it. It may be you will not hear from me
again very soon. But don't tell your readers so, for fear
it may injure your paper, by subscribers stopping their
patronage, and others contributors dropping off.

Yours Muchly
G. Benson. S r,

(Which the Sr. stands for singers)

A little fellow, four or five years old, who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by when he & his father were, and asked, "Pa, who painted that man all black?" "God, did, my son," replied the father. "Well," said the little one, still looking after the Negro, "I should 'n't a thought he'd a held still."

Fine day for the race, said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning lately. "What race?" anxiously inquired the friend. "Wh- the human race, to be sure, was the reply.

"May excuse a bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones: "but you are an infamous liar and a scoundrel." "Pardon a touch of irony" replied Jones, as he knocked him down with a potter.

Conundrums

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy Girl?

Because she's too young to show much reflections.

Why is M. the gayest letter in alphabet.

Because it is always in "Fun".

Why Does the reexamination of a married couple resemble the the sound of waves on the shore.

Because they are the murmurs of the "tied".

What fruit does a certain newly married couple mostly resemble. Ans. A Green Pair (Pear)

Why is a blush like a little Girl,

Ans, Because it becomes a Woman.

When does a Boy resemble a small Debtor

Ans, When it's a little Bill.

Wanted

A strong "Adhesive Plaster" to make the busy-bodys stick to their own Business