THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1869. NO. 50.

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Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
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1 "	12 "	8.00
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Dr. SAMUEL G. THOMPSON,

HAVING permanently located in Denton, offers his professional services to the citizens of said town and vicinity.

OFFICE—At R. A. Nichols' residence.

jly1-3m. *

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

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of this and the adjoining counties.

OFFICE—Next door to residence, Main St. my9-y

DR. P. STACK,



DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.

Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee. dec19-y

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IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

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oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

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GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.

My12-y.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

T. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

GEO. W. SPURRY,

Manufacturers' Agent for

Mill Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS,

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

je10-y

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.80
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10
TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.		
LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborough, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

LEGAL CAP PAPER and good FOOLSCAP at TODD'S.

Select Poetry.

A VISION OF HOME.

BY VICKIE SPENCER.

I am lonely, though cheerful I strive to appear;
I am thinking of friends that I never may see;
And vainly I wipe the fast-falling tear,
For I feel that my loved ones are weeping for me.

At morning and evening, like incense arise,
From my home on the hill-side, the voices of prayer;
And if ever I reach that blest home in the skies,
'Twill be your intercessions that led me safe there.

I see the old homestead at evening twilight,
The welcoming gate and towering trees;
And I pass o'er the threshold in dreamland by night,
And worship with you though none but God sees.

I see the old church with worshipers few,
Who met there for prayer in the days that are gone;
And I long to make known there my presence to you,
To join in your praises and echo your song.

But distance divides us, and there is decreed
A separate path for the people of God;
It is ours to follow wherever it lead,
To bear up the cross and bow to the rod.

God speed the glad day when again we shall meet;
Till then I shall live o'er the past like a dream;
A beautiful dream, in which loved ones I greet,
And the further apart the nearer they seem.

TRUE COURAGE.

We love the man whose honest heart
Will bravely dare and bravely do;
Who will not act the coward's part,
But strong in right, will right pursue.

Whose knee never bended at the rod
Of titled pomp nor regal power,
But bowed alone before his God,
With hope his crown and love his dower.

Who dares to face a world of scorn
And dares a brother's hand to span,
Though rough the skin and rough the form
If yet that brother be a man!

Who strikes where'er wrong is found
And brands a tyrant to his face;
Nor courts applause, an empty sound,
But firmly treads an honest race.

Such are the men who stemmed the tide
And clove the way through giant wrong,
Their names immortal ne'er shall die
But sing in everlasting song.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

Eugene Eggleston;

—OR—

The Robbers' Retreat.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter V.

It will be necessary for us to go back in our story a number of years, in order to explain to the reader the cause of Jean, the fortune teller, so readily obeying the orders of Gordon.

When he first arrived in this country from France, he landed in New Orleans, where some of his countrymen had already settled. Whilst staying in that city, he became acquainted with a beautiful American lady, and determining to woo and win her, commenced his addresses to her. Jean was pretty well to do, having brought over with him a considerable amount of money, and this was all the lady, Nellie Grafton by name, cared for. So his suit seemed to prosper for some time until another, equally as rich, appeared upon the field—no less a personage than Colonel Tifferton, then a captain in the American army. In a very little while, it became rumored they were engaged; this smote Jean deeply, and he vowed if it were true he would have revenge. Not a great while elapsed ere the report was confirmed by the marriage, Captain Tifferton taking his bride with him to his home in Georgia.

It was many long years before Jean could find out his whereabouts, and then only to find in the homestead a daughter as beautiful as was formerly the mother; the mother having long since gone to her last resting place. He now disguised himself as a fortune teller, and in his rambles came upon some of the band of Gordons, when, after finding out their occupation, expressed a wish to join them. He was taken to the Captain—Gordon—and between them there has ever since existed a strong tie of friendship.

When he found the Minister and the Colonel asleep in the woods, he thought the time of his revenge had come, but seeing the Minister he desisted, and penned the before mentioned note.

Gordon had acquainted him with all his plans, and he was now confident of wreaking vengeance upon the head of the Colonel, by assisting as much as possible in the abduction of his daughter. This then, was the reason of his obedience to Gordon.

Chapter VI.

We will now turn our attention to things transpiring in Don. Whilst each one is trying to remember some one who could guide them to the swamp, let's take a look at them, and examine their formidableness. At the head was the Colonel, seated on a fine, large, white horse; an old sabre hung at his side; two pistols in his belt, and a rifle thrown across his back. He alone was enough to strike terror to the hearts of many, but he was going to attack men who cared not who they fought with. By the side of the Colonel, sat the minister upon a small black horse, for though he was a preacher of the gospel, upon an occasion like this, he scorned to be left behind. The little company consisted of about a dozen white men, and the Colonel's sable servants, and upon the whole, they presented quite a bold appearance.

"Brother Tifferton," said the minister, "do you recollect the place where we made our exit from the forest?"

"I do," replied the Colonel.

"If we will go to that place, and follow in a line due west, we probably will reach the swamp, as we came from there due east."

"A capital idea, Mr. Carson," said the Colonel. "Now let us lose no time in getting there."

The company moved off toward the place which the Colonel designated, and in a short time they were upon the banks of the lake of mud once more. On their arrival here, the first thing to be done was to find the bridge to the island. In order to do this, the men were stationed around the swamp as on the previous night. One of the men soon announced that he had made a discovery—footprints of a horse's hoofs. They all collected together around this sight, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Some one feeling with a stick in the mud hit against something, and uttering a wild whoop, exclaimed he had found the overgoing, which, upon examination, proved to be true. Securing their horses in the woods, they prepared to cross over. All things ready, they began their journey over this peculiar bridge; but when about the centre, a volley rang out from the thick growth of trees on the island, and several negroes fell over into the soft mire, never more to see the light of day. All the rest of the party, with the exception of the Colonel, fled for their horses, never once stopping to look behind until they reached the village, leaving the distracted father standing in the centre of that river of mud, looking toward the spot where he supposed his child to be, and with thoughts of her rushing through his mind, undismayed he rushed onward towards the island, landing upon the banks, only to be seized by rough hands and borne to prison in the "robbers' retreat." Arriving there he was thrust into the cell adjoining the one in which Eugene Eggleston was confined, the huge door swung to, and the bolts shot into their sockets.

Throwing himself into one corner upon the floor, in the agony of the moment, he burst forth:

"Am I too, in the hands of that miserable villain, Gordon Reese. I have long suspected him of being a base, cowardly reprobate, but never of being what he is. Father and daughter within the clutches of one who is lost to all virtue. Alas, alas!"

Ah, wretched man, you spoke the truth then, but not all of it. Not only father and daughter, but expectant son-in-law, are within the power of one who will relent from nothing.

Gordon Reese arrived at the retreat sometime in the afternoon, and learning how affairs stood immediately summoned all the men for a consultation. When they were all together, they proceeded to take measures as to what was to be done. The fiery orb of day had sunk to rest when Colonel Tifferton and Eugene Eggleston were ordered to appear before them. They came, both looking very haggard, the Colonel looking a little surprised at seeing Eugene.

Gordon commanded silence; then rising from his seat, thus addressed them:

"Colonel Tifferton, you are doubtless aware of the cause why your daughter has been abducted, and why you are here; it is, therefore, needless for me to explain. Our retreat, which has always remained undiscovered, has at last been signalled out, and we must, in consequence, leave. After a stormy debate among ourselves, we have come to the conclusion we cannot successfully resist the authorities, and resolved that this shall be the last night that finds any of us remaining in Georgia. For eight years we have held supreme sway on this island, and its vicinity, but alas! the time has come for us all to separate, and henceforth the existence of the band of wilderness thieves shall be known only as a thing that has been, but is now no more. The constitution and by-laws, by which we have been governed, have been destroyed, and we, its signers, this night scatter, each to seek his own fortune. Each one of us is, comparatively speaking, rich; therefore, none of us need fear poverty. But, before we leave this old spot, which will ever be fondly remembered by all, we have concluded to punish those who have been instrumental in disclosing our place of security. Prepare, therefore, each of you, to undergo tortures which we have prepared for your especial benefit. At 8 o'clock precisely, the sport will begin, and at 12 o'clock we leave, never to return. If either of you have any message to send to your friends we shall endeavor to convey it to them, as we know not whether you will survive the trial.

He sat down, and silence reigned supreme. It was only broken by Gordon asking:

"Allison, is all ready?"

Allison bowed his head in silence, as it had been a law of the band, that when no or yes was a sufficient answer, it should be given by a motion of the head.

After they had sat for sometime, the clock began to strike, five, six, seven, eight, and as it ceased the whole party rose to their feet. Two of the men approached Colonel Tifferton, bound him hand and foot, and ripped his clothes off from the head to the waist; they then served Eugene in the same manner, after which two men, each with a stout whip in hand, commenced to beat them unmercifully. This being through with, they were taken out, gagged to prevent them from crying out, and the hands of each tied to the top of a tree just strong enough to support them, the trees bent over till they were in the mire up to their necks, and in that condition left.

At twelve o'clock precisely, the thieves left their retreat, and as a band never more returned to that vicinity. Gordon left, with them, going towards Monticello; from thence, he went to New York, where he soon found Edna, and taking her in charge started for the west.

We will now return to the spot where we left our hero, and his expectant father-in-law. In the situation we left them, they remained until morning, when they were discovered by some of the villagers, who had come out to look for them, and rescued from their desperate position, although in an insensible condition, and taken back to the village, where they were confined to their beds for a long time with their sufferings from the terrible treatment which they received.

When they fully recovered, the first thing they thought about was how they should recover Edna. They had no clue as to her whereabouts, and they were at a loss how to begin. How they did, finally, will be recorded in another chapter.

Chapter VII.

"*Parbleu! eh, bien!* Perhaps it is all for the best. Nevertheless, I will have revenge, for he has treated me shamefully. I have served him faithfully, and for him to turn me away empty is an outrage. *Il imagine il a de l'esprit en Diable*, in thus defrauding me of my rights. *Je n'ai que faire de son argent, cela ne me fait rien du tout, Je m' embarrasse fort peu de cella, mais il est esprit, le chemin me il a servi.* Eh! Ha, ha, ha, why didn't I think of it before? It's a capital idea, capital! I will act upon it at once, though he has been gone some time. I hear the Colonel is well, and I will go and see him immediately, and inform him of all I know."

We will now turn our attention to the home of Colonel Tifferton. The Colonel is seated in a large arm chair by the window which overlooks the flower garden of which Edna was so fond; for hours she would sit in the cool summer house with a book in her hand, or engaged in conversation with Eugene, while the sweet odor of roses was wafted to them by the mild southern breeze.—It was a beautiful place, resembling many others that were scattered through the sunny south, but now laid in ruins by the ravages of the late war. Whilst she was often thus occupied, it never entered her mind she would ever have occasion to leave this lovely spot; it never occurred to her she would one day leave this garden of Eden much to her regret, and against her will.—But so it had come to pass; there sat the father looking upon the flowery retreat, but, alas, where was the daughter? Near the Colonel, sat Eugene, busily engaged in thought, for it was about all he could do, since Edna's disappearance, to come and sit with her father, brooding over what was to be done. They sat for some time without saying anything, when the silence was broken by the Colonel.

"Eugene, Edna must be recovered.—Since my late adventures, I feel as though I should not equal the task of finding her, even if I dared venture on the undertaking; the work must, therefore, devolve upon you. She and you, with my consent, are engaged; hasten then, to wrest her from the power of the very 'old Nick.' I know not what to advise you to do, but will leave it to your judgement hoping you will act wisely."

"Willingly," replied Eugene, "would I take upon myself the responsibility of returning her to her home, if I had but the slightest clue as to where she is."

"That clue I will give you," answered a voice beneath the window at which sat the Colonel, for it was open, and a person in the garden could easily hear all that was said within the room.

Both started up from their seats, and looking out the window, Jean, the fortune teller, appeared to their view.

"How dare you," exclaimed the Colonel, "how dare you intrude yourself upon my premises. Saw I not you among the party gathered in the consultation room of the 'robbers retreat,' I believe it is called? And are you not one of the very wretches who swung us off into the swamp from the tops of trees? And now, how dare you presume to come here?"

"Allay your ire, Colonel Tifferton, else you will not hear what I have to say. I came to give you tidings of your daughter, but if this is the reception I meet with, I imagine I may as well be about my own business, for if the officers of the law find me, I shall go some where else. *Bon jour, Monsieur Colonel.*

"Oh! stay good Jean," cried the Colonel, "only tell me where she is now and I will forever remain under the greatest obligations to you."

"And I, too, good Jean," echoed Eugene, "do tell us."

After Jean had entered the room and been comfortably seated, he thus began:

"What I have to say will be of the utmost importance to you, and I wish not to be disturbed or interrupted in its recital. For five years I have faithfully worked to the interests of Gordon Reese and his band of nefarious thieves, and until the breaking up of the den I have remained with him, answering his every beck and call. When they were all compelled to leave the scenes of their old haunts, the wealth, which had been plundered from rich planters, was divided among them, all receiving their share, with the exception of myself. I being absent when the division was made, received nothing.—When I returned and heard that a division of the spoils had been made, and nothing allotted me, I immediately waited on Gordon Reese, and inquired of him the cause. He answered with a bland smile, "oh! I have something else for you; be not uneasy, you shall have your full share! That answer satisfied me, and I waited, but now, he has run off and left me not a dollar. I have vowed vengeance, I will partly satisfy myself by divulging his plans, as I overheard him communicating them to Alfred Allison. I will now inform you what he intends doing.

"By means of a fellow villian, he had Miss Edna conveyed to New York. At that place, since he left here, he has joined her. Here my knowledge of his route ceases, but I can still put you on his track. In Monticello, there resides a man known by the name of Thornton; he it was who acted as escort to Miss Edna as far as New York.—He is a consuminate villian, devoted lover of lucre, and in all probability, if you will reward him pretty liberally, he will inform you of the place to which Gordon Reese has but just rteurned from New York, and he does not stay in one place long at a time."

At the mention of Thornton, Colonel Tifferton assumed the attitude of one in thought.

"Thornton, Thornton," he muttered, "it appears to me I have heard the name before Ah, yes! I have it; he was in my regiment when I was in service, and a more unruly fellow, I never saw. Possibly he remembers me, and I fear I shall not be able to obtain the information I desire, I having punished him so often for misdemeanors."

"Fear not," replied Jean; "for a sufficient amount he will tell you all he knows."—Shortly after he took his departure, and the Colonel and Eugene were left alone to make arrangements for starting on the morrow.—Jean, on leaving them, directed his course towards the town of Monticello, at which he arrived in the night, and stopped at the house of Thornton. He was admitted by the master of the house himself and soon they were in a lively conversation. Presently Jean said:

(*Continued next week.*)

Where the West is.

Chicago is no longer a Western but is an Eastern city. It is only 900 miles to the Atlantic coast, while it is 2,350 miles to the Pacific coast. Dividing the Union into East, Centre and West, each division is about 1,100 miles wide. The Eastern Division will embrace all the States lying East of the Mississippi River. The Central, all the States and Territories between the Mississippi and Rocky Mountains; and the Western, all the States and Territories between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. Somewhat the largest of these three great divisions is the Central. And, astonishing as it may appear to those who have not examined the map carefully the territory lying west of the Rocky Mountains contains as many square miles as the territory east of the Mississippi River, notwithstanding this comprises eleven Southern, all of the so called "Eastern" and "Central" States, and all of the old "Northwest"

The completion of the Pacific Railway has changed the former West into East and Central; and moved the West 1,200 miles toward the setting sun. The actual West consists of California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, and the major portion of Colorado and New Mexico. It is hard to realize the truth that Chicago is an Eastern city. Omaha, which has always been regarded as on the western verge of the "Far West," is, in fact, one hundred and fifty miles east of the centre of the Union! We are not surprised, therefore, that the citizens of that enterprising little place resent the imputation of being in the Far West. In short, this is a tolerable long "kentry" from East to West, and when the Dominion is "absorbed," the distance will be equally as great from North to South.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A TOUGH ONE.—"Talk about bed-bugs," said Bill Jones, who had been across the plains, "you should have seen some of the critters I met in Idaho last spring. I stopped one night with some settlers, who lived in a little log cabin containing one room and a loft. When it came time to go to bed they strung a blanket across the middle of the room, and the settler's family took one side of it and gave me the tother. I laid down to go to sleep, and the bed-bugs began gathering together like lunch-eaters around a free set-out. I tried to kiver up and keep away from them, but the pesky varmints would catch hold of the clothes and pull them away from me. They didn't think nothing of dragging me round the room if I held on. I fit them till about midnight, and then I looked around for some way of escape. There was a ladder reachin' up into the loft, and I thought the best way to get away from the blood-suckers was to climb up thar, and so I did. There wasn't any bugs in the loft, and I laid down, congratulating myself on my escape, Perty quick I heard the ladder squeakin' as if somebody was comin' up. Bimeby I saw a bedbug raise himself up through the hole in the floor and look carefully around the loft. Soon's he saw me he motioned to his chums below, the blookthirsty cuss, and cried, exultingly,—"'Come up, boys! he's here!"

THE DAWN OF LOVE.—If a grape-vine be planted in the neighborhood of a well, its roots, running silently underground, wreathe themselves into a network around the clear, cold waters; and the vine's putting on outward greenness and unwonted clusters and fruit, is all that tells the fact. Where every thought and fibre of our life twines gradually around some human soul, to us the unsuspecting well-spring of our being, fearful it is, because so often the vine must be uprooted, and all its fibres wrenched away; but till the hour of discovery comes, how it is transfigured by a new and beautiful life! There is nothing in life more beautiful than the trance-like, quiet dawn which precedes the rising of love in the soul. When the whole being is pervaded imperceptibly and tranquilly by another being, and we are happy, and know not and ask not why, the soul is then receiving all and asking nothing. At a later day she becomes self-conscious, and then comes craving exactions, endless questions—the whole world of the material comes in with its hard consultations and counsels, and the beautiful trance fades forever.

LIFE.—Life bears us on like the mighty stream of a river. Our boat first glides down the mighty channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper and wider flood, among objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry all around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on and our joys and our griefs are alike behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens on until the roar of the ocean is in our ears and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take leave of the earth and its inhabitants until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

THE following is a copy of a letter, received by a village schoolmaster: "sur as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

WATER constitutes nearly four-fifths weight of the animal body.

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