THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1869. NO. 2.

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Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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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Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,

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.

E. 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;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

MOGEE & KILPATRICK'S QUICK LIME by J. K. SAULSBURY,
my21-tf Ridgely.

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 excedted.

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,		12.20
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 Greensboronghi, Md.

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

LEGAL CAP PAPER and good FOOLSCAP at TODD'S.

Select Poetry.

GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING SMILES.

O, what is life without the love,
Of one heart pure and true,
Which like the sun that shines above
Gives lustre to the dew;
Reflects upon the soul a light
More beautiful by far
Than moonbeams in a summer night,
Or rays of an evening star.

A heart that's gentle, true and kind,
And beats for me alone,
Joined to a firm and constant mind,
No other love to own;
On which in sorrow to rely,
With faith's unwilling trust,
Content for me to live or die,
Till it dissolve in dust.

This is the love for which I sigh,
Unbought by sorded gold;
The love which comes by destiny,
And never can grow cold;
It is that high and holy boon
Which God alone can give;
Oh! may He bless me with it soon,
For 'tis to love I live.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

Eugene Eggleston;

—OR—

The Robbers' Retreat.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter IX.

When Thornton came to his right senses, and found himself lying on the floor, surrounded by his servants, he but dimly recollected what had transpired; but gradually the whole of it was made clear to his vision, and he stormed around in quite a demoniac way, driving the sable company from the room. He paced the floor for a long time. At last he cried out:

"Ah! I have a plan. By the eternal powers, I will yet foil them in all their attempts. I will follow this Eggleston to St. Louis, and will there make my plans. It makes me mad to think I was such a fool to be giving vent to my feelings aloud."

We will now turn our attention to the situation of our friends.

When they were hindered in their passage by this masked person, Eugene turned upon him fiercely and demanded:

"Who are you, who seek thus to stop us?"

The person stepped up close to him, and hissed in his ear:

"Thornton! I have dogged your steps this far, and now, that neither Gordon Reese, nor Alfred Allison are no more, the charge of Miss Tifferton has been delegated to me by her late husband!"

"Liar" retorted Eugene, "she has no husband!"

"I can produce the marriage certificate, duly witnessed."

"Then know, sir, it has been forged.—Miss Tifferton knows nothing of it. Stand out of our way!"

"I did not come unprepared," and with that Thornton presented a pistol. But before proceedings could go any further he was knocked senseless by a person behind him, and "Mentor" stood before the astonihsed "Telemaque."

By this time, quite a number of persons were drawn hither by the noise of the tumult. The unknown stepped forward in view of all, and in a few, brief words, explained the situation to all the astonished crowd, and as the fates would have it friendly hands grasped those of our two friends in token of sympathy, and they, accompanied by their "Mentor," soon were outside and on the boat for New Orleans, which started that night, leaving Thornton in the hands of the authorities, and from then they never heard of him more.

When they arrived in the crescent city, and were about leaving the boat, "Mentor" stepped up to "Telemaque", and thus addressed him:

"'Telemaque,' here I must bid you farewell"

"Oh! my friend," burst forth Eugene, "you surely are not going to leave. You must accompany us home. Suppose I should fall into trouble on the way?"

"Nay, bid me not stay. You know me not. Your way home is clear. Go, and rest in peace. I would advise you when there, to make a bonfire of the 'robbers' retreat.' Take this package; it will tell you who and what I am. Open it on your marriage day, and read it to all who may be present, remembering the writer will never more be seen in these parts. Farewell, Telemaque, and you, my lady, may heaven's blessings ever rest upon. Farewell."

Ere either could utter a word, he had disappeared among the busy crowd that thronged the levee. They proceeded on their way, and in due course of time, were once more safe under the sheltering roof of the old Tifferton mansion. The Colonel's joy at recovering his abducted child, may better be imagined than described. He was high in his praises of his future son-in-law. But all things have an end, and so had his praises.

The wedding day was soon fixed, and everyting was in confusion, preparing for the occasion. It at last came, and a most beautiful one it was. Not a cloud marred the beauty of the skies, and the sun seemed as though he were trying to see how bright he could shine. Everything in the Colonel's house seemed to put on a new dress. The garden, which had been so neglected in the absence of Edna, had been made to look new, and the flowers each seemed to vie with the other in shedding forth perfume.

All was now ready; the company had assembled; the minister had arrived, and the bride and groom were in readiness. The ceremony was soon over, and Edna Tifferton had vanished from the stage of action—Edna Eggleston stepping in to act out her part.—Eugene Eggleston was happy in the possession of a wife he had undergone so much to possess, and the whole company seemed joyous.

"Friends," said Eugene, stepping forward to the centre of the room, "whilst recovering this lady, who I am happy in calling my wife, I had many difficulties, as you may imagine; and but for the timely assistance of an unknown friend, it is very probable I should have encountered more, and then, may never have recovered her. When parting from that friend, he put this package into my hands, requesting me at the same time to open it on the day of our marriage, telling me it would make known to us who and what he was. I will now proceed to fulfill his last request to me."

Eugene seated himself by the side of his wife, and in a clear, distinct voice, read the following:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It is a painful task for me to undertake to go over my past life, but as circumstances have transpired which render it necessary, I will proceed to do so. I was born in France in the town of Le Mans. At an early age, I was sent to England to reside with an uncle. Whilst there I acquired my education, learning to speak the English language as well as my own. When I had arrived at the age of twenty-one the death of my father—my only parent—my mother having been taken away by death when I was but an infant, made it imperative for my return home to take charge of his affairs. About that time, many of my friends were leaving for America, and having nothing to bind me to my mother country, I settled my business and became one of the number. I settled, with many others, in Louisiana, and, in time, came to be a resident of New Orleans. Mixing with fashionable society, I soon 'fell in love' with an American lady, but she flirted with me, and married Captain Tifferton, and they removed to Georgia. I determined to have revenge for the supposed insult. It was a long time before I could track them but at last, after years of patient waiting, I did, to find in the place of the mother a most lovely daughter. I disguised myself and under the name Jean, the fortune teller, went about through the country from place to place. I soon became a member of the organization of the 'wilderness thieves,' commanded by Gordon Reese. You all are aware of how this person succeeded in abducting Miss Tifferton, and I need not repeat it. For a transaction which occurred when he was leaving the 'retreat,' I became his deadly enemy. After years of study over the matter, I grew to think Colonel Tifferton had not been my enemy, and so resolved, when his daughter was taken from him, to be of some benefit to him. I have followed out my plan, and hope that I have been in some way instrumental in keeping him to see once more his child. Mr. Eggleston can testify that I have been of some slight help to him in his difficulties. But enough of self-praise. Burn the 'robber's retreat,' so that it can never more shelter a band of thieves. Clear up the wilderness, so its dense foliage may never more conceal deeds of darkness. I return to my native country, as this one holds no charms for me. I soon shall be laid under the sod. To Mr. Eugene and Miss Edna, I tender my heartiest blessings. May they ever live in peace, having nothing to mar their happiness. To Colonel Tifferton, I extend my hand, and ask him to forgive me for helping to abduct his daughter, offering as my plea that I have tried, in some measure, to make reparation in helping to return her to him again. And now farewell.

"PIERRE LERHODEZ."

"Then it was the fortune teller," said Eugene.

"And the fortune teller," said the Colonel, "was my former rival. Well, well, he has my hearty forgiveness. Wonders will never cease."

"I wish he were here to enjoy the festivities of the occasion," said blushing Edna.

"Friends," said the Colonel, "it is the wish of Monsieur LeRhodez, for I suppose we must know him by such name henceforth, that we burn the retreat. Conveyances can be secured, so suppose we proceed immediately to the spot, and fulfill his request."

"Father," said Eugene, turning red, "suppose we wait until to-night, it will heighten the effect."

"To-night let it be then, my son."

So that night, after all had arrived at the banks of the swamp, Colonel Tifferton and Eugene crossed over, entered the old house, lighted a fire in the centre of one of the rooms, and then rejoined the company on the banks of the river of mire. Soon a bright flame shot up into the heavens, and in a few minutes thereafter, the whole of the wood on the island was in a bright blaze.

"What a beautiful spectacle," said Edna, "and what a cherry thought, that the place of our late captivity will soon be no more.—Oh! the jets of fire seem to lick the very heavens, and the smoke curls aloft as though glad to escape from such a spot."

"May souls of those," said old Mr Carson, who was with them, "who we have been informed are dead, killed by one another, find mercy at the hands of the Savior. Let us hope that, ere their breath left them, they repented of their many dark crimes, and their immortal spirits taken to the throne of Grace calmly as that smoke appears to roll onward towards the sky."

There was a hush in the assembly, as each contemplated the grand spectacle before them. At last, Edna broke the silence.

"To think, during the whole of this affair, but one of our friends lost his life—Joe. I weep for the poor boy, who died while looking for a passage to reach me. Oh! crushing thought, to know I have been the cause of the death of three persons."

"Hush," said the parson, "it was the will of the Almighty. Let us be resigned to his will. Their time had come; they were called, and had to obey the summons."

Silence reigned supreme again. The fire was dying away. Reader, suppose here, where we commenced, here where we first introduced ourselves to your notice, we leave you.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.—Is there an object upon the earth so full of touching interest as the Christian mother striving to train up her children right? Many of us can recall—indeed how should we forget?—those meek and loving faces that watched over us in our tender years, and were as God's angels to us. We can remember their sad looks, full of gentle rebuke when we did wrong, and their looks also of joyful approval when we acted nobly and truthfully. Such memories as these cling to us through life, and exert their silent influence upon us long after our mothers have rested from their labors. How many a poor wanderer in the paths of sin, as he thinks of his mother's tears and prayers, wonders in his heart if it can be that God will indeed cast him off forever! One serious reflection leads to another, and those prayers are at length answered. Some alas! presume too far even upon a mother's prayers.

Many heroic deeds have been done by men, and are worthily recorded in the world's annals; but the heroism of mother's lives—where is the memorial of it? In heaven alone. Yes, doubtless it lives and breathes on earth in many noble lives and deeds, yet for the most part unrecognized and unhonored.

An Honest Man.

In the year 1847, a young man named Cobleigh, who had been engaged as locomotive engineer off the Eastern Railroad (United States,) went out to Cuba to take charge of the engine of a large sugar factory at Cardenas. Before leaving, he remarked to a friend that he meant to purchase a lottery ticket when he reached Havana, as he believed those schemes were as fair and honorable as a lottery could be, being under the direct supervision of the Government. His friend, a young unmarried man, handed him ten dollars, saying, "There, get me a ticket, too. I'll try it, just for luck, and shall set the tenspot down to Profit and Loss."

Time passed on. Cobleigh remained a year in Cuba, and then returned to the States, and ran a locomotive for six months on the Erie road, after which he went to Columbus, Ohio, where he remained nearly four years. During this time the young man who had entrusted to Cobleigh the ten dollars for a lottery ticket had married, and become the father of two children. He was a sail-maker by trade, and worked hard for the support of his family.

At length Cobleigh went to New York, where, by chance, he met his old Cuban employer, who informed him, in course of conversation, that a prize of twenty thousand dollars, drawn five years before by a sold ticket, had never been claimed. What was the number? Cobleigh obtained it, and then went home and overhauled his trunk, and among a lot of old letters he found the two lottery tickets which he had bought in Havana over five years before—and one of them was the fortunate number.

A few days after this the young sail-maker, in Boston, received a letter from the engineer, enclosing the lottery ticket, and giving directions for obtaining the money. The poor mechanic was thunderstruck, and at first would not believe that his friend had written truly; but upon inquiring of the Cuban consul, he found that his claim was good, and in time he obtained the twenty thousand dollars. He tried to find Cobleigh, to give him a part of the money, but could not.

A year more passed, and Cobleigh visited Boston. He was going to the gold country, where he was engaged to superintend the running of engines for quartz mining. His pay was to be ample; so he would not accept any part of his friend's fortune."

"But," urged the sail-maker, "why is not the money as much yours as mine? Both tickets were together."

"Aye," replied Cobleigh; "but it was yours that drew the prize. When I bought them I selected mine first. Then I selected one for you, from which I nipped off a bit of the upper right hand corner. When I found the two tickets, after learning that one of them was entitled to a prize, I discovered that the nipped corner bore the fortunate number! So, of course, the prize was yours."

This is what we call inborn honesty.

Daughters.

"What shall they do?" inquires a good matron. "What shall daughters do?" Our answer is prompt, pithy, and pertinent, and perhaps, the matron may say, laconic. It is this: *Learn the art of house-keeping*, the art of arts, too often one of the lost arts with all who have the most remote idea of the notion of marrying, which it is fair to presume most daughters have, judging from observation, not less than the topics of conversation most common with girls, whether by the fireside, on the street, at school, in the shop, sewing-room or factory; in fact, with the many, it seems to be the all in all—looking out, by the way, too many of them, alas! for somebody green enough to marry them for the luxury of supporting them in idleness, a luxury that too many young men, alas! and some who are older, have seen and felt the folly of—while others are learning wisdom from noting many sad experiences. Of all the misfortunes that can befall a man, about the greatest, it would seem, is that of being married to a silky, know nothing and do-nothing woman. We, therefore, say to all matrons, in reply to the above query, if you will allow us: teach, instruct, and train your daughters diligently, faithfully and persistently in all they shall need to know when they become wives, to wit: to be good housekeepers; and to the daughters we would say, seek to learn and practice all such arts as are necessary to be known in order to be good housekeepsrs. These are plain words, to be sure; yet we are sure that no mother will, nor daughter can, successfully controvert them.

AT a recent Sabbath School concert, in a suburban church, the ordinauce of baptism was administered. The clergyman in charge expressed gratification that the occasion offerred him so good an opportunity to explain to children the nature of the service. By way of illustration, he said: "In Old Testament times, blood was offered as an atoning sacrifice, hence it was spoken of as a purifier; but what is used as an emblem of purity now-a-days—what element conveys the idea of perfect cleanliness?" A moment's silence and then a dozen little voices squeaked out —"Soap!"

Some men have all kinds of sense but common sense.

Keep Houses Cool in Hot Weather.

In these hot days a cool apartment is a real luxury to be had far oftener than most people suppose possible. The secret consists, not in letting in cool air, for naturally all do that whenever they have the chance, but in keeping out hot air. If the air outside a room or house be cooler than the air inside, let it in by all means; but if it be hotter, carefully keep it out. A staircase window left open during the night will often cool the passages of a house, and the rooms, too, if their doors be not shut; but it must be closed at eight or nine o'clock in the morning; or if on the sunny side, at four or five o'clock, and the blind drawn down.—The mistake people generally make is to throw open their windows at all hours of the day, no matter whether the atmosphere be cool or scorching. Let us have some air, they say, and in comes the treacherous breeze—for even hot air is pleasat while it is gently blowing, taking away perspiration, and thereby cooling the skin; but the apartment is made warmer instead of cooler, and as soon as they move out of the draft, they find their room to be more uncomfortable than before. Let in cool air, keep out the hot; this is the only formula to insure the minimum of incomfort. Sitting rooms may generally be kept cool during the whole day if the door be opened only for ingress and egress, and the window be kept closed and shielded from direct sunshine by the blind. If the atmosphere of a room be impure from any cause, let it be renewed; hot air is less injurious than bad air. If a room be small in comparison with the number of persons engaged in it, free ventilation becomes indispensible. In a cooking apartment, temperature will probably be higher than outside, hence the free admission even of hot air will be desirable. If persons do not object to sit in a direct draught of air, windows and doors may be opened, a breeze being more refreshing, even though several degrees warmer than still air; but under nearly all other circumstances rooms should be kept closed as much as possible till after sundown, or till the air outside is cooler than that inside.

Josh Billings on Strawberries.

The strawberry is one uv natur's sweet pets. She make them worth fifty cents, furst she makes, and never allows them tew be sold at mean price.

The culler uv the strawberry is like the setting sun under a thin cloud, with a delicate dash uv the rain bo in it: its fragrance iz like the breath of a baby when it first begins tew eat wintergreen lozzingers; its flavor is like the negtar which an old fashioned goddess used tew leave in the bottom uv the tumbler, when Jupiter stood treat on mount ida.

There iz many breeds uv this delightful vegetable, but not a mean one in the hul lot.

I think i have stole them, laying around loos, without enny peddigree, in somebody's tall grass when I was a lazy schoolboy, that eat dreadful easy, without enny white sugar on them, and even a bug occasionally mixed them in the hurry uv the moment. Cherries is good but they are tew much like sucking a marble with a handle tew it. Peaches iz good, if u don't get eny uv the pin feathers intew youre lips. Watermelons will suit ennybody who is satisfied with half-sweetened drink; but the man who ken eat strawberris besprinkled with crushed sugar and bespattered with kream (at somebody else's expense), and not lay his hand on his stummuck and thank the author of strawberries and stummucks and the phellow who pays for the strawberries, iz a man with a worn out conscience—a man whose mouth tastes like a hole in the ground, and don't care what goes down it.

THE WORLD.—Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed we know not what to think of it.—Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then comes the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, and oftentimes we call people cold when they are only sad.

There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitudes—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change, for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it at first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourself to circumstances, and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempest-torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Werefore should there be turmoil for the few evening hours when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is not less averse from chance, but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they expect. Despite the gaiety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomable deep.

THE LAST CHICKEN GONE.—When the Conference assembled in Hillsboro', some years since, on the last day of the session, a lad, whose father had entertained some half dozen preachers, entered the room where the ministers were seated in a terrible state of excitement.

"What's the matter, Isaac?" asked one, "you seem excited."

"Excited! I ain't excited; I'm mad all over."

"What are you mad about, Isaac? Don't you know it is wrong to suffer yourself to become angered?"

"Wrong or not wrong, it's enough to make anybody mad but a preacher. Here's every chicken on the place eat up except the old rooster; and just now he happened to get a glimpse of you fellows and sung out, 'And must this fee ble bod-y die-e,' and dropped over stone dead.

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