ENOCH PRATT
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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1870. NO. 48.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE.

ON and after, MONDAY April 4, 1870, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE.	A.M.	LEAVE.	A. M.	P. M.
Delmar,	11.00	Phila.	8.30	5.00
Laurel,	11.15	Baltimore,	7.25	2.40
Seaford,	11.35	Wilm.	10.10	6.25
Bridgeville,	11.50	New Castle	10.30	6.45
Greenwood,	12.85	State Road	10.35	6.50
	A. M.	P. M.	Bear,	10.45	7.00
Farmington		12.15	St Georges	11.00	7.10
Harrington	7.00	12.30	Mt. Pleas't	11.10	7.25
Felton,	7.15	12.50	Middletown	11.25	7.45
Canterbury	7.20	1.05	Townsend	11.35	7.55
Wil. Grove	7.25	1.10	Blackbird	11.40	8.00
Camden,	7.35	1.15	Sassafras,	11.50	8.10
Dover,	7.50	1.25	Clayton,	12.00	8.20
Moorton,	8.05	1.40	ARRIVE.	P. M.	
Brenford,	8.10	1.45	Smyrna,	12.10	8.30
Smyrna,	8.05	1.40	LEAVE.		
Clayton,	8.20	1.55	Brenford,	12.05	9.25
Sassafras	8.25	2.00	Moorton,	12.15	8.30
Blackbird,	8.35	2.15	Dover,	12.30	8.55
Townsend,	8.40	2.20	Camden	12.40	9.05
Middletown	9.00	2.35	Wil. Grove	12.45	9.10
Mt. Pleas't	9.10	2.45	Canterbury	12.55	9.15
St. Georges	9.25	3.00	Felton,	1.05	9.25
Bear,	9.35	3.15	Harrington	1.25	9.40
State Road,	9.45	3.20	Farmington,	1.35	
New Castle	9.55	3.33	Greenwood,	1.50	
ARRIVE.			Bridgeville,	2.00	
Wilm.	10.15	3.55	Seaford,	2.20	
Phila.	11.45	5.25	Laurel,	2.40	
	P. M.		ARRIVE.		
Baltimore	1.05	8.10	Delmar,	2.55	

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached will leave stations named at the following Changed Hours, (subject to delays incident to freight business,) viz.: Going South, leave Wilmington about 4.00 A. M.; New Castle, 4.45; Middletown, 6.30; Clayton, 7.30; Dover, 8.50; Camden, 9.15; Felton, 10.10, and be due at Harrington 10.30 A. M. Going North, to leave Harrington about 3.05 P. M. Felton 3.50, Camden 4.55, Dover 5.35, Moorton 6.00, Clayton 6.50, Middletown 8.20, New Castle 10.00, and be due at Wilmington 10.30 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 regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Delaware Junction and Dupont.

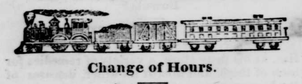
New Castle Trains.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7.40, A. M.

Leave Philadelphia 12.00 M., and Wilmington 1.10 P. M., for New Castle.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11.40, A. M., 8.00, P. M. Leave Clayton for Smyrna, 8.40, A. M., and 2 00, P. M., to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.

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

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Monday, April 11th 1870,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Easton,	6.00 P.M.	New York,	12.30 P.M.
Woodland,	6.15	Baltimore,	2.40
Cordova,	6.25	Philadelphia,	5.00
Hillsboro',	6.40	Wilmington,	6.25
Ridgely,	6.50	Clayton,	8.25
Greensboro',	7.05	Kenton,	8.35
Goldsboro',	7.15	Slaughter's,	8.50
Henderson,	7.25	Marydell,	9.00
Marydell,	7.35	Henderson,	9.10
Slaughter's	7.45	Goldsboro',	9.20
Kenton,	8.00	Greensboro',	9.30
ARRIVE.		Ridgely.	9.45
Clayton,	8.10	Hillsboro',	9 55
Wilmington,	10.15	Cordova,	10.10
Philadelphia	11.45	Woodland,	10.20
Baltimore,	1.05 P.M.	ARRIVE.	
New York,	4.55	Easton,	10.35

FREIGHT TRAIN,

WITH PASSENGER CAR ATTACHED:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Easton	10.30 A.M.	New York	12.00 P.M
Woodland	10.50	Baltimore	7.25 A.M.
Cordova	11.05	Philadelphia	8.30
Hillsboro'	11.20	Wilmington	10.10
Ridgely	11.35	Clayton	12.10 P.M.
Greensboro'	11.55	Kenton	12.20
Goldsboro'	12.15	Slaughters	12.35
Henderson	12.25	Halltown	12.50
Halltown	12.50	Henderson	1.05
Slaughter's	1.05	Goldsboro	1.15
Kenton	1.25	Greensboro'	1.40
ARRIVE.		Ridgely	1.50
Clayton	1.50	Hillsboro'	2.00
Wilmington	3.55 P.M.	Cordova	2.15
Philadelphia	5.25	Woodland	2.30
Baltimore	8.10	ARRIVE.	
New York	10.30	Easton	2.50

By the above arrangement, close connections will be made both ways, and passengers will arrive early both in New York and Baltimore, and will be able to visit Philadelphia and Baltimore and return same day.

All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

Md. Steamboat Company.



On and after Wednesday, June 1st, 1870, the steamer MASSACHUSETTS will leave Pier 3, Light St. wharf, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 P. M., for Cambridge, Denton and the intermediate landings.

Returning, leave Denton Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12-30 P. M. Thus making in connection with the Highland Light and the Dorchester and Delaware Rail Road, a daily line to the Choptank River, and all points on the Dorchester and Delaware, and Delaware and Eastern Shore Rail Roads.

The Massachusetts has had a new boiler placed in her and has been completely refitted, so that she is now as comfortable and reliable as any steamer in these waters. [je2-tf.

The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md., BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

Terms: $1.50 per annum, 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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines) 3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
1 " for any less no. of insertions		1.00

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Job Printing.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

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.

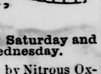
JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

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

T. J. SMITHERS,



DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.

Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. MYERS,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock Maker,

SILVERSMITH,

JEWELLER, &C.,

my29-3w **DENTON, Md.**

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

SEWING, SCOURING, &c.

MRS. SALLIE SIMPSON, hereby announces her readiness to do sewing of all kinds, at reasonable charges. She has had considerable experience in the preparation of men's garments.

Grease spots and dirt removed from clothes, and garments scoured at moderate prices.

Jan 27-tf.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.

AUCTIONEER,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.,

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [je10-1y

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Opened on Saturday, April 23rd,

A FULL STOCK OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

☞COME AND SEE. [ap28-y

MANTUA MAKING.

Latest Spring Fashions.

Having just received from the great emporium of fashions the latest spring fashion plates and patterns, we have opened at our old place of business, and solicit calls from our lady friends.

Dresses Cut and Fitted,

or anything else in our line of business done in a neat and tasteful manner.

JULIA PARK,
R. A. DUNNING.

Denton, April 14-tf.

MEAL AND FLOUR.

FOR SALE for the cash, at the new Enterprise Mill, near Denton. Positively no credit at this mill.

apr29-tf EMERSON & ROSHY.

BETTER.

That haunting dream of Better,
Forever at our side!
It tints the far horizen,
It sparkles on the tide.
The cradle of the Present
Too narrow is for rest;
The feet of the Immortal
Leap forth to seek the best.

O beauty, trailing sadness!
Despair, hope's loftiest birth!
With tears and aspirations
Have ye bedewed the earth.
The opening buds of April
Untimely frosts may chill;
The soul of sweet October
Faints out in mystery still.

What buriest thou, gay childhood?
Swift youth, what fled with thee?
Laugh'st at our losses, Sorrow,
As in some Godlike glee?
Away, away forever,
Our vessel seems to sail,
The Eternal Breath o'ertakes them:
Home speeds them every gale.

The filmy gold and purple
Swathed not the hill we trod;
'Twas hard and common climbing,
The bramble and the clod.
The bitterness we tasted
Was truth's most wholesome leaven;
The friends that left us lonely
Are opening doors in Heaven.

And now the deeper midnight
Uncovers larger stars;
And grafts of glory burgeon
From early blights and scars.
And now the mists are lifting—
The tides are rushing in—
'Tis sunlight on the mountains!
Lo! life is yet to win!

[Written for The American Union.]

HOME.

BY W. THOMAS PIPPIN.

Home! We do not wonder that poets have raved and bards sung of home until there breathes not one beneath the vast expanse of high heaven's dome whose soul has not been stirred at the thoughts of home.—The sailor, as his gallant ship plows the briny deep, freighted with the precious fruits of distant climes, oft turns a thought to his boyhood's sunny home. When waves pile upon waves, as if "to pierce the ether blue;" when old Boreas, from his ice-bound throne, gathers the winds and hurls them against the gallant bark; when the loud artillery of heaven is heard reverberating, and the flashing electricity leaps from cloud to cloud, or, it may be, shivers the mast into fragments, how turns the thought of the sailor toward his home of early life!

When the weary sentinel, as he paces his silent and lonely beat, would find a sweet solace, it is this: "I shall soon be home; the war will soon be over." This prospect fires his heart, and he goes forth with renewed life and pleasure. In the midst of mortal conflict, when shell and shot are mowing down the ranks of the enemy; when sabre and bayonet are doing their bloody work; when friend and foe form one promiscuous heap of slain; when the shrieks of the wounded and the cries of the dying are heard above the "din of strife," how longs the weary soldier for "home, sweet home!"

Let us wander where we may—let us ramble 'mid the vine clad hills of France; bask 'neath Italy's balmy skies; bound over the snow-clad hills of northern climes, or stray 'mid the pyramids upon the Nile; stand even where Moses stood and view the earthly Canaan, still would our hearts long for home. We would again desire to repose 'neath the old tree in the yard; sip the cooling draught from the "old iron-bound bucket," chase the gilded butterfly from bush to bush; pursue the little finny denizens in the stream that ran through the old homestead place. All these are longings that we feel for our earthly home—for a home that is transient. The unregenerate feels this anxious longing; then, how much more should the christian long for his "heavenly home," for indeed the christian is but a pilgrim and a wanderer in the earth. His home lies beyond the "frost chain and the river." Here he has no continuing place. He seeks a city where builder and maker is God. He says, in the language of the Poet,

"Not a foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man.
I dwell awhile in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro
'Till I my Canaan gain

How poor many are in this world's goods. They scarcely eke out a sustenance for life; the pangs of hunger often assail them; they frequently hear the prattling boy cry for bread, and sometimes they are tempted to think "God has cast me off."—But again they exclaim, "though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Then the clouds begin to lift, and presently the golden rays of the sunlight of God's eternal mercy breaks forth, and He, who sent the raven to feed the man of God of old, sends succor to his children, and they are fed as if from heaven.

Then, dear friends, trust in God; trust him for temporal as well as spiritual things; confide your all into his care and keeping; do all that you think to be your duty, and then leave the result entirely with God.—If you do this, that home for which you long—that home of which we so often sing—will soon be yours. What if the storm is rough? what of we have to buffet the winds and waves of adversity? Let this cheer us. "The rougher the blast, the sooner 'tis past," and when you are safely housed in that "home of the soul," you will only be the happier for having passed "through bloody seas."

The thought of a home in heaven, how it, should fire our hearts, and incline us to press on! A home in that glorified land, in the heavenly Jerusalem—golden streets—jasper gates—the Lamb—Christ and the Angels—friends meet friends to part no more—father meets son—mother meets daughter—all meet to range the blest fields of immortality forever—there we shall never know a sorrow, shall never feel a fear. "There, high upon the vernal hills of glory," clad in robes washed in the blood of the Lamb, we shall dwell forever. Our crown of glory shall never be tarnished by the lapse of time, but shall sparkle with undimmed lustre while the cycles of eternity roll onward.—We shall bask beneath the amaranthine bowers and pluck the ambrosial fruit from life's fair tree, and sing praises unto God and the lamb. If we are only faithful, dear ones, all this may soon be ours. Many of "these wanderers" have borne the burden and the heat of the day; their once dark and luxuriant locks are now frosted over by the hand of time; the shores of time grow dim in the distance; nothing to mark them but a vague and indefinite speck, but already the vernal hill-tops of Canaan begin to loom up before them as they hear the sailor from the look-out cry, "I see the hills of glory," and their enraptured soul cries forth, "I'm almost there!" A breeze of heavenly grace springs up and fills the canvass of their little bark and she speeds onward toward the "haven of eternal repose."

Dear christian friends, move on; steer straight toward that light in the window, and you shall soon arrive at home, while robed angels shall escort you to the presence of God, and you then will sing a song

"Which the angels cannot sing."

no, they may sing "created goodness" but it shall be for those of old earth to sing the song of redeeming love.

"A home in heaven! What a joyful thought
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
By adverse winds and storms he is driven
From his home below to his home in heaven."

There is a home in heaven for you, dear christian. Then struggle on; contend with sin in every phase it may appear; rely upon the "strong arm of God for strength," and you will at last triumph over your last enemy—Death. Many have triumphed and passed through the "pearly portal" into the "city of our God," "the home of the redeemed," and are to day singing the song of "Moses and the lamb," hard by the eternal throne of God. Oh! dear christian, strive for an inheritance in that "bright home of the soul;" start afresh for glory; renounce the world and be determined to know nothing "Save Christ and Him crucified." This is true knowledge and true happiness; and then when the dark-winged messenger of death shall enfold you in his cold and icy embrace; when you close your eyes to things terrestrial, your spirit will be wafted by a convoy of "shining-robed immortals" to the fair climes of unfading glory, and you will then enter upon your "great reward."

HENDERSON, May 24th, 1870.

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler or cooper or king to sit in, never a house too fine to shelter the human head.—These elements about us—the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the sake of the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the Wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut.—Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love.

All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real, hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all upholsterers of the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

A PROFLIGATE'S ADVICE.—It is recorded by Dr. Paley, one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian Church, that, while pursuing his collegiate course, he was inclined to idleness and dissipation. One morning a rich and profligate fellow-student entered his room with this singular reproof: Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I have the means to be dissipated, and you can't afford it. I never can make anything of I try. You are capable of rising to eminence; and I was so impressed with this truth that it kept me awake all night, and I am come solemnly to admonish you." This remarkable admonition reformed him. He became one of the guiding minds of his own and succeeding generations, and one of the ablest defenders of the Church of Christ.—The reprover is dead, but the name of the reproved will live until the latest period of recorded time. Perhaps the eye of some young man inclined to recklessness may fall upon these hastily penned lines, and that this, like the profligate's advice, may germinate and spring up on fruitful ground. At all events, "try" was never conquered.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.—One pleasant Sabbath morning, in the city of New York, a boy neatly dressed, with books in his hands, was seen walking briskly along the avenue, on his way to Sabbath-school. As he approached the corner of the street which led to the church, he heard the voices of several boys, and on turning, found them busily playing at marbles. They at first tried to persuade him to join them; then they ridiculed him; and finally, as he went on, they shouted after him:

"You dare not stop; you dare not stay away from sabbath-school!"

"No," said he, turning around and looking at them full in the face. "No, but I dare go, even if you do laugh at me."

COMPLIMENTS.—The two most elegant prose compliments we recollect to have ever read are recorded by Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, the celebrated philosopher, as made by himself in his entertaining autobiography. At Venice he heard a beautiful nun sing, to whom he declared, after a ravishing musical performance, that "She needed neither to change voice nor face to become an angel." In Paris he met a distinguished French marshal, who was quite deaf, and begged him to excuse his infirmity. The chivalric philosopher answered, that it was "for him (the hero) to speak, and for others to hear; that he was to command, and they to execute his orders."

KINDNESS.

BY ANNIE S. BARTLETT.

"There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad
the garden of the heart;
Its roots lieth deep; it is delicate, yet lasting
as the lilac of autumn:
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the brier
withereth by its side;
I saw it budding in beauty—I felt the magic of
its smile."

Deep hidden in every heart is a beautiful pearl, clear, sparkling and pure, which we call kindness. Though hidden there, far removed from mortal eyes, yet its influence is open as the sunlight, and reflects in every action, and every kind word we speak.—"Kindness comes over the spirit like the music of David's harp over the passions of Saul. It is a crown of glory on the head of old age—a jewel rare on the bosom of childhood." In a thousand and nameless forms it manifests itself, and in every one it seems beautiful. In the weary journey of life, it has a charm most potent, making happy the weary-hearted, toiling poor, the wanderer, and in every department of life, its holy power, its magic spell, is felt and known.—Kindness! there is a mystic delight, an indescribable joy, in its sweetest music, which thrills every heart.

It dispels the clouds from the moody brow, warms the soul with tints of rosy bliss, fills the home with gladness, checks the mourner's tears, and makes the rough, stony pathway of life soft, smooth and gladsome. A strange power hath this good spirit of kindness, winding its subtle thread all through the events of human life, and filling the chambers of the heart with a holy refrain.

Oh! who hath not felt its power, its calm beauty, cheering us through the ills and sorrows of life. If every one apprehended the real value of kind words, and knew how to use them, there would be less sorrow, trouble, and discomfort, and more joy, sunshine and happiness. Whole family circles would emerge from gloomy darkness into the pure atmosphere of pleasantness and holy peace. Ah, how sad the home where coldness and unkindness reign. If you give no room beside your hearthstone for gentle and considerate words, and a thousand little deeds of love, prompted by dear, loving hearts, you deny your family one of the sweetest boons that God has given to man. Fill your house with books, music, flowers, and choice works of literature and if love dwells not there—what is it? It is not *home.*

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which natural love and devotedness smile forever. No cloud can permanently darken its pure light—no trouble mar its quiet happiness. Let the members of a family vie with each other in the choice of kind and loving words and actions, and as freely employ them as they do their voices; and whatever of sorrow and trial may, in the common course of events, enter that family circle, they will prove harmless, because of the great bond of sympathy and love binding its inmates together. Be kind and loving, glad and free, and your home will be the dearest spot on earth—the silken tie uniting your hearts all in one, becoming so closely knit that naught but death can unclasp its golden links.

Diffuse the influence of your good-will wherever you go. It is just as easy to speak in a kind voice, as to be gruff and harsh—just as easy to smile on the careworn and weary ones you meet, as to coldly frown, and pass them unheeded by. Many sad hearts, already drooping under trials too severe to be borne alone—whose hearts are starving for words of love and sympathy—would lift up a glad, heartfelt "God bless you" for the little act of kindness, or a tender word. To make many hearts glad would cost you but trifling effort; only do not repress the beautiful thought of so doing when it knocks loudly within your bosom for expression.

Oh! speak kindly, wherever you go, and the echo of your cheering words will gladden all your after life.

You do not know how much good you can do, how many sad faces you may brighten; and over the hearts and homes of hundreds you may cast your halo of loving influence, which may become a sparkling star of glory in the crown the Father of Love may place upon your brow.

You may never know all the good you shall have done, but eternity will reveal to you the result.

Kindness! 'tis a simple word; but, oh, how vast its power. How a cheerful face, with a kindly voice, parting the quivering lips of age, or the ruby ones of youth, rejoice the eye, and refresh the heart.

How we love those who show us sunny little nooks way down in their large warm hearts, so full of love and kindness that they bubble up into little fountains of feeling, little deeds of tenderness, loving smiles, the firm, honest clasp of the hand and thousands of simple ways, all springing from the beautiful lustre of the pearl, ever nestling in the happy heart.

Oh! let the clear waters of human kindness burst forth, sparkling and bright, that you may bathe in their crystal waves.—Who ever forgets a kind word spoken in time of trial, or a visit in mercy to the couch of the sick and suffering? Will not the memory of these things make melody in your own heart? And sometimes you will think of a kindness you have shown another—simple it may have been—yet you made a heavy heart glad, and you will never forget it.

There are a numerous class who more particularly need our kindness and sympathy; and first, we claim the aged as those whose hearts and lives call for the pure, warm tones, the willing hands, and the ever ready feet, to show them kindness. Think of the weary invalid, whose days and nights are one long hour of pain and suffering. The pleasures and joys of such are few. Oh, darken not their already dreary days with cross, bitter words, or still more bitter deeds. Try all in your power to make them as happy as circumstances will permit. Do not let them feel themselves a burden upon you. They may be thus; yet, remember their weakness, and that God does not willingly afflict the children of men. Did you ever feel sorry in your heart that you had shown a sick one a little kindness? God pity you if you have a heart like that; but bless you ever for the kindness shown in sincerity to the unfortunate and distressed. Some morning, as you bend over a still, cold form, sleeping the last long sleep, will you regret the hours of toil you have patiently endured to make that loved one comfortable? Will you be sorry that his or her invalid years were made so quiet and peaceful, that weariness and pain were almost forgotten?

Speak kindly to the poor. They, in their tattered garments, are just as much entitled to our heartfelt kindness as the persons clad in broadcloth and fine linen.

Yet, unhappily, it is not thus. Actions speak louder than words, sometimes; and it needs no prophetic eye to discern the difference made every day between the wealthy and the indigent. A simple mind can read the heart that is full of kindness.

Open wide the windows of the heart and let the genial sunshine pour in, and fail not to send it back into other hearts in a constant stream of care-dispelling kindness.—Never let your hearts grow cold and hard, because in such the fair flowers of love exhale no fragrance. Do not allow frowns to darken your brow or your voice to grow harsh; but let God's sweet smile dwell within your breast, and that will fill you with holy joy, kindness, and good will, and you can not withhold the blessed influence from others.

Oh, be kind. Life is short. Fill it full of rich deeds, and let it glow like the beautiful diamond.

We may not all possess this "gem of purest ray serene." Naught of earth's ills shall ever dim its lustre; but it will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and when souls meet at the great white throne, we shall know how precious a jewell we have. Remember, we are frail—we are passing away, and the places that now know us will soon know us no more forever. Let our lives be spent in imparting to those around us the warm sunshine of human kindness, and whether our days be few or many, our end will be peaceful—our final account glorious.

A VALUABLE CUT.—There is said to be a paper in Philadelphia which has one woodcut. It was engraved originally to represent Arthur Spring, but the proprietor liked it so much that he determined to keep it on hand and run it into the paper whenever anbody else was hung, or died, or was elected, or made a speech. And so every time a portrait of anybody was wanted this wood-cut was altered to fit it. First, the hat was cut down; then the nose was chiselled into various shapes: then the eyes were gouged a little; then the beard was altered and the cheeks hollowed out. It never, at its best, looked like any human being that had ever existed in this wide world; but that made no difference, for the proprietor always jammed it right in every time with a fresh name and a biographical sketch.

It has served already for James Buchanan, Jeff Davis, Probst, General Grant, Susan B. Anthony, Mayor Fox, Senator Revels, Artemus Ward, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Winnemore, Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Ristori, Asa Packer, Gov. Curtin, and a score or two of others. It is somewhat rusty now, the old wood-cut is, but in it will go again with a new sketch. This won't make so much difference now, because the block is very much worn, and when the picture is printed you can't tell, to save your life, whether it was intended for a man's face or for a study of the simoon in the Desert of Sahara.

FAT AND LEAN PEOPLE.—It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat; the plow-horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches.

Thin men, the world over, are the men for work; for endurance, they are wiry and hardy; thin people live the longest;—the truth is fat is a disease, and, as proof, fat people are never well a day at a time, and are not suited to hard work.—Still, there is a medium between being as fat as a butter ball and as thin and juiceless as a rail. For mere looks, a moderate rotundity is most desirable, to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous, laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as boiled cracked wheat, and rye, and oats, and corn, with sweet milk, and butermilk and meats. Sugar is the best fattener known.—*Hall's Health and Good Living.*

WHAT A MAN KNOWS.—What a man can write out clearly, correctly and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he may be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe there never was a time or country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that the world thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made. You find ten times more peonow than ever before who can string words together with facility, and with a general idea of their meaning, and are ready with a theory of some kind about most matters.—All that is very well as far as it goes; but it is one thing to be able to do this and quite another to know how to use words as they should be used, or really to have thought out the subject which you discuss.—*Stanley.*

A well known judge, when he first came to the bar, was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion when he was trying a case, involving a right of property to a lot of pigs, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four pigs in that drove—just twice as many as there are in that jury box.

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