The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office

The American Union.

VOL. XV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY MARCH 18, 1875. NO. 35.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month		1.50
1 "	3 "		2.50
1 "	6 "		5.00
1 "	12 "		10.00
¼ column, one year,			15.00
½ " "			30.00
1 " "			60.00

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Poetry.

A YEAR HENCE.

We blindly grope along the wall,
With feeble, fluttering fingers,
We list to hear a footstep fall,
Where silence only lingers;
We fain would tread the path that lies
The most remote from shadows,
And underneath the voiceless skies
We seek for pleasant meadows.

We wonder if the light to-day
That seems our faith replying,
On silvery sail will drift away
When this year shall be dying.
We pause beneath the starry track
Of smiling worlds above us,
And dream they're softly answering back
Immortal loves—who loves us.

We clasp the hand of lover, friend,
And hear his pledges over;
Yet swiftly to twelvemonth's end
Thought saileth—jealous rover;
The planets change, and Heaven's own blue
Sometimes is seen to smother,
Shall human face be nearer true
Than face of any other?

O, get thee hence, perplexing thought,
Like ship without a harbor,
A steady hand with goodness fraught
Will build us restful arbor;
But be the earth in shade or sun,
In joy or tribulation,
Stand brave and patient, every one,
To meet the dispensation.

Concerning Umbrellas.

"I'll wager the best box of cigars in the city.'

"Done."

This short dialogue took place between two young men as they rushed breathlessly down two flights of stairs, and, seezing hats and umbrellas, issued from the door of a fashionable boarding house on——— street, New York city. A young lady was just stepping upon a horse car before the door. The car passed on, leaving the two lines of aristocratic houses that composed the street wrapped in the mists of the rainy afternoon.

That evening a young lady entered the dining room of one of the aristocratic houses, and on being chiden for lateness, rejoined, petishly:

"I couldn't help it, mamma. I've been so unfortunate to-day. I declare I could cry!"

"Why, how?' What do you mean?'

"In the first place, I left my purse on my toilet table, I was in such a hurry to catch that car. I stuffed the bank-check into my glove for safety. I went to the bank and got it cashed—fifty dollars you know—and it occurred to me the money wouldnt be safe in my cloak pocket, so I unscrewed the top of the handle of my umbrella and put the bills in that hollow within the broad part. Then I went to the photographer's and got my proofs, and for want of a better place, I foolishly put those in the hollow, too. Well, it rained in torrents, and two young gentlemen were following me. You needn't look shocked, mamma—they were, though they did it very unobtrusively. I've seen both of them before, and I believe they room opposite. At any rate, they got on the car that I did this noon, and they got on the one I came came home in. One of them sat next to me, and the other near the door on the opposite side, and if I turned my eyes anywhere but straight forward, I was sure to receive a glance of admiration.'

"We'll dispense with that part of it, Mary.'

"No, we can't mamma,' was the demur response, "for my confession, and the fact of my umbrella's dripping over my dress, caused the catastrophe. I had to set the umbrella aside a little, you see, and when I got up to leave the car, both the young men rushed for the door. It was really comical, mamma. I was no sooner outside the car when two umbrellas met over my head, and there stood the two young gentlemen, both quite determined to escort me to the house door. I never wanted to laugh so much; but I didn't laugh. I thanked them with a very dignified bow—one apiece—and then producing my own umbrella from the fold of my water-proof, opened that and walked off. Mamma,' continued the speaker, tragically, "I *never* will have another umbrella that is like everybody else's.'

"I don't see at all what you are coming to, Mary,' said her mother, perplexedly.—"What was the trouble?'

"Trouble? Why, mamma, when I got home I found I hadn't my own umbrella at all, but some one else's just like mine!'

"And the fifty dollars and photograph proofs?'

"Were gone.'

"Why, you careless girl! How could you have done such a thing?'

"It is the greatest shame in the world that umbrellas are made so much alike,' was the vexed response.

"Is the one you have *just* like yours?'

"Precisely; black alapaca, with an ivory handle.'

"Somebody must have stolen yours, or rather exchanged purposely.'

"I don't think it, mamma; in fact, I know they couldn't. No one could have known what was in the handle of mine; and the one I brought home is much sprucer. I'm sure the person who took mine would never think of looking in the handle.'

"Perhaps not.'

"But, mamma, I want the fifty dollars; else how can I have that light silk dress?'

"I dare say you do, but you can't have it just now.'

"But I must.' And the speaker coaxingly put her hand on her mother's arm.

"Nonsense. Advertise your umbrella. Some of the people on the car must have got it.'

Two days later appeared an advertisement in the *Herald* to this effect:

LOST.—On Tuesday last on an Eighth Avenue car, at 6 o'clock, a black alapaca umbrella, with ornamented ivory handle. The finder will be rewarded if it is returned to No. 8—— street.

"H'm!" said Mary Armstrong, as she glanced over the paragraph in the morning's paper, "that'll never bring back the umbrella.'

In the bachelor apartments across the street the advertisement was differently commented upon. Mr. Frank Kenedy, who had tilted back in his arm chair, when his eyes fell upon it, suddenly sprang to his feet with an exclamation:

"By George, I'll win that wager?'

"I wonder,' he continued, apprehensively, "if Courtenay'll see it? I'll borrow his morning paper for fear he will. Why, what a royal road to an introduction this is! I'll take an umbrella—any umbrella—my own would answer the description—no by George! it's too much worn out, and I'd be ashamed of it—and go over and present myself. Courtenay'll be furious—ha! ha! By George, thought, how did this umbrella get so shabby? I've only had it four weeks. I'll go buy a new one, black alpaca, with carved ivory handle, and introduce myself to Miss Armstrong with that. I feel that box of cigars already in my pocket.'

"Mr. Kennedy walked across the hall and tapped thrice, each time louder, upon the opposite door. Getting no answer, he called through the key-hole.

"I say, Courtenay!'

No reply. Mr. Kennedy shook the door then hailed the chambermaid:

"Where's Mr. Courtenay?'

"Gone down town, sir, half an hour ago.'

"Gone down town! The deuce he has!' muttered Mr. Kennedy, searching distractedly for hat and gloves. "I say!'—to the chambermaid—where's the nearest umbrella store?'

"Right round the corner.'

"Run out and buy me an umbrella, will you? There's a good soul! Take this bill and keep the change, and get me a black alpaca umbrella (ladies' size, remember that) with an ornamented ivory handle.—Understand?'

"All right, sir.'

"And hurry—do?'

The maid vanished, and Mr. Kennedy began to make himself irresistible as far as haste would allow. He met the returning chambermaid at the door, inspected the umbrella in the hall, and then triumphantly marched across the street. He rang the bell, inquired confidentially for 'Miss Armstrong,' and was ushered in. With umbrella still in hand, he walked into the parlor, but was arrested and stricken speechless almost on the threshold by the sight of his chum, Ellis Courtenay, who, also holding an umbrella in hand, occupied an easy chair by the table. Mr. Courtenay was dressed with suspicious nicety, and the umbrella was apparently new.

The two occupants of the parlor faced each other in blank surprise, in Mr. Courtenay's case, changed to amusement. As for Mr. Kennedy, after uttering explosively his favorite "By George?' he subsided into a chair, and began feeling, feebly:

"How—how—in—"

"Ah! Some one's coming!"

Miss Armstrong, opened the parlor door, had to hide her face behind her handkerchief for a moment ere she could advance with requisite gravity. Her two 'knights of yesterday' were considerably embarrassed but managed to present themselves, their excuses and their umbrellas.

"By George!' finished Mr. Kennedy, "being on the car, you know, I felt as I might say, interested, you know.'

"I'm much obliged to you I'm sure.'

"And this isn't the umbrella?'

"I'm sorry to say it isn't."

Mr. Courtenay rose to go.

"I should have been glad to have returned you your umbrella,' he said, politely. "As it is, I can only hope it may be restored.'

"As I do myself, I assure you,' Miss Armstrong responded. "Not for the umbrella's sake, but for the sake of fifty dollars and some photographic proofs, which were screwed into the handle.'

"Eh! By George!'

Constraint was forgotten in the sudden surprise created by this statement. Before half an hour had passed, the three were quite at ease together. They passed from speculation about the fate of the umbrella to the weather, and to locality and season, to amusements and to music. When they left, it was with the understanding that there might be future visits.

However, neither of the young gentlemen had his cup of satisfaction full to the brim, because of the other. Not a sentence did either utter as they crossed the street. In the upper hall of the boarding house at last Mr. Kennedy broke the silence:

"I say, Courtenay, when did you see that advertisement!'

"About eight this morning.' Was the laconic response, as the one addressed fumbled with his key.

"And you went down town and—'

"I always go down town.'

"Oh, pshaw! Don't be high and mighty! You went down town and bought an umbrella. Oh, ho, ho, ho!' And Mr Kennedy's voice grew fainter as he retired into the depth of his dressing room. Presently he emerged therefrom, and shouted across the hall:

"Well, we neither of us won the cigars. Both got introduced the same minute, by George! Let's go halves on a box.'

"All right,' responded Mr. Courtenay, and shut his door, solioquizing, as he strolled to the front window and gazed on the house opposite, "As if I cared for the cigars!'

It was noticeable after this that the two young gentlemen both cared very much for two things. They cared for their front windows, and they cared more for the owner of the lost umbrella, the lady of No. 8.

The umbrella was not returned. It became a thing of the past. Whether or not Miss Armstrong had the light silk dress is uncertain, but taking into consideration the number of entertainments she attended, first with Mr. Kennedy, then with Mr. Courtenay, and so on, it is safe to assume that she did. And the winter wore away.

Now the state of feeling between Miss Armstrong's two cavaliers was anything but cordial. To say that they avoided each other is a mild description. They insisted on being apart. Instead of having a social cigar together, they, whenever they spent an evening in, sat apart in moody unapproachability. Toward spring matters grew still wore, and Mr. Kenneday became oblivious of his former friend's existence. He, moreover, ceased going to No. 8 entirely, and, to Mr. Courtenay's amazement, appeared to have made up his mind to a course of dissipation. Probably that did not agree with his health, for toward the middle of March he became invisible for several days, and it was reported that he was ill. Confinement and solitude are terrible afflictions to volatile persons. So it happened that, one windy March evening, neuralgia and lonesomeness conquered pride, and he sent a message to know if Courtenay would 'come over.'

Courtenay had no engagement and no objection. He was really shocked at the change in his friend's appearance, and was so cordially sorry for him that Mr. Kennedy's reserve utterly relaxed.

"You are a good fellow, Courtenay; but it isn't neuralgia altogther that is using me up. There are things worse than neuralgia, by George!'

His hearer replied, 'of course—of course there are.'

"There is nothing,' resumed the invalid—"nothing in this world, and I hope nothing in the next, so bad as *women*.'

"Women?' echoed his surprised companion.

"They're the coldest—the—by George! I never saw a woman who had a heart.—Did you?'

Mr. Courtenay wondered vividly whether the lady across the street possessed one; but he only said vaguely:

"A rather strong statement.'

Mr. Kennedy nodded grimly.

"You'll come to my conclusion—you're on the way to it now. You have been ever since that confounded umbrella matter. I say, old fellow, I've a great mind to save you, the preachers say, from yourself. Eh?'

"I don't follow you. But go ahead, by all means.'

"A month ago,' resumed Mr. Kennedy, solemnly—"just a month to-night—I went over to No. 8 to make a call. Frankly I went for more than that—to make a declaration, and I had every reason to think I'd be accepted, if smiles and blushes and all that are signs. Miss Armstrong was alone, and was playing some sentimental thing or other on the piano; and by George how sentimental I felt myself! It makes me sick now to think of it. We went into the conservatory to look at the stars, and then and there I made a fool of myself, and made a declaration at the same time. I was standing in a draught staring at the sky—I know that's the way I got this neuralgia—and when I had finished, and stood there feeling that life or death depended on her answer, what do you think she said?'

Mr. Courtenay responded, in a strangely muffled tone, that he hadn't an idea.

"Give a guess.'

"I can't. Go ahead.'

"She said, and I could have sworn she was laughing, 'Why, Mr. Kennedy, don't you know I've made a vow? I'm going to marry some one.' I gasped out, 'Who?' 'The person who returns my umbrella.'—Confound umbrellas!' finished Mr. Kennedy, savagely kicking the table leg.

Mr. Courtenay's face, surrounded by wreaths of tobacco smoke, was very solemn indeed. It was more solemn still the next morning at the breakfast-table. For almost a week it was as dolorous as the weather, and at once did he sit in his accustomed place at the front widow or call at No. 8.

"Frank,' he shouted one morning across the hall, "lend me your umbrella, will you? I can't find either of mine.'

There was a sound of rummaging in Mr. Kennedy's apartment, then an umbrella came flying across the passage, and landed on the door mat.

"You'd better loose it somewhere down town," growled the owner. "I never want to see it again."

In a similar gloomy mood, Mr. Courtenay began to perambulate the rainy and muddy streets. Whether his state of mind made him desperately careless and oblivious of his fellow-pedestrians is uncertain. At any rate, he came in violent contact with a hackman, and was sent staggering blindly back into a door-way by the force of the concussion. As for the umbrella, it looked like a wrecked vessel, for three of its ribs were broken, and the stick, minus the handle, pointed protestingly upward. The handle was still clutched in Mr. Courtenay's hand, but that too seemed suddenly to have become rickety. As he tossed it angerly against the opposite wall it fell back disjointed, and a little roll of papers tumbled at Mr. Courtenay's feet. For once in his life, and only once, the latter individual was betrayed into using his friend Kennedy's favorite expression, "By George.'

He did not go down town, but returned home and shut himself up till after dinner. At seven o'clock he might have been seen crossing ——— street, with a disreputabl. looking umbrella in his hand, which just held together, and that was all. Bearing this, he entered Miss Armstrong's presence, and answered her merry inquiry as to where he had been the last week, briefly.

"I've been finding your umbrella. Here it is.'

Somehow it took a great while for Miss Armstrong to understand how it come about. She was freshly amazed every five minutes to think that "her identical umbrella' had been all this time in Mr. Kennedy's possession, just across the street. And to think, beside, that she had taken Mr. Kennedy's umbrella on the horse car! It was the very strangest thing that ever happened, and she must go straight and tell mamma all about it.

"But you have not done your best,' interposed Mr. Courtenay. "You said the finder would be suitably rewarded.'

"For returning a *whole* umbrella.—Thanks pay for a broken one, replied Miss Armstrong saucily.

"Do you think so? But you have to keep your vow beside,' said Miss Courtenay, with perfect gravity.

"She looked at him with wide eyed surprise, then flushed and faltered as she asked.

"What vow?'

"To marry the person who returned your umbrella.'

"Oh!" was the horried response. Did Mr. Kennedy—'

Speaking of Mr. Kennedy, that individual was interrupted as he was lighting his first cigar on the following morning by a tap at the door, at which appeared Mr. Courtenay, holding an umbrella.

"Miss Armstrong returns your umbrella, with thanks, and apologies for having unknowingly exchanged with you. You have had hers for four months, and I unfortunately broke it yesterday when you lent it to me. She'd like you to accept the contents of the handle of hers, and she insists on your taking this photograph. It is no more than right, since you have carried the proofs about so long. Old fellow, he added, breaking into a long-repressed laugh, "you will have to be content with the photograph. She has promised the original to me."

To Whom She Says No.

A woman never quite forgets the man who once loved her. She may not have loved him; she may, indeed, have given him a 'no' instead of the 'yes' he hopes for; but the remembrance that he desired a 'yes,' always softens her thoughts of him, and would make him, were he reminded of it, a friend forever. There may be girls who make a jest of discarded suitors; but they are generally very young; and the wooing has been something that did not betoken much depths of tenderness. There are, mercenary offers, too, that only awaken scorn and hate in the woman wooed for money and not for herself; but really to have touched a man's heart is something not to be forgotten by her as long as she lives.

Always she remembers how his eyes looked into hers; how, perhaps, he touched her hand with his, and how her heart ached when he turned away without that which she could not give him.

She loved some one else. Some other man has all the truth of her soul—always has, and always will have—but she cannot forget the one who turned from her and went his way, and came no more. She is glad when she hears of his success, grieved when she knows that he has suffered, and when some day she hears that he is married—she who has herself been married for long years, perhaps—she who at all events, would never have married him—is she glad then? I do not know. A woman's heart is a very strange thing. I do not believe she knows herself. Glad? Oh, yes—and his wife pretty and nice? And then she says to herself that "he has quite forgotten," and "that, of course, is best," and cries a little.

THERE is no necessity of death resulting from either diptheria or croup, especially with the young, if the proper preventive is applied in time, and it is at the service of every mother and nurse in the whole country. It is simply to spread common tar on a muslin strip, as you would prepare a plaster, and wrap it around the neck and glands of the patient. Renew and supply fresh tar on the neck of the child once or twice a day, and *its life is assured.*—This is a very simple cure, and as diptheria is in almost every case fatal, we would advise those having it to try this remedy. There is nothing injurious in the tar, and therefore it can have no bad effect.—*Altoona, Pa., Tribune.*

What is in a Name?

BY RUTH RANSOM.

"And you cannot forgive him, Lettice?

"No!" A flush of angry color came over into the girl's check, and a flash of proud light into her dark eyes. "Forgive him?" Why should I? when he came and turned my father out of doors in his old age, and me out of the home I loved! Look at it yonder, and then turn and look at this wretched cottage, our home now, and then ask me if I can—if I forgive!"

They were standing—the girl and the man—upon the mossy bank of a stream, on the other side of which rose up the terraced grounds, and crowning them, the noble walls and towers of Lyndchurst Park. Behind the two, through the tangle of wood that fringed this bank of the stream, was a little, low, straw-thatched cottage, the girl's home now, toward which she had directed her companion's glance by that scornful gesture of her pretty hand.

The man knew the cottage right well.—It was weeks ago, now, since he had come there to seek lodgings during the pleasant summer time; and the old man, Lettice's father, had taken him in to help fill a rather empty purse. "If you can be content with our humble fare," the old man said: and Paul Hurst had seemed more than content.

To-day, pretty Lettice Lynde had brought his luncheon out of doors to him; and he made her sit and share it with him, as he lounged on the mossy bank beside her, letting his fishing-rod play idly in the stream.

With his free hand he lifted up the vine-leaves, and held her red lips the reddest of red cherries, before he answered her again. Then, as her flush of anger vanished in a dimpled smile, he spoke slowly and gravely:

"But this far-away cousin of yours—this Phillip Lynde—from all that I can hear, he has not done you any wrong. It was hardly his fault that your father's title to Lyndehurst Hall had a flaw in it, and that this fellow—Phillip, himself—was sprung from the elder branch of the family. And then an accident discovered this, it was not even the young fellow himself who ousted you from your old home, but his guardians for him, he being a minor at the time. So I do not see what reason you have for hating him so, especially as he has been abroad all this while, and you never met him in your life. What reason can you have for hating him?"

"A woman's reason, I suppose," she answered, with a little defiant toss of her head. "I hate him because I hate him! There may be a more logical reason than that, I dare say, but none more urgent."

"But, Miss Lettice—"

She playfully put up both little dimpled hands to her ears.

"Now, now, Mr. Hurst, I will not listen at another word, if you mean to plead for him. My hatred cannot hurt him—"

"Can it not?" the man said, under his breath.

But the girl did not hear him. She had gone on:

"And it certainly is a sort of consolation to me. I've no manner of doubt that Mr. Phillip Lynde will be sublimely indifferent as to claiming cousin-ship with me, when he comes home to his ancestral halls; yet I shall take a certain satisfaction in the reflection that not all his towers and all his lands could buy the acknowledgement of such a claim from me, whatever my good kind-hearted father may be disposed to concede!"

Paul Hurst hardly seemed to be attending now to what he said. He had risen, and turned slightly aside from her, drawing in his fishing-line. Presently he said, abruptly:

"You know this odious cousin of yours—for he is your cousin all the same, whether you allow the claim or not—you know he is to arrive at Lyndehurst Hall next week; and you have always promised to take me over the old place one day. Suppose you fulfill your promise this morning? It is so fresh and bright, after the rain last night, that I do not think we could have a more propitious time for a stroll under the trees up to the Hall."

Lettice did not stir.

"You haven't caught a trout yet," she said, "and you promised me a trout-dinner. And then, here's your luncheon—and a right good one, too, if I did arrange it myself."

But he was holding out his hands to her.

"Come, Miss Lettice."

Had he not heard her? She shrugged her shoulders with a little air of provocation, but rose and put her hand in his, and suffered him to lead her across the mossy log that spaned the stream just here in lieu of a bridge.

It was but a short way up to the Hall, under the full-leaved June elms and under the avenue of limes. The two went along almost silently together.

To Lettice, the way was full of painful regrets; to Paul—

A word to the good old housekeeper, who had known Lettice in her childhood here, and the old girl was left to do the honors of the old place to her friend. But he seemed all at once to lose his curiosity. She had shown him into the old library, and instead of turning to look at the dingy rows of old volumes, and the carved wainscoting, or at the moth-eaten tapestry which swayed down between the shelves, he had walked straight to the window, and when Lettice came impatient to his side, she saw he was looking out, through a gap in the distant trees, to where, beyond the stream, a little upper window of the cottage glittered out in the sunshine.

A cloud had come over the man's face, and when she stood beside him he said, slowly:

This is your own window, is it not? I am thinking how it may mar all your cousin's view for him, if it shines on there all the while, beckoning to him; and yet he knows that he may never reach it."

The girl's color rose.

"It will never beckon to him!" she cried, hotly.

Paul Hurst laid his hand upon hers, upon the window-sill. He turned his face round on hers. It was strangely moved and earnest.

"Lettice," he said—"Lettice, next week I go away; next week your cousin comes. You and I have been friends, have we not?—and in the name of our friendship I ask you to receive your cousin once—to hear him once speak for himself—"

The man's voice was grown so husky and so tremulous that the girl glanced up at him suddenly.

"I—I do not understand," she said.—"I did not know you knew him. I—"

And then a sudden light broke on her. She snatched away her hand and turned aside, hiding her face.

But both her hands were drawn away presently, and he had her in his arms.

"Lettice, Lettice, you forgive me? I thought to win a cousin by coming unknown to you; but have I won a wife?"

She lifted her eyes shyly up to him.

"What is in a name?" she said.—"Whether you are Paul Hurst or Phillip Lynde, why should I care? For I—"

"You love me, Lettice?"

But he had his answer in her eyes.

Stray Notes on Sleep.

There exists a strange partnership between day and night, and a subtle, strong sympathy between light and work, darkness and sleep. This is not merely due to custom. It is not only poetry, but true physiology, to say with Montgomery:

"Night is the time to sleep—night is the time to rest."

It is not simply that man's bodily frame needs at certain intervals so many hours of repose, but that repose may not be taken capriciously whenever he likes, for he is violating a law of nature—and sooner or later he must pay the penalty—if he does not sleep in the appointed hours of calming, soothing darkness. Eight hours' sleep between four and twelve o'clock in the morning is very inferior, in its refreshing and repairing effects, from eight hours' sleep between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M.

The reason is not far to find. Light in its action upon us and the atmosphere around us is exciting, stimulating, and wearing to the nervous tissue far more than we are wont to imagine. A mere bath of sunlight sets up action in the frame of man which induces and necessitates slumber.—The cattle of the field, the birds of the air, are all obedient to this law, and attentive to their curfewbell. The murmuring hum of the bee ceases, and the flowers carefully fold up their petals—those silks and satins "richly night"—when the voice of nature's watchman tells the evening hour. Then behind the sable curtains of night repairs are carried on, and materials are set ready for another day of work. The plants, the grasses, the trees, increase almost entirely when the sun is gone, when silence reigns, when there is a pause amidst the strife and busy competitions of men. And in the animal kingdom the same principle of life is seen. The horse in his stable, the dog in his kennel, the cow in the farm shed, is each having its energies, its injured and worn tissues and fibres, built up again, refreshed, and strengthened during the precious hours of night. The circulation in animals is then slower, but fuller and more feeding.

The rector of Aynho, (Northamptonshire) some years ago, made very numerous trials, and found that his friends were an inch taller in the morning when stretched upon the bed, than they were after the fatigues and exhausting action of the day. This crumbling away of man's material fabric is fully repaired by the unseen masons and workmen in Sleep's employment.

Physicians tell us—and we can well believe it—that the beating of the heart accelerates toward evening, like a wheel going down hill, whirling faster and faster. But Sleep steps in to check and regulate and moderate its speed, and thus it is prevented from becoming dangerously rapid. However, we must remember that, unlike all other functions of man's complex frame, the heart never slumbers; it is allowed no sleep until death, though all the other servants, all the other centres of nerve action, may, and do, regularly repose. Yet compensation is most beautifully and most exquisitely arranged for the heart. Seeing this attendant must be "up" all night and all day, how is it saved from wearing out? By letting the heart pause after each pulsation. Every breath we draw is followed by a period during which the nerves and muscles of inspiration rest before they are again called into action. The alternating intervals of rest and work may be seconds or hours; it matters, not, the principle is the same, the purpose for which sleep is given is attained. Truly then we see the appropriateness of the poet's epithet:

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

"Mamma," said a little boy who, against his will, was made rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away don't you take 'em.'

Scared into Cholera.

HOW THREE DOCTORS SCARED A WELL MAN SICK—A MEANER TRICK STILL.

The Fort Wayne *Sentinel*, speaking of the foolishness of a small-pox scare, illustrates the effect of the imagination by the following: You have, of course, heard of persons having their imagination so wrought upon as to cause their death from some supposed disease of illness. Now, no one has, as far as heard from, been frightened to that extent on account of the small-pox scare of yesterday, but a case in point happened here twenty-two years ago that will serve to point a moral if not adorn a tale. The cholera was then raging pretty generally, and numbers of people had left Fort Wayne, fearing to be attacked by the scourge. Three doctors were conversing about the plague, the effect fear and imagination had upon people, etc.

One of them (now dead for the last ten years or more) proposed a test of this. He named a strong, robust man, a butcher by occupation, named Doleman, who then kept his shop on the canal directly back of Columbia street. Of the many strong and healthy men, probably not one could be found who was so nearly a perfect man physically. He was also at the time in superb health, of full habit and good weight. So the trio agreed to subject Doleman to the above mentioned test. Each of the three disciplys of Esculapius was to go into the shop on pretense of purchasing meat, and then lead the butcher to talk on the subject of cholera, or in some way to impress him with the belief that he was about to become its victim.

The first doctor entered the shop, and, after passing the compliments of the day with the proprietor, ordered a pound of steak. It was cut, and the unsuspecting man of meat began to weigh it.

"Why," said the doctor, "how badly you look! What is the matter with you, Doleman?"

"Nothing at all," said Doleman; "never felt heartier or better in all my life."

"But surely something ails you; you are looking ill."

"Well," said the victim, "I am very well; nothing at all is the matter with me."

After looking at Doleman a minute the doctor passed out.

Entered then the second of the trio, who also ordered some meat. He likewise looked searchingly at the butcher, and then said:

"Why, Doleman, what is the matter with you? You are looking ill. You are going to be sick, I'm afraid."

The poor man replied that he was not ill, and felt as well as he ever did in his life.

The doctor looked dubiously at him and went out.

The last of the three who had "put up the job" on Doleman came in after a while. He requested the butcher to cut off a nice piece of steak. As this request was about to be complied with, the doctor examined the meat, and remarked in an earnest way, "No, I won't take it, that meat has cholera in it."

This was the last straw. The poor wretch began to think he was in a bad way. The doctor, as soon as he had uttered the rash words, walked off and left Doleman to his own reflections, which were none of the pleasantest.

Doleman immediately "shut up his shop" and went home. He fell sick and had, it is said, as genuine a case of cholera as was ever seen. The artifice of the medical trio had succeeded too well. Fortunately the man's splendid constitution carried him through, and he recovered. Had he been a man of little strength, highly susceptible to disease, and all that, the result very likely would have been death.

But that was not all. The doctor who had proposed the trial attended Doleman while he was sick, and presented a bill for his services. The butcher having no money, couldn't pay it. To satisfy his claim the doctor took Doleman's horse and cart and sold them to pay his bill, though he himself was the principle cause of the poor fellow's illness.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER.—Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays, and prevails with Christ—Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purpose he had harbored for twenty years. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahithopel hangs himself.—Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehosaphat cries to God—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray—185,000 Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed.—Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays a prayer—the king's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—rain descends apace. Elisha prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The Church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel.

THE kingdom of God and his righteousness is sought as you would anything else. How does worldly men seek after wealth? How does a vain man seek after worldly reputation? How does a sensual man seek carnal gratification? Are those objects which they seek after ever uppermost in their minds? Is not their continual thought and study a contrivance to attain them?—Let it not be said that the "children of the world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."