American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

OUR DARLING.

Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Our precious one is on her way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes,
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair,
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear,
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the wild flowers used to grow—
And these are all of the little hope
That came ten months ago.

The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
We had hoped would sing to them.
But never on earth will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

Bessy Hay.

The fragrant wild roses lifted their pink chalises up towards the sunshine and dew of the July heavens; the robings sang uproarious glees in the branches of the old apple orchard; and neither rose or robin was fairer or sweeter voiced than Bessy Hay, as she stood among the currant bushes, culling the red ripe fruit under the shade of a huge old pear tree, where the stone wall of the garden was draped with the emerald festoons of a wild grape vine, while Paul Escott stood leaning against the mossy trunk of the pear tree, twisting a stem of blue-bells in his hand.

"I know I'm poor, Bessy,' he said, resuming a conversation which had apparently lapsed into silence for a moment or so; "but I suppose poor people have a right to live and be happy as rich ones.'

"I suppose so too, Paul.'

"And I am sure I am willing to work, if only I could find something to do.'

Bessy glanced deprecatingly at him.

"Mr. Elton wants somebody to take the farm and work it——'

"That is mere drudgery, and, besides, the pay would not enable me to marry and support a wife comfortably.'

"We could wait, Paul.'

"You are very willing,' said the young man, bitterly. "I don't believe, Bessy, that you care for me as I do for you.'

"Oh, Paul!'

And then a painful look came over the fair young face.

"Well, then, what do you think of being tutor to Mr. Sinclair's little boys?'

"Thank you; I don't fancy the idea of being toad eater to a pompous aristocrat like Henry Sinclair.'

"But, Paul, we can't always do and be what we like in this world,' pleaded Bessy, with a troubled look shining in her tender, garnet-brown eyes.

"Easy philosophy for you!'

And the young man threw down his stem of blue bells.

"I suppose you would like to have me break stone upon the roads. I thought you could at least sympathize with the feelings of a gentleman.'

"So I do, Paul, but I believe in the Scripture doctrine of a man's doing with all his might whatever his hands find to do.'

"I see how it is,' said Paul Escott, haughtily; "you are weary of our engagement, you want to break the worldly fetters that bind you. Very well so let it be. You are free!'

And he strode away over the high grass, muttering to himself something about "having suspected how it would turn out, ever since Norton Van Brugh had come down from London to sketch the scenery and turn the heads of all the girls.'

Bessy Hay made a step or two to overtake him, but she checked herself in an instant, with a scarlet stain on her cheeks and a gathering mist in her eyes.

"He ought to know better,' she thought, "and he does. No; I will not follow him. He will come back to me when the momentary pique has worn itself away.'

In the meantime Paul, vaulting over the low stone wall a few paces below, very nearly stumbled over the prostrate form of a man lying among the red clover blossoms, in the island of shade cast by an umbrageous tree, reading.

"Mr. Van Brugh.'

The young artist glanced up with a sort of lazy scorn showing under his dark eye lashes. Paul bit his lip.

"Engaged in the noble occupation of eves dropping, eh?' he uttered.

"Come now, Escott, don't be crusty; I don't mean to overhear your conversation; but what has a fellow to do? This is the jolliest place on the whole farm, and I wasn't to blame because Miss Hay came out looking like Hebe's self, to gather red currants, and you followed, like her shadow. Come, let's go down by the trout stream, and talk over matters and things in general. Are you really in earnest about wanting something to do?'

"Of course I am.'

"Then suppose you just glance over this letter that I received this morning from uncle. I have no idea of expatriating myself among the pig tailed celestials for all the fortunes that ever were made. But for an ambitious man—read the letter that is all.'

Paul Escott obeyed, almost dazzled for the moment by the brilliant prospect it seemed to open to him.

"You really give me the privilege of refusing or accepting this situation?' he exclaimed.

"I really do; and considering that I do not want it myself, it is no very great stretch of generosity on my part. Only, you see, you have to decide at once, and be in the city to report yourself at my uncle's counting house in twenty-four hours.'

Paul sprang up flushed and eager.

"I'll do it. I'll show Bessy Hay that I am no do-nothing after all, when a motive really worth my while presents itself. But, glancing at his old fashioned silver watch, which contrasted so markedly with Mr Van Brugh's elegant full jeweled chronometer, "I have no time to lose.'

"Not a second.'

"But my trunk?'

"You can get what you need in town, my uncle supplies the outfit.

"And Bessy.'

"Write to her to-night, my uncle will forward the letter under cover to me, and I will see that she gets it.'

Paul Escott wrung his companion's hand.

"You are very kind,' he said huskily.—I had almost grown to regard you with distrust.

Van Brugh laughed, showing his dainty, pearl white teeth under a brown mustache.

"Never judge by appearances,' he said, "take my word for it, Miss Hay will excuse all lack of ceremony when she learns all.'

Mr. Van Brugh accompanied Paul to the railroad station, and saw him off with a smilingly uttered profusion of good wishes.

"The best friend a fellow ever had!'—thought Paul as the train moved off.

But he could not see the sardonic grin into which the curves of the farewell smile altered when the little country station was left once more in silence and loneliness.

"Now,' said Norton Van Brugh, "I shall have the field all to myself. Strange how fasinated I have allowed myself to become with a mere country girl! But there certainly is something very winning in her type of beauty.'

Bessy Hay had never answered Paul Escott's farewell letter; nor did the latter once suspect that it was because Mr. Van Brugh had never delivered it.

Paul firing up under the fevered impulse of his old enemy, jealousy, took refuge in silence. Nor did a long epistle from his Aunt Jemima, which contained more news—possible, probable and impossible—than any goverment bulletin, serve to cool the flames.'

"Folks say, wrote the epistolary spinster, "that Eliza Hay is going to marry the widower, Sinclair, because he is rich.

"There was a great deal of talk about her and that young Van Brugh, but he went away all of a sudden, folks thought likely with a flea in his ear. Eliza knows which side her bread is buttered on, and Sinclair cannot live long with that cough of his.'

It was no wonder then, that when pretty Bessy Hay made an excuse to come to Aunt Jemima and asked wistfully and with a certain quiver in her voice if Paul's letter contained any message. The elderly gossip monger answered:

"Dear me no!' You didn't expect to hear, did you?'

Bessy went back home, her little heart as cold as lead in her bosom.

She had refused Norton Van Brugh; she said "No' to Mr. Sinclair, in spite of Aunt Jemima's knowing prognistications; and the people began to wonder if pretty Bessy Hay was going to be an old maid after all.

"Why dosen't he write to me, or send me at least a word to show that he has not utterly forgotten me?' said Bessy.

"Why doesn't she answer my letter?' thought Paul.

So the world wagged on, until Mr. Escott came home from the far off flowery land—not in deed, with the fortune of which he had dreamed in such sanguine fashion but with a sufficient competence to live well and comfortably in such a place as his native village.

It was a stormy November evening with threatning of snow in the chill air, and a low wind stirring the last withered leaves upon the boughs, when he alighted at the station, looking almost in the eyes of Bessy Hay, who had come to the post office to ask once again for the letter that never came.

How seldom are visions realized!

Bessy had dreamed a thousand times of meeting Paul Escott, but never in such a way as this.

"Paul!' she quivered.

"Ah!' said Paul, doffing his stylish fur traveling cap, "I hope you are well!'

For he did not exactly like to call her Mrs. Sinclair, as yet.

The red stains of sunset had almost faded out of the sky when he overtook her about a hundred yards from the station.

His heart smote him when he saw the look of meek endurance in her face.

"Are you alone, Bessy?'

"Yes, Paul.'

"I suppose,' he said with an effort, 'that I must call you by some new name, now?'

"Call me Bessy Hay,' she answered quietly.

"You are not married?'

"No, Paul.'

He drew a long breath that was almost like a sob.

"Aunt Jemima said—but, Bessy, why did you not answer my letter.

"Why did you not write to me, Paul?'

Before they had reached the old Hay farm, where currant bushes had long since lost their leaves, and the garden wall was already beginning to be whightened with the falling snow flakes, the mists of doubt and understanding was all cleared up, and Bessy Hay promised to forgive and forget all her lover's seeming neglect.

"Van Brugh was a scoundrel,' uttered Paul, "but without his aid I could scarcely have been in a position to marry you!—It has been a long time since to wait; but it is all right, Bessy, after all.'

"It's like a story, Paul,' said Bessy, "where people go through all sorts of trials and tribulations, but are happy at last! Oh, Paul, I never thought I should like a story.'

"Clawing Off."

Yesterday as a policeman was strolling past a house on Fort street east, a woman a year or two over fortp, having her sleeves rolled up and her hands covered with flour ran out to the gate and called to him.

"It's a little delicate,' she said as she leaned over the gate and tried to blush, "but I am a person that knows my rights, and besides, I'm alone in the world and no one to advise me.'

"Speak your mind freely, madam, "replied the officer, and he tapped on the pickets with his baton.

"You know all about the law, don't you?' she inquired.

"Everything, madam. I can tell you how to go to work in an admirality case, and bring you from that down through divorce, bankruptcy, arson, burglary, false pretenses, hitching a horse to a shade tree and getting intoxicated.'

"It's a little delicate,' she softly said as she rubbed the flour off her hands, "but as I said before I'm all alone.'

"Trust me, madam—repose confidence in me,' he replied, swelling out his chest.

"Well, s'posen you were a widow?'

"Yes, madam.'

"And s'posen one of the boarders gave you a breast-pin?'

"I see, madam.'

"And s'sposen he smiled at you, and sent you poetry and asked you to ride out on Sunday, and the neighbors whispered around that you were engaged.'

"Proceed, madam—I can congratulate you.'

"No, you mus't, for s'posen after all this he suddenly began to claw off, and didn't smile on you any more, and didn't praise your cooking, and took another woman to the minstrel show?

"Ah! the traitor! Perhaps he has transferred his affections to some one else.'

"That's what I think. I know it's a little delicate, but I'm alone in the world, you see, and I want to know if there isn't law to bear on him? It isn't right to go and encourage a lone woman like me and then claw off.'

"He ought to be roasted alive, he had!'

"I don't know as I'd want him arrested but I'd like to have you call on him and make threats. Tell him he's liable to State Prison for clawing off this way. I tell you it's a pretty serious thing to go and encourage a woman of my age and then skulk around behind the hen-coop all of a sudden. Isn't there a law?'

"Let's see? I hardly think that there is.'

"Well, you can call on him. Take him alone—look fierce—have your handcuffs in sight. Just tell him that you know all about it, and that I'm good-hearted, and pleasant, and that he had better be careful how he prances around or he'll think a tornado struck him.

The officer promised, and she rubbed a cloud of flower off her hands and ran up the path with a light heart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Physiology of Eggs.

Every fowl has two small organs near the extremity of the body called the ovaria. They are filled with elastic tissue, and feel under the fingers like a sponge. The eggs are started here, and those which will mature a year or two, or three years hence, are in embryo. One is forced up, is seized by the stroma, which is seventeen inches long, and passed rapidly through. When the egg leaves the ovary it consists of yolk only, but in its passage through that short canal the yolk is surrounded by enough albumen to perfect the chick. The white of the egg has in it all that nature requires for making bones, muscles, blood-vessels, connecting tissue and feathers.

Just before the egg leaves the body, this canal has the power of secreting lime for the shell. This shows how valuable the egg is as a nutriment, and also what demands are made for rich food by a hen that lays an egg daily. Besides what she requires for her sustenance, she is called upon to secrete the material for the body of an entire chick, and also retains for the little creature sufficient to last many hours after it leaves shell. It shows that a hen cannot make albumen so rapidly except out of albuminous food, such as wheat, meat and small animals.

It is not true that there are a certain number of eggs, and that this number exhausted, no more can be expected; but it is true that the secretions lessen as old age comes on, and latterly the hen fails to have sufficient force to carry forward the process.—The practical bearing of this is, that we must see that the fowl is always well kept. The way to have good laying pullets is to quicken the circulation and strengthen the system by liberal nutriment. The yolk is food for the first three or four days. Careful housewives make a mistake by attempting to feed them before the expiration of this time. Let the mother bird have charge and success will be certain, for she knows better than any man can what the chicken requires.—*Poultry Review.*

A STARTLING PEACH PROJECT.—A correspondent sends the following item to the Philadelphia *Times:*

A sartling experiment, which, if successful, will revolutionize the peach business, is to be made in Middletown the coming summer. A gentleman from New York, H. Riker, Esq., who has had a large experience in the shipment of cold-air tanks of meat from Texas to New York and Liverpool, proposed at a cost of $25,000 to erect a mammoth peach store-house upon the same plan, keeping the temperature at one degree above the freezing point, and claims that he can keep the fruit by means of this cold-air current for any length of time, from one day to six months. Many of the growers have engaged to meet him half way, and the erection of the necessary buildings will be commenced immediately and be completed by the 10th of August. The object of the storage will be to hold the fruit until a good price can be obtained and then ship to desirable points. It is claimed that in smaller fruits and peas the experiment has proved very successful, and the projectors of the enterprise are sanguine.

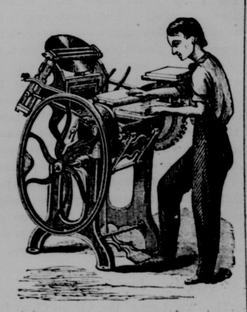
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