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The American Union

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DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

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

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of Claims, Sales of Real Estate, &c. [oct-5-1y.

GRAIN. FRUIT.

Gould, Dukes & Co.,
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE
GRAIN AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL. POULTRY.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHT'S,
328 North Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [3-30-1y.

Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
305 North Water St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
FRUITS, &c. FUR, &c.
☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

John B. Isler,
Land Surveyor,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.

On Tuesday at the Office of G. M. Russum, Esq., Denton, Md. [2-24-1y.

N. L. DOBBS,
Bricklayer & Plasterer,

IS PREPARED to execute work in his line at short notice. Orders left at this office will be attended to. Address Greensboro', Caroline county, Md. [4-13-1y.

PAINTING and PAPER HANGING.

E. H. FURNISS,
Easton, Maryland,

TAKES pleasure in informing the citizens of Caroline county, intending to have
PAINTING OR PAPER HANGING
done that by calling on him and examining his large lot of beautiful
PAPER SAMPLES,
they can be pleased in both style and quality. Those furnished with wall paper who may desire to do their own work themselves and at the lowest prices.

Painting done by contract or otherwise.—Paints furnished when desired. Orders forwarded to me at Easton will meet with prompt attention. [apr12-8m.

TAILORING

J. W. Irving,

FORMERLY of Centreville and lately of Chestertown, has located himself in Denton, and proposes to carry on the
Tailoring Business
in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit the patronage of the public.
Cut'ing, Scouring and Repairing
done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his ervices they will find him located opposite e Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

J. L. STOLL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
GREENSBORO', MD.

IS PREPARED to cut and make entire suits in the latest style. Scouring and repairing done at short notice.

The latest Paris fashions regularly received. The patronage of the public is solicited.

CHOPTANK
HOTEL,
Denton, Maryland.

HAVING leased the Choptank Hotel property, formerly occupied by Capt. Thos. E. Heather, I am prepared to accommodate boarders by the day, week or month, on reasonable terms.

LIVERY STABLE.

I also keep horses and carriages to hire on very moderate terms.

I hope by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of patronage.
jan11-y ANDREW BAGGS, Jr.

J. P. FIEROE,
GREENSBOROUGH, MD.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles & Harness.

Patronage solicited of all who want anything in the above line. Prices and quality guaranteed to suit. [2-24- 1y.

W. F. COOK,
Watch Maker
AND JEWELER,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Confectionery, Notions &c., &c.
MAIN STREET,
may18-6m GREENSBORO', MD.

HOUSE CARPENTRING.

HAVING PERMANENTLY located in Denton, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to contract for the erection of Houses, either by contract or by the day. My work shall be done in a faithful and workmanlike manner, so as to give entire satisfaction.

REPAIRING

old buildings or improvements added in any style of architecture when desired. Persons contemplating building or adding improvements are requested to call and see me and get estimates. I hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Picture Frames of Walnut Gilt and all other kinds furnished to order.

My shop at present is opposite the Building and Loan Association.
WM. F. MURPHEY.
1-6-1y. Denton, Md

BLACKSMITHING,
AT LOW PRICES.
John T. Comegys.

I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmiths Business at the old stand, but after the first of January next, I will discontinue the Wheelwrighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmiths business only.

I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.

Plain Shoeing - $1.00.
With Steel Toes - $1.25.

I have also the sole right of E. B. Burton's Sub-soil Pulverising Plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to any Plow at a cost of only $5.—Satisfaction Guaranteed.
JNO. T. COMEGYS,
Oct-12-tf. Denton, Md.

CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING

I GIVE NOTICE through this medium that I still continue to carry on at my old business stand

CABINET MAKING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Undertaking A Specialty.

No pains spared in trying to give satisfaction.
Persons taking measures for coffins should give the exact length of the corpse.
A good hearse, nearly new, a gentle horse and a trusty driver.
All material of the best class.
I will also brick up graves when desired.
Scythe and cradles at shortest notice of white ash.
All work put up with sharp tools.
Forty years experience in the above business
I flatter myself that my work cannot be surpassed on this shore. In my absence my brother, Collison Pritchett, will be found at my house or shop.
Orders should be sent in early for Scythe and Cradles.
Our thanks for past patronage.
Respectfully the public's ob't. servant.
5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT.

Poetry.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he soils a neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from Path's of sin and shame?

Ah! the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah! the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day;
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed! ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to walk in duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "If we could;"
But God, who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is—"If we would."

AT THE PRISON.

The prison of M—— is one of the gloomiest in the State. Its wall is so high and frowning that it resembles the ramparts of a fort. Armed sentinels pace to and fro upon it from morn till night and from night till morn again.

Opposite the massive gates stood at the time of the commencement of my story, a public house, where travellers found lodgings and refreshment. The roughs of the neighborhood gathered there nightly to sing, and jest, and pursue their drunken orgies.

Late in the afternoon of a winter day, the sleigh of the hotel, that brought passengers from the railway station, drew up to his house, and unloaded its small compliment of travellers. One of these was a boy of fifteen, delicate in appearance and small of stature.

The gloomy walls of the prison, touched in its crevices with snow, and frowning down upon him, seemed to have a curious attraction for this boy. He stood there, notwithstanding the chill, raw air, gazing up at them and at the guard with his glittering gun, till some one touched him on the shoulder.

It was the landlord of the Traveller's Rest, for so the house was called. Just then a bell clanged upon the cold air, and then came the measured sound of tramping feet. There was heard the challenge of the officers within, then the sounds died in the distance, and the boy came to himself with a shiver and a long-drawn breath like a sob.

"Why, what's the matter, boy? Never seen a prison afore, I reckon?' and the landlord, a genial, good-hearted man, who had been watching him, drew him towards the tavern door, "If you stay here, you'll turn into an icicle. Come in and take something hot.'

Mechanically the boy followed him into a square, large room, and sat down in a great leathern arm-chair provided for him.

"There, now give yourself a good warming, and you'll get the color in your cheeks again, I warrant. What might your name be, my lad?'

"Arthur, sir,' said the boy.

"Do you wish to stay here over night?'

"Yes, sir.'

"All right. Just make yourself comfortable. Supper'll be ready presently.—Come far?'

"From Belden,' replied the boy.

"That's twenty miles from here.'

The landlord busied himself with his customers. Arthur saw that he was in a bar-room. The long array of inverted tumblers, the manyhued bottles and decanters, the small, gaily-painted kegs, the mirror against the wall, in which all these were duplicated, told the story of the man and his business.

"Have something hot?' asked the man, his hand on the bottle. "Twill warm you up.'

The shuddering "No!' with which the boy answered seemed to disturb the landlord, and in another moment he left the room.

Arthur had been sitting with his face to the fire. Now some noise disturbed him, and he turned to see what caused it. The sight he saw sent a troubled shade over the sweet face. There, on a long yellow, settle, near which a noble Newfoundland dog was lazily stretched, lounged a man in half drunken stupor. His hat was pulled over his eyes, his hands huge and colorless, hung listlessly between his knees, and his enormous frame, clad in the coarsest garments, swayed this way and that, as weak and helpless as that of an infant.

The sight was so repulsive that the poor boy tried in vain to withdraw his gaze; but as with the prison walls in their awful grayness, so with this man in this disgusting stupefaction, the deplorable sight fascinated and enthralled his senses.

"Supper in ten minutes,' said the host, coming in; "beefsteak, potatoes, johnny-cake, jelly, tea and coffee. How's that for a bill of fare, eh? Don't it make your mouth water, youngster?' and he rubbed his fat hands; then noticing the direction of the lad's eyes, he added,—

"Ah, you're looking at that chap, eh? Don't mind him. He's been drunk a week, and I shall have to put him out presently.'

"But suppose if in that state he were to do some dreadful thing?' said the boy, shuddering.

"Why, then there's the prison yonder,' said the man with a half-laugh.

"I know—but then—if you sell him the drink, you know'—

"Oh yes, I've heard all that before!' said the bar-keeper, angrily. "He's free to do as he likes, I suppose. Your name is Arthur, is it?' he continued, changing the subject.

"Yes sir, Arthur Wright,' was the answer, as the boy turned again to the fire.

The man just then in the act of putting up a bottle, turned with it suspended.

"What!—Arthur Wright!' and he glanced at the drunken man. "Well, well, well,' he muttered, in an undertone, "here's a pretty kettle of fish.' Then he drew a chair hastily up to the fire, and in such a way that he discovered the sight of the drunkard.

"What are you up here for, my lad?' he asked, curiously.

"I've come to see my father,' said the boy, simply, but his pale cheek flushed.

"H'm, h'm!—he was in the stone jug over there, I reckon?'

"Yes sir, if you mean—the prison,' faltered the boy.

"How long has he been there?'

"Fourteen years. I was born just after they took him away. Mother always said I should never see him as—a—a—convict, but she promised that when the time came for him to be released, she would take me with her to meet him at the prison gate.'

"But you've come alone?'

"O yes, I had to; she was too sick. She worked hard to get me new clothes to come in, and I think that made her ill.'

"But you won't know him?'

"Yes I shall, sir,' said the boy, a great radiance flooding his fair face. "Mother says he's tall and noble-looking, and that he has got eyes just like mine. O yes, I think I shall know him—and maybe he'll know me.'

"When is he to be discharged?'

"To-morrow, so mother says; she's kept count. I wish it was to-morrow now. I don't believe I'll sleep a wink to-night, I want to see him so;' and the large, soft eyes turned to the window, looking longingly through them at the massive gates and mighty wall of the terrible prison.

"I should think a man never, *never* could do another wicked think,' he muttered, with energy, "after having been there once.'

"What was the wicked thing your father did, my boy?' asked the landlord, his voice strangely softened.

"He almost killed a man; but then he had been drinking, and drink made him quarrelsome. Mother says there never was a nobler man living than he when he was himself, and even when in liquor he never said a cross word to her.'

The landlord happened to turn his head at that moment. No wonder he started.—The man on the settee was sitting straight enough now, his hands clenched on his knees, his attitude that of a listener, while by his ragged beard one could see that his mouth was trembling.

"So your mother don't think the worse of him for having been in prison, my boy?' the landlord asked, turning again towards the boy.

"O no, sir! She's very sorry, of course, but she says she loves him, and if he will only be himself, she will think just as much of him as if he had never been there. She says that when he comes home all our troubles will be over, for he will work for us both, and perhaps send me to school.'

A smothered groan sounded just behind them. The little landlord sprang up.

"Come, come, my boy; come out to beef and potatoes, and we'll see about this matter.'

He led the way to the supper-room, helped the lad plentifully, both to substantials and delicacies, and then, winking hard, as if something had got in his eyes that had no business there, left him to the enjoyment of his supper.

On returning to the bar-room, he closed the door carefully behind him.

"Well, Calvin Wright,' said he, angrily, "you're in a pretty fix now! What do you think of that?'

The drunkard had risen, and was steadying himself to a chair. Fixing his red eyes upon the landlord, he said, slowly,—

"Jackson, I heard every word. That's my own boy, God bless him! God bless his truehearted mother! And I, his father, didn't dare to own him! Could I break his heart? But look here, Jackson. When I came out of that place there resolving to go home, but came here because there was no train that night, who asked me to drink—nay, not asked, but urged a man, cold, friendless and alone? And who, when I grew wild for more, took my money, every cent of it, for the vile stuff that kills while it warms? I tell you what, Jackson, before God you are as guilty as I am, and if in my unconscious state I had done murder, you would have been as criminal as I.'

"Tut, tut, man, there's no law reads that way!' said Jackson, vexed but conscious.

"I know that. Men like you always escape. Men like you seldom drink, but men like you are answerable, and will be at the day of judgment, for three-fourths of the crimes that send men over to that prison. Jackson, you are a kind-hearted man. I've seen you give money and bread, and more, to poor wrecks like myself, and you haven't kicked me out, though every penny is gone. For God's sake, Jackson, don't destroy any more souls! Think of that pretty boy sitting in the room with his own father, a convict and a sot! Think of the thousands of children that suffer through men like you!'

Jackson was scratching his head vigorously. Truth to tell, he had never seen his business in so vile a light before, and somehow the boy had touched his heart.—Besides all this, he had a wife whose tears more than once had pleaded with him.—Now this man, just roused from a drunken debauch, and reasoning with him, touched his conscience anew.

"I suppose I could make a living,' he muttered.

"And that without blood money,' was the response. "So help me Heaven, I'll never touch rum again!'

"And so help me Heaven'—there was a long pause. The landlord's conscience was at work, and his selfish interests pleading against it; then, setting his teeth with resolution, he said slowly, "And so help me Heaven, I'll never sell it again, and there's my hand on it!'

"Jackson, there's a chance yet for heaven,' said the other with a great sob, as the hands clenched. Then he turned away. As he reached the door, he looked back again.

"Tell the boy to be at the prison by nine,' he said, and went out into the darkness.

The warden sat in his room busily writing. It was a pleasant apartment. The barred windows were all on the other side. Some one knocked and was admitted—one of the turnkeys.

"A man wishes to speak with you, sir. He seems in great distress.'

"Who is it?'

"The prisoner who was discharged for good conduct before his time, No. 213.'

The warden reflected a moment, then went out. A tall, dark figure stood in the shadow.

"Well!' he demanded, sharply.

"Sir, I beg you will let me come into the prison again for only one night,' was the broken request.

"I don't understand; you were sent out.'

"Yes sir—but—I am ashamed to say I have been drinking, and my little boy expects me to come out to-morrow. He has travelled a great ways all alone. Look at me; I'm not fit to see him in this state.—Let me try to redeem myself. I have sworn off from drink forever, for the first time in my life, and I want to meet my child a sober man.'

"So you have been drinking?'

"I have, yes, I have, and I deserve all your reproaches; but pity me a little—pity a father who has never seen his child, save to-night, when I could not reveal who I was. I will go into a cell. Let me go, I pray! I ask for the favor as I would ask for bread if I were starving. For the sake of my little boy, warden—you have children—you'—The man seemed choked with emotion.

Up to this time the warden had remained stern, almost frowning; but now, as he turned away, there was a suspicious glitter in his eye. He called the turnkey.

"Put this man in cell 42,' he said. In the morning take him to the prison barber; let him bathe and breakfast here. Then take him some fifteen minutes in advance of the others to be released, and put him outside the gate.'

Before the convict could thank him, the warden had turned into his own apartment, and that night slept in a prison cell.

Long before the clock struck nine, a pale, boyish face looked through the bars of the outer portico. For nearly an hour the lad had been pacing that dreary walk, hoping, fearing, longing.

At last! The mighty portals swing open upon the creaking hinges. Between two officers with stars upon their breasts walked a tall, finely formed man, holding his head erect, though his soul was bowed with grief and shame. A cry sounded shrill and glad.

"O father, father!"

To the fartherest corner of the gloomy precincts that joyful voice penetrated.—The officers smiled. A handkerchief fluttered in the hands of the boy like a white dove of hope between the bars. Bolts are drawn and, a great clangor sounds, and in a moment the child is folded to the father's heart. Such a meeting! For a little space the two seemed to have changed places, the father was the child, the child the man.

"Don't cry father! Mother will be so glad to see you!"

But the strong man, broken, tender, helpless almost sank beneath the sudden shock of feeling, while the weak fair boy, gentle and sweet as a girl, stood calm and quiet, strong in his hope and happiness.

After a moment the father recovered himself. He stroked the golden hair from the forehead of the boy, and kissed it again and again. Love, contrition, joy and holy resolve melted the stalwart man to a mood he had never known before.

The tavern-keeper met them, all smiles and jollity.

"So, my man, you've found your father? he said to Arthur. "How do you think you shall like him?"

The boy smiled for his reply, and looked lovingly into the fatherly eyes that were bent upon him.

"And let me tell you, my boy, that you have done more than you know. I've thought better about this business, and I'm going to send my liquors to——, where they belong. No man after this shall look in my face and say I ruined him. It's a bad business, and I've known it for years. I can tell you, many a man sells drink agin his conscience, but there's money in it.

"Ay, devil's money!' echoed Calvin Wright.

"We won't dispute about that," said the little host with a grim smile, as he led the way into the dining-room, where he had prepared an astonishing breakfast. He sat down with them, filled their cups with coffee, and the three made merry without any aid from wine or whiskey.

"I propose a toast,' said Jackson, lifting his cup. "Here's to the boy that has found and made his father a man!' he cried, winking aside to Calvan Wright; "and here's to the loving wife that waits for him!'

Calvan tried to respond, but words stuck in his throat; so he drank the toast in silence, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.—*Youths Companion.*

Don't.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by the house he lives in, for the lizzard and rat sometimes inhabit the grandest structures.

Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrott talks and the tongue is but an instrument to make sound.

Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very respectable family.

Don't judge him by his success in life, for that is much oftener the result of a combination of circumstances with which he had nothing to do, than of his own merit.

Don't judge him by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge him by the show he makes, for an average turkey-cock in a barn-yard can strut all around him and not half try.

Don't judge him by his lack of display, for the long-eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold.

Don't judge him by his activity in church affairs, for that is not unfrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't take it for granted because he carries the contribution box, he is necessarily liberal. He often pays the Lord by services in that way and keeps his currency.

Don't imagine the Creator is under any obligations to you for the quarter you gave to convert the heathen; that is only a small fraction you owe for turning your own ancestors away from their wooden gods.

Don't imagine heaven was especially created for people who believe like you, for the probabilities are you believe just as you were taught to, and you don't know whether they who taught you were right or not.

Don't carry your hymn book in your hand when you go to the house of worship and your ledger in your head. The Lord can see through your skull.

Don't, when in church, chew tobacco and spit over the floor. You would not do that in your own house, and should not do so in the house you ought to respect even more.

Don't walk into the house of worship with your hat on. You bare your head when you enter a lady's parlor. Is your lady friend entitled to more respect than your Creator?

Don't spend the time devoted to prayer to idiotically gazing about, whispering or note writing; they are silly and rude if not sinful.

Don't think when you have gone to church on Sunday, that that entitles you to do as you please the balance of the week. The upright man lives through the sixth as he does the seventh day.

Nothing But a Farmer.

"He's nothing but a farmer,' said a little miss, a few evenings since, as she scornfully curled her pretty lip, on being introduced to a fine, generous, open-hearted young fellow, whose broad and expansive forehead was the symbol of his broad acres; "He's nothing but a farmer.' And who was she that looked thus disdainfully on one of God's noble men? She was the daughter of a broken merchant, whose fortune had been ruined by the extravagance of a wife and foolishly proud daughter.—Though her father's heart had been wrung by misfortune—and he had paid the penalty of extravagance by being incarcerated in the home prepared for criminals—his daughter had not yet learned the difference between pride and worth, extravagance and wealth. The noble man who ate the bread of industry, and looked every man in the face, with an independence which said, "I owe you nothing,' was in her estimation "only a farmer.'

Did these foolish persons ever read their Bibles they would find that God himself has selected his prophets and kings from among farmers. Noah was a husbandman and planted a vineyard; Abraham was rich in cattle, and Lot had flocks and herds—inasmuch that there was not pasture enough for both, and they divided the country.—Lot selected the plain of Jordan, and Abraham took the hilly country of Canaan.

Jacob was a great cattle grower, as he presented Esau with several hundred cattle. Moses was a wool-grower, and Gideon was taken from his threshing floor. Saul was a herdsman, even while he was king. David was a shepherd, and was taken from that occupation to be king of Israel, and the ancestor, according to the flesh, of the Messiah. Uzziah was a cattle grower.—Elisha was ploughing, with twelve yoke of oxen before him, when Elijah cast his mantle on him and called himto be a prophet of the Most High.

And yet, though God has honored the husbandman—selected his kings and prophets from among the farmers—there are some so foolish as to cry out, "O, he's nothing but a farmer!'

Showing the Way.

A king who had several sons, promised to give each of them a kingdom. But he wished them to travel for some time.—They asked the king which way they should travel; and he said he would give them a lamp which would rest and shed its light on the right path.

They went on for some time very happily, and when they were in difficulty they took out their lamp, and it never failed to show them the road; and though it did not always point out the pleasantest path, yet they were enabled to overcome the difficulties they met with, and still went on peacefully.

But after a time they began to be unkind to each other, and they forgot their father, and did not like to be guided by the lamp. So they took some clay and covered up one side of the lamp that it should only shine the way they wished; and then they covered up the lamp altogether, and they chose only the pleasntest path.

But there is often a thorn under the rose, and so they found it. They got into a great deal of trouble. A friend met them and told them that they were in the wrong road, and when he looked at their lamp, he saw that it was all covered up. He took off the clay, and it shone the right way as before.

Now, what does this friendly lamp mean?

Oh, the Bible; I knew in a minute.—"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Ps. cxix. 105.)—How nicely this verse suits the parable.

Yes it does; but will it apply to you?—Are you making God's word your guide? You are young, but you have as much need to be led in the way as a grown-up person, for children are esily drawn aside. Take this lamp with you, and you will go safely and happily through life.

But how can anybody *cover* up the lamp?

The Jews covered it up with their traditions. "Ye have made the Word of God of none effect," said our Saviour, 'through your traditions.' And sin, and prejudice, and pride, hide the light of truth from the minds of many persons now. Pray for the Holy Spirit, that by its blessed teaching, you may understand the Bible, and also your heart be inclined to obey its precepts. This will be a nice short prayer for you, "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."—*Children's Friend.*

Farmer Smith's Wild Geese.

The old saying may be true that a "wild goose never laid a tame egg." But something in the taming line may be done with the gosling out of the wild egg. One specimen result is given here, showing both the force of training and domestic habit and the curious power of instinct. The St. Louis *Republican* relates the story on the authority of Mr. W. R. Smith, a farmer near Morley, Scott county, Mo:

"About a year ago, a Mr. Smith captured two young wild geese, and raised them with the balance of his domestic goslings. The wild ones became quite tame and took kindly to the changes of civilized life.—They adapted their habits to the ordinary delight of the barnyard, and swam in the pond with the tame geese without showing a disposition to go on a wild goose chase. At length about the 4th of November, the weather began to change, and after being domesticated some eight months, the wild fellows, prompted by an instinct to seek a more sunny clime on the approach of winter, spread their wings to the breeze and started on a migratory tour, flying southward. Their departure was natural and to be expected. After an absence of two months early in January, great was Mr. Smith's surprise to find on getting up one morning that the two wild geese had returned to their old haunts on his farm.—They not only returned, but eleven more wild geese came with them as visitors, which they piloted safely from some Southern bayou. The new-comers made themselves at home, and were fed and fondled by the children. They come up to the mill at feeding time to get their rations, and gabble all together, and put on all the airs of civilized geese who have had a good moral training."

MR. YATES, of Manchester, England has invented a horse shoe, composed of three thicknesses of cow-hide, compressed into a steel mould, and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is said to last longer, weighs only one fourth as much as the common shoe, never to split the hoof, and to have no injurious influence on the foot. It requires no calks; even on asphalt, the horse never slips. It is so elastic that the horse's step is lighter and surer. It adheres so closely to the foot that neither dust nor water can penetrate between the shoe and the hoof. If all this is true, it must be a wonderful improvement on the old iron shoe.