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Md.

The American Union

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DENTON, MD.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan1-y

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☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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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

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N. L. DOBBS,
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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.

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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. [apr12-6m.

KELLER'S
VEGETABLE
LIFE
TRADE MARK.
DROPS"

Why we become Sick

Aside from hereditary pre-disposition to many diseases, there are four prominent causes of much of human disease, and these are: Impure air, which causes poisoning of the Blood and Pulmonary diseases; unhealthy water, which is a great source of Typhoid and kindred fevers; improper food, which is the cause of Stomachic and Intestinal derangement; and sudden changes of climate and temperature, which induce congestive disorders. Thus, the absolute essentials of life are often charged with the principles and poisoned with the germs of disease and death. Whenever the proportional principles of the Blood become disturbed from any of the causes named, impoverishment or poisoning of this fluid follows; if the digestive organs act abnormally, Dyspepsia and its distressing effects manifest themselves; any cause that tends to excite the unusual action of the Liver is certain to produce Bilious diseases; and whenever there is a torpitude or sluggishness of the bowels—Constipation, with its host of attendant evils, establishes itself.

From these universally accepted truths it becomes comparatively easy to explain Why We Become Sick. By neglecting the laws of nature, and eating unsuitable food, or eating wholesome food in an improper manner; by abundant drinking at meals, by many other improprieties of eating and drinking, and particularly by that one health-destroying habit peculiar to the American people—rapid eating—Indigestion or Dyspepsia is established with all of its distressing consequences; immediately the Blood lowers its standard and begins to deposit its impurities in the weakest parts of the system, causing all manner of discomfort and diseases according to the degree of impurity and the point of deposit. The great organs become involved; the Brain feels the bad influence; the Liver, the Spleen, the Heart, the Lungs, the Kidneys, the Skin—all are affected, and unless the impurity be removed, the whole volume of the Blood will become so poisoned that existence will be impossible.

How to Cure Sickness

Nature's method of purification and consequent cure is founded on the rational principle of judicious purgation; and when it is considered that the best physicians pursue the practice of attention to the stomach and bowels as preliminary (and often the only) treatment of disease, it is not difficult to perceive that a remedy possessing all the requisites of a purgative and alterative, in addition to other and valuable remedial influence, must obtain for itself more than ordinary consideration and favor. Our remedy combines every quality required for the treatment of disease on the above-named rational principle. It is a pleasant Cathartic, active or gentle, according to the dose; it is a Blood purifier, toning and enriching this fluid by its alterative property; its action on the Liver is soothing and efficacious, promoting the Biliary secretions; it is a safe and reliable Emmenagogue, acting specifically upon the uterine system; it affords the greatest attainable relief in Dyspepsia, and cures whenever used as directed; and in conjunction with hygienic means is the best preventive of Constipation that can be suggested.

From the above it would then appear that the simplest method to cure sickness is that one which combines judicious purgation with physical sustenance, and the observance of hygienic measures; the head should be kept cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open; and when treating diseases on the principles exhibited in the manual referred to below (which every one should read) the strength should be sustained by nourishing (not stimulating) food of the kind adapted to the complaint while the remedy is removing the disease.

To Prevent Sickness.

The pronounced opinions of the ablest Therapeutists indicate that most diseases are the direct result of vitiated Blood; and as their successful treatment of disease is founded on the principle and practice of eliminating this blood poison by judicious purgation, so this same principle, by reasonable adaptation to any case, is the surest means to prevent disease.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are an absolute preventive of diseases caused by impurity of the Blood, of Liver diseases, of diseases of the Stomach, Intestines, etc. Its corrective influence will prevent or shorten attacks of Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Nervous Debility, Uterine disorders, Fever and Ague and all that numerous class of diseases induced by malarial poison. To prevent disease, then, purify the blood if needed by using a reliable alterative and purgative; this, conjoined with the observance of hygienic directions, will establish a condition of body in which health will be the rule and disease the exception. A careful perusal of the "Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine," will fully illustrate the subject of which the above is a mere outline, and will clearly indicate the method of using Keller's Vegetable Life Drops. To be had at Drug Stores or sent to any address on receipt of 3 cent stamp, by W. L. KELLER, Chemist, Baltimore

J. P. FIEROE,
Justice of the Peace
—AND—
COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS,
Greensborough, Md.
aug2-y.

Carriage and Dearborn Shafts, dressed—price $1 at
jan25-tf. E. G. STEVENS.

Poetry

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET.

Amid the changing scenes of life
That cheer the coming view,
The fairest prospects that appear
We hasten to pursue;
But yet whatever path we tread
Obstacles we will meet,
And taste among the fruits of life,
The bitter with the sweet.

The wealthy seek in pleasure's lap
The joys that few can find;
And poverty can only hope
Contentment of the mind,
Whatever cast our destiny
May fling unto our feet,
The best and kindest will but turn
The bitter with the sweet.

The young look forth with fervent hope
For all the joys of wealth:
The old look back upon the past
And only ask for health;
You will delight in sunny skies,
And all the heart would greet—
But age has seen it all—and drank
The bitter with the sweet.

When fortune smiles upon our lot
How smoothly flows the stream!
There's not a ripple to disturb
The sweet and happy dream.
But when misfortune sends its blast
Our blessings to defeat,
Oh, then we'll drink in every cup
The bitter and the sweet.

The weary heart may grow more light,
Intruding cares succumb,
Though time's capricious hand shall fall
To strike their terrors dumb.
There is a heaven above us all,
And love without deceit;
But while on earth, we all must taste
The bitter and the sweet.

HIS LIFE FOR HERS.

He had a face of satyr-like ugliness, a form of the most misshaped mould: his hair fell in tangled elf-locks upon one of the largest lumps that ever sat between the shoulders of a man. Everywhere women grew pale at sight of him, and little children fled away in terror at his approach. Nobody seemed to notice that he had a pleasant smile and beautiful, kindly eyes, blue as gentians in autumn hedge rows.

He knew all the hardships, all the vicissitudes of a wanderer's life; knew what it was to go hungry through the days and houseless through the nights, to eat the grudgingly given crust, and find it sweet.

Occasionally he was fed and permitted to rest awhile in some farm house or porch or kitchen; now and then he got a day's work in some meadow or potato field, but invariably when night came, he was sent again upon his weary way, but what hurt him most was the thoughts that no man regarded him without distrust, no woman without fear.

His name was Martin Carruth; he had wandered about the country in this miserable fashion since early May, and now the year was well advanced in the sultry heats of summer.

He had sought employment diligently but without avail. Every man's hand seemed against him—nearly every man's door was closed in his face.

His body was worn thin with hunger, his feet, well nigh shoeless, were bruised and sore. He had known poverty all his days, but never had utterly lost heart and hope until now.

Still he would not turn back to the great city whence he came.

"Better starve here in the pure air and sunshine, than there in some dismal lane,' so he told himself; and with every new-risen dawn he resumed his painful way, taking something of pleasure in the beauty of God's green earth, even though the remorseless wolf of hunger was gnawing at his vitals, and he cared not how soon the living light of day was shut away from his sight forevermore.

He was young in years as yet, being scarcely over a score, but his face wore the pathetic weariness of age—was stamped with the unutterable woe of existence. His heart had never known the gleesomeness of childhood—had never been elate with the buoyancy of youth.

One sultry August noon, his aimless wanderings brought him to a pretty, white farmhouse nestled cosily down amidst the fair hills. He paused and looked timidly around. Not a living thing was visible save a great yellow cat, that blinked at him from the shaded porch. He was well nigh fainting with hunger, parched with thirst, ready to drop with exhaustion and the burning heat of the day.

From where he stood, he could see thro' an open window of the farm-house pantry some whiteten loaves of fresh baked bread, a row of flaky pies and a pretty round cake, mounted with snow white frosting, and dainty enough to set before a queen.

"Good Heaven!' thought Martin Carruth, "that I should be starving here, and the wherewith to satisfy my hunger only just there!'

He gazed upon the tempting food with famished eagerness. He stretched out his hand as if to seize it. His eyes were alight with the terrible fire of want that consumed him. And while he stood thus, a young girl came out of the farm-house door. She was only a little thing, with a fresh flower-fair face, two limpid brown eyes, and a mouth like a sweet, red rose.

She started a little on first beholding the stranger, but the wretchedness of his appearance touched her womanly heart, the mute misery in his eyes filled her with the utmost compassion.

"What do you wish?' she asked gently, looking at him with a pitying gaze that he thought divine.

He doffed his ragged cap; his lip trembled; the tears came. He could scarce believe what he saw—scarce believe that a woman stood there before him, her eyes full of sympathy and without fear.

"I am very hungry,' he faltered. "Will you give me something to eat?'

"Of course,' replied the girl, cheerily. "You come in good time, too; dinner is just ready.'

The young girl bade him enter the wide porch, where the shadow of thick-woven vines lay upon the sanded floor, and a wooden bench stood against the wall, and a great, splint bottomed chair held out its wooing arms with a continual promise of rest.

What happened to the bewildered tramp after that seemed like a dream. Water was brought for him to bathe his burning face; an abundance of substantial food was set before him to eat; a stalwart son of toil came in and plied him with some kindly questions; there was a little, half whispered consultation just inside the kitchen door; a murmur of pleasant voices; an arch, girlish face upraised in pretty pleading, two soft, fair mites of hands clasped upon a rough, masculine arm, and then Farmer Lynne went out again to Martin Carruth.

"I've got to hire another hand to help along with the work,' said he meditatively, "and my daughter, Reenie, in there has been coaxing me to let you stay, so to please the girl I rather think I will. If you turn out bad the worst is likely to be your own, and I'll never trust no other again, just because Reenie says he's got innocent-lookin' eyes, and her woman's instinct tells her that he is honest and true.'

Through all the months of red leafed autumn Martin Carruth worked faithfully at Lynne Farm; and the trees were bare and the harvest fields shorn, he was still permitted to remain, not as his employer expressed it, "that there was anything in particular to do, but he kind o' liked the poor unfortunate, and hated to turn him out again into the world.'

As for daisy faced Reenie, she had grown to regard the hunchback with a singular feeling of friendship and trust.

His gentle, retiring manner, the tender, guileless expression of his eyes, his very personal deformity and misfortune—all seemed to set him apart from the rude sex to which he belonged, and innocent little Reenie made him the recipient of numerous girlish confidences, sure that he both appreciated and understood.

But when she told him how handsome Robert St. John had whispered words of wooing to her under the winter stars, and she had found them sweet to her, he turned sorrowfully away, and for hours after that lay up in the old barn loft, hidden among the fragrant hay, and moaning over the most helpless love that ever possessed a man.

He wondered why he had been thus hideously fashioned, and she lovely as a lily of the field; not that he wanted her one whit less beautiful, but he only wished that he, too, had been comely to look upon, and had had a fair chance of winning this girl who had inspired him with a passion deathless as his immortal soul. But he kept the pain of it to himself; he suffered nobly and made no sign, even when called to congratulate Reenie upon her betrothal, and told him that when the next spring flowers should bloom she would go as a bride to the home of Robert St. John.

The winter passed away amid a round of rustic festivities at Lynne Farm and in the vicinity.

March came in with driving winds and wrathful skies, with snow, ice and bitter, intense cold, holding dominion over the land.

"Goin' to have a mighty tough storm—begins just the right way,' said Farmer Lynne, oracularly, coming into the warmth of the great, fire-lighted kitchen at the close of one dismal, blustering afternoon, just as the last glimmer of day was fading out of a leaden March sky.

"Shouldn't wonder if we were,' responded Mrs. Lynne peering out at the fine, steadily falling snow. "I almost wish I'd have made Reenie stayed home.'

"Stayed home! Why, where on earth has she gone?'

"Over to spend the night with Delia Hildreth. Delia's got some fine new patterns and things, and Reenie wanted to cut out a few by them for herself. I told her she'd better wait and let you or Marten take her over, but she was afraid you wouldn't be willing for her to go, and a storm comin' on, so she hurried away, and had plenty of time to get there before it begun to snow. You see, Delia invited her to-night; she'd her mind set on goin', and I didn't like to say 'no.'

"Oh, well, she's all right,' said Farmer Lynne, composedly stretching out his brawny hands to the warmth of the blazing fire. "As well off at Hildreth's as here; only,' added he, after a moment of reflection, "I'd rather have her at home.'

The inmates of Lynne farmhouse retired unusually early that night. The master drank his last glass of cider just as the clock was striking eight; the mistress folded away a dainty pair of wool hose she had been mending for her girl; and Martin Carruth arose from his seat by the chimney side, went over to the window, and looked anxiously out into the dreary night.

"Hadn't I better go over to Mr. Hildreth's and see if Reenie's all right, sir?' he asked presently giving expression to an unaccountable desire that had haunted him since the first storm began.

"What!' exclaimed Farmer Lynne, "in the teeth of all this storm, upon a silly errand like that, and only to be laughed at for your pains? No, no! Go to bed. I'll bring Reenie home in the mornin', if I have to break the road for it, never you fear. It's mighty kind o' lonesome here without the gal, and I don't know how on earth we'll be able to let that Bob St. John have her for a life time.'

Up in his little chamber under the eaves, Martin Carruth fancied he heard the voice Reenie Lynne continually wailing in the long, lamentable blasts without; that he saw her fair face looking at him through the gloom, her pretty hands beating imploringly at his window pane, along with the swiftly falling snow. He could neither sleep nor lie quiet upon his bed. A dread premonition of evil haunted him; a vague but horrible fear tortured and would not let him rest.

He arose, slipped on his clothes, and crept stealthily down the stairs that led to the narrow back entry below. All the house was still, not a sound audible save Former Lynne's breathing, and the tick a tick tick of the big old fashioned clock against the kitchen wall.

Groping about in the darkness, Carruth found a lantern, lighted it cautiously, unbolted the back door, and slipped out into the night.

The driving snow smote him wrathfully in the face, a keen northeast wind had arisen, and it cut him like a knife. He paused irresolutely, half turned back to the house from whence he came, and then buttoned his shaggy great coat, a winter's gift from Farmer Lynne, close up to his chin, he strode out on the bleak and drifted highway.

"I'll only get laughed at for my pains, as the master says,' he muttered. "No matter, though. When I know that Reenie is safe at Hildreth's I'll go home and rest—never until, never until!' he repeated with unconscious emphasis, battling his way manfully through the pitiless storm the feeble light of his lantern shining with a wierd glimmer athwart the ghastly, white shrouded night.

Already the snow was piled high along the roadside fences, and the wild winds caught and whirled it aloft, to mingle with the ceaseless downfall from the heavens above.

Just a mile from Lynne's Farm a set of bars opened upon a path which led across to Hildreth's.

Floundering on through the white, eddying gloom, Martin Carruth reached this place at last, and instead of keeping to the road, he lowered the long, snow covered bars, struggled up out of a huge drift, and took his labored way across the trackless wind swept field, led by that same invisible power which had drawn him out into the night and storm.

Suddenly upon his ear there fell a sound that was not born of imagination, neither was it the wailing wintry blasts among the bars, writhing tree top, across the wide pathless waste of snow, but a human voice moaning in distress and fear.

"Great Heaven!' exclaimed Martin Carruth, "my fears then are true. Reenie is not safe at Hildreath's. Reenie is here freezing, dying, and helpless in the storm, and I tarried away so long. Fool!'

He strove frantically to beat away the blinding veil of snow from before his vision; he breasted without feeling or knowing the mad winds wrath; he spurned the clogging drifts from about his feet; he called wildly, "Reenie! Reenie! Reenie!' and a gasping cry answered him close at hand, but smothered and faint like that of one sinking in the sea.

He lifted his lantern aloft, held it at arm's length, peered with terrible eagerness through the whirling gloom, and saw her, Reenie Lynne, the girl whom he loved kneeling at the foot of a giant oak, which somewhat sheltered her from the fury of the storm, and clinging to it with frail, upstretched arms, as the shipwrecked mariner in mid ocean clings to the spar which keeps him afloat upon the hungry and tempest lashed waves.

"Good God! Reenie, how came you here?' cried Carruth, looking down upon the wild, woeful face that seemed already stricken with the pallor of death.

"I fell and twisted my ankle,' replied the girl, with feeble trembling accents.—"The pain of it was so great that I fainted, and when my senses came back again the snow was falling fast, and I was deathly cold. I crept about a little, trying to keep the horrible numbness away. I called, but nobody heard; then I gave myself up to die, only it was hard, and I am so glad you are here to save me, Martin Carruth!'

"Something told me you were in peril,' said the hunchback, tenderly raising the girl's trembling form to this side. "I could not rest, nor listen to reason; so when the folks were all abed, I stole out and away through the storm; I should have come if a thousand deaths were threatened. I knew you were in danger, and an angel led me to your side. It's an awful night, Reenie, but never fear—I'll take you safely home.'

He supported the girl upon his arm; he held his lantern carefully, so that it might shed it's light about her way; but when she attempted to step, the world grew black again; she threw out her hands, gave utterance to a piercing cry of pain, fainted and lay a dead weight against the shoulders of her friend.

He lifted her in both his arms; the lantern dropped from his grasp and was extinguished in the snow; the ceaselessly falling flakes enveloped him in the clouds, of dense spectral gloom.

Weighed down with his senseless burden, plunging in treacherous unseen drift, smote upon by the wanton winds, blinded by the night and storm, he strove to buffet his way back to the road, but instead only wandering father and yet farther out upon the wide, white pathless field, losing all knowldge of where he was, groping for familiar land marks, helplessly astray as if in the midst of the Sahara, or some wild enchanted forest where never had echoed the footsteps of man.

His strength—not great at any time—was failing fast; the brave, loyal soul within him was faint with dread and despair.

He called aloud many times, but no response came; perhaps afterwards, some one would tell how, half awakening from his dreams, he fancied cries of distress sounding abroad, but no human ear seemed to hear, no human aid was nigh in this hour of direst need.

"For her sake, not mine; help me, oh God!' cried Martin Carruth; but the riotous blast howled about him yet more fiercely than before.

He wandered farther and farther from the highway and human habitation; an awful faintness seized upon him; his brain reeled, his limbs trembled; all the white maze of endless snow seemed dancing in sparks of fire before his vision; he stumbled and sunk helpless to the earth, still clasping his inanimate burden, still shielding it in the tenderest care, even in his fall.

Where he lay, some stunted trees—evergreens mostly—stretched out their branches and sheltered him a little from the fury of the winds and drifting snow. His strength was utterly gone, his brain benumbed, his limbs cramped and chilled, but still he thought only of the girl—for her his efforts—for her his prayer.

He laid his hand against her heart, and felt that it yet beat; he changed her head to an easier position upon his arm; he chaffed her icy fingers—it was all that he could do—and presently she stirred, moaning a little, and opened her eyes upon the blinding horror of the night and storm.

"I'm so cold,' she gasped, shivering.—"Are we almost home Martin?'

Her words smote Martin keener than the thrust of a knife, when he lay there, well nigh as helpless as herself in the snow; but when he essayed to answer she only fell to babling wildly, and he knew and was glad that in this hour of supreme anguish her mind was wandering in the land of delirium and dreams.

He was aware that death awaited not far away for one or both of them. Perhaps wrapped in his coat, and able to creep about a little, he might survive until the morning came and showed him where he was; but Reenie would surely perish, and her life was infinitely dearer to him than his own.

With a supreme effort of exhausted nature he staggered to his feet, stripped the coat off his shoulders, and folded it about the girl.

"Not my life, but hers, oh God!' was still the burden of his cry, and he sank down again, the blood in his veins turning to ice, with no shield between himself and the wind's wrath.

The night crept on apace; the fury of the storm increased, but after a little Martin knew nothing of this.

The balmy breath of Summer played around him, the drowsy hum of insects and the tuneful song of birds were in his ears, green hill and flower strewn fields, and soft blue skies were before his vision; all these for a brief time, and then came utter darkness, oblivion, death.

The morning dawned, the storm cleared, the sun arose, and a man going to look after some sheep he had missed from their fold found two human forms lying motionless in the snow.

From one the soul had fled; the calm face was upturned, with the light of heaven frozen thereon; the other, folded in a shaggy great coat, and with warm, winter wraps beneath, was breathing still—still held a frail hold on life, that but for a noble sacrifice had gone out since in the storm and darkness of the night.

They were carried to the Lynne farm, both living maid and dead hero. The one was put reverently away beneath the pure, white March snow; the other lay for many days in the border land between this world and the next, but when the fever engendered by that night of horror had burned itself out fair faced Reenie Lynne came swiftly back to health, and in the beautiful month of roses went to the altar with Robert St. John, a happy bride surely, but in her heart the saddened memory of one who had been only a wanderer—the tender regret for a loyal life lost to save her own.

"How much for the broadfaced chicken on the fence?' inquired an Irishman of a farmer. "That's not a chicken; it's an owl,' replied the farmer. "I don't care how ould he is; I would like to buy him,' said the Irishman.

A contemporary asks: "Are American girls delicate?' It depends very much whether you offer them coconut cake and ice cream, or a bar of soap and a washboard.

Perfect Faith.

John B. Gough related the following pathetic episode, in a lecture at St. Louis recently.

A story was told of a street-boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of an hospital to die, and another creature of the same class was laid near by picked up with famine fever.—The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little chrushed boy. He crept up to him, and said:

"Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have any hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him.'

"I couldn't ax such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me.'

"But he'll do all that if you ax him.'

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives? and how could I get there when both my legs are broke?'

"Bobby, they told me at mission school how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him.'

"But I can't keep my eyes open, my legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die.'

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by.'

They got the hand up. It dropped.—Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said:

"I give it up.'

"Bobby lend me yer hand; put your elbow on my pillow; I can spare it.'

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still propped up for Jesus. You may search the world, and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission school but once.

Averaging Things.

A man who prided himself on his morality, and expected to be saved by it, was constantly saying:

"I am doing pretty well, on the whole. I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am perfectly honest. I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor; and I never was drunk in my life.'

This man hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening when the Scotchman came in from work, the man said "well, Jack, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?'

"I canna say it is all tight and strong!' Jack replied; "but it is a good average fence anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, other parts are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a little gap here and there a yard or so wide; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a good fence on the whole, and like it, though I canna say it is perfect in every part.'

"What!' cried the man, not seeing the point, "do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will go through. Don't you know man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?'

"I used to think so, said the dry Scotchman,' "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seemed to me we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence will not do for them, I am afraid an average character will not do for us in the day of judgment.'

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION. — "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' says the old proverb. Let us apply it to temperance. A long line of reeling, staggering candidates for perdition, 150,000 in number, one after another through the year drop out of sight and memory.—And still the death march goes on. Is there any way to prevent it?

Why, certainly. Drunkards grow from moderate drinkers, and moderate drinkers from the untaught, or wrongly educated children of our homes. There is a point where the stop can be put on, and that is in the home every parent is responsible for the intemperance of his child, if he has not by example and precept, done everything possible to prevent it.

If parents would take as much pains to form a pure, healthful taste in their children, as they now take truly though sometimes unconsciously, to form a taste for stimulants, we should see fewer entering the path that leads to the drunkard's grave."

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

The Rev. Joseph Cook says; "We have churches that, when they erect a new house, dedicate to God only a mortgage.'