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The American Union.

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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,
828 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

CHAS. H. BLACKISTON,
—WITH—
Chas. W. Blake,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
3 N. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Watches left with Mr. H. Blackiston & Son will be forwarded immediately where they will receive prompt attention.
All work guaranteed. [aug-16-tf.

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.
Cutting, 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 services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

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

KELLER'S
VEGETABLE
LIFE
TRADE MARK
DROPS

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops,)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood
LIVER AND STOMACH;—
INDIGESTION,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops
by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Blotches, Neuralgia, Boils, Eruptions, Headache, Nervousness, Jaundice, Fever & Ague, Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.
The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops
are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.
The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops
are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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

Poetry

A Batchelor's Growl.

I'm a grumpy old bachelor,
Grizzly and gray,
I am seven and forty
If I am a day.
I am fussy and crusty,
And as dry as a bone;
So ladies—good ladies—
Just let me alone!

Go shake out your ringlets,
And beam out in smiles;
Go tinkle your trinkets,
And show off your wiles,
Bewitch and bewilder
Wherever you can;
But pray—pray, remember,
I am not the man!

I'm frozen to blushes,
I'm proof against eyes;
I'm hardened to simpers,
And stony to sighs,
I'm tough to each dart
That young Cupid can lance;
I'm not in the market
At any advance!

I sew my own buttons,
I darn my own hose,
I keep my own counsel,
And fold my own clothes.
I mind my own business,
And live my own life;
I won't—no, the Dickens—
Be plagued with a wife!

And yet there's nine spinsters
Who believe their fate;
There's two dozen widows
Who'd change their estate.
There's silly young maidens
Who blush at my bow;
All—all bent on marrying me
No matter how!

I walk forth in trembling,
I come home in dread,
I don't fear my heart,
But I do fear my head!
My civilist speech
Is a growl and a nod;
And that—Heaven save me!
Is "charmingly odd!"

So ladies—dear ladies—
Just hear me, I pray;
I speak to you all
In the pluralist way.
My logic is simple
As logic can be—
If I don't marry you,
Pray—don't marry me!

Genius and the Demon.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

The best parlor—that shut-up room of New England homes—had been opened; the dustless chairs dusted; the always-arranged furniture re-arranged. The match tables had been fitted together, and the best china brought out by the careful housewife herself and laid with utmost exactness. The yeast, which had refused to come up on time, though Bridget protested she had "given 'em no provocation,' looked so sparkling and bright it raised her spirits, and, while her hands sifted the flour, her mind drank in the praise her biscuits were sure to get.

The mother went to lie down, the father to shave—an operation Master Charlie, who had been under everybody's feet all that busy morning, watched with eager eyes.

"Shave me, papa.'

And the father touched his face with the white lather and held him up to the mirror. As he jumped down, he ran to the kitchen.

"Bidgy, see! I'm a man now.'

But Bridget was too busy with her flour and her castle of praises to heed him, but, when ready for her "emptyings,' she saw him—saw him stirring her yeast with his father's razor strop,—then her temper was raised, and her hand was raised, and her voice was raised, and Charlie's voice was raised above the din, declaring, "Bridget would raise the neighbors, if she didn't raise her biscuit.'

The mother took Charlie to her room and dressed him in his best white tunic and brocade sash, and curled his hair, and told him to go and ask Bridget if he did not "look sweet.'

But Bridget was in no mood to give the praises she had lost, and Master Charlie took a large iron spoon and commenced drumming on a tin pan.

"Faith! you just craze me. Take yourself off.'

He took himself off. The expected guests came, but Charlie didn't. The parents thought he was with Bridget. The father and two gentlemen went to "look about the place,' and came upon Master Charlie sitting flat in the dirt, a pan of water at his side, digging with the spoon, now, and now wetting the dirt, to make a mud cat, "to fight the dog' he had already made. One of the gentlemen was delighted, and the father told him how he often brought in birds and things he had modelled in mud. More than an hour they sat by that boy, forgetting his soiled dress in wonder at his skill.

"Your son is a born sculptor; encourage him,' said the friend.

And the father felt a new pride in his boy, saw the honor he would bring to his name, made many life-plans for him, and acknowledged a superior in his own little child. And the mother found no more fault with the ruined tunics, but laid aside day by day what his little hands had shaped.

His father died when he was but seven years old. The summer after he was ten, there was an examination in the public school. The committee glanced over the writing-books, but lingered over Charlie's. The methodical writing of the Master, who "set his own copies,' was imitated perfectly on the first line and every posible variety of letter was below. On the last page was a nose, mouth and chin; but so identically those of the Master that no other features were needed. The committee smiled. The Master came to see, and smiled too, but with a scowl on his brow. The quick eye of the boy caught the smile and the scowl and put them on paper. The committee laughed outright, and neither of them cared to brave his pencil by a reprimand.

A few weeks after, the fish man angered him. There was hung in the post office so comical a caricature of him, his old horse, cart, and smock, that the boys declared they could hear it cry, "Eyes-ters!'

Now this fame went throughout the village (for all knew who must have drawn it), and he was petted by all and his pencil in demand everywhere,—from decorations for the fairs of the church, in which his mother was an active member, down through all the social merry-makings, even to the saloons, where the old pagan, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die,' holds to-day. He grew in years and in popularity. From the merry-makings, from balls and parties, and from saloons, he came with many stories and many flattering words to him; and the mother's pride and love and trust blinded her to the dangers and the temptations along the way.

Kind friends came to her with a warning which she refused to believe. Yet, nights when he was out, she could not fix the lamp and go to sleep as before, but waited and watched, and even her love could not but see the over-much gayety. And she tried to win him to home and early hours. But home was too tame; excitement and flattery had become a part of his very life. And the mother blamed herself justly.—Her house had been too dull, her life too monotonous, her love and trust too blind, and she made herself a girl again, that her home might be a very centre of attraction to the young and happy, and thus her only child be won to a purer life.

And then—Heaven forgive her—she invited a daughter of her life's truest friend to visit her; and music and teas and rides and walks followed, and the mother saw, with joy, that love was crowning it all.

But that traditional deacon (this time a verity)—the solemn farmer, whose stock were his pride, his turkeys and pigs his revenue, and who could appreciate no temptation unless it were Jacob versus Laban—saw only levity and sin in the mother's loving efforts, and only ruin for the boy; came in his Sunday's best, and, with many shakes of the head and many "ems' and "hems,' told her some things which were true only from his standpoint, which was a very narrow one, and other things which were not true. And with an implied merit worthy a Romish priest, he hinted that those wasted talents had now a chance to redeem themselves.—The new church about to be dedicated might—"em—a—hem!'—have the walls painted,—he had "heard tell' of such things,—with Scriptural scenes; and it was her duty, and her son's duty, that so much at least of his genius should be given to Him who gave it.

And the mother felt so too, and talked to her boy.

"The old Yankee! He would sponge a man out of his eye-teeth, and make a religious duty of it. He wants me to fresco that whole church!'

"Why, Mister Charles, it is a deacon, and he is only zealous for his church,' said Louisa.

"He thinks it's his church! He is very zealous Godward, but manward he is very twistical! I can't fresco.'

"But you can paint a Scriptural scene that can hang behind the pulpit.'

"Yes! and I will. But I must not be looked over, and talked to, while doing it.'

On Sunday the mother made haste to whisper it to the deacon, and the deacon grandly told all whom he met, that "I, by my' representation, have secured a Scriptural painting, "without cost to the church.'

Early on the morning of the dedication, the picture, that no eye but Louisa's had seen, was hung—"The Prodigal Son:"—the lank old deacon, in his roughest clothes, surrounded by a litter of pigs, with their fat black mother: the very litter for which he had taken a premium at the last town fair.

That picture, taken down before the sermon, is, I am assured, to-day in an Art gallery in one of our cities.

It was seen by everybody, among others by the senior partner of a large carpet manufactory, who had given liberally to this church of his parents and run up to the dedication. He went to see Charles, looked over his sketches, and engaged him to draw patterns for their house.

Soon after, Charles was married to the bright young girl who had won him from his evil companions and from many of his evil ways, but not wholly from the wine cup. Yet he drank but little now, never had drank very deeply, and no doubts of him troubled the happy girl or her parents.

His patterns were a success, more pleasing to the manufacturer than he had expected they would be. He was excited by his success, and would drink a glass when kind words came; or he was tired, and would take a glass to strengthen him; or dispirited because his fingers could not sketch the pattern his eye could see, and he would drink a glass to help him. Thus he grew in reputation and in appetite.

I have written only of those scenes which told on his life. But these are not fully just to him. He was cordial, generous, and always ready to oblige; and he was liked by all—too popular indeed.

Now I come to a period which I am requested to touch with care, lest it betray the name.

From one of the grand European Expositions he received a gold medal, which his good mother lived to see, and then she died. Soon after, the United States, needing a designer, employed him; and I pity the citizen in whose pocket that design has never been found. Later, he went, or was sent, with a U. S. exploring expedition, as artist.

This last was most sad for him. It took him away from wife and child and home influences and restraints. His appetite was constantly fed and grew by what it fed upon. He came back with a great reputation for drawing and for drinking. So honor and dishonor went on either side of him.

The manufactory was glad to secure him again, and all possible means were used by his wife, his friends and his employers to reform him. For a time he vibrated between love for his wife and child, and love for the cup. At length the highest won, and for eight months he was sober and kind. But the warm summer days brought their own complaint, and the doctor gave him brandy. It was unchaining a demon and turning him upon the man when weak in body and will. Physical strength came soon, but moral strength was gone. Sometimes he struggled feebly with the demon, but never long.

Yet in his semi-sober hours his pencil was as facile as ever, and he consented that a man should watch him and measure his liquor when drawing a pattern, but insisted that the pay should be given him in person. Then he would hold high revel at some saloon until all was spent, and he, bereft of sense or soul, would be a terror to his wife and daughter. Yet the wifely love and pride breathed to no one her sufferings or her fears. But one bitter morning his little girl told Mr. H. (who told me this story,) that the night before her father shut her mother and her in an outhouse.—The mother held the child (some eight years old), all night, and so kept her warm, but froze her own fingers. Mr. H——went at once to see her, and her flood tide of feeling broke over all the barriers, and she told him all. And they told the child the next time her father came home crazy, to run for him.

Not long after she came. The father, infuriated with liquor, had come home and threatened to dash out the brains of his wife.

After that, whenever his employers were to pay him, they sent word to his wife, and she would be there and get him home before he went to a saloon, and he was never again so dangerous. As tears and smiles and coaxing and reasoning had failed to cure him, they tried that new mode, so justly shocking to common sense—he must have more than all he craved; must be made sick of it. It must be cooked in his food, drank in his tea, until in very disgust he cried enough. Said Mr. H——: "In twelve hours we gave him two half gallons of New England rum. At night he begged for a night cap, and we gave him half a pint of Holland gin. He was stupid three days, and on rousing, his first call was for "alchol," and he bade them "put ammonia in it to give it some more strength!'

That is just all the good that did.

Scarcely a year more, and Mr. H——, coming home from a few weeks absence, was told that he must die. He went to see him, found his chest so swolen from a rum tumor that his head looked like a turtle's, yet pillowed in bed, drinking brandy and designing. He positively refused to see a minister, and in two days, drinking and drawing, died, when but thirty-five years old.

So fame and fortune, hope and happiness, love and life,—aye, heaven itself,—was given for the cup!

And thousands are doing the same to-day!"—*N. Y. Observer.*

True Strength.

We must measure a man's strength by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence, composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply calmly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or, did we ever see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of solid rock, as if mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home peace?—That is strength. We too often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake because he has his way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong—he, mastered by them, is weak.

A Spiritual Visitation.

Allow me to add to the list of curious stories of this class, one which I have frequently heard narrated by the lady who was the subject of the vision or visitation. Many years ago two young girls were thrown much together in early childhood. They were cousins, and entertained a strong affection for each other. When they grew to womanhood they were separated, one becoming the wife of a Lincolnshire clercyman, and the other dwelling with with her family on the sea coast of Aryshire. Thus severed by distance and family ties, the cousins kept up their love for each other by an occasional interchange of letters. The clergyman's wife became the mother of a numerous family, in whose welfare the unmarried cousin (who, years after, had removed with her household to Edinburgh) naturally felt a great interest. One night, about twenty-two years ago, Miss—— was lying in bed, awake as she thought, when the door of her room slowly opened, and a light gleamed into the chamber, emanating from a female figure with a newly born infant in her arms, which glided to the bedside in the semblance of her cousin, the Lincolnshire clergyman's wife. Lying the baby on the bosom of the spellbound Miss——, and saying softly, "Bring this child up for me, the figure faded into the darkness, and was gone," Miss —— became insensible, and when she recovered found herself bathed in tears, and full of unwonted agitation. As soon as the intelligence could be conveyed by post, a letter arrived informing Miss—— of the death of her cousin in childbed, at her husband's vicarage, on the very night of her apparition in Edinburg. At the expiration of two years, the Rev. Mr. ——, who had been traveling in Italy for the alleviation of his sorrow, came to Edinburg, sought and obtained the hand of his dead wife's cousin, and thus devolved upon her the charge confided to her by her departed friend. How she fulfilled the trust is best known by her domestic circle; and a fine young man now repays with the most ardent affection the care of her whose love for his dead mother had bridged across the gulf which divides two worlds.

Said to Have Been Photographed by Lightning.

The visitor to Jay J. Hartman's photograph gallery, at No. 260 Bowery, is expected to look with awe and faith upon a small negative—quarter size on which is faintly outlined a shadowy presentment of a woman's face and form. She seems to be about 26 years of age; her hair is smoothed down in a neat, and consequently unfashionable way; her face is suggestive of consumption, and has a resigned, "not-my-fault-ish" sort of expression. To the skeptical she becomes altogether too vague for contemplation from the waist down; but the eye of faith—that is of Mr. Hartman—sees an anchor, cherished symbol of hope, in her right hand. Mr. Hartman sad to a reporter of the *Sun*: "I took this in my private rooms at No. 80 Fourth avenue, on the 14th of August, at half past 9 o'clock P. M., by a flash of lightning. I was all alone—solitary and alone. I prepared the plate in the ordinary way, except that I used certain chemicals not used in common photographery, and put it in the camera, which I set in the window, directed upward, toward the heavens, at an angle of forty-five degrees. There was nothing visible in front of it but the black night and the storm. Then I drew the slide and unveiled the camera, and when that heavy lightning came this form was taken. You see it stands between two clouds, and here, on this side, is the rain pouring down."—*New York Sun.*

WONDERS OF COMPOUND INTEREST.—One cent placed at compound interest at the beginning of the Christian Era, at ¾ per cent. per annum, amounts to a dollar in October, 1844. At ½ per cent. it amounts to $100 in September 1847. At ¾ per cent it amounts to $1,000 in December 1848. At 1 per cent. it amounts to one million dollars in June 1852. At two per cent. it amounts to one hundred trillions, in June, 1861. At 6 per cent. it amounts to one quartodecillion in April, 1858.—these calculations are true to a cent, and true to a second, and now a few words to show the mighty power of numbers to enumerate. One per cent. interest of the above named sum for one second is over three hundred decillions of dollars. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1203 pounds, and is worth, say $350,000. The number of cubic feet in the earth, is forty sextillions, and if it was solid gold, would be worth fourteen octillion dollars. The above interest for one second of time would be worth more than twenty million globes of gold as large as the earth!—*Oberlin Gazette.*

"I TRUST everything under God,' said Lord Brougham, 'to habit, upon which, in all ages, the law giver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly place his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of a child grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all improvidence that can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying or cheating or swearing.'

Strange Bible Facts.

The learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown, for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years.

In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word Reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the CXIth Psalm. The 8th verse of the CXVIIth Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the VIIIth chapter of Esther is the longest verse, 35th verse, XIth chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the CVIIth Psalm four are alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st. Each verse of the CXXXVIth Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The XXXVIIth chapter of Isiah and XIXth chapter of 2d Kings are alike. The word Girl occurs once in the Bible, and that in the 3rd verse IIId chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 wores, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The XXVIth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter in the Bible to read. The most beautiful chapter is the XXIIId Psalm.—The four most inspiring promises are John XIVth chapter and 2nd verse, John VIth chapter 37th verse, St. Matthew XIth chapter and 28th verse, and XXXVIIth Psalm, 4th verse. The 1st verse of the LXth chapter of Isiah is the one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfectness should learn the VIth chapter of St. Luke, from the 20th verse to its ending.

A Parrott Story.

The negro minstrel Thatcher the other evening told a ludicrous story to a big audience at the Grand Opera House here, and put a catch phrase in the mouth of Indianapolitans that has kept them laughing ever since. Two sailors who had a parrott with them, went into a magician's show, in an upper room in some foreign city. The three constituted the audience. After each feat of the magicians one of the sailors would remark, "that's pretty good; wonder what they'll do next.' Finally one of the sailors asked permission to smoke, which the magicians granted, forgetting that in the room beneath was stored an immense quantity of gunpowder. The Jack tars and the parrott continued to enjoy the show, one sailor adding the pleasure of his pipe, and the other remarking after each trick, 'That's pretty good; wonder what they'll do next.' A spark from the smoker's pipe chanced to drop through a crack in the floor into the powder, and something suddenly occurred. Sailors and magicians, parrott and all, rose above party prejudice,' and were all blown to kingdom come, in a million fragments, all except the poll-parrott He landed in a heap of bruised flesh and burnt feathers in a potato patch, three miles away. He was utterly demoralized. It took him some moments to collect himself, and when he had partially done so he hopped limpingly upon a fence rail and remarked: "That's pretty good; wonder what they'll do next.'—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

What Did the Clock Say?

The clock upon the tower of a neighbouring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face asked, "Mother, what did the clock say?'

"To me,' said his mother sadly, "it seemed to say, gone—gone—gone—!'

"What, mother? what has gone?'

"Another hour, my son.'

"What is an hour?'

"A white winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by Him to inquire of you—of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, and what we are thinking and feeling.'

"Where is it gone, mother?'

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds, while it was with us.—Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?'

Reader! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing you up on high.

ARE we content to have our lives poured out like the dew to bless the world and make it more fruitful, and yet to remain hidden away ourselves; to see the effects of our lives all about us—in the homes and characters of others, in beauties and joys springing up, and in benefits prepared by our hands and enjoyed by others—and yet never to hear our names spoken in praise or honor? And yet is it not thus that we are to live? Self is to be utterly forgotten. Praise is not to be sought. Everything is to be done for Christ.

WHAT comfort and strength come to the Christian in the assurance, "The Lord thinketh upon me.' In the hour of trial it produces fortitude; in every time of perplexity it encourages us to cast our care and burden on Him, knowing that he will sustain us—either remove the burden, or give grace to bear it.