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The American Union.

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The American Union

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JOHN H. EMERSON.

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$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month		1.50
1 "	3 "		2.50
1 "	6 "		5.00
1 "	12 "		10.00
¼ column, one year,			15.00
½ " " "			30 00
1 " " "			60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

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

Wanted for the Cash,
BEEF HIDES, SHEEP SKINS, FUR, GAME, EGGS, POULTRY, BEESWAX, CALVES, &c. Also, you may find at my old stand a fine lot of
GROCERIES,
such as best brand Hams, Dried Beef; Shoulders, and Side Bacon, Breakfast Bacon, Fish, Sausage, Mince Meat, Pickels, and in fact everything in my line, which I will sell very close for the cash. I will endeavor to keep a fine assortment of French and plain Confectionery and Christmas goods of all kinds. I make a specialty of Powder, Shot, Caps, &c.
oct4-y. THOS. M. COOPER.

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 s Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

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 VINTAGE SONG.

BY E. D. R. BIANCIARDI.

Once more the year its fullness pours,
To cheer the heart of toil;
Once more we take with gratitude
The blessing of the soil.
I hear the children laugh and sing,
They pull the grapes together,
And gladness breathes from everything
In this October weather.

The wintry days were long and dark,
The spring was slow to come;
Summer storms brought fear and doubt
To many a humble home.
But rain and sunshine had their will,
And wrought their work together,
And see! we heap our baskets still,
In this October weather.

My heart has had its winter, too,
And lain full bare and gray;
I did not think a spring would come,
Much less a summer day,
How little did I dream that life
Would bring us two together,
And I should be a happy wife
In this October weather.

Doubtless the frosts will come again,
And some sweet hopes must die;
But we shall bear the passing pain,
And smile as well as sigh;
Nor let us cloud with fears of ill
This golden hour together;
For God is in His garden still
In this October weather.

A Mysterious Advertisement.

BY BRAMPTON, THE DETECTIVE.

Some years ago I became acquainted with a Mr. Norvil, wealthy merchant, who resided in West Fourteenth street. He was a widower and the only person living with him were two in number, a niece and an only son.

Mary Norval, his niece, was a beautiful girl, about twenty years of age when I first became acquainted with her.

Had I not been married and possessed of the best wife in the world, she would have been just the woman I would have chosen for a wife, for her natural disposition, the cultivation of her mind, and the amiability of her character fully equalized her physical beauty. She had won her uncle's heart and he loved her better than his own son. This, however, might be accounted for, from the fact that Charles Norval was a most dissipated young man. He had long ago exhausted his father's affection for him by a dissolute life, and was only permitted by sufferance to be an inmate of his father's house.

One day Mr. George Norval invited me to dine with him. I accepted the invitation, and we passed a very agreeable hour together at the social meal. After dinner, being something of an invalid, my host excused himself for half an hour while he went to lie down. Left alone to my reflections I fell into a reverie, which I suppose ended in a doze, for I was suddenly awakened to consciousness by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. It was Mr. Norval's son Charles voice that had awakened me.

"Mary, listen to me," he exclaimed, with a peculiar, thick utterance which showed that he had been drinking; "You know I love you. Yes, dear, I adore the very ground you walk on. Your beauty is so transcendant that you appear more like a fairy creature of the brain than a human being."

"Have done with your senseless compliments, Charles," returned Mary. "Why do you persecute me so? I have already made known my decision to you. It is irrevocable."

"Dearest cousin, I adore you, and, by heaven, you shall be mine!"

"Mr. Norval, unless you leave the room I will call for assistance."

"No, you shall not. It is true you have supplanted me in my father's love. It is true he has left you the bulk of his fortune while he has only bestowed a miserable pittance upon me. Not content with having effected all this, you despise my love—but by the great heaven above us you shall be mine."

I could hear the rustling of a silk dress, by which I knew that Mary had risen from her chair, doubtless to ring the bell.

"Mary, you shall not escape me thus," continued the young man. "I repeat it, you shall be mine. Dearest girl, come to my heart—let me fold you to my breast."

A half suppressed scream reached my ears, and I ran to the folding doors, threw them wide open, and just saw the inebriate sieze the shrinking girl in his grasp. When he saw me he loosened his hold, a demonical expression lighted up his features, and he hurried from the room, shaking his fist in my face as he made his exit. I caught the fanting girl in my arms and conveyed her to a sofa. A few simple restoratives brought her consciousness, but it was some time before I could make her believe that the danger was past.

I thought it my duty to acquaint Mr. Norval with the whole transaction, that proper means might be adopted to prevent a recurrence of this persecution. Charles Norval was forbidden the house. About a month after the occurrence business took me to a Southern city, where I was detained a week. The very night I returned to New York, I received a visit from Mr. M——, the famous attorney.

"Brampton," said he, when he entered the room, "I have been here to see you a dozen times to day. Thank God, you have come home at last!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I am in great trouble, and I want you to help me out. You knew Mr. Norval, I believe?"

"Certainly, I know him well—he is a particular friend of mine, but why do you use the past tense?"

"Are you not aware that he is dead?"

"Dead! is it possible?"

"Yes, he died yesterday."

"Is there any suspicion connected with his death?"

"None at all; he has been ailing for some time. He died of disease of the heart. A post-mortem examination has settled that question satisfactorily. You are aware, perhaps, that I was his lawyer; and you also know the terms on which he lived with his son. About three months ago Mr. Norval sent for me to make his will. As I have before said, he had been in failing health for some time past, and did not know how soon he might be called away from this earthly scene. I drew up his will as he requested; by its provisions Mary was made an heiress, a small pension payable at certain intervals being left to his son. This will was properly signed and attested."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said I, "but was Mr. Charles Norval cognizant of the provisions of his father's will?"

"Not that I am aware of; but, now you come to mention it, I distinctly remember at the time of witnessing it, a sudden rustling we heard at one end of the apartment, and a door opening into an adjoining room was heard to close, but no notice was taken of the circumstances at the time."

"Exactly, that must have been the young man who was listening, for I have reason to know that he was aware of the contents of his father's will."

And I then related the conversation I had overheard between Mary and Charles Norval.

"This may be very important, but let me conclude what I have to say. The will I had drawn up was confined to my care. I placed it in an envelope and locked it up in my private desk. The moment I heard of his death I opened my desk and took out the envelope in which I had placed the will. Judge of my surprise and horror when I found it contained only a blank sheet of paper?"

"A blank sheet of paper! The will had been abstracted then?"

"Exactly."

"Do you suspect no one?"

"I don't know whom to suspect. But from the conversation you have related to me, it is very probable that Charles Norval has something to do with it. But still it is utterly impossible that he could have obtained access to my private office and desk.

"How many clerks have you?' I asked.

"I have three clerks, but I have not mentioned the fact to them all. I closed and locked my desk again, and went about my business as usual.'

"You did quite right. Did the desk show any evidence of having been looked into?'

"Not the least in the world. Whoever entered it must have possessed a duplicate key.'

"And you have discovered no reason to suspect your clerks since?'

"No—when they entered I watched them narrowly, but could not detect any evidence of guilt in their manner. I then determined that I would apply to you, Brampton. I assure you I have eaten nothing since the fatal discovery. The thought that Mary Norval will be reduced to penury is horrible to me.'

"Leave the matter in my hands, I will do what I can. If the will is not already destroyed, I trust I shall be able to restore it to you.'

M—— took his leave. I then threw myself back in my easy chair and tortured my mind for some means to discover the missing will. While I was thus engaged, my eyes fell upon a copy of a morning paper which lay on my desk. Suddenly they were arrested by the following, under the head of "Personal:"

"A strong will can overcome every obstacle. Eight o'clock to-night. Love and joy await you.'

I started from my chair like one bereft of his senses. A sentiment which I can never explain, told me that I had found a clew. "Eight o'clock to-night,' was the time appointed for a rendezvous. "Love and joy await you,' meant that the place of meeting was to be Lovejoy's Hotel.

My mind was immediately made up what to do. I determined that I would visit Lovejoy's Hotel, and be present at the interview.

I soon reached the hotel and entered one of the private supper rooms. These rooms as every frequenter of Lovejoy's will remember, were divided only by a thin partition from each other, so that a conversation carried on in the adjoining apartments could be overheard. I ordered my supper, and while pretending to eat, kept my ears open. Some time passed and no sound reached me. At last I heard the sound of a door shutting, and one person entered the room on my right; a few minutes more elapsed and the door shut. The first person had been joined by another. I crept cautiously up to the partition and fixed my ear to it.

"Mr. Norval," exclaimed a voice which I did not recognize, "I am glad to see you.'

"And I assure you, Mr. Mills, I am more pleased to see you. I saw your advertisement, and am here in consequence.'

I knew Mr. Mills was M——'s confidential clerk. The other speaker was, of course, Charles Norval.

"Yes, I worded it as agreed,' continued the clerk. "I was almost afraid, however you might have forgotton it, and feared it would be too obscure. But it was necessary, you know, to blind others eyes.'

"O, yes, I understand all about that.—When did you get hold of the precious document?'

"Only yesterday. You know he has left the will in his private desk, and it only by chance that I obtained the key. The moment I did so I seized the document and put in its place a piece of blank paper.'

"Do you think he has discovered the loss yet?'

"O, no, I am certain he has not. I have watched him well all day.'

"Well, then, now to business,' said young Norval. "How much do you want for the will?'

"It is a very valuable paper, Mr. Norval,' replied the villainous clerk. "I suppose you know its provisions?'

"O, yes, I overheard M—— read it over after he had drawn it up. I know father has left my cousin Mary everything while on me, his lawful heir, he has only settled a miserable pension. When that document is buried I will bring her haughty spirit down. She will cringe and fawn on me then. But come, what am I to give you for it?'

"You shall give me your note of hand for $5,000, payable when you come into possession of the property.'

"Agreed—agreed! Here I will write it on the spot.'

I could hear them arranging some papers on the table. I cautiously left the apartment, and crept noiselessly to the door of the room where this worthy pair was seated.

"Now,' I heard Norval say, "my fair cousin Mary, you are in my power—and, by heavens, I will teach you how to love me. I will not marry you! that idea has passed. To the fire, then, I commit the only thing between me and my rightful property.'

I burst into the room and pinned the legal document to the table with my hand. My motion was so rapid that the two conspirators must have thought that it was something supernatural.

"Hold!' I exclaimed in a loud voice; "your villainy is not yet perpetrated.'

I shall never forget the look of horror revealed on the countenances of the two villains. I quietly folded up the will and transferred it to my pocket. M——'s clerk rushed from the room, and from that day to this I have not seen him. I have heard, however, that he is in Australia. Young Norval was completely crestfallen, and left my presence without uttering a word. That same night I restored the will to Mr. M——'s possession, and the delight with which he received it was beyond all bounds.

Young Norval died of delirium tremens a year after his father's death. Mary was soon after married to a wealthy Bostonian; I had the pleasure to be at her wedding.—She is now the mother of a happy family, and beloved by all who know her in her new home.

Refusing Christ.

A refusal of Christ is a much easier, and yet a much more terrible thing than most men suppose. A neglect to hear him is a refusal of him. Christ calls us every day and every moment; and when he calls, we either accept or reject him. There is no possible way of escape. There is no neutral ground. Our lives are a continual acceptation or rejection of him. When Christ calls us to be his disciples, we reach a wonderful crisis in our lives. Eternal life or eternal death is suspended on our decision. The question is continually before us, and an answer must be had. It is imperative. A neglect or a failure to decide in the affirmative necessitates a decision in the negative. When our fellowmen present questions of importance, we give them a respectable hearing. Shall we be less respectful to God? What astonishing and daring presumption! Men would not brook many refusals. Christ has borne with us times without number, but he will not always bear thus. There is a point of forbearance beyond which even God cannot go; and when we consider how often we have already refused him, we do not know how soon that point may be reached.—"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.—If you perceive that anything in your ways makes your parents unhappy, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love them keep their commandments, otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little; trust them, therefore, when they differ from you, and refuse compliance with your desire. They watch over you for good, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents by misconduct, bad tempers, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.

Life and Death.

In the vegetable and animal world, so long as there is life there will be growth, and so long as there is growth, there will be a change, and a necessity for restraint and correction. No matter how we may prune a tree, so long as it is growing there is liability to continual alteration; and the only way to have everything fixed, and permanent, and just right, is to remove every trace of life. Mummies never make any mistakes. No man that lives gives so little trouble as a graven image, or is so proper, and elegant, and precise as a wax figure.

So in the spiritual world, and in the visible Church, absolute fixity can be found, but it is in the repose of death. You can cut down a tree, dry it, season it, saw it into planks, plane it, carve it, varnish and polish it, and you have produced at last a specimen of beautiful wood, which will retain its character and form unchanged for hundreds of years. It will become no larger, no smaller, no better, no worse; it is the perfect type of conservative propriety and beauty; but it is dead! No living timber can exhibit an appearance so precise and elegant. It cannot be shaped, polished, varnished and finished; and so long as sap flows within it, and life courses thro' it, so long there will be buds and leaves and boughs and branches shooting out in their luxuriant disorder. The only way to secure perfect uniformity and perfect propriety is to kill the tree, and then embalm it in all the beauty of art, and polish, and varnish.

The same principle holds good in the Church of God, among the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. The living tree or the living vine needs constant attention and pruning. The dead stick is finished. It may be shaped, polished, ornamented, and put upon its good behavor, and nothing will ever mar its eternal propriety; but if life stirs in it, then change comes.

Which is the most desirable: a church that is correct, faultless, elegant, polished, and dead; or a church which glows and throbs with the strength and vigor of active life? A church which subsists upon the traditions of by-gone blessings; and lives upon the faith and reputation of leaders that have long been in the dust; or a church that is in vital communication with its Head, and through which His love flows in a constant tide by the power of the Holy Ghost? And yet in such a living church as this there will be luxuriance and exuberance; there will be growth, and there will be irregularity. The "fruitful bough by a well" will send its branches "over the wall," and its fruit will abound on every hand.

If a tree lives it will need pruning.—"Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' If it is dead it may be carved and polished, and we shall have no farther care about it. If a Christian lives he will need watching, and admonishing, and training; when he is dead, and embalmed in cold and pompous formality, he gives no further trouble.

God grant that we may be living trees,—living branches;—and that no fear may hold us back in the fixed and lifeless beauty of form and ceremony; but that overleaping these bounds we may live the life we live by the faith of the son of God, and manifest his life before the eyes of a dying world, as the only hope and joy and trust of the fallen sons of men.—*The Armory.*

Corsican Funeral Rites.

In Corsica, wailing is kept up from the hour of death to the hour of burial. The news that the head of a family has expired is quickly communicated and the relatives and friends form a troop or band and advance in procession toward the house of mourning. If the death was caused by violence, the scirrata makes a halt when it arrives in sight of the village, and then it is that the Corsican women tear their hair and scratch their faces till the blood flows just as do their sisters in Dalmatia and Montenegro. The widow awaits the scirrata by the door of her house, and as it draws near, the leader steps forth and throws a black veil over her head to symbolize her widowhood; the term of which must offer a dreary prospect to a woman who has the misfortune to lose her husband while she is still in the prime of life, for public opinion insists that she remain for years in almost total seclusion. The mourners and as many as can enter the room assemble round the body, which lies on a table or plank supported by benches; it is draped in a long mantle, or it is clothed in the dead man's best suit. Now begins the dirge, or Vocero. Two persons will perhaps start off singing together, and in that case the words cannot be distinguished; but more often only one gets up at a time. She will open her song with a quietly delivered eulogy of the virtues of the dead, and a few pointed allusions to the most important events of his life; but before long she warms to her work, and pours forth volleys of rhythmetic lamentation with a fire and animation that stir up the women present into a frenzied delirium of grief, in which, as the præfica pauses to take breath, they howl, dig their nails into their flesh, throw themselves on the ground, and sometimes cover their heads with ashes. When the dirge is ended they join hands and dance frantically 'round the plank on which the body lies. More singing takes place on the way to the grave yard. After the funeral the men do not shave for weeks, and the women let their hair go loose and occasionally cut it off at the grave—cutting off the hair being, by the way, a universal sign of female mourning; it was done by the women of ancient Greece, and it is done by the women of India. A good deal of eating and drinking brings the ceremonials to a close. If the bill of fare comes short of that recorded of the funeral feast of Sir John Paston, of Barton, when 1,300 eggs, 41 pigs, 40 calves, and 10 nete were but few of the items—nevertheless the Corsican baked meats fall heavily upon the pockets of such families as deem themselves compelled to "keep up position.' Sixty persons is not an extraordinary number to be entertained at the banquet, and there is, over and above a general distribution of bread and meat to poorer neighbors. Mutton in Summer, and pork in Winter are esteemed the viands proper to the occasion. In happy contrast to all this lugubrious feasting is the simple cup of milk drank by each kinsman of the shepherd who dies in the mountains; in which case his body is laid out, like Robin Hood's, in the open air, a green sod under his head, his loins begirt with the pistol belt, his gun at his side, his dog at his feet. Curious are the superstitions of the Corsican shepherds touching death. The dead they say call the living in the night time, and he who answers will soon follow them; they believe, too, that if you listen attentively after dark, you may hear at times the low beating of a drum, which announces that a soul has passed.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

The Gospel.

The Gospel gloomy! It is an anthem from the harps of heaven; the music of the river of life washing its shores on high, and pouring its cascades upon the earth.—Not so cheerful was the song of the morning stars, nor the shouts of the sons of God so joyful. Gushing from the fountains of eternal harmony, it was first heard on earth in a low tone of solemn gladness uttered in Eden by the Lord God himself. This gave the key-note of the gospel song. Patriarchs caught it up and taught it to the generation following. It breathed from the harp of the Psalmist, and sung like a clarion from tower to mountain top, as prophets proclaimed the year of Jubilee.

Fresh notes from heaven have enriched the harmony, as the Lord of Hosts and his angels have revealed promises, and called on the suffering children of Zion to be joyful in their King. From bondage and exile, from dens and caves, from bloody fields and fiery stakes and peaceful death beds have they answered, in tones which cheered the disconsolate, and made oppressors shake upon their thrones; while sun and moon, and all the stars of light, stormy wind fulfilling his word, the roaring sea and the fullness thereof, mountains and hills, and fruitful fields, and all the trees of the wood have rejoiced before the Lord, and the coming of his anointed, for the redemption of his people and the glory of his holy name.

Act from Principle.

How few persons there are whose lives are governed entirely from principle rather than inclination. Even those of us who may be endeavoring to live for high purposes, come far short of our aspirations; alas! how very far short. How often we find our convictions of right and duty questioning if it might not be as well for us to yield to inclination, just for the time, promising our disturbed consciences that we will make up for the present indulgence by more vigorous self-denial and strict attention to duty. Vain, fallacious reasoning of a weak nature! we can never make up for one neglected opportunity, one misspent hour, one wrong, selfish act. Once past, the opportunity unimproved, the hour wasted, the act committed, it is beyond our reach to recall, except in thoughts of regret. We may atone for it, but we can never change the past. Alas! Then should we endeavor the more earnestly to make our lives embodiments of principle; for we all know, that, after all, the path of duty, though sometimes rugged, is not without sweet pleasures; and let us never follow our inclinations, if they would lead us away from right. Then shall we be permitted at the last to look back upon our lives with satisfaction, feeling that we have "done what we could,' and that our Father regards us with smiles of approval.

A DEADWOOD DEATH.—As I was resting in a camp on the outskirts of Deadwood, a jolly-faced man came along and asked for a job. He was told that every man was working for himself and making mighty poor wages at that when he replied:

"Gentlemen, I haven't had one good meal in three weeks; I haven't been able to get a day's work; I'm dead broke, and the curtain is going to ring down on this tragedy right here and right now!'

He stepped around the fire, pulled a revolver from a miner's belt, and then retreating back a pace or two, he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to hell! I've starved around the Black Hills for three months, and if there is any bigger hell than this I'm envious to see it! Excuse me for wasting ammunition, but here I go—crack!'

He put the muzzle of the revolver to his forehead, and never kicked after the report. No man rose up to restrain him. After a few minutes the owner of the revolver walked over and secured it, and as he wiped a spot of blood off the barrel, he growled out:

"Blast his eyes! Why didn't he jump over some cliff, or go out and let the Indians tickle him to death!"