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The American Union

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

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of Claims, Sales of Real Estate, &c. [oct-5-1y.

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

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHT'S,
328 North Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [3-30-1y.
Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
305 North Water St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
FRUITS, &c. FUR, &c.
☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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

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, Lime Stone, 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.
Cut'ing, Scouring and Repairing
done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

KELLER'S VEGETABLE LIFE DROPS
TRADE MARK

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 exciting 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

TO THE MEMORY OF Rev. James Hoskins.

BY A. L. MANNING, M. D.

The bells toll once again to tell,
A soul has passed away,
With sainted souls to ever dwell
In everlasting day.

Firm to his trust in God's high cause,
He lived not all in vain;
But battled for his Saviour's laws,
Though battling oft in pain.

Upon the tower there he stood,
A watchman of the night,
Teaching the people to be good,
And pleading for the right.

Until the last his voice was heard,
Pleading his Master's cause
With dauntless soul and fearless word,
Upholding all His laws.

With feeble steps and panting breath,
He battled while he could,
Preaching when on the verge of death,
Though on his grave he stood.

And looking o'er the valley there,
As the cold shadows fell,
His spirit seemed to breath the air
Where sainted spirits dwell.

Cheered by a wife of noble soul;
His spirit to the tomb,
More gently down the hillside rolled,
From there again to bloom.

Amid the saints of God on high,
Perhaps to shout His name
In thunder tones along the sky,
When earth shall be in flame.

He sleeps beloved by all who knew
His noble heart and head,
Who friends from other churches drew,
To honor him when dead.

But high above all honors given,
I hope his name is shown
In the Lamb's-Book of yonder Heaven,
Close by The Great White Throne.

We'll miss thee here, but thy great gain
Should compensate our woe,
When thinking of thy constant pain
And suffering below.

Freed from disease, thy spirit's flight
Will upward mount and soar,
Robed in its robes of saintly white
To suffer here no more.

Then fare the well, for all is well
When hearts like thine are given
To Jesus Christ that they may dwell,
Forever, in His Heaven.

THE IRON BOX.

"He's come, Mr. Herman.'

"Come? Come at last? Are you sure of it, Joe?'

"Sure as taxes,' said Joe Poppinger, with a confident nod of his head. "He's taken that old house—the Haunted House, the neighbors all call it—and he's moved into it, bag and baggage, which ain't much, by the way.'

"Any servants with him, Joe?'

"Only one—a crooked old woman, as threw a porringer of hot water over me, when I called to ax if I could be of any use. If they only owned a black cat, I'd have the whole kit of 'em for witchcraft. I never did come across such a rum lot in all my life.'

"Did you see the old man yourself, Joe?'

"See him, Mr. Herman? I seen a bundle of old bones tied round the middle, with a palmleaf patterned dressing gown, and a flannel nightcap on his head, and I s'posed likely there couldn't be two such outlandish customers going. He was running in and out from the furniture cart like a crazy spider.'

"That will do, Joe. Here is half a crown for you.'

"Thank'ee, sir. Much obliged to you, sir.'

And the stable boy, who belonged to the inn, shambled away, grinning and pulling at the front of his cap, while Herman Franklyn leaned whistling against the pillar of the portico.

So old Miner Molineux has arrived at last, the rich and eccentric relative, on the reversion of whose fortune, real or supposed, he had all his life been building aerial castles. At last—and Herman resolved the next, very next day to call and pay his respects, although the old woman with the hot water did not add to the delights of contemplating this visit.

"If I hadn't heard from his lawyer that he had taken a lease of the Stone House,' mused Mr. Franklyn, "I certainly should have never buried myself in this out-of-the way place awaiting his advent; and if I hadn't thought I could work into his good graces, I never should have taken the trouble to hunt him up. Heigho! Sometimes I think it would be easier to work for money than to inherit it.'

And so the next day Mr. Franklyn called.

Mr. Miner Molineux received him very coolly, sitting among his treasures, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. But Franklyn noticed that he kept one hand on the ring of a padlocked iron box beside him as he talked.

"Well, young man, and what do you want?' he asked, impatiently, when the old woman, who evidently considered that Mr. Franklyn was no subject for the hot water treatment, showed him in.

"To inquire after your health, Cousin Miner,' said the young man smoothly.

"Humph! My health is well enough! Better than you wish it, I dare say!'

"My dear sir——'

"But it will make no difference to you,' acidly went on the old man, still nervously fingering the rings of the iron box. "I don't deny but I have a treasure to leave behind me,'—Herman Franklyn's eyes glistened—"but it will be to those who consult my wishes more than you have done.'

"But, my dear cousin——'

"Words are all very well,' said the old miser, shrugging his shoulders; "but deeds speak the loudest. You know very well my aversion to matrimony—and you go and engage yourself to get married to a girl who hasn't a penny, Eh? Don't you?' in a rising inflection like a bark. "And then, after coolly disregarding all my wishes, you expect me to leave you this—this ——.' Tapping, as he spoke, on the lid of the box.

"But, Cousin Miner, if you wish me, I will certainly adapt myself to your opinions. I did not know that——'

"Stuff and nonsense!' yelled the old man. "What you know of or didn't know is perfectly immaterial with me. Leave me to my books and to my writing. That's all I ask of any man living.'

So Mr. Franklyn went moodily away.

"I must break my engagement,' said he to himself. "That's the first thing. What the second will be depends entirely on fate and fortune.

* * * * * *

Josie Hall was sitting in the farm-house kitchen, peeling potatoes—no very romantic occupation and still one which was to be fulfilled, in spite of all the guitars and worsted work in creation. She was a black-eyed, damask-checked girl, with velvety eye-brows, and a round, red dot of a mouth; and in those dark eyes glistened a light, half-resentful, half-anguished, as she looked straight at Herman Franklyn.

"I understand?' said she "you want to break up the engagement. Now that your rich uncle has come to the neighborhood, I am no longer worthy of you.'

"It isn't that, Josie, believe me,' said Franklyn, twisting himself about, with the red signals of keen mortification blazing on his cheek. "But I think perhaps it would be better for both of us——'

"And I haven't the least doubt of it,' passionately interrupted Josie, with heaving breast and quivering lips. "A thousand times better; for I value the love of no man who can leave me thus. Pray don't waste your time in conjuring up any further excuses. They are quite unnecessary. I wish you a very good morning.'

And she went on peeling her potatoes, while Herman Franklyn crept out of the house, feeling very like a whipped cur.

For a day or two he felt heartily ashamed of himself, but the reward—as at least he esteemed it—came at last.

Mr. Miner Molineux fell ill. Being ill, he was frightened. Being frightened, he was solitary. And consequently he sent for his cousin Franklyn, a thing he never would have done in health.

"You don't think I'm going to die, do you, Herman?' he asked, tremulously.

"Oh, there's no danger at all,' reassured the young man, as the docter had that morning said that the patient's spirits must be kept up at all hazards.

"And you won't leave me.'

"Certainly not, if my presence can be any satisfaction to you,' responded the delighted fortune-seeker.

"But that girl that you're engaged to,' grumbled Mr. Molineux; "she won't like it.'

"Do you think that I could persist in anything contrary to your wishes?' reproachfully asked Herman Franklyn.—"The engagement is broken.'

"Good!' croaked the old man. "Engagements are a humbug in any event.—Engagements to girls that haven't anything are still worse. Cousin Franklyn, you've more sense than I gave you credit for.'

Day by day Miner Molineux grew worse. On the fourth afternoon he sent for a lawyer and made his will. On the fifth he became speechless. On the sixth he died.

"My fortune is made now,' thought Herman, who had listened at the door during the intervew with the lawyer and heard directions given concerning his name with the padlocked iron box, where the key hung round the dead man's neck. And he felt that Josie had been well sacrificed.

* * * * * *

"But you don't mean to say that old Molineux hadn't got anything after all?' said Widow Hall.

"Nothing but a few sticks of furniture, and some rusty coins as no decent shopkeeper would give change for.'

The widow's eyes shone through her spectacle-glasses.

"Lor' o' massy,' said she. "And what was in the iron box as every one had so much to say about—the iron box as was willed to Herman Franklyn?'

"Just the sheets of paper containing a dictionary the old man had been writing all his days. Manuscript the lawyer called it, whatever that may be. He thought it was worth a deal of money—and he spent his all, hunting up old books as nobody but himself ever heard of, and traveling about the country to pick up information.'

"I am glad of it cried Josie, springing up with sparkling eyes. "I never was so glad of anything in my life. He's served right for once.'

Mr. Franklyn called the next day, meek and subdued. If Josie had been a model heroine she would have thrown both her arms around his neck, and vowed that she loved him better than ever. But she was only a human little girl; so she stood up with dignity, and said, "I wonder at your assurance in coming here, after all that has transpired, Mr. Franklyn.'

"But, Josie——'

"There is the door, sir!' said Josie.—"Please to walk out.'

And there was nothing left for it but to "walk out.'

Old Miner Molineux sleeps quietly in the village graveyard, and public rumor has added yet another ghost to the spectral population of the Haunted House—a yellow-visaged old fogy, who wears a wig, and carries in his hand a padlock iron box.

"A Serving King."

"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' saith He whom we call Lord and Master, our King of heavenly majesty and glory. To minister and not to permit himself to be served,—this he declares to be his appropriate vocation on earth. And not only to his true disciples, but even to his bitterest foes; aye, and when they were treading him under their feet. In the night in which he was betrayed, as a slave he washed his disciples feet, Judas not excluded. But that was only an image and symbol of what he had done every hour of his life, outwardly as well as inwardly. But it was also according to his own explanation, a matter of what all his disciples ought to do for one another, yea even for their enemies. For as Jesus was in the world, so also are his disciples. Therefore every true Christian should daily and hourly say to himself: I am in the world that I may serve." Of serving,—the most honorable thing of all, almost all are most ashamed. Every one desires only to rule and enjoy. And this spirit, has created a new difficulty in the social process—a sort of modern world problem in the adjustment of the relations of labor and capital.

But the truth is men of all conditions must learn to regard themselves as servants, else the world cannot stand. A queen who wishes only to rule and not to serve, is not worthy to be entrusted with the care of geese. A bishop who does not take up his office as a service, will not be fit for a door tender in heaven. The Hohenzollerns on Prussia's throne, have become the most honored and mightiest princes on earth, because for the most part, they really governed in the sense, as Frederic II., expressed it, that, "the king is the first servant of the State.' That was a language born wholly of the spirit of Christianity. But Louis XIV., of France, built the scaffold for his successors and the whole house of Bourbon, because the soul of his government was this: "I am the State,' and it is all for my sake. Whoever will not, in his turn, serve those who serve, him will go under, and, as in the small, so in the great!

Verily he has the highest condition on earth, who best serves his fellowmen with what he is and has. Napoleon I., once, in the street very meekly gave way to a heavily laden sack-bearer, and in an earnest tone, said to his surprised attendants, 'Respect the burden!' Yes, if all had felt so, we should now see a very different state of things in this world. Let Christians, then, strive to bring serving on earth to honor again; every one at his post, every one stirring up and using the gifts which God has given him, for the common good.—and indeed, to him who really loves and has really understood his Saviour, to serve, must also be a true pleasure, while it is entirely consistent with that true liberty, which ever flows from the same divine service.'

Pretty or Not.

To be pretty is the object of almost every living woman—even those who lecture upon the impropriety of being so. Beautiful women spend a good deal of thought upon their own charms, and homely women grow homelier through fretting because they are not handsome. Men, at least, when they are young, are very much like women in this respect, though they hide their feelings better.

There is one comfort to the homely ones however. After you come to know people very intimately, you do not know whether they are pretty or not. Their *ways* make an impression on you, but not their noses and ears and mouths. In time the soul expresses itself to you, and it is that which you see. A man who has been married twenty years scarcely knows what his wife looks like. He may declare that he does, and tell that she is a bewitching little blonde, with soft eyes; long after she is fat, and red, and forty, because the image of his early love is in his heart, and he doesn't see her as she is to day, but as she was when he courted her. Or, being an indifferent husband, he may not know she is the fine woman other people think her. You have known men who have married the plainest woman, and think them beauties; and you know beauties who are quite thrown away on men who value a wife for her success as a cook. As far as one's effect upon strangers is to be taken into consideration; beauty is valuable. So, if you have it, rejoice; but if you have it not, be content. Take care of your heart, your soul, and your manners, and you will make for yourself that beauty which will render you lovely to those who are nearest and dearest to you.

Infidels Don't Pray.

In the year 1827, a young man, then studying for the ministry was requested to preach in a town in this State. The meeting was held in the evening at a private house. Knowing that two or three Deists were present, some remarks were made upon the authenticity of God's word. The President of an infidel club arose, and interrupted the speaker, who mildly said to him, "Sit down, and after meeting I will talk with you.' When the services closed, there was hardly time for conversation, and an appointment was made that the parties should meet at the house of a friend on the following morning. At the appointed hour, the President, with several infidel books under his arm, and a large handkerchief full of pamphlets and papers, made his appearance, in company with two members of his club. No sooner were the parties seated, and the large table covered with his religious dissecting knives, than the infidel began with much warmth to pour forth his contempt for the Bible.

"Stop, sir, stop,' said the student. Let us commence right, and then we shall end well. Do you believe there is a God who made all things? a God who has a mind?'

'Yes' I do.'

"Do you believe he created you, feeds, clothes, and watches over you and yours, without any reward?

"Certainly I do.'

"Well sir, that we commence right, please lead in prayer. Ask the God in whom you believe, to direct us to the rejection of that Bible if it is false, and if it is true, receive it. We do not want to be deceived.'

The man hesitated, and said, "I never pray, I do not believe in prayer.'

"Never pray, sir! do you not believe in prayer, when your God has done so much for you? never thank him for his goodness? Have you a father?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Do you never thank him? If you had a child whom you had always blest, would he not thank you when you bestowed upon him some little trinket?'

"I suppose he would.'.

"Well, sir, compare right. Just pray; *pray and thank God.*'

"I can't pray.'

The student then turned to his infidel companions, and asked them to pray, and they both declined. With indiscribable feelings he knelt, and, with great freedom, poured out his whole heart to God. As he finished they all three arose from their seats. The President passed his fingers through his hair, as he gathered up his books, said—

"I think we will talk no more. It will do no good.'

The student waited on them to the door, and in a short time heard that the club had disbanded.—*Louisville, Ky., Herald,* 1851.

A Sanctified Woman.

In a camp-meeting in New York State a woman related her experience in giving up certain articles of ornament and gay attire that she had loved. She said that at first she resolved to wear no more artificial flowers, gay colored ribbons, handsome silks, ear ornaments, nor brooches; but one idol remained. It was her wedding ring. At last she resolved to throw this away too, and when she did it the blessing of sanctification came. The *Methodist* says: "As she stood in the audience, relating the great change that had come over her, she displayed an immense mass of false hair wound upon the back of her head, upon which was mounted a topknot of a hat, neither protection from sun or cold, nor ornamental to behold. She disclosed beneath a half cast-off shawl, a corseted waist, which was reduced to such diminutive proportions as to appear painfully abnormal. She supported paddings, puffings, pannier and pinback, and a dress sadly bedrabbled to a depth of several inches which it dragged upon the ground. As she sat down after her testimony and exhortation to erring sisters to renounce all pomp and glory of the world, she plied her fan and panted very like a ball room belle who had waltzed too long and was dressed too tightly to breathe with ease. When at the close of the meeting the woman walked away she had a parasol, a fan and a hymn book to hold in one hand, and the other was employed in gathering and holding the front breadth of her skirts high enough to step, while the limit of her mincing gait was determined by her contracted pinback and stilted boot heels. And away she went, sanctified woman."

Marrying for Money.

The Rev. George C. Baldwin very truthfully says: "Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compell their daughters to marry for station or money commit a grevious sin against humanity and God. And a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all the glitterings of heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart-wretchedness, that her life will be one of gilded misery, and her old age will be a crag on the black side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunder roar, and through the sweeping storm shall be heard the stern voice of the great God saying: "Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat your flesh as though it were fire."

Mysteries.

BY REV. A. B. JACK.

If there are mysteries in the Word of God, there are just as many in the Works of God. You cannot put your foot upon a single spot of earth without crushing a mystery. You cannot gaze upon nature for an instant without beholding a mystery.—There are mysteries hidden within the bark of every tree. There are mysteries rolled up in every flower-cup. What gleams of light, what blazing flames in dull black coals! How much light is there, how much heat is there, if you can but evoke it! And ignorance stands astonished to be told that there is in every glass of water as much deadly lightning, that if evoked in the flash and form of the thunder storm would kill half a dozen men. And in yon path of science where the philosopher plies his instruments, there is a curtain he cannot lift, and from behind there comes a voice which says, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

Then consider, for a little, the case of the lower animals? Why do we call them the lower animals? Because we believe them to belong to an inferior creation and to have no reasonable soul. Yet, although believing that, what do we see? Why, we see these very low animals, that have no reasonable soul, accomplishing works which done by man would be pronounced the highest effort of genius. There is a man beneath the deck, and he sees nothing but the four walls and nothing but the abyss before him. And there are no stars in heaven and no headlands on earth to guide him. That man steers his way across the broad Atlantic right into the mouth of a harbor in yon far distant Old World. What an effort of science and reason you say. But above that vessel's topmast a flight of birds are on the wing, and beneath that vessel's keel a shoal of fish are cutting the deep with their fins.—They have no compass or chart. Yet through the very depths of ocean, the birds above and the fish below, steer on their course back to the very place where they were born. There is an instinct in these animals that man's boasted navigation can offer no match to. It is no explanation to call it instinct. That is merely a name given to this mystery to conceal our ignorance of it. We only know the fact that that is an inferior animal, but although inferior in nature, superior in action. We believe, but we cannot explain; we receive but we cannot understand.

A Sunny Temper.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments; one whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; the husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she litterally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

HOW DON CAMERON GOT HIS START IN LIFE.—In 1861 and 1862 I employed every dollar I had in the world, together with a great deal of money belonging to other people, manufacturing pig iron. I kept the furnace in operation as long as I could borrow money to run it. The result was that I piled up 7,000 tons of iron, at a cost of $11.50 per ton. This immense pile of iron was the subject of much tribulation. There it lay for months, and there was no indication of an advance in price. I would occasionally go and look at it, and become heart sick at the gloomy prospects of getting my money back. At length pig iron started upward; at first it advanced to $30 per ton, at which figure I sold but a small quantity. Then it reached $50, $70, and finally $80 per ton, and when I had closed out that 7,000 tons, I found that I had realized an average profit of about $40 per ton. This was the first money I ever made.

Now, then, for a personal question: How is it with your own spiritual experience? Is it all satisfactory? Never mind others! how is it with yourself? Have you made that growth in the Christian life which you ought to have made? At the hour of your conversion you gave a glorious promise of a saintly life; has the life fulfilled that promise? You are not a hypocrite—far from it—nor a positive backslider; but you do feel much dissatisfied with yourself. In quiet moments of meditation and prayer you feel humbled as in the dust at the thought of what you are and what you might have been. "God forgive me!' you cry, "and help me to redeem the present and make it better far than the past has been!" Oh, well you know that there is for you a higher life, Seek it, possess it, and enjoy it ever.

WHEN a wife remonstrated with her husband for staying out late at night, he retorted: You got me in the way of it.—Before we were married you used to throw your arms about my neck at three o'clock, and say, "Don't go, darling; it is early," but now, if I happen to stay out till two, it is a terrible affair."