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6 45	10 45	Oxford,	3 35	7 15
6 54	11 03	Trappe,	3 29	7 08
7 09	11 33	Easton,	2 54	6 52
7 23	11 56	Chapel,	2 24	6 38
7 32	12 10	Cordova,	2 13	6 31
7 43	12 33	Queen Anne,	1 55	6 20
7 54	1 00	Ridgely,	1 35	6 10
8 05	1 25	Greensborough,	1 15	5 59
8 14	1 43	Goldsborough,	12 45	5 49
8 20	1 58	Henderson,	12 31	5 42
8 26	2 21	Marydel,	12 17	5 35
8 33	2 37	Slaughters,	11 57	5 27
8 25	2 47	Hartley,	11 53	5 25
8 46	3 17	Kenton,	11 33	5 15
8 55	3 45	Clayton,	11 10	5 05
A M	P M		A M	P M

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He Will Come.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

He will come, perhaps, at morning,
When to simply live is sweet;
When the arm is strong, unwearied
By the noonday toil and heat;
When the undimmed eye looks tearless
Up the shining heights of life,
And the eager soul is panting,
Yearning for some noble strife.

He will come, perhaps, at noontide,
When the pulse of life throbs high,
When the fruits of toil are ripening,
And the harvest time is nigh,
Then through all the full orbed splendor
Of the sun's meridian blaze,
There may shine the strange, new beauty
Of the Lord's transfigured face.

It may be in the evening—
Grave and sombre is the sky;
Clouds around the sunset gather,
Far the dark and shadows lie,
When we long for rest and slumber,
And some tender thoughts of home
Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning,
Then, perhaps, the Lord will come.

If He only finds us ready
In the morning's happy light,
In the strong and fiery noontide,
Or the coming of the night—
If He only finds us waiting,
Lestening for his sudden call,
Then His coming when we think not
Is the sweetest hope of all.

BAYARD'S FAMOUS DOVER SPEECH.

It Favored Peace, and a Conciliatory Policy—Treasured Republican Campaign Ammunition Destroyed.

The New York Sun recently reprinted the famous speech of Senator Bayard delivered in the early days of the war, and assured its readers of its correctness. It is as follows:

My Fellow Countrymen: By no narrow party name, in no narrow partisan spirit, do I address you, but as an assemblage of American freemen do I congratulate you upon our meeting of this day. Important as are the issues we are met to consider, one result is accomplished most gratifying to all fair-minded men, which I cannot pass by without notice. I mean the right of meeting unrestrained, and of free, unrestricted discussion by freemen of their government and the policy and measures of those into whose hands it has temporarily been intrusted. It is well known to us all that a reign of terror was sought to be inaugurated in this State as it has been throughout the North, and for this purpose troops, not of our State, were encamped upon our peaceful soil at the instance of these politician among us, whose insolence and oppression are limited only by their fear and their ability to do mischief.

To-day we stand here in the spirit of freemen to vindicate our privilege and perform our duty as citizens, despite the reiterated threats of a profligate and lawless press in neighboring cities upon the north, echoed by papers in this State equally shameless and corrupt. It is known to us all that personal intimidation has been applied to each man present to deter him from coming here to-day. That many worthy but timid men have been affected by such miserable means is not to be denied, but the best answer to these hounds of the mob who sought to prevent a lawful meeting, called in the sacred name of our country's peace, is the assemblage now before me. Never in this State has it been exceeded in numbers and respectability. We have, it is true, no high judicial officer to leave the bench and take part in the excited scenes of of politics; we have no delegation of persons from the city of Philadelphia, but we have the substantial citizens of Delaware, with as great a stake in her fair name and prosperity as any others in her borders.

In times of danger and distress like the present, the country needs most the intelligent aid of her best citizens, and now, if ever, should they give her the best efforts of their hands and hearts; undeterred by the wild passions and frenzied violence which have swept over the Northern States like a whirlwind. The question for every good man now to ask is: "My country, what can I do to restore your peace and happiness?" The past and its lessons should not be lost upon us; but to inquire now into the original cause or causes of our troubles would not be within the scope of these remarks nor useful at present. The practical question before us forbids mere speculation; it stares us in the face—a hard, stern fact.

Eleven States have withdrawn from the Federal Union with solemn and deliberate action and have united under a new government. They have made their declaration of independence of the government under which we live and express their determination to maintain it at every cost. With this secession, or revolution, or rebellion, or by whatever name it may be called, the State of Delaware has had naught to do. To our constitutional duties toward each and every member of the Union we have been faithful in all times. Never, never has a thought, a word, an act of ours been unfaithful to the Union of our fathers—in letter and in spirit it has been faithfully kept by us. But the stern fact is still before us and but two alternatives present themselves. Shall we make war upon and subjugate this new confederacy, or shall we peacefully treat with them and consent to their self-government, trusting to time, which is the great healer of all wrongs and passions, to bring them again voluntarily into a common government with us?

Take the proposition of war—of horrid civil war, my countrymen. Grant to the Northern arms complete success. Suppose that every Southern city be reduced to ghastly ruin, every peaceful Southern home desolated, and every Southern man slain or made captive. This is the evident completest realization of that dream of conquest so horribly satisfactory to those minds who control the Northern press. But what then? Will a Union with slaves and the possession of a desert satisfy you? You do not and cannot expect love and aid in times of your necessity from those States you have so cruelly subdued. It is too plain, therefore, that your success in such a war would be the most fatal injury to yourselves.

And is such a war necessary for the peace and happiness of the United States? For half a century we have lived at peace with Great Britain, with her Canadian possessions upon our northern border. Upon the South, Mexico holds her government with no threats of trouble to us or our citizens. Why, then, may not two American confederacies exist side by side without conflict, each emulating the other in the progress of civilization? The co-terminous kingdoms of Europe offer many examples of similar peace and prosperity. With such a sickening alternative as civil war, why should not the experiment at least be made? It is this question we are to pass upon to-day.

I believe with the late Senator Douglass, who has before been quoted to-day, that "a war is disunion, certain, final, inevitable," and so believing, I oppose it. I believe solemnly that the war inaugurated by Abraham Lincoln and his cabinet is worse than fruitless—that it will prove more disastrous to the North than to the South, and never will accomplish its professed objects. Already it has driven out of our Union four States, while others stand in doubt. When I take up the public papers and see the markets of the world disordered and depressed by the mere apprehensions of this war, when I turn to our own business circles and see men of wealth reduced to poverty, our merchants bankrupted, our mechanics and laboring men threatened with absolute starvation, I would fain hide my face in grief. But confronting this wide scene of human distress I sadly seek to find relief from it. If war, or the mere prospect of it, has in three short months worked all this distress, what an increase of trouble are we to anticipate should it proceed in all its detail of oppressive taxation, destruction, demoralization and sorrow! Human governments were ordained for the happiness and protection of society. If peace will restore and secure these blessings to the people of the United States, even though a number of their former associates have gone off under a new and independent organization, in the name of heaven let us raise our voice for it. Shall this earnest cry for peace be stifled at the bidding of a host of fanatical and cowardly editors, aided by an army of greedy contractors and public leeches, stimulating an ignorant mob to denounce and attack us as traitors and secessionists? We know it shall not, and this day do we proclaim our duty to our country and our intention to perform it.

The cabinet of Abraham Lincoln have affected to treat all the seceded States as still members of the Union. If so, surely they are entitled to all those privileges which the constitution gives them, while they are also subject to its penalties. Yet war in all its forms, by land and sea, with all its severities, has been levied against these States, and the forms and most positive limits of the constitution, which is the supreme law of this land to the President and cabinet as the humblest private citizen, have been steadily and contemptuously disregarded in its prosecution. The act of war is a solemn act at any time; in a war against our brethren of the South it is surely tenfold so. By the express terms of the Constitution, the right to declare war is delegated to Congress. The President has no such power. But he has, without even the forms of submission to Congress, in palpable violation of the charter of government, which is his guide as it is ours, summoned a gigantic army, and that, too, for an extended time exceeding the term limited by the constitution for the appropriation to support armed forces. The question of peace or war, I say, was never reposed in any President or cabinet. Congress alone posesses the power to declare war, and in the present case I protest that our people have never been allowed any opportunity to vote and express their wishes on this momentous and terrible issue. Had it been given them last winter I believe our beloved Union would this day have been firmly knit by the bonds of good will and good faith which originally formed it and alone can preserve it. But the infractions of the constitution by those officials into whose hands the reins of government have passed have not ended here. The invasions of personal liberty in our sister State of Maryland have been such as to justly alarm and almost dishearten those who believed that our free institutions were not mere forms to be blotted out at the caprice or tyranny of those who are our temporary rulers.

The seizure of telegraphic messages, the invasion of the privacy of the mails, the arrest and imprisonment without judicial process of citizens, have followed each other in startling succession. These acts are simply usurpations, not only without color of law, but against express rights. You and I are citizens of Delaware. To her laws and government we owe allegiance. Through our State we owe allegiance to the Federal government, of which she is a member. But as State officials can command us to no duty unknown to State laws, neither can a Federal officer claim any authority over us in matters not within his constitutional and legal control. A palpable infraction of our written charter of government by our rulers justifies disobedience on the part of a citizen as much as lawful orders are entitled to loyal compliance.

And, fellow citizens, never in our nation's history were her citizens called upon more strictly to call their agents to account than now. The so-called "military necessities" are beguiling and dangerous in the extreme. The conquest of the South will be a poor recompense to the North if our system of government be the price we are to pay for it. Obedience and good faith toward a government which protects him is the primary duty of a good citizen; but where that government is one of limited powers, and those limitations created for the preservation of individual liberty against the aggressions of rulers or majorities, let us take heed lest in seeking to place a yoke upon others we a wake to find one upon our own necks. Who can say, with present war measures of the administration and the spectacle of Maryland before us, how long a trace of constitutional liberty will remain for the other States in the Union, and how soon a stern military despotism may usurp the place of the constitution and the laws? Let us as freemen stand prepared in all lawful ways to resist the inauguration of such a degrading condition of affairs, no matter how plausible or specious may be the plea under which it is urged. Let no man believe that he may ever safely violate a great principal. The poisoned chalice will some day be commended to his own lips. And if we to-day pass lightly over the outrage upon the rights of John Merryman we may to-morrow mourn in our own persons of similar wrongs to his. If he has trangressed the laws, let them be fully vindicated. But it has been our boast that the humblest person, nay, the meanest felon, has civil rights preceding his punishment which no ruler can justly deprive him of. Let us stand by the laws. The matter, in conclusion, I ask you to hear and carefully consider.

A gentleman from Newcastle county, who has been your United States Senator for more than ten years past, I have the honor to call my father. If there be one thing he has tried fully and fairly to do, it has been to represent the people of this State. And you will do him the justsce to say he never deceived you, nor ever will. His worst foe will agree to that. The present issues which distract our country were not in existence when he was chosen as your representative, and of late, as you are aware, having taken decided ground upon them, he has been called upon by many and loud to resign his seat in the Senate. The motives of those who have been most prominent in such request are of little moment, although their disguise is in many cases but flimsy. To a just man, however, a sense of good faith and self-respect would prevent his remaining at any time in a false position. If, therefore, he professes to represent a people, it must be in fact, not in name only. The Legislature now in existence were not elected with present issues, nor can they claim to represent public sentiment in regard to them. The proposition of Mr. Bayard, then, is that the Legislature shall resign their seats, and he will then resign his seat in the Senate. The Governor, under the provisions of the constitution, can call a special election to fill the vacancies in the Legislature, and at an extra session in the next month the public sense can be fairly taken and the will of the majority expressed. If it be then found that the people of Delaware are in favor of carrying on this war against the Southern States, they will elect such a Legislature as will send a proper man to the Senate to carry out such a policy and sustain the present administration. If not, they may elect whom they see fit, to lend his powers to restore peace to our land.

Let us, fellow men, follow peace as our bright north star, whose radiance may be mild, but never delusive or uncertain, while in the calamities of war, and in that worst of wars, a civil war, we shall only reach by sheer exhaustion the peace we can now command in ten days by treaty.

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

"That old saying, 'I feel like a cat in a strange garret,' describes my situation, exactly," and Miss Janet Moseby took off her best bonnet—a funereal one of black crape and lustreless ribbon—and cast it recklessly upon the dazzling red and green bedspread.

"Open that window, child," she went on, hastily. "I shall die in this stuffy little room if you don't! There—that's right--throw the shutters wide!"

Miss Moseby's niece, a dark-eyed, dark-haired young girl, obeyed; then turning to face her aunt, smiled and said:

"Why, I don't dislike the place, Aunt Janet; see what a lovely view we have," and she half turned toward the window again.

"View!" cried Miss Moseby, not deigning to look; "yes, I've no doubt—that's about all, I guess. Just look at this furniture, Rosetta! Old-fashioned, dilapidated stuff! And see that bed-spread—red and green! It really makes me quite sick—we shall have to turn it wrong side out."

Rosetta laughed softly.

"Hush, aunt," she said; "they will hear you down stairs."

But Miss Moseby cared very little. "This is a fine rocking-chair—isn't it?" she continued with sneering sarcasm, and leaning back in the only rocker, which was very shaky, and came near landing the irate maiden lady on the floor.

Again Rosetta laughed—a little less softly this time.

"Never mind," she said, when her aunt had fairly recovered herself; "I like it here, nevertheless. The air is very fresh and pure, and, as I said before, the view is lovely."

She went back to the window as she spoke, and stood looking out for some little time.

Before her stretched fields of yellowing grain and green, shining corn; a winding country road, bordered on either side by daisies and pink, sweet clover, led away to low, wooded hills in the distance.

Behind these dim, blue hills the sun was going down red and shining. Every moment the air was growing cooler and sweeter.

In the grass-grown garden, near by, some chickens were cackling.

Rosetta enjoyed these country sounds.

"I hope that means fried chicken for supper," observed Aunt Moseby, hearing the clatter, and following her niece to the window.

"I can hardly realize that I am in Maryland—South at last!" Rosetta exclaimed presently.

"I should think you might," Miss Moseby said, dryly. "I realize it every time I look about me. "Oh, for my own comfortable home! Child, why did you ever drag me away from it?"

"I tell you I like it here, Aunt Janet, already. Please do not spoil my enjoyment. I like this quaint, old furniture—this low-ceiled, white-washed room. The high, black mantel I delight in—it is picturesque! I shall fill that queer-looking green vase with some daisies and grasses, and you will say how pretty it is!"

For answer Miss Moseby simply shook her head, and then proceeded to bathe her faded features in the cracked stone-china basin, and to smooth her thin, faded hair before the small, blurred glass.

Rosetta looked wonderfully fresh, and unlike having traveled in her pretty blue flannel dress, so she only changed her linen collar and cuffs, and rearranged her almost invisible "bang net" over the brown ring on her forehead. Shortly after, a tin pan was loudly beaten for supper, and Mrs. Moseby and her niece descended the winding stairs and found their way to another low, whitewashed room, into which the sunset streamed through the two western windows, lighting up the snowy, bountifully-spread table.

Miss Moseby had always contended that nothing south of Mason and Dixon's line was good for anything; but, somehow, she managed to eat a wing or two of the nut-brown fried chicken, and sip a little of the rich, yellow cream off her glass of milk.

At the Maryland beaten-biscuit she sniffed slightly, and the corn pone was set aside with decision.

"Fortunately, she told her niece after the meal, "there was something I could make up on. The waffles were not bad, and the gingerbread really good."

"And I was delighted with everything," Rosetta cried, with the enthusiasm of youth, "even with that old Mr. Fendyke, whom Mrs. Vick introduced to us. He has a kind, good face, and such funny eyes, as though he were laughing at somebody or something all the time!"

"I see nothing for him to laugh at," observed Miss Moseby; "and as to his being old, he is quite ten years younger than I am, so I hardly think we will call him old, my dear, if you please."

Rosetta gave a gay little laugh.

"Well, anyway, his hair is growing gray, Aunt Janet; but then, that may not be from age; so, as you say, we will not call him old."

And then the young girl ran down the front steps into the garden and buried her face in a bed of sweet pinks.

Mr. Fendyke came and stood in in the doorway with his pipe, and puffed little clouds of bluish white smoke unconsciously toward Miss Moseby, who sat out of sight on the porch.

He watched Rosetta quite intently. He liked her fresh, young face, with its bright, healthful coloring and soft curves.

There was a good deal in it besides mere beauty. The dark eyes showed plenty of determination, and the pretty, smiling mouth was far from being weak.

Although a bachelor of thirty-eight, Robert Fenwick had never been in love, but that did not follow he never would be. Perhaps when he did love it would be with that much more intensity. His heart had not been frittered away in little pieces, and when he would give it up it would be entire and whole.

Rosetta looked up from the bed of pinks to smile back at her aunt and saw Mr. Fendyke in the doorway. He returned her smile, not knowing it was intended for Miss Moseby.

"You are fond of flowers?" he said.

"Very; and these pinks are just like those we have in the garden at home," the young girl said.

"Do you not think you may grow homesick here?" Robert Fendyke went on; "it is quite lonely at times. You will be glad even to hear the train whistle away in the distance."

"No, I don't think so. I like the country," Rosetta said, walking toward him, a few ragged pinks held in her hand, loosely; "and I like this house," glancing up at the red brick mansion, with it windows of tiny panes of leaded glass and tall chimneys.

"I like it," he said; "I come here every summer now. It rests me after the city."

"How did you hear of it—find it out in the first place?" the young girl asked.

She was standing on the porch near him now. Miss Moseby had fallen into a little tired doze, after her journey, in the corner.

"Through an advertisement in the paper. It was quite a modest little advertisement, something like this: 'A quiet country home for summer boarders. Healthy and cool,' if I remember rightly; but it took my fancy, and I came, and I have found it a home in every sense of the word—more of a home than I have ever known in my life," Robert Fendyke added, with unconscious emphasis.

Rosetta looked at him quickly. She had always known a very happy home—she felt sorry for any one who had not.

But she simply said, "We came here through friends, who had once spent a summer here. I had never been South, so I urged aunt to bring me."

"I do not think you will regret coming," remarked Mr. Fendyke.

"No, I am sure I shall not," returned the young girl, and then Miss Moseby stirred in her chair, and her niece wakened her, as the dew was falling, and they went into the house together.

Robert Fendyke finished his pipe by himself under the stars; but, somehow, the still old place did not seem so lonely that night.

* * * * * *

Another starlight evening—several weeks later.

Mr. Fendyke and Miss Moseby's niece are walking together in tne old garden, in the shadow of the tall, gaunt poplars.

"I feel guilty to be away from Aunt Janet even for a moment," says Rosetta, glancing as she speaks toward a room window where shines a dim light.

"You need a little rest," Robert Fenwick tells her. "You have not left her before to-day—besides, she is much better to-night, is she not?

"Yes, much better," and the girl gives a sigh of relief. "I have been quite anxious these last few days," she adds.

"Miss Moseby will ever blame Maryland for this attack of malaria, remarks Fendyke, smiling.

"I fear she will, says Rosetta, also smiling. "But I think she was ailing before we left home. She probably would have had the same illness there."

"Undoubtedly. This is as healthy a place, I think, as one could find. You have learned to like it, have you not, almost as well as I?" he adds, turning toward her.

"I have been very happy here," Rosetta says, simply.

She stoops and picks a bit of boxwood off the shrub as she passes.

"When your aunt fully recovers I suppose you will go away?" Robert Fendyke continues. "Your aunt will never remain here a day longer than she can help—will she?" half smiling again.

"No; I am afraid not."

"Do you think you will come back next summer?" Fendyke asks, also plucking a piece of boxwood, and twirling it in his hand.

"I hardly think so. I cannot come alone, and I do not believe Aunt Janet will ever bring me South again."

"Then I am not to see you any more?"

Robert Fendyke suddenly stands still in the weed-grown walk, his voice and face quite grave.

"Oh—I hope so—why not?" the young girl answers, quickly, but disjointedly.

She is picking the box-wood to pieces, and scattering it upon the ground.

"Rosetta!"

How strange her name sounds to them both!

"Rosetta, could you not be persuaded to stay South—to never go back North—to make Maryland your home forever? You know what I mean—you are not blind, child. You must have seen for some time that I loved you. Do you think you would be content to live here with me? I been fool enough sometimes to think you would. Rosetta! Ah, if you would, child,"—suddenly smiling down upon her, his face all aglow—"I would try to make you so very happy! I would build you the prettiest home among these hills! You should have your flowers and everything you might wish—we would be as happy as two children together! Will you stay with me, Rosetta—will you?"

He caught her hand eagerly, and held it tightly within his own. The love he had never felt before had taken full possession of him now.

He longed, yet dreaded, to hear her answer.

It was not long in coming. Only a few moments' hesitation; then the young girl looked bravely up at him. Her voice was quite unsteady, but she said: "Yes; I will stay with you." Then hid her face on his arm.

Robert Fendyke bent and kissed her.

"And we will live forever in 'Maryland, My Maryland," he said, tenderly, quoting the words of the old song, "for it was here that I met you, dearest."

To say Miss Janet Moseby was surprised and disgusted when she regained her usual health and learned all does not express it in the least.

She has never ceased to regret that she ever crossed Mason and Dixon's line.

An inquirer wants to know who is the author of "Sweet Violets," and we are glad we don't know, because if we did we might do him violence. —Merchant Traveler.

Cain is said to have made the first base hit on record.—Boston Post.—You evidently refer to the occasion when he brought Abel's career to a short stop.

Boston is more than ever enthusiastic since her distinguished absent citizen, Prof. John L. Sullivan, said with a deep, nostalgic sigh, "There's no place like Boston!"

The "Index" man sometimes goes to church, though not without getting into some little trouble as the following shows: "We admire painted churches and varnished pews, but when in warm weather we attend upon the sanctuary we very much dislike for anything to detract from our devotional frame of mind. When we rise to participate in the vocal refrain, and become painfully aware that the entire pew is gradually but surely following us up as we assume an upright position, the emotions engendered in our devout mind are far from peaceful and serene, and our hasty calculations as to how much noise the pew will make when it drops back into its proper place somewhat interfere with our amen-corner feelings of devotion."

No Grease for Him.

"When Greece her knees—Greece her knees—Greece her knees," stammered an embarrassed schoolboy, forgetting the next line of his recitation. "There is no occasion to grease anybody's knees," shouted the teacher. "Go and study your piece." Neither is there any occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is the dressing you want. Restores the original color and gloss to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linen not dye; good for the scalp; prevent hair falling out.

For Chills and Fevers, Biliousness, Headache, &c., take J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters. 25c. a paper, $1 a bottle. 6-21-2w

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