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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

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GRAIN AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL. POULTRY.
T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHT'S,
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For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
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☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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

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, Irwin's—price $1 at
jan25-tf. G. G. STEVENS.

KELLER'S
VEGETABLE
LIFE
TRADE MARK
DROPS
Why we become Sick
Aside from hereditary pre-disposition to many diseases, there are four prominent causes of much of human disease, and these are: Impure air, which causes poisoning of the Blood and Pulmonary diseases; unhealthy water, which is a great source of Typhoid and kindred fevers; improper food, which is the cause of Stomachic and Intestinal derangement; and sudden changes of climate and temperature, which induce congestive disorders. Thus, the absolute essentials of life are often charged with the principles and poisoned with the germs of disease and death. Whenever the proportional principles of the Blood become disturbed from any of the causes named, impoverishment or poisoning of this fluid follows; if the digestive organs act abnormally, Dyspepsia and its distressing effects manifest themselves; any cause that tends to excite the unusual action of the Liver is certain to produce Bilious diseases; and whenever there is a torpitude or sluggishness of the bowels—Constipation, with its host of attendant evils, establishes itself.
From these universally accepted truths it becomes comparatively easy to explain Why We Become Sick. By neglecting the laws of nature, and eating unsuitable food, or eating wholesome food in an improper manner; by abundant drinking at meals, by many other improprieties of eating and drinking, and particularly by that one health-destroying habit peculiar to the American people—rapid eating—Indigestion or Dyspepsia is established with all of its distressing consequences; immediately the Blood lowers its standard and begins to deposit its impurities in the weakest parts of the system, causing all manner of discomfort and diseases according to the degree of impurity and the point of deposit. The great organs become involved; the Brain feels the bad influence; the Liver, the Spleen, the Heart, the Lungs, the Kidneys, the Skin—all are affected, and unless the impurity be removed, the whole volume of the Blood will become so poisoned that existence will be impossible.
How to Cure Sickness
Nature's method of purification and consequent cure is founded on the rational principle of judicious purgation; and when it is considered that the best physicians pursue the practice of attention to the stomach and bowels as preliminary (and often the only) treatment of disease, it is not difficult to perceive that a remedy possessing all the requisites of a purgative and alterative, in addition to other and valuable remedial influence, must obtain for itself more than ordinary consideration and favor. Our remedy combines every quality required for the treatment of disease on the above-named rational principle. It is a pleasant Cathartic, active or gentle, according to the dose; it is a Blood purifier, toning and enriching this fluid by its alterative property; its action on the Liver is soothing and certain, promoting the Biliary secretions; it is a safe and reliable Emmenagogue, acting specifically upon the uterine system; it affords the greatest attainable relief in Dyspepsia, and cures whenever used as directed; and in conjunction with hygienic means is the best preventive of Constipation that can be suggested.
From the above it would then appear that the simplest method to cure sickness is that one which combines judicious purgation with physical sustenance, and the observance of hygienic measures; the head should be kept cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open; and when treating diseases on the principles exhibited in the manual referred to below (which every one should read) the strength should be sustained by nourishing (not stimulating) food of the kind adapted to the complaint while the remedy is removing the disease.
To Prevent Sickness.
The pronounced opinions of the ablest Therapeutists indicate that most diseases are the direct result of vitiated Blood; and as their successful treatment of disease is founded on the principle and practice of eliminating this blood poison by judicious purgation, so this same principle, by reasonable adaptation to any case, is the surest means to prevent disease.
Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are an absolute preventive of diseases caused by impurity of the Blood, of Liver diseases, of diseases of the Stomach, Intestines, etc. Its corrective influence will prevent or shorten attacks of Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Nervous Debility, Uterine disorders, Fever and Ague and all that numerous class of diseases induced by malarial poison. To prevent disease, then, purify the blood if needed by using a reliable alterative and purgative; this, conjoined with the observance of hygienic directions, will establish a condition of body in which health will be the rule and disease the exception. A careful perusal of the "Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine," will fully illustrate the subject of which the above is a mere outline, and will clearly indicate the method of using Keller's Vegetable Life Drops. To be had at Drug Stores or sent to any address on receipt of 3 cent stamp, by W. L. KELLER, Chemist, Baltimore

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

Poetry

BABY-LAND.

How many miles to the Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream, and wake, and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow,
Jolly time have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby-land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

FACE TO FACE.

THE STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Her long golden hair, waving back from her white forehead, was wreathed with jewels; her robe of snowy silk swept the balcony in heavy folds, gleaming through the meshes of the priceless lace which draped her slender form. One pearl-white hand, drooping over the carved railing, held listlessly a fragrant white lily, and her large dark eyes rested mournfully upon the fair garden below, with its marble statues lying asleep beneath the calm eye of heaven. Within the princely mansion a broad glare of light, the intoxicating strains of music, the breath of countless flowers and the fair forms gliding through the dance proclaimed the revelry that reigned. But she, the fair young hostess, she alone of them all, had crept away for a brief space and stood wrapped in blissful forgetfulness. "She could forget!" I groaned in bitter agony, as I slunk like a criminal behind a clump of shrubbery and watched her with my soul in my eyes.—But I—outside of the fair scene, shut out from my Eden before whose shining gates with the wrathful anger did indeed hold a flaming sword—I was doomed to walk, apart from happiness, forgotten and alone! Yet I was conscious of a thrill of exultation; for I marked the sadness which rested on her features, that spoke to me of regret, and, although regrets were useless, I was selfish enough to be glad.

When last I had stood face to face with this woman we had loved each other; but now that I again beheld her, it was as though the grave lay between her face and mine. Yet we had loved each other, and we had been very happy; though it was all passed, it was worth remembering, and, with some hearts, happiness is always in the past tense.

It had been so hard to bear! And I, with the fires of youth burning strong within my breast, had found life so bleak and hopeless. I had loved her so! I had freighted that one ship with all the hope and all the light of my life, and it had gone down in stormy waters. It was an old story, old as age and trite as time, the utter hopelessness and folly of a love which, though strong and pure, had only itself opposed to wealth and influence.—And so I was forgotten, and she had yielded to the swaying of stronger wills, and had become the wife of the old man, whose wealth had bought her. Standing there, hidden from observation by the huge trees which clustered upon the lawn and waved their branches like ghostly arms in the cool evening breeze, I watched Eve Arlington. I had come miles to gaze upon her face for one long, mute farewell.

And so, looking unsuspected upon her, I saw the fair head droop upon her clasped hands, and then the red lips quivered as they murmured half aloud:

"Oh, Earle! Earle!"

It was just one wild moan, such as a child might make in the dark and gloom of night, suddenly awakening to fear, and putting forth weak strength to grope through the darkness for some guiding hand. But my heart leaped in my breast like a mad thing with one wild, glad thrill of ecstacy, for it was my name that had fallen from the proud, scarlet lips; and despite all the past, and the dark cloud which hung over us, impenetrable, and the gulf which yawned between us impassable, I knew that she remembered, aye, and loved me still.

"Eve!"

I could not help it! It was a weak, unmanly, if you will, but I had no power to resist the intense, longing desire which rushed over my heart, sweeping away all barriers, the desire to look into her eyes, and hear her speak once more.

With a low cry of surprise she turned her beautiful face toward mine. Framed in with the lilies and their broad, green leaves, it was like a snow wreath.

"Earle!" she cried like one in a dream, "is it you?"

For one moment I gazed up into the clear eyes bent upon my own, then a voice from within broke the spell, a harsh voice calling her name—her new name—how I hated it! She clenched her hands together with a quick, sudden gusture of despair and turned away. I caught a glimpse of the gray head and wrinkled face of a man whose property she was—whose name she bore—as he led her within; then a great darkness fell over my heart, and bowing my head, the bitter tears welled into my burning eyes. Something fluttered from the balcony and fell at my feet. Only the lily that had dropped from her hand, withered and scred now—like my hopes. I raised and placed it, reverently, in my breast. I have it still.

The next night I sat by my open window, with a cigar between my lips, watching the stars come out, one by one, and glittering in the blue dome above me. My thoughts were with her, in her princely home. To-morrow I would leave this spot—I ought never to have come—and now that I had seen her, I must go away, and look upon her face no more. Never any more! It was terrible!

I could not rest. In that secluded country place—the outskirts of a large mining district—nobody was stirring; and I strolled slowly along, in an aimless fashion, until at last I found myself nearing the mines, some two miles distant. Here there were some unused shafts, deserted long ago; to a stranger, this was dangerous ground to tread—and, remembering their proximity, I turned to go back. At that moment I became aware of a footstep close behind me and moving rapidly in my direction.—I paused and glanced around; the bright starlight revealed clearly the form and features of the old man who had robbed me of all that made life sweet. I felt my breath come quick and fast, and my heart throb wildly, as I recognized my enemy.—He came nearer, nearer—directly upon me where, standing still and very calm, I awaited his approach. The starlight glinted on his gray hair; he took off his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Mr. Rivers—I presume?" he queried, stiffly.

"I called upon you at your hotel,' continued the old man, "for the purpose of requesting a few words with you. Perhaps it is as well to say what I have to say out here, away from prying eyes and ears.'

Again I bowed. I would not assist his slow oratorical efforts.

"I saw and overheard you last night,' he went on, harshly, with his disagreeable face turned full upon me, and his wicked eyes gleaming angrily in the starlight; "I—you know all that I would say. I want you to understand that the next time you are caught sneaking about my house, to obtain stolen interviews with my wife, I shall shoot you down like a dog. Or, worse still, I will order my servants to expel you from the gates, in public and open disgrace. Do you hear?'

I stood calmly—not trusting my voice to break the silence—opposing a cool, unmoved front to his angry blustering. I wanted to spring upon him, and seize him by the throat and strangle the life out of his miserable body; but something—I cannot understand it, or explain—restrained me; and still, without a word, I stood, and listened.

"Do you understand?" he shrieked, in uncontrollable rage, his cane uplifted, as though he would strike, had he possessed sufficient courage. But coolly as though he were a little dog snapping at my heels, I turned, lighting a cigar as I did so, and walked leisurely on. One thing certain, he should not provoke me to quarrel. I felt a conviction that if I once laid my hands on him I should not let him go until a dreadful deed was done.

In a tumult of unrestrained fury he dashed madly after me. He was old and nearly blind—he did not see the direction that he took; his foot slipped, and he was precipitated with a cry that fell like a weight upon my ears, down, down the unused shaft, which, covered with dirt and debris, lay unsuspected at our very feet.

For a moment I stood with clasped hands and bated breath. God forgive me for the temptation that assailed me then, and crept like a slimy serpent over my heart. I could not save him alone; I had only to walk away, and—I pushed the horrible thought back, as though it were a fiend; I fought the dreadful impulse from me; and darting off a break-neck speed, I rushed wildly back towards the village, whose lights gleamed faintly in the distance. On, on, like a madman, I ran, until at last the goal was gained. Arrived at the nearest house, the inmates were soon aroused; and armed with ropes and lanterns we speedily set forth.

"What if we should be too late?'

We reached the spot at last; and stooping down to the aperature, I shouted the old man's name. A faint groan answered me. Alive still, thank God! Yes, at that moment, I did thank God!

They drew him forth at last; not dead—though very weak, and severely injured; then they bore him away to his lordly home, and left him with her.

The next morning, true to my resolve, I turned my back upon the scene of my misery, and for many weary months, in other lands, I sought forgetfulness. But, wherever I went, the past pursued me. It stung me like a scorpion; it sat at every feast; it made my daylight one long darkness—there was no love for me any more. While of all those vanished days, I garnered up only a withered lily—the one frail link which held me to the life that might have been.

* * * * *

That was years ago. To-day I met her face to face, and held her hand once more. Free, now—for the old man was long since gathered to his fathers—I gaze into her eyes, and read all the old love, unspoken; and, as I remember my terrible temptation, I draw her closely to me, and with a great wave of gratitude surging over my heart—thank God, that through much suffering, we have been strong. And so we are united "after many years."

Rum, Crime, and Ruin.

The Cincinnati papers tell an impressive story about one Ben Burr Cox, or 'Burr' as he was familiarly called. He is dead now, killed by his own son; and his long suffering wife and terrorized children are glad that the master of the house will trouble them no more. The tragedy of the life and death of this husband and father are too terrible for any but the simplest words. A frank, manly, handsome fellow twenty years ago, and inheriting a fine farm in the Wabash valley, he married the prettiest girl in Butler county, and she too, the owner of an equally valuable farm. Burr began to drink whiskey and neglect his family. After he had squandered his own farm in riotous living he set about trying to get the fee simple of his wife's property. At times he would cry like a child, and in obedience to his wife's entreaties, would go off to another part of the country and give his family a season of rest.—Returning, he lost not a moment in assuming his place as household tyrant. Determined to extort his wife's consent to have her property placed in his hands he sat on the edge of her sick bed with a gleaming butcher knife in his fist and puffed tobacco smoke in her face, swearing that she should not sleep until she said yes. For fifteen years this degraded brute dragged his patient-hearted wife through a hell of nameless suffering. The neighbors all knew, the county magistrates all knew, the ghastly skeleton in that lonely homestead by the roadside, but no friendly hand dared interpose. Year after year the sad story was rehearsed to the passing stranger to the newly come preacher or the commercial traveler idling an hour on the porch of the village tavern; women wept at the thought of such a fate, and men of heart and feeling flushed hot with wrath—but all the same the long moan of pain went on. Nothing could be done to sweeten those bitter waters. People must mind their own business. The wife might lift a pallid face in prayer, and little children cower in dark corners to avoid the paternal kicks and cuffs, and the sense of outraged humanity thrill the community for miles around—still nothing could be done. The husband and father was entrenched in his rights. Society, law, the State, had given him power to hold the delicate woman and her little ones in his grasp like a vice; and sympathetic friends could only wait in sullen despair for the catastrophy. And at last it came. The drunken wretch drove up to his home one night after having spent the day carousing in the village; his eldest son, Willard, a stout lad of seventeen, took the horse to the barn, while the father went into the house to "raise hell" with the family. Calling up the stairs for his second son Edward to get out of bed and come down and be thrashed, he staggered into the sitting room, where his wife with a sick child in her arms sought with caresses and by every means known to woman art to pacify him. Willard, coming in from the barn, told his father to be quiet and go to bed. Seizing a chair the ruffian rushed upon his son who had retreated to the kitchen. The mother stepped between them and the babe was struck bleeding and senseless from her arms. Heedless of this, the madman pursued his son into the yard, where the boy stood hiding in the shadow of a tree, and with a crushing blow of the chair, felled the stripling to the earth. The father now clutched the throat of the boy, who had managed to get his jack knife from his pocket and began to use it effectively.—They rolled over and over upon the ground fighting like two bull terriers. Among a dozen other wounds the knife found an artery in Burr's right arm, and the boy was drenched from head to foot with his father's blood. The mother and the next eldest son at last succeeded in parting them, the old man being now weak from loss of blood. Staggering to his feet, the incarnate blight of a happy home, danced wildly around in the moonlight, filling the air with curses, until he fell like an ox—dead. Then a quiet peace fell on that liberated household.

THE heart right in the sight of God is a loyal and obedient heart. It is a loving, and because a loving, a joyful heart It is also a courageous heart. The natural timidity may be great, but a supernatural courage is imparted. The inspiration of love is an abiding power. As long as the heart is right, there is nothing to move it from its constancy. The habit of rectitude is established; the face is fixed; the march is determined; the objective is the heavenly possession; and there is no purpose in the soul other than to go straight forward to the final victory. It is thus that the feet of the Christian soldier keep time with the heavenly drum beat till he pitches his moving tent on the immortal shore.

IF you walk with Christ, keep out of all evil company, of all evil associations; keep from all evil places, from every place where you cannot go in the Spirit of Christ, and that, if upon earth you might not expect to meet him there. If you go out of the territory where he would go, you need not expect to find him.

What is Faith?

It was a dark night; a high wind was blowing without, while the family of Mr. H. were lying quietly in their beds breathing calmly in the soundest slumbers.

All at once Mr. H. was roused by the terrible cry of fire. He was not sufficiently waked, at first, to understand the cause; but the sound grew nearer and nearer, and soon many were gathered under his windows. "Fire! fire! your house is on fire!' they shouted, as they pounded heavily upon the doors. Throwing a few clothes around him, Mr. H. rushed to the door, and what was his surprise and fear to discover that his own dwelling was in flames! He hastily returned, called up his terrified wife, and taking the babe and the next elder child, they quickly sought a shelter in an adjoining house. His eldest son, about ten years of age, slept in a chamber in another part of the house, near the room of the servant maid who lived in the family.

Immediately the father hastened to rescue him, feeling but little anxiety for his property, if his family only might all be saved. On his way he met the maid.—"Where is Charles?' said Mr. H. surprised to see her alone.

"Crying in his room,' answered the frightened girl. "I have just escaped, and the stairs are now all in flames.'

The fire had broken out in that part of the house, and the flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. Almost distracted, Mr. H. rushed out, and hastened to the part or the house beneath the window of his son's sleeping room.

The window was thrown up. The terrified boy was standing there, crying out in agony, "Father! father! how shall I get out?'

He could be seen by the glare of the fire in the room, but he could see no one beneath him—it was so dark—although he heard many voices.

"Here I am, my son,' cried out the deeply moved father. "Here I am; fear not. Lay hold of the sill of the window, and drop yourself down. I will certainly catch you.'

Charles crept out of the window, and clinging with the grasp of a drowning person, he hung, trembling, and afraid to let go.

"Let go, my son,' cried the father.

"I can't see you father.'

"But I am here my son.'

"I am afraid, father, that I shall fall.'

"Let go; you need not fear,' again shouted the father.

The flames began to approach the window—the casement grew hot—if he stayed there he would be burned. He recollected that his father was strong; that he loved him, and would not tell him to do anything that would injure him. He drew in his breath, unclasped his fingers, and in a moment was in his father's arms overpowered, and weeping for joy at his wonderful escape.

Now notice, little friend, that Charles first felt his hopeless situation. He could not escape any other way save by the window. He could not see his father, but heard his voice. In the second place, he thought with his mind that his father was strong, and able to catch him. And, thirdly, he believed, or trusted, with his heart, that his father would save him, and then dropped trembling, into his arms.

So, when we feel that we are sinners, there is only one way to escape the punishment. We cannot save ourselves. We do not see Jesus, but we hear His voice in the Bible, and know He is here. We believe His word; we fear no longer; Jesus will not deceive us and we fall into His arms.—*The Way to Jesus.*

A Mean Man.

Some gentlemen were talking about meanness, yesterday, writes "Eli Perkins, when one said he knew a man on Lexington avenue who was the meanest man in New York.

"How mean is that?' I asked.

"Why, Eli, he said, "he is so mean that he keeps a five cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars; and when their backs are turned he jerks it out of their pockets!

"Why this man is so mean,' continued the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents a piece every night for going to bed without their supper, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went up stairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it!'

"Does he do anything else?'

"Yes, the other day I dined with him and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled all the way up stairs with the dessert—and when I asked the mean old scamp what made her whistle so happily, he said:

"Why, I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake.'

THERE is a short and rapid passage between the heart and the mouth: it is out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; our words, as a rule, are a reflection of our state of mind. When the tap is turned, the liquid which flows will be that which the vessel contains. We know the nature of the metal by the ring which it gives, so our words must partake of the state of our minds. It is our words which declare our character and determine our destiny; for the great Teacher asserted, "By thy words thou shalt be condemned.' If, therefore, gratitude for God's mercy, and trust in his faithfulness, predominate in our hearts, we shall sing and give thanks.—*Canon Bardsley.*

A Cure for Gossip.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a good deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good natured people talk about their neighbors because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write there comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in the galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book store, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another in which they are interested.—We have left them, after a delightful hour stimulated and refreshed, and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something and they wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves form all temptations to indulge in it. It is low, frivulous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest.—Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into chronic disease, which is practically incurable.—Let the young cure it while they may.

A State Governed by Women.

Among the colonial possessions, or more correctly, dependencies of Holland, there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and the original customs of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent State, politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and since time immemorial, governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his State council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all State officers, courts functionaries, military commanders, and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The body-guard of the king is formed of the *elite*. These amozons ride in masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The throne is inheritable by the eldest son, and in case the king dies without issue a hundred amazons assemble, in order to choose a successor from among their sons. The chosen one is then proclaimed lawful king. The capital city of this little state lies in one of the most picturesque parts of the Island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well kept fortresses.

THE right heart is a heart hungry for God. It has a natural appetite for the bread of life. It longs for the heavenly manna. It is athirst for the waters of salvation. Nothing will satisfy such a heart but communion with the infinite Love.—It must have God. Its bliss is His smile. It cries perpetually, "When shall I come and appear before God?' With tears, and sighs, and unutterable longings, it comes to the throne of the heavenly grace. No earthly possession, no human love, no honors or pleasures, can content such a soul. God—God alone—is its passion, paradise, satisfactory portion and everlasting possession. To such a heart the final triumph belongeth. Nothing is so strong as right; nothing has such majesty as truth; and nothing is so invulnerable as purity. A holy heart is mailed against every fiery dart of the infernal archer. Its treasure is secure, its inheritance indefeasible, and its resources inexhaustible, as the fullness of God. It is victor over sin, corruption, the world, the fear of man, the grave, and the powers of darkness. Nothing can separate such a heart from the love of Christ, from the joys of holiness, or from the grandeurs and glories of its eternal reward. It believes, endures and triumphs. Temptations are strong, but Jesus is stronger.—He giveth the victory to His saints, and He will exalt them to reign with Himself, in the Father's presence, forever.

LIGHTNING struck a hive of bees in Kansas the other day. The painful story is soon told. The misguided lightning came out of that hive quicker than it went in and shot off into space with its tail between its legs. Moral—Never pick a quarrel when you are not acquainted with the folks.

CLOVER is the worst crop that can be sown in an orchard. The roots penetrate into the subsoil, and suck out all the moisture. Clover is much more injurious to an orchard than grass.