

Peninsula Enterprise.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

J. W. EDMONDS, Owner and Editor.

Subscription Rates: 1 Copy, one year, \$1.00; 6 months, 60c; 3 months, 35c; and a copy for six months free to the one sending club.

Advertising Rates: 1 Inch, one insertion, \$1.00; 1/2 inch, one insertion, 75c; 1/4 inch, one insertion, 50c.

A cross mark on your paper indicates that your subscription has expired, or is due, and you are respectfully solicited to renew it.

Commission men or business men of any class in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia or Boston, can reach more truckers and farmers through the columns of THE ENTERPRISE than in any other way.

GUTTER & BLACKSTONE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

NEELY & QUINBY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

L. FLOYD NOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

JOHN W. EDMONDS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

N. J. W. LECATO, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SAVAGEVILLE.

L. W. CHILDREY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT, NORFOLK, VA.

G. WELLY COARD, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

BLACKSTONE & BELL, DRUGGISTS, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

THOROGOOD B. MASON, GUILFORD, ACCOMAC COUNTY, VA.

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Matting, Hardware, Crockery, &c.

PENINSULA CLOTHING STORE.

I. H. MERRILL & Co., POCOMOKE CITY, MD.

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S FINE CLOTHING, LADIES, GENTS, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES, HATS, CAPS, AND ALL KINDS OF GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, ROBES, HORSE AND LAP BLANKETS, WHIPS, SATCHELS, CMBRELLAS, RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES, &c.

We avail ourselves of this means of advertising the citizens of Accomac and Northampton counties that we have made large additions to our stock, and are now ready for the fall and winter trade.

ALBERT BROS., IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS, No. 4 NORTH HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

HENRY C. LEWIS, CARPENTER & BUILDER, ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

PIANOS, Grand, Upright and Square.

HIGHEST HONORS Exposition, Paris, 1878

100 different Colleges, Schools and Seminaries, As to their Durability.

They are Perfect in Tone, and Workmanship, and Elegant in Appearance.

A large Assortment of Second-hand Pianos Always on Hand.

General Wholesale Agents for CHAS. M. STIEFF, No. 9 NORTH LIBERTY STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

F. T. BOGGS, Bro., & Co., BOGGS' WHARF, ACCOMAC COUNTY, VA.

DRY GOODS, Dress Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Matting, Hardware, Crockery, &c.

THE Improved White Sewing Machine

STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival. Others blow and try to put it down, but IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and 1883, shows that the People of Accomac Appreciate Its Merits.

I can sell you other machines for less price, Singer pattern, drop leaf and drawers, for \$25.00; Domestic, Howe and any other pattern. Will sell the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6) drawers, for \$35.00, but I cannot put these inferior machines, as to the price, having sold machines for nearly fourteen years, gives me a chance to know something of the tricks which others practice on those who are not posted in machinery.

You Want a Good Sewing Machine? Come and see me, or write to me, and I WILL SELL YOU ANY MACHINE that can be bought.

Also, a large stock of FURNITURE, MATRESSES, &c., on hand. Repairing of Furniture, Pictures, Framed, or anything else in our line promptly attended to. COFFINS, CASKETS and TRIMMINGS for sale.

Respectfully, R. H. PENNELL, ONANCOCK, VA.

WINTER SCHEDULE, Eastern Shore Steamboat Company of BALTIMORE.

Steamer EASTERN SHORE, CAPT. G. A. REYNOLDS, Sunday for Crisfield, Pocomoke, Pocomoke City and Snow Hill.

Steamer TANGIER, CAPT. S. H. WILSON, Tuesday and Friday for Crisfield, Pocomoke, Pocomoke City and Snow Hill.

G. B. PARSONS, WACHAPREAGUE CITY, (Powellton) Accomac county, Va., MASTER BUILDER & CONTRACTOR.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. My farm at Metompkin Station on the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad containing 160 acres of high land and located 1 1/2 miles from Leonard in Accomac county, Virginia, will be sold at private contract upon easy terms.

Apply to BENJAMIN F. PARKS, Metompkin P. O., Accomac Co. Va.

GEO. W. ABDELL & BRO., Belle Haven, BLACKSMITHING, in all its branches done at their place of business promptly, cheaply and in a workmanlike manner.

Horse Shoeing a specialty. Our numerous patrons in every part of the Eastern Shore are given as reference as to our proficiency in this class of work.

F. W. BYRD, Jas. Myer & Co., WHOLESALE GROCERS AND DEALERS IN Tobacco, Cigars and Pipes 39 CHEAPSIDE, BALTIMORE.

ON CORNWALL COAST.

Pretty Betty Squires stood looking out of the window at the sunlight sea with an unmistakable pout on her full red lips.

Mr. Rembrandt Squires, R. A. (his grand father was a friend of William Penn's) he left the emigrating Quaker came to America, had dropped the impedimenta of art which he had been strapping up preparatory to a sketching expedition, and stood glaring at his willful niece, his spectacles scintillating sparks of anger.

"So this is what I brought you here for, is it?" he snapped, with an irate flourish of a letter which he held in his hand. "To keep up a love-sick correspondence with any wild Irishman who wants to write to you!"

Mr. Sullivan is a gentleman, uncle," said Betty, indignantly. "Oh, indeed! To your thinking perhaps, as an Irishman could ever be that—humph! I tell you I won't have any of those Dublin fellows hanging around, and, as for your marrying this Sullivan, this 'darling Larry' as you call him, it will cost you dear if you do it. Not a penny of mine shall you have, Miss; and he poor creature, what has he to keep a wife on?"

"If he were a beggar," said Betty, boldly, "I'd rather marry him than any one in the world!"

"Move! oh you! That sounds very fine and romantic, no doubt; but love won't buy any puddings. Bah! Don't let me hear of such nonsense; and mind if I catch you scribbling any more of these fool letters, I'll take you off to Kamschatka where the postal facilities aren't so good as they might be."

A sharp retort was on Betty's lips, but just then she caught sight of a figure coming over the rocks towards the cottage, a tall, fine-looking fellow in the garb of a shepherd, who gave her a start of surprise and apprehension.

"Go away!" she cried, "I have a nervous gesture of her hand and a look of anxious concern. Then she glanced around apprehensively, but her uncle was busy with his traps, and when he turned towards the window again, the figure had disappeared.

"I am sorry to be so severe to thee, Betty," he said in a softer tone in the plain language which he sometimes used as a tribute of respect to the William Penn grand-father. "Thee knows I wish thee well, child, child; but I cannot have thee marrying any of these imprudent Irish. Come now! Say thee will be a good girl and not fret thy niece."

"I never meant to fret you, sir," Betty replied quite dutifully, but glancing furtively meanwhile out of the window. "Will you be gone all day, sir?"

"Of course! Why you can't expect a man to paint a sunset at noon—hey? I'll just get the rocks and the water washed in before the sun goes down. It is one of those things you can't fool over. You can only do about half an hour's work at a time, you see. The sky changes. Time and tide and sunsets wait for no man—hey? Good-bye, Betty! Be a good girl, and—"

With a sudden recollection of what he'd forgotten in his interest in the projected picture, "Don't write to the Irishman!"

"I won't," Betty promised, demurely, and well she could for her uncle's quaint figure in brown velvet breeches, leather leggings, and a paint-daubed waistcoat had not disappeared along the line of the coast ere the youthful shepherd came through the open window.

"Betty, my darling!" he cried, catching her in his arms with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, "I thought that old rumpsticker would never go! It seems like a century since I saw you last!"

"Why, it's only about fourteen hours, Larry," she said laughingly. "How often do you want to come and see me?"

"I never want to go away," said the wild Irishman, giving her a rapturous squeeze. "Indeed, I can't stand this sort of thing much longer, darling. When are you going to marry me, and put an end to my misery?"

"Indeed, I don't know," Betty answered distressfully. "My uncle will not hear your name mentioned, and oh, Larry! I'm frightened to death for fear he finds that you are here, and then—"

"Well," said the mock shepherd defiantly, "what then?"

"Oh, he will separate us," cried Betty, with a burst of tears, "and then I shall be so miserable!"

"I'd like to see him, Betty," stertily. "You have promised to marry me, and I expect you to keep your word, whether your uncle approves or not."

"Yes, I know. Of course I shall never, never marry any one but you, Larry."

"But I don't intend to wait much longer. If your uncle doesn't come to his senses soon I'll run away with you, Betty—yes, I will. Time and tide and lovers wait for no man."

Betty gave him a bright, dimpling smile through her teeth. "That is just about what uncle said, she answered, laughingly, 'only it was not about lovers.'"

"Come out with me on the rocks," said Larry with the impetuosity of a master. "I want to talk to you seriously about this matter, Betty."

They made a pretty picture in the fair summer sunlight, as they sat on the rocks together, talking love and rebellion in the most hot-headed fashion. The afternoon wore away like a day in a dream, till the sun began to sink into the sea.

"I really must go now, Larry," Betty said.

"Not yet, darling! Why, I've only been here a few minutes."

"Your minutes are longer than most people's. Indeed we must go, dear. Uncle will be back soon, and we couldn't stay much longer anyhow. The tide is coming in very fast."

"Which way did your uncle go?" "Down to the Point. He is painting a sunset on the water. You never saw any one so infatuated. When he gets to work, you might fire a cannon behind him and he wouldn't look around. He paints as long as he can see."

"He won't do that to-night, I guess. If he gets very much absorbed, the tide will carry him and his apparatus out to sea—and I wish it would!"

This last unchristian desire was spoken only to Larry's inner consciousness. With all her uncle's faults, Betty was too fond of him to brook any such treason.

"Oh, do you think there is any danger of such a thing?" she cried, clasping her hands appealingly. "Larry, won't you go home that way, and see if he is all right?"

"Humph! you want me to go a good mile and a half out of the way—for what? Just to keep Mr. Rembrandt Squires from getting his feet wet; and much he'd thank me for it! I'd have my trouble for my pains, that's all!"

"But, Larry, if anything should happen to him, I never should forgive myself. He's so absent-minded and forgetful. And, with much reproach, 'I think you might, for if you don't go, I will.'"

Larry heaved a sigh. "I suppose you will always govern me, Betty," he said. "Well, I'll go, but you must come half way."

This was readily agreed to, and they went off together, hand in hand, toward the glowing west. But the soft seductiveness of the hour and circumstance beguiled them more than they knew.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands; Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

It was quite late when they parted. The waves were splashing boldly up the rocks, and with a sharp glance toward the horizon, Larry quickened his steps.

"I wonder if the old fellow could forget about the tide," he said, as he turned a bend in the coast. "Great Greece! There he is now!"

In the distance, he saw a strange figure sitting comely on a rock, oblivious to the tide and the fading light. It was Mr. Rembrandt Squires.

"The water will cover the Point in fifteen minutes," Larry muttered, and broke into a run.

As he neared the absorbed artist, the whole absurd situation revealed itself to him. The old man was sitting on a rocky stool entirely surrounded by water, which no longer rippled about his feet, but was coming shoreward in little swelling waves. His coat tails were already dabbling in the sea, and his feet were drawn up to avoid a soaking. On his left lay his paint-box half submerged, while his hat, in which a roll of sketches was reposing, had been launched in the tide and was floating away serenely. The easel that supported his canvases was rocking unsteadily as the waves foamed about it, but Mr. Rembrandt Squires dashed wildly on with his work, determined to catch some special cast in that day's sky which would be lost in a few moments forever.

"Oh, I say, sir!" shouted Larry, making a fog-horn of his hands, "you had better come in!"

But Mr. Squires did not seem to hear him.

"If you don't come soon," Larry urged, "you'll get good ducking!"

"Yes, yes, my good fellow!" the artist replied with an impatient glance over his shoulder, "I'm coming presently."

Larry could not help laughing to himself at the absurd spectacle of the old man painting away frantically with the sea dashing up the cliff and showering its spray all over him.

"I tell you, sir," he shouted, "time and tide wait for no man."

The point of this remark might have been lost then, but just at the moment a wave swept the easel off its legs, and over it went into the water, carrying with it brushes, turpentine, oil-cups, and canvas, in the effort to save which the artist lost his balance and was himself precipitated into the sea. He fell into a hole as it happened, his wig and spectacles were washed away in a moment, and the water came gurgling up around his neck in a treacherous way.

"Help!" he shouted, "for Heaven's sake!"

Larry took in the whole situation, and an idea flashed across his quick brain. In an instant he had waded in, and reached the old gentleman, who was now so upset in mind and body, that he could think of nothing.

"My picture!" he gasped, floundering around helplessly, in quest of his belongings. "Save it, and I will pay you well."

Larry's eyes twinkled. "Let me take you to a place of safety," he said. "No, no! not to the shore. The water will cut off your retreat. Put your hands on my shoulders—so! I must swim over there with you."

"But my picture?" "I will save it for you. Come!"

The old man obeyed blindly, for he was now thoroughly frightened, and Larry conveyed him to a rocky eminence not very far away. This done, he swam back to the shore, and running along the beach returned in about half an hour with a boat.

The tide had carried the easel and other things in toward the coast, and the bulk of Mr. Squires' belonging were soon collected. With these in the boat, Larry took up the oars and paddled briskly to where Mr. Rembrandt Squires stood wringing the water from his long coat-tails.

"Did you get my picture?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," Larry answered, coolly; "but wait a moment, sir! I shan't take you in till we have made a bargain. I will have to be paid well for this."

"Of course!" was the artist's ready agreement. "What do you want?"

"Your niece's hand in marriage?" "What?"

"I want you to agree to my marriage with Betty?"

"What do you mean, fellow? burst forth the irate uncle. 'A common shepherd, like you, indeed!'"

"Then you do not recognize me! Mr. Squires, I am Betty's lover, Larry Sullivan."

"You, sir? You are? You impudent young—"

"Come, Mr. Squires! you can't afford to call me names. Suppose I should go off and leave you here! The tide will cover this rock entirely in three-quarters of an hour."

"I suppose you are quite capable of such baseness," said the old man with lofty scorn.

"Do not put me to the test," was Larry's cool rejoinder. "I love your niece, Mr. Squires. I am poor, but no man can say a word against me, and I will work for her like a slave. Say that you will consent to our marriage, and I will gladly take you ashore."

A tempestuous wave dashed up against the rock, then, and gave Mr. Squires another bath.

"You young villain!" he said, blowing the salt water from his lips. "You'll give me my death keeping me here in this horrible place."

"If you will yield, sir, I shall ask no more."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Mr. Squires; but in his angry excitement he stepped on a loose bit of rock and went tumbling into the sea. "Help!" he shrieked. "Take me in! I'll—"

"And Betty is mine!" "Yes, yes! Only take me home. Oh, I shall die of rheumatism for this, you, sir," savagely, "shall pay doctor's bills."

Larry laughed softly, and helped him into the boat.

"It will make Betty happy," he said; "and I hope you won't always hate me so, sir."

It was late when they reached home, and Betty was wild with anxiety. But at the sight of Larry walking alongside of her uncle, carrying his easel and other belongings, her pretty eyes opened considerably wider. To be sure the old man was surly as a bear, and dismissed his escort very rudely, but Larry's eyes sparkled, and he found an opportunity of whispering in Betty's ear:—

"It is all right, darling!" To Mr. Squires, the matter looked somewhat differently when he had changed his wet clothes and eaten a nice supper.

"Betty, come here," he said, drawing it to the girl toward him. "Do you care much for this fellow, Sullivan?"

"Oh, uncle, I love him dearly!"

"Humph! I can't say I admire your taste. He has treated me most cavalierly."

"Why, uncle, he went down to the Point on purpose to tell you it was time to come home."

"And took a mean advantage of me; but it was sharp for him," he added reflectively. "He has more wit than I thought. Odds, Betty, his confounded impudence is almost sublime enough for admiration."

"If you only knew him," Betty began with sparkling eyes.

"There, there!" said Mr. Squires, shrugging his shoulders; "I shall have ample opportunity to know him if he is to be my nephew, as it seems he is bound to be."

"Then you will not refuse your consent?" cried Betty. "Oh, uncle!"

"Much good it would do if I did!" sniffed the old man. "You might as well pack up your things, Betty, and we'll go back to London. If you and your Irishman are to have it all your own way, there is no use of staying here any longer."

"Wouldn't you like to finish your sunset?" said Betty, roguishly.

"It is well enough as it is," was

the gruff reply, and Betty thought so too, for Mr. Rembrandt Squires really could paint, and his "Sunset on the Cornwall Coast" was one of the best things accepted by the Academy.

Who was Davy Crockett? The famous backwoodsman, hunter, soldier and legislator, Col. David Crockett, says a Southern paper, born at Limestone, on the Nolichucky River in Tennessee, Aug. 17, 1786. His father—of Irish birth—after various other vocations, opened a tavern on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville, where David passed his youth from seven to twelve years of age.

He was sent to a country school, but on the fourth day quarreled with the schoolmaster, and, after playing truant for a time, fled from home to avoid a flogging, threatened both by his father and master. For five years he roamed about with drovers and carriers, till in his eighteenth year he returned home, attended school for two months, learning his letters for the first time, and soon after married. He then went to live in the widest portion of the State, where he distinguished himself as a mighty hunter and crack shot, at the famous "coon" story; though as a matter of fact the real hero of that anecdote is said to have been Capt. Martin Scott—a person scarcely less distinguished in his day as a sportsman than Davy Crockett himself.

In 1813 David Crockett served in the Creek war under Gen. Jackson, and after the peace settled at Shoal Creek, in a desolate region in Tennessee. A community of reckless characters having flocked together, it was found necessary to establish a temporary government, and he was appointed one of the magistrates. He soon after became a candidate for the Legislature and made a successful electioneering tour by shooting at matches and telling amusing stories. He was twice re-elected to the Legislature, but in his leisure intervals devoted himself especially to bear hunting, till in 1827 he was elected by the party of Jackson a representative in Congress.

At Washington, he obtained notoriety by the eccentricity of his manner and language. In 1829 he was again chosen to Congress, but soon after changed from a partisan to an opponent of Jackson's administration, and in 1831 it required his most strenuous exertions to secure his re-election.

Finding the influence of Jackson irresistible in Tennessee, Crockett subsequently sought a new career in Texas, then in revolt against Mexico, and after a series of military exploits, met his death at Fort Alamo, in San Antonio de Bexar. After a hard siege, the survivors, six in number, including Crockett, surrendered, but by order of Santa Anna, they were put to death March 6, 1836.

It is the Ideal Home, After All. The farmer who gives the most thought and care to his home naturally clothes it with the most affection. This does work breed an increasing fondness for the object worked for. There is no sort of danger that farmers will exhaust themselves as practical men by an excess of emotion; on the other hand, the danger is rather that all work will tend to kill out what should be fostered with a constant tenderness. Earth has no paradise left but home. The more thought one devotes to that, the greater the sum of his happiness. The standing wonder is that farmers do not see and improve their natural advantages, as men who refer into the country with ample fortunes to enjoy are more apt to do. All that heaven has to give is theirs—air, sunlight, water, grass, trees, sky and the company of birds and animals. What a prize would not these be esteemed in the thick of a large and noisy city. The contented farmer is the one who makes his home the permanent centre of the earth for himself, by adorning and rendering it attractive. It is easier to create such a deep and lasting attachment than it is to heap up riches. Life is rather for living than for a perpetual getting. The country home is the ideal home in our civilization.

Horse Physiognomy. A horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth; intelligence in the eye and in the breadth between the ears; and between the eyes; spirit in the mobile nostril, and active ear. The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face bony, the large, open thin-edged nostril, the fine ear, and the thin, fine mane and fore top, are indications of high breeding, and accompany a high-strung nervous organization, which with good limbs and muscular power, ensures a considerable degree of speed in the animal. The stupid, lazy horse, that drivers call a "lucky-head," has a dull eye usually, a narrow forehead, and contracted poll. He is always a blunderer, forgets himself, and stumbles on smooth ground, gets himself and his owner into difficulties, talks himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard goer. He needs constant care and watchfulness on the driver's part. A buyer of equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animals he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only acquired by a careful study of the various parts of horse physiology.

Origin of a Familiar Hymn. There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley, which led to the writing of one of his best known hymns. One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window looking out on the beautiful fields, in summer time. Presently a little bird flitting about in the sunshine attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing very much frightened was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing the open window and the man sitting by it, the bird in his terror flew toward it and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering a severe trial and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble as much as the trembling little bird did that nestled in his bosom. So he took up his pen, and wrote the beautiful hymn.

"Jesus, Savior of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the waves of trouble roll, While the tempest still is high."

Salvation Oil, the celebrated American remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, chilblains, &c., can be had of all druggists. It kills pain. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

Buchanan's Hopeless Love. Reminiscences of Democratic administrations of yats gone are by a constantly coming to light, says a Washington letter to the Baltimore American. "Right over there," said an old society beaux recently, pointing to a brown stone front near the executive mansion, "lived a woman who might have been mistress of the White House under Democratic rule if she had seen fit to accept the hand of James Buchanan. She comes from a very wealthy Pennsylvania family, and was courted by Mr. Buchanan. Her people wanted her to marry him, but she didn't want to. She loved a poor clergyman, rector of a church in her own town; but the family didn't want her to marry him, and so they arranged that he should be quietly transferred to another post, some hundreds or thousands of miles away. This broke up the match and the maiden too, for she went into retirement at once and has married nobody. Neither the punishment of her clergyman nor the elevation of Mr. Buchanan to the presidency could make her change her mind, and she remained and remains single. She is an old woman and a sad woman, living alone with a widowed sister in that great mansion, with actually more money than they know how to use. They are the richest people in Washington, possibly excepting Mr. Corcoran, and they do nothing with their wealth except to keep up their magnificent establishment and a lot of cats and dogs." The lady referred to is the one of whom the story is told that Mr. Corcoran one day sent her a polite note some what as follows: "My Dear Madam: I have been for some time thinking of enlarging the Arlington Hotel. If you will state the value of your brown-stone mansion adjoining, I will send the check for the amount." To which she replied: "My Dear Mr. Corcoran: I have for sometime been thinking of enlarging my flower garden. If you will state the value of the Arlington hotel adjoining, I will send you my check for the amount."

Mr. L. R. Hoyt, a mechanical engineer at the New Orleans Exposition, was severely injured by a huge derrick pole falling on his foot. He was conveyed to his residence and after only three applications of St. Jacobs Oil, all the swelling and pain disappeared, and he resumed his duties.

Unspotted from the World. Many of those who call themselves Christians have every reason to be heartily ashamed of themselves if they will only apply even the world's standard to their conduct. They are acting in a way which the world itself regards as dishonorable. Departures from integrity and violations of friendship cannot be whitewashed. The stain of turpitude remains in all its dismal repulsiveness. If society has its standard, and stamps such conduct with infamy, the Church ought to have one still higher by which Christian character should be measured. A higher tone is what is needed. There are many inconsistencies, not amenable to discipline, that requires the restraint of public opinion to keep them down. The purer members of our churches ought to be more outspoken in condemnation of them. "Unspotted from the world" is the first element of our religion, and the spots should not go unnoticed.—Christian Advocate.

A lawyer walked down the street one day with his arm taxed to hold a lot of law books. "Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head!" Observed a citizen, "I do," quietly replied the young lawyer with a knowing wink, "these are for the Judges of the Court."