The American Union.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

VOL. 35.—NO. 52. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18th 1892. $1.00 PER ANNUM

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

AT HIS GATES.

"This is the place, dear, Heathdon Lodge. Isn't it a charming spot?"

The elder of the two women paused as she spoke, and laying a hand on the arm of her companion—a lovely girl of eighteen summers with a sad wistfulness brooding in the dark eyes and enshrouding the perfect features with the other hand pointed to the noble pile of masonry embowerod in trees.

Mirabel Verue did not answer in words—words were under her power of control, just then—but in the look she bent upon the place there was the unuttered eloquence, the unvoiced expression of a life time of bitter agony, broken faith, shattered hopes, and yet, shining through and above it all a depth of utter, unalterable, irrevocable love, that not all their cruelty has sufficed to quench or destroy.

"At his gates!" she murmured presently, in an inaudible whisper, as her yearning eyes took in every detail of the lovely spot before her. "At the place he has so often described to me—where he promised that I should be received some day, as its lawful and honorable mistress. And that was six months ago—only six short months and here I stand—not in fulfillment of his promise—to false, delusive tale with which he beguiled me—but an ontcast ay, worse than an outcast bereft of love, of faith, of honor—and yet loving him—may God pity and forgive!—in spite of his deadly wrong against me, loving him as I must and shall love him while I live."

"Are you lost in a day-dream, my dear, or devoured with envy of the fortunate possessor of this charming property?" broke in the pleasant voice of her friend. "All it wants to complete its attractiveness is a mistress, and I believe it is to have one before long."

"Yes!"—Mirabel caught her breath with a sharp gasp. "Have—have they arrived?"

"Not yet; they are expected, I believe, the last of this week; probably will take the next vessel to the one that brought us over, and gave me a dear adapted daughter!"$pressing her companion's arm affectionately. "I can assure you it is quite a surprise to us all. Mr. Heathdon has been an apparently confimed bachelor for years, but it was rumored last summer that he had lost his heart to some pretty American girl, and for once, it seems, rumor was true."

"Yes,"—Mirabel held her breath while she waited, averting her face so that her friend might not see the ghastly pallor that she knew was creeping over it, beyond all her power to subdue or restrain it. "Do you know her name?"

"No; but I understand that she is tall and dark—very queenly in appearance—just the one to play the role of mistress of this stately mansion, but, somehow, not the one I would have imagined that Paul Heathdon would fancy. But really, my dear, you look quite worn out. I am afraid the walk has been to much for you in your feeble condition. We must do more driving and less walking until are better able to bear this kind of exercise."

"Yes, we had better—better go home," replied Mirabel almost in a fainting voice, and drawing down her vail as she spoke.

Then accepting her friend's arm she went slowly back to the home that had been so providentially opened to her when every other door was closed, and she had been cast upon the cold, hard world like a leaf adrift upon the surging ocean.

Up in her own room an hour later, Mirabel drew out a tiny box from her bureau drawer, and opening it, discloses a gold ring—a wedding ring—which she pressed again and again to her lips. and then laid back with another small package—a single lock of wavy chestnut hair.

"These are my sole souvenirs of that one short mouth of happiness, she murmured brokenly. "How like a strange, weird dream this last year has been. "At its beginning an inmate of my cousin's home—on sufferance, merely—where I met Paul Heathdon, met him to love him from the first hour I beheld him—to believe that he loved me as well and truly.

"He told me so! told me so with a face and voice that must have inspired an angel with confidence. And when he found that his attentions to me had excited my cousin's resentment, he suggested the only step that seemed feasible—A secret marriage, that would give him the right to protect me-what could say or urge against his pleadings, when my whole heart was his? when I had no friend to turn to for advice or counsel? when I believed him to be all that was noble, honorable, and true? What but trust my future in his hands?

"Then followed that one short month of purest bliss, and then came the dreadful letter from him delivered by his own valet, telling me that the dream was ended, he had tired of his easy conquest, the marriage had been an empty mockery, and he was soon to return to his home in England, whither he had been summoned by the death of his mother, the only barrier that, as he had told me, had stood in the way of his making our marriage public from the first, but which was now removed. And this was my reward for the faith I had reposed in him.

"Oh, the agony of the hour when I fled from the place that seemed suddenly plague-smitten! How I wandered for days, until I fell ill, and tossed on a hospital bed—how long I never can tell. Then with my shattered strength, and what little money I could raise on the trinkets he had showered upon me, I resolved to leave the scene of my sorrow and shame, and seek in another land the means to earn my bread while my wretched existence should last. Then on the ship I fell in with this kind friend—Mrs. Carrol—an old schoolmate of my dead mother, who took pity on me, and offered me her home for life, as her adapted daughter. And that home has brought me here—to his very gates—only to hear that dreadful news confirmed—that he is indeed to bring a wife to the place I fondly believed was to be mine—and I must live almost in his presence, and yet sundered from him by the cruel treachery that has bereft and deprived me of all life holds dear? But I will drive this fatal passion from my heart, and when I meet him—as will be inevitable—let my manner be as cold and scornful as any he can assume toward me. But once more—once more I must look upon my lost paradise, and then shut that sad chapter forever!"

At a favorable hour the next day Mirabel slipped alone from the house and bent her steps toward Heathdon Lodge.

As she laid her hand upon the massive gate with a caressing impulse she could not restrain, it swung open, and following the same impulse, she slipped into the grounds and wandered along the fragrant paths her heart filled with an uncontrollable longing to rest her weary head in this lovely spot and call it her home indeed.

Presently she heard approaching footsteps; and unwilling to be seen and questioned by a servant, she drew behind a large, flowering shrub.

The steps came nearer and paused directly in front of her place of concealment and a voice, every accent of which she knew, said in a tone of quiet sadness:

"I am glad the place pleases you Miss Moore. I shall hope to have you often as my guest while you remain in England.

"I think it one of the loveliest places on earth," was the enthusiastic reply. "I should deem myself one of the most favored of mortals to possess such a charming inheritance."

Was Mirabel mad or dreaming? she asked herself, or was that really her cousin, Isabel Moore? And merciful Heaven! was she the prospective bride that rumor had reported?

"Perhaps," Paul began, but the agonized listener could endure no more. By creeping through the bushes she could gain another path and escope unseen, but as she turned to fly, one foot turned treacherously under her, and with a low moan she sunk to the ground.

"What is that?" said Paul, noticing the swaying of the bushes, and in another instant he was beside her gazing upon her with a face whose superstitious terror changed to the most radiant joy. "Righteous Heaven! am I dreaming? have I found you again—in the flesh. See, Miss Moore we were all mistaken! She is alive! my Mirabel? my precious wife?"

"Your wife!" panted Mirabel strug gling in his hold. "What then meant that letter given me by your own valet, telling me that you had tired of your dupe, that our marriage was a sham!"

"My letter? merciful Heaven? are you indeed mad!" began Paul, looking to Isabel as if for an explanation but with a single glance one in which deadly hate and conscious guilt were plainly portrayed Isabel turned and fairly fled from the spot.

"Explain to me this mystery!" demanded Paul, white to the lips, as he held her close. On that dreadful night when I found you gone, I went to your cousin in the hope of getting some clew; but she had disclaimed all knowledge of you, except that you had probably gone suddenly insane and destroyed yourself, as you inherited the tendency from your mother. After vainly searching for you, I returned home broken hearted and discovered on the voyage that Miss Moore was a fellow passenger.

Her friendship and sympathy I was grateful for, but nothing could eradicate from my heart the memory of my one lost love—my precious wife."

"Mad!" echoed Mirabel as a light broke upon her. "Never mad, except with grief and shame, and the belief that you were false. But Heaven has been kinder than I deserve, and has brought me here, where at your very gates I should once more meet and be restored to my husband."

And still clasped in his arms she told him the whole sad story.

Great was Mrs. Carrol's delight to learn who the mistress of Heathdon really was, and she congratulated her favorite Paul heartily upon his choice. Isabel they never saw again.

But Paul's valet testified that she had given him that fatal letter, which so far from working the evil intended, had given Mirabel back to her husband at his very gates.

WANTED, a bright boy or girl in every town to send us a postal card asking for particulars of how, by a little pleasant work, they can earn a bicycle, a watch or choice library, without its costing them another cent.
7-28-6m Box 46, BOSTON, MASS.

Reunion of Old Sailors and Soldiers.

Two coming important events of interest to sailors and soldiers of the late war will be the Reunion of the Naval Veterans at Baltimore, September 15th to 19th and the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington, commencing September 20th, immediately after the Sailors' Reunion. Interest in the reunion will be heightened by the presence of the White Squadron in the harbor of Baltimore. The G. A. R. Encampment will be the occasion of the greatest military assemblage id Washington since the Grand Review of 1865. fallowing the fall of Richmond. For both of these events the Baltimore & Ohio will sell tickets at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be sold from September 25th to 20th inclusive, valid for peturn jonrney until October 10th. During the Encampment at Washington the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will run Excursion daily to Gettysburg, Harper's Ferry, and the Virginia battlefields, to all of which points tickets will be sold at low rates. The Baltimore & Ohio is the familiar route to thousands of veterans who travelled over it early in the sixties as raw recruits to join the ranks.

For detailed iniformation as to time of trains and rates apply to nearest B, & O. Agent.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Pills are the best family physic. Mild, no griping; yet active and most thorough. Warranted to satisfy of money refunded. Sold by George & Redden.

For all kinds of Toilet articles, perfumery and etc., go to George & Redden's

Gumbaults Balsam, sure cure for spavin on horses, etc at George & Redden's.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Delaware Dashes.

—The marriage of Rev. R. K. Stephenson and Miss Ada D. Traux, of Smyrna, took place on the 17th.

—Dover has the only woman engineer in the State. She occupies a high social position and is day engineer at one of the factories in that town.

—D. Reis at Milford has been running his cannery from six to eight hours per day during the past week putting up peaches. Mr. Reis has purchased many orchards in this vicinity and will can about all the peaches that can be secured for that purpose.

—All the Fire Insurance Companies doing business in Delaware, have united in a higher tariff rate of insurance, covering nearly every class of property. In some cases, as in risks on merchandise, it will reach to 50 per cent. or more, and in places where there is no protection against fire. The companies have been subject to veay heavy loss for several years past.

—The *Every Evening*, of Wilmington publishes the following: "As a rain maker the Rev. W. R. McFarlane has achieved a local reputation which will possibly cause General Dryenforth, the official cloud tickler and Melbourne, the unofficial hole-in the roof operator, to turn green with envy. A correspondent writes that Mr. McFarlane prayed for rain at Camden Camp and within an hour a storm came down which drove the compers to their tents and kept them there until they began to fear that the reverend gentleman had put a little more earnestness in his petition than the occasion called for."

—One canning firm in lower Delaware owns a machine that will shell 1800 bushels of peas in a day, and another ingenious contrivances that packs the peas into the cans at the very brisk rate of 1500 cans an hour. The work of both machines is cleanly and economically done, and the peas are not crushed or in any way injured. These two clever devices last season handled the peas that filled 400,000 cans, and this year the figures will be close upon a half million. This is one reason and a very important one, too, why canned vegetables are now so reasonable in prices.

Extracts and escenses of Lemon Vanilla, Ginger, etc., at George & Redden's.

DRS. W. T. & L. D. KELLEY,

DENTISTS.

Main office on Dover Street, near Hotel Avon, Easton, Md.

One will practice at Preston on Mondays; Denton on Tuesdays; Federalsburg the second and fourth Thursday in every month. Gas and local anasthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Best work guaranteed. Terms Cash.