# The American Union.

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

VOL. 36.—NO. 3. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th 1892. $1.00 PER ANNUM

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

**The Day After Summer.**

The tented sheaves are on the hill;
The furrow's hid in haze;
The wind, it sets the stream achill,
The ripened wood ablaze.

A shower rattles on the leaves,
And roads are rutted mire;
A sole belated singer grieves
Within the blackened brier.

Far off the curling fagot smoke
Weaves tree-top into sky;
And waves of sappy odor soak
The winds that shiver by.

HARRISON S. MORRIS in the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

## THE JOY OF HELPFULNESS.

I am always depressed when I see a man slinking away from an opportunity to help somebody. He reminds me of a bat or an owl trying to find some dark hole in which to hide away from the light. How little he knows the joy, the sweet, soul filling satisfaction which he forgoes in the cowardice of his would be exemption from responsibility! He thinks that he is lucky when he escapes the necessity of doing service. There is a mean, furtive, unreal kind of satisfaction in his heart when he succeeds in dodging a moral obligation due to a suffering,overburdened brother. But this poor pinchback, counterfeit satisfaction is like a piece of tinsel compared with the pure solid gold of joy which might have been his had he seized the opprotunity to lend a helping hand. It is a psychalogical mystery, this intense, uplifting, abiding joy which we find in bestowing good upon others. Can you explain why you should be happy after giving something to another which could not make you happy in possessing it yourself? I cannot. But we all know how gennine this kind of happiness is.

One night when I was passing through New York city I ran across a friend on Broadway, which is the most cosmopolitan street in the world. You might come from the most distant hamlet in this great county and be pretty sure of meeting some one you knew during an hour's walk on Broadway. I remarked to my friend, after exchanging greetings with him:

"It seems to me you are looking unusually happy to-night."

"Yes," he answered, "I am feeling in remarkly good spirits, but for the life of me I can't tell exactly why. To be sure, I spent the morning looking over the treasures of the Art Museum, then I dined with Senator G——— at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and afterwards I went to hear the Albani at the Metropolitan, but none of these things seemed to make me feel particularly cheerful. All they did, perhaps, was to gratify my curiosity and vanity. I felt rather bored than otherwise, after them."

"Well, its strange that you should have had such a reaction of spirits," I said. Are you sure nothing else has happened?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," he said. "I do remember, though, that as I came out of the Opera House, there was a poor, peaked faced little girl standing at the entrance, with a ragged shawl over her head, and half a dozen evening papers under her arm. She was a timid little thing, and did not dare to cry her wares, as the noisy street boys were doing all about her, but the way she looked up with her troubled, pleading eyes was enough to melt a man's heart. I slipped a dollar into her hand, and took one of the papers, saying: 'Never mind the change, little woman. I am in too much of a hurry to wait for it.' I shall never forget the way she looked at me, as I turned away."

Well, my friend," said I, "if you don't know why you are happy tonight, I do." And as I shook his hand and said good-by, I think from the smile in his eyes that he began to suspect what the secret of true happiness is.

I trust that all my readers have at one time or another, tasted this cup of joy which follows the doing of a kindly deed. It is a cup which you can drain to the last clear, sparkling drop, and never find a dreg at the bottom of it. It is a cup which can hold up in the sunlight, and never see a speck floating there, or a stain clouding its crystal purity. Some joys leaves bitter taste behind them. Others, which we thought, before they touched our lips would be sweet as nectar of the gods, prove, flavories and palling to the taste, others burn us like liquid fire, and in our anguish we dash the cup from us, crying out that we will never dip it in pleasure's fount again. But there is one joy which is sweeter than anything we ever dreamed of, and which leaves nothing but swoetness behind It. It is the joy of doing good, the joy of trying to help others bear their burdens and troubles. When-ever you stretch forth helping hands, though you seek nothihg for yourself in return, God fills your hands with treasures of joy. Science tells you that you cannot grasp the sunlight, but love says you can! As often as you put your hand beneath another's burden, you lay hold of this golden sunlight of happiness. Try it, and see if this is not so.

Young men and young woman, do you deny yourselves for your parents' sake? Do you give up selfish enjoyments for the sake of being helpful at home, when those enjoyments conflict with your filial duties and privileges? If you do, you know what it is to drink the sweet, pure, uncloying cup of true happenniess. If you do not, I do not need to remind you how much more inspired the dranght of selfish pleasure taste than you thought it would, not how bitter the taste it left after you had drained it.

And you, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, do you know the joy of always lending the helping hand at home, in the community, in the church, in every relation of life which you are called upon to sustain? Are you constantly on the lookout for a too heavy burden, beneath which you can place your shoulders and so walk a little way in the joy of love and sympathy at your toiling brother's side? Or do you, rather, shun these opportunities for helpfulness? Are you always slipping out at the back door, when some poor brother pilgrim totters with his load of sin and care and poverty up to your threshold? If you are an uncharitable coward, you will have the feelings of a coward. You will hate and despise yourself. You will find no pleasure in anything which is noble, manly, unselfish Christ-like. You will be utterly miserable every day of your life; and each time you sneak away from an opportunity of doing good, your self-condemning heart will be heavier and more troubled. When a man gets to hating himself for his own inherent selfishnes, and yet makes no effort to break the bond of self, he is undergoing the keenest mental tortue of which he is capable. It is hell here and now, hell begun in this world. And if a man makes no effort to get out of hell in this world, is it likely that he will escape in the next?

But if any one is miserable and unsatisfied and self-distrustful, he can become happy and hopeful and self-respecting by simply fulfilling the law of Christ. What is that law? How simple it is, how practical, how easily possible for every one of us! Nothing so plain, so ready to hand, as this everyday duty of helpfulness. Christ does not ask you to do some strange, unfamiliar peculiar thing. All he asks is this! Look above you, and the first overladen brother you see, put your hand under his burden. Help him with it. Could you ask for anything more plain and practical in the way of duty than that? Yet it is the golden rule of the kingdom. It is the secret of all joy and peace and hope. Try it, and see if you have not found the long sought secret of bringing heaven down to earth! Try it, and you will rid of those pangs of self-reproach, those anxious longings after something that is better, more blessed and abiding than anything you have found hitherto. Try it, in Christ's name, and you will know what it is to wake every morning with a song of joy in your heart, and lie down every night with a hymn of peace.—*New York Observer.*

## Down Pike's Peak on Her Wheel.

Mrs. C. C. Candy is the first lady cyclist who has yet had the courage to attempt the descent of Pike's Peak on her wheel. She accomplished the feat last Saturday, but not without an exciting mishap, which might have cost her life. Considering the perilousness of the undertaking, there are few men among the many dare-devil wheelman in Colorado who have attempted it, and the pluck of Mrs. Candy is, therefore, the more surprising. She has contemplated the trip for some time, but few of her friends thought that she would get nearer to its execution.

With sounding from the house tops that she was ready to make the trip, she and her husband rode quietly to the depot on Saturday morning, boarded the Rio Grande train for Colorado Springs, and there took the first train of the day to the top of the peak. Once at the top, the most important preparation for the perilous plunge, for this it seemed, was in the change of costume. Dangerous enough in man's garments, she would not attempt to descend in an ordinary dress. She had prepared a suit resembling that ordinarily worn by the man cyclist, and it was in this that she appeared on her wheel.

At 1.15 o'clock she started, her husband following closely and watching her, he admits, with something of anxiety. It was four hours and fifteen minutes later when they landed at the base of the monarch of the range. It was about four miles from the summit that Candy declares that his heart jumped into his mouth and there remained for several minutes as he saw his wife topple over the edge of the road, leaving her wheel, and being hurled over and over down the steep and rough incline, each instant increasing her velocity. The wheel tumbled and slid over the bowlders after her, and her husband could but stand perfectly helpless and horror stricken and see her hurled possibly to her death.

Suddenly she came up with considerable force against a large rock and her wheel on top her body. She was not hurt, except by bruises and scratches, and she was not there for the purpose of complaining over a little thing like this. It was simply adding spice to the trip. She answered his anxious inquiry with a merry laugh and the assurance that she rather enjoyed it.

Further down in the descent, just after they had left the clouds, they entered a pelting storm of rain and hail. It was so heavy and the sand was thrown over them in such a shower that they were forced to stop at the half-way house and dry out. Here they remained an hour. The remainder of the trip was made through a storm almost as severe as the first and they were glad to reach shelter in the hotel at the base of the mountain.

**Guaranteed Cure.**

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicated with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at George & Redden's, Drug Store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

**Autumn in the Mountains.**

The important announcement is made that Deer Park will remain open until October 1st, and Oakland until September 22d, thus affording an opportunity to spend September, the most delightful month, in the Alleghanies. The luxuriant foliage of the mountains is then in its autumnal glory, wild flowers abound, and game and fish are plentiful. All Vestibuled Limited Express trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between the East and West stop at both resorts. Pullman parlor or sleeping cars on all trains. 2t.

Subscribe for the UNION $1.00

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Dr. Fenner's Salt Rheum Ointment is the "grandest medicine ever made by man." For all skin eruptions. Warranted to satisfy or money refunded. Sold by George & Redden.

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

**The Ladies' Home Journal.**

"Why Young Men defer Marriage" is the subject of an interesting article on this truth-asserting topic, by John Lambert Payne, in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Mr Payne's paper is statistical and treats this momentous matter from every standpoint. The domestic problem concerning the relations existing "Between Mistress and Maid" is intelligently discussed by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Helen S. Conaut and Cristine Terhume Herrick, as is, "Getting Home from the Country" by Helen Jay. The wife of the famous dramatist, Alexandre Dumas, is the subject of a sketch, with portrait, by Lucy Hamilton Hooper, and Laura Grover Smith gives a discription of a unique firm of women lawyers in Milwaukee. Maude Haywood contributes a special illustrated paper on "The Chicago Society of Decorative Art," and Walter H. Barrett writes comprehensively of "Women and Life Insurance." The Editor speaks some timely words about the restlessness of the American man and its effect upon women, and Foster Coates tells of "Women in Journalism."

The always interesting departments by competent editors conclude a number which is more than usually attractive, and one that cannot fail to please its hundreds of thousands of readers. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is published by Tho Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, for ten cents a number and one dollar per year.

**Literary Note From Demorest's Magazine.**

It may not be known to everyone that Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is one of the best of American flower-painters. Since she has occupied her position of lady of the White House, however, her public duties have largely prevented the exercise of her artistic genius; but in that period she has found leisure to paint one of the loveliest representations of flower life that ever came from an artists hand—a magnificent group of orchids on a porcelain panel. With that broad and kindly spirit which has marked her career, she has presented this single production of her scant leisure to the public, and DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has the honor of being the medium through which this painting is offered to the mothers, wives, and daughters of America, to whom it is lovingly dedicated.

There is no taint of politics in it: it is simply the tribute of a good woman's love for the women of her nation, superbly expressed in color and form,—the foremost woman of the Republic cementing, by means of her art, her sisterhood with all of her sex in the land.

Mrs. Harrison's painting has been reprodnced in the highest style of art, of the same size as the original 11½x15 inches), and is an absolutely perfect counter part, in every particular, to the faintest tint of color, and even to the peculiar texture of the porcelain,

With each copy of Demorest's Magazine for October one of these wonderful reproductions of "A WHITE HOUSE ORCHID," PAINTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE, in the White House from an orchid grown in the White House s to be presented FREE

Conference Academy,

Dover, Del.,

The Conference Academy calls attention to its new building for ladies, its reasonable charges, and its good reputation as a fitting school. Send for the last Catalogue, containing an alumni record. W. L. GOODING, *Principal.*