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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1 00
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8 00
1 "	for any less no of insertions	1.00

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

JOB PRINTING.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

F. W. RIDGELY. CHAS. F. MACLARY.

RIDGELY & MACLARY,

Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

Merchandise Generally,

RIDGELY, CAROLINE CO., MD.

☞Grain, Fruit, or other produce sent to our Warehouse will receive prompt attention.☜

aul-tf

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

Dr. H. C. KEMP

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. He may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged, at the Drug Store, or at the Hotel.

my3-6m

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD.

Will visit Felton every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. [my2-y

Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

Will hereafter visit Greensborough the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. jly29y

Jno. D. Kemp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.

Office, next door to residence, Main street.

may9-y

W. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF THIS AND THE ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on his farm in the upper District. Will attend in Denton on Tuesdays, and Greensboro' on Saturdays. [mr21

AUCTIONEERING.

Jo TYLOR

HAS RESUMED

The Auctioneering Business,

And respectfully solicits a share of patronage from the public. He may be found at his residence, Denton, Md. [ap11-tmy1'68

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license as Auctioneer will call sales of all kinds at short notice. Persons having property to sell will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber as I guarantee to give satisfaction.

COLLINS TATMAN,

mr7-tf near Denton.

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.

dec13-5m JAS. HIGNUTT.

Highly Important.

ISRAEL & CO.,

PHOTOGRAPHERS

125 *W. BALTIMORE ST.,*

BALTIMORE, MD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OUR PRICES.

Cartes and Vignettes $2.50 per dozen, formerly $5.

☞Particular attention paid to copies of deceased persons. [apr25-1y

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWERS at ALBURGER'S.

Poetry.

The Shadows in the Valley.

BY ALEX. CHRISTIE.

There's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlet of snow—
Where the violet and the harebell
Cling like lovers ne'er to part:
But their shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

Once I knew a radiant maiden,
Unto me the wine of life—
In the heaven of my affection
I had longed to call my wife.
And I loved her. Yes; I loved her,
But the angels loved her too;
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a snowdrop pure and white,
Is the epitaph an angel
Wrote in stillness of the night.

Oh, that mossy, shady valley,
Shrine of love and woe to me—
Grave of all my sorrow—
Haven of rest where I would be.
What to me are life's gay pleasures?
What the profits of the mart,
When those shadows in the valley
Chill the sunshine of my heart?

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY THEO. W. RICH.

The reader is not indebted to the writer's imagination for the plot of the following sketch, which was found, not a great while ago, in the columns of a daily paper. Thinking a touch of fiction would improve it a little, I have prepared and now submit it for the benefit of those who love humorous reading.

Jennie and Mary Hill were two of the liveliest girls that ever promenaded a fashionable avenue. Mischief was written in their sparkling eyes, and their coquetish airs and ways told very plainly that an opportunity to have what is modernly styled "fun" was never lost by them.

Their father, a man who was making and losing money as fast as a gold speculator possibly could, almost idolized them and willingly satisfied their every wish; so, when they proposed to spend the summer months in the country, he readily gave them permission to go.

The Saratoga trunk—"Saratoga" is a sufficient description of an extra large-sized trunk now-a-days—was then bro't out and packed with dresses, shawls, gaiter-boots, and—well, I only caught a glimpse of the other articles, but they looked like handkerchiefs with lace around the edges.

A couple of days later they arrived at their destination, uncle Henry's farm, and were enthusiastically welcomed by their cousin, Susan Hill. The latter was a buxom maiden of eighteen years, as full of humor and sportiveness as her city cousins; and when the three got together they had a "jolly time."

Picnic and riding parties followed each other in quick succession, and every mode of amusement that they could think of was used to pass away the time.

Thus a couple of weeks went swiftly by, when a *dreadful* event occurred, which was quite annoying to the parties immediately concerned.

The girls were all invited to a "dance" and of course they all decided to go; but, during the day on which the affair was to take place, as they were rambling thro' a piece of woodland, Mary got scratched across the cheek with a briar bush, so she changed her mind, and decided to remain at home, as she "wasn't going to appear in public with such a looking face." Her sister and cousin tried to persuade her to go, but they found it was useless, so they went without her.

Shortly after they had gone, a young minister stopped at the gate and asked Farmer Hill if he could obtain shelter there for himself and horse for the night.

"Certainly," replied the farmer, and seizing his hat, he led the way to the barn.

Mrs. Hill and her neice then commenced to prepare the "best room," which was on the ground floor, and which the three girls then occupied, for the reception of the young minister. About nine o'clock they all retired, with the exception of Mary, who was to sit up until the return of her sister and cousin, so that she could inform them of the change of sleeping apartments. She seated herself at a table and commenced reading, but the night being sultry, and she being drowsy, sleep overcame her, and she departed on an excursion to the land of nods.

It was after midnight when Jennie and Susan started for home accompanied by a couple of bashful country boys, who bade them "good-night" at the gate, and left them to find their way to the house as best they could. They tried the door, but found it fastened, so, not wishing to disturb the inmates, they quietly stepped into their room through the low open window. By means of the dim moonlight that struggled through the curtains the girls were enabled to descry the outline of Mary (as they supposed) cosily coiled up in the midale of the bed.

And they saw more.

"Look there!" cried Jennie, snickering as she pointed to a pair of boots that was standing upright in the centre of the room.

A fit of smothered laughter followed this discovery, and the young ladies thought it was an excellent joke. They saw through the whole thing very plainly. Mary had set the boots there to frighten them, so they put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. They silently disrobed, took their positions on each side of the bed, and at a signal from Jennie both jumped in, one on each side of the unconscious parson.

"Oh! what a nice little fellow!" laughingly cried Susan.

"Oh! you naughty, naughty man!" echoed Jennie; and then the astonished and bewildered young minister got such a hugging and caressing as few persons can brag of in a life time.

"Stop—what are you about—get out!" he cried, managing to articulate a word or two when the tickling and punching were not so "heavy."

The noise and racket caused by this lively scene aroused Mrs. Hill, who was sleeping in an adjoining apartment. Comprehending the true State of affairs, she rushed to the room, and thrust her head in at the door exclaiming,—

"Girls, stop! it's a man; it's a man sure enough!"

There was one prolonged, consolidated scream, a rustle of two unmentionable garments as they disappeared through the door, and all was over.

The best of the joke is that the "D. D." took the whole thing in earnest.—He was shocked and indignant, and would listen to no explanation, no apology that Mrs. Hill could offer for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but solemnly folding his clerical robes around him, he departed in disgust, thanking the Lord, no doubt, for his safe deliverance out of the hands of the "Phillistines."

The Sunken Lake.

The *Sentinel*, published at Jacksonville Oregon, of the 12th ult., says: "Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the great sunken lake situated in the Cascade mountains, about 75 miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad, the Sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to the water all around. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten.

"No living man ever has or probably ever will be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious is the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge wall scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountain in unknown ages gone by, and about it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water at an angle of 45 degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by some of our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity."

Some time ago a little boy was discovered in the streets, evidently intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come to me."

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother and father and little brother, and took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he: Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion; "he has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said:

"Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of truth! and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.

Prefer solid sense to wit; don't study to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon your good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty or heedlessly hurt the feelings of another.

There is no fewer than 341 manufacturers of false teeth in Paris.

REST.

Multitudes of earth's toiling millions have died while striving to make enough money to retire from business, and in a beautiful cottage on their own little farm spend the remnant of their days in rest, in having nothing in particular to do.—Perhaps one in a million of the hopers does make money enough to enable him to retire to his country-seat, and for a year or two, while he is fixing it up to his notion, all goes on charmingly, but when everything is completed to his mind and he has nothing more to take up his attention, he eats and sleeps and lounges around for a few months longer, falls into disease and dies; or if he has unusual force of character and power of observation, he notices that both health and happiness are passing from him and tracing this to the true cause of an inactive body and an unoccupied mind, he resolves to "sell out" and plunge again into the vortex of business.

Recently an old school-mate,—younger, graduating in the same class over thirty-seven years ago—writes that "both body and mind are worn out; the slightest physical labor exhausts him," and, "any effort to think or study or even read, so wearies the brain that life is felt as a burden." He withdrew from his professional duties, which he had performed in the place for twenty-five years, with honor to himself, having secured the love and confidence and respect of all who knew him. He gave up his calling for the purpose of obtaining rest, as a means of health.

The number of families is increasing every day, who give up housekeeping as a means of rest from family cares, and resort to that miserable and most unwise mode of life, boarding, at a hotel or in some private family, to get more and more dissatisfied than ever in a few months, meanwhile falling into bad health and bad habits of various kinds.

All these classes of persons fail, miserably fail in their object, because they mistake the physiological meaning of the word "rest." Neither body nor brain are safely, truly and happily rested by doing nothing. The only healthiest rest, as long as our physical and mental constitution remains as it is, is to be busy.—Men of force and industry will everywhere tell you, "It is the hardest thing in the world to do nothing." No mortal man was ever made to be a loafer, to be a miserable drone. The true idea of rest is recreation, a making over again, a return to our accustomed vigor; and this is accomplished, not by allowing the machine to come to a stand still, for inactivity is rust and ruin to all mechanical contrivances, and is death to all physiological structures. The true object of rest is recuperation, and that is best brought about as to the body, by exercising a different set of muscles; and as to the brain by calling into requisition a different set of organs or powers, causing the mind to act upon new objects. A better plan not to get into the unhealthful conditions named, and they are avoidable by giving two hours daily to the exercise of a different class of muscles or to the investigations and study of objects of comparatively trivial importance and of a wholly different nature. The student should ride on horseback, or cultivate fruits and flowers; the merchant should employ his mind in liberal studies, in active personal and elevating charities, while the over-taxed and worried wife should pay a visit daily to some prudent friend, some cheery neighbor or suffering sister or child;—the main idea in all cases being to spend two or three hours daily in open-air activities wholly different from the ordinary business routine.

Mr. Helmbold, of the drug store under the Metropolitan Hotel, and his beautiful wife, who are at the Union Hotel, Saratoga, ride in one of the finest turnouts there Not many years ago he started in business on $50. He has made the art of advertising the study of his life; and owes his success to printer's ink.—The first year he came to New York, besides the great amounts he expended on other newspapers, he gave $53,000 to three leading New York dailies. Last year he expended $214,000, and over 100,000 in posters, pamphlets, etc., knowing that he would thereby establish a trade and reputation which would extend through years, but little dreaming that he would make money the same year. So quick and so sure, however, are the returns from judicious advertising, that his receipts for that year exceeded his expenditures by about $15,000. The more money a business man expends in advertising, the more likely he is to get many fold its return, which nobody can deny.—*New York Gazette.*

Good men generally reap more substantial benefits from their afflictions than bad men do from their prosperity; and what they lose in wealth, pleasure, and honor, they gain, and to most advantage, in wisdom and goodness, and tranquility of mind.

Something for Topers.—They who drink away their estate drink the tears of their widows, and the very blood of their impoverished children.

Keep the Sabbath day holy.

What a Good Wife is Worth.

A Kentuck farmer furnishes the following evidence of the money value of a wife:

"I have been farming twenty-two years. The first four years I was unmarried. I began farming with two hundred acres, in the blue grass region. I handled cattle, hogs, sheep and horses—principally the first two named—and lived I thought tolerably economical, spent none of the money for tobacco in any way, and yet at the end of four years I had made little or no clear money. I then married a young lady eighteen years of age—one who never had done any housework or work of any kind, except make a portion of her own clothes. She had never made a shirt, drawers, pants or waistcoat, or even sewed a stitch on a coat, and yet before we had been married a year, she had made for me every one of the articles of clothing named, and knit several pairs of socks for me—yes, and mended divers articles for me, not excepting an old hat or two. She had also made butter, sold eggs, chickens, and other fowls, and vegetables to the amount of near $600 in cash, at the end of the year; whereas, during the four years that I was single, I never had sold five cents worth; besides making me purely happy and contented with, and at my own home. And as to making money, we have made money clear of expenses every year since we were married, in everything that we have undertaken on the farm, and she has made from $350 to $500 every year except one, during the time, selling butter, eggs, and marketing of different kinds. My yearly expenses for fine clothing, &c, before I was married, were more than my yearly expenses were after I was married, combined with the expenses of my wife and children, and our farm was increased from 250 to 650 acres; and I believe that if I had not married it would have increased but little, if any, and I have never been absent from home six nights when my wife was at our home, since we were married, and her cheeks kiss as sweetly to me as they did the morning after I was married"

Prudence.

Prudence, ladies and gentlemen, prudence! But what is prudence? Not meanness—not to possess a niggardly disposition. To be prudent is not to be wasteful; but to save everything you can for your own and others' use—a pin and a penny, a crust of bread and a potato, a scrap of paper and an inch of cloth. This disposition is far more removed from parsimony, and is a virtue which all should appreciate. It is painful to witness the waste in some families. Large pieces of bread are suffered to mould, and are then given to the hogs; potatoes become sour and are useless, and the leavings of a good meal to-day are thrown away, when they might answer for to-morrow's dinner. With such people it is waste, nothing but waste.

We love economical people—we do sincerely—and never have we had reason to complain of their meanness. Everything about their dwellings looks neat and tidy, and when you sit down to a meal, you can eat comfortably, without thinking of the peck of dirt.

Our young men and women miss it sadly when they expend so much upon their persons. Every week or two they want something new, before their old garments are half worn out. They must learn prudence, or want at some future day will sit on their doorsteps.

A Beautiful Legend.

They tell the story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in the church on a fast day disputing about rest. One said it was to have sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise of all men. The third said it was possession of power to rule the State. The fourth said it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The fifth said it were all in vain unless a man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brethren, said: "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He can only find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keep the traditions of the elders." There sat a fair-haired boy, playing with lillies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, "Nay, father, he only findeth rest who loves his brother as himself, with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth and power; happier than a happy home without it; better than honored age; he is a law to himself above all traditions.

News.—The word *news* is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective *new*. In former times (between the years 1595 and 1730) it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass, thus:

N
E ‖ W
S

importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term "newspaper."

Phunnygraphic.

The Man who Ate the Drum.—During the late war, while the army of Tennessee, under General Johnson, lay encamped near Dalton, the following rich scene occurred: There was a very popular dealer in newspapers there, a perfect Brobdignag in size, riyalling Daniel Lambert in rotundity of stomach. A regiment was there about to leave for Mobile, and our massive friend had some business to transact with the Colonel.—So, puffing and blowing, he came up a few minutes before the train started.—As he came up a soldier spied him, and hallooed out "Boys here he is.' Instantly the whole regiment was on the alert, and shout after shout went up, "Here he is, here he is!" Looking dumbfounded, the fat man said: "What's up gentlemen? What have I done?"—"You are the very man that stole our big drum and swallowed it," went up simultaneously. Struck with surprise, he did not know whether to laugh or get mad, but finally said: "Well, boys, if you'll stay till evening I'll eat you."

A little three-year old in South Boston was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly:

"Who made the birdies?'

'God made them, my child.'

"Who feeds the birdies, mamma?'

"God feeds them.'

"Mamma, who made the mices?' she continued.

"God made them.'

The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked energetically:

"Does God keep a cat?'

The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go play with her india-rubber doll.

"What studies do you intend to pursue?' said an erudite pedagogue one day as Sammy Raw entered his school room.

"Why, I shall study reading, I suppose, wouldn't ye?'

"Yes, but you will not want to read all the time; are you acquainted with figures?'

"It's a pity if I ain't when I've ciphered clean through adoption.'

"Adoption! what rule is that?'

"Why, it's the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four; in according to adoption twice four is two.'

"You may take your seat, sir,' said the master.

"You may take yourn too,' said the pupil, "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways.'

California Style.—Not long since a German was riding along Sampson street, near Sacramento, when he heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shake. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet-hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?' asked the German.

"Yes,' replied the other party; "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently.'

"You must be mistaken,' said the German. 'I have owned the horse for three years.'

"Well,' said the other, "when I come to look at him I believe that I am mistaken. Excuse me sir; won't you take a drink?'

A merchant on his death-bed sent for a Free Church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospect, he asked the reverend gentleman, "Do you think if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free Kirk that my soul would be saved?'

"Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that, but I think the experiment worth trying.'

A sick man, just recovering his appetite, ate eighteen dumplings, and was about entering on the nineteenth and last in the dish, when his little son asked his father to give it to him.

"Why, my son, would you take the last dumpling from your poor sick father?'

At a wedding recently when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty that lent her beauty additional grace, replied, 'If you please.'

A female school-teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue.' "If that's the case,' said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services.'

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I" replied an industrious miller; "for I am obliged to work for it."

Josh Billings says: "If you trade with a Yankee, steal his jack-knife fust; for if he gets to whittling, you are gone spite of thunder."

"My lad,' said a lady to a boy carrying a mail bag, "are you a mail boy?'—"You doesn't think I'm a female boy, does yer?'

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