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THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

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

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1

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JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF

CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. ja16-y

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DENTON, MD.,

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

Office next door to residence, Main street. may9-y

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DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.



Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee. December 19th-y

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FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

PLOWS

AND

PLOW CASTINGS.

Manufactured by the Subscriber,

And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.

ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

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Successor to J. Thomas Jarman

Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,

GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner at the shortest notice, and at the lowes rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.

My12-4t.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

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Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

PUMPS.

Everybody who has use for a pump should buy

MORRELL'S

Fire Engine,

DEEP WELL

AND

FORCE PUMP.

Send for a Circular.

POOLE & HUNT,

jo14-1y Baltimore, Md.

DELAWARE
Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.80
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		

Select Poetry.

ONWARD.

Onward—onward! slowly and steady;
Be each footprint firm and deep,
Bear your form erectly, nobly,
While the narrow path you keep.
Do the work which God has given you,
Be your calling what it may;
Bury not nor hoard your talents,
Labor with them on your way.

Onward—onward! look not backward;
Stop not to regret the past,
Nor upon its joys to linger—
Oh! your sands are running fast.
Take from memory what can aid you—
Let oblivion have the rest;
Be whate'r your heart enshrineth,
But the purest and the best.

Onward! onward! look not round you,
At the laborers by your side!
If you pause in idle dreamings,
From the path your foot will slide.
Yet help on your feeble brother,
If he faint in doubt and fear,
Let your love his spirit strengthen,
Let your faith his spirit cheer.

Onward! onward! look beyond you,
Keep the beacon light in view;
Let no idle ignis fatuus
Lure you from the safe and true.
Onward, with your heart ennobling,
Soul refining more and more,
Till at the gate of heaven
Drop the burden that it bore.

The Best Wife in the World.

"The best wife in the world!" said Herbert Ainscourt.

"Of course—I dare say," responded Mr. Portcross. "But what's your exact idea of the best wife in the world? Jones says he's got the best wife in the world because she keeps his stockings darned, takes him to church three times of a Sunday, and never lets him have an opinion of his own. Jenkins says he's got the same identical article, but Jenkin's wife keeps all the money, and draws his salary for him, and makes him live in the back kitchen, because the parlor is too good for family use."

"Oh, but Daisy isn't a bit ogreish—a little submissive, soft voiced thing, that hasn't an idea except which is reflected from me. I tell you what old fellow, I'm master of my own house; I come when I please, and go when I please. Daisy never ventures on a word of reproach."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, larking around at the clubs as you do, like a disappointed bachelor of fashion?"

"Ashamed! What for?"

"Why, I suppose you owe some duties to your wife?"

"Where's the harm? My wife doesn't care."

"Probably you think so because she is quiet and submissive; but if she were to object—"

"Object? I'd like to see her try it."

"Now look here, Ainscourt; your wife may be a model wife, but you are certainly not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way you neglect that pretty little blue eyed girl."

"I'll thank people to mind their own business. Neglect her, indeed! Why, man, I love her as I love my own soul."

"Then, why don't you treat her as if you did?"

"Oh, come, Portcross; that question just shows what a regular old bachelor you are. It won't do to make too much of your wife, unless you want to spoil her."

Mr. Portcross shook his head.

"That sounds selfish. I don't like the ring of the metal."

And he went away, leaving Mr. Ainscourt to finish his game of billiards at his leisure.

"What a regular old fuss budget Portcross is," laughed the latter. "Always poking his nose into somebody else's business. There's one comfort—I never pay any attention to what he says."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was waiting alone in her drawing room, her two little white hands tightly locked in one another, and her head slightly drooping—a delicate little apple blossom of a woman, with blue, wistful eyes, and curly, flaxen hair, looking more like a grown child than a wife of twenty-one summers.

"O dear!" sighed Daisy, "it's so dull here. I wish Herbert would come home. He never spends any time with me now a days, and I practice all his favorite songs, and read the newspapers, so I can talk about the things he is interested in, and try so hard to be entertaining. It's very strange."

And then her oval face brightened into a sudden brilliance and the sparkles stole into her eyes; for the wife's quick ear had detected her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The next moment he came in.

"Well, pet how are you?" with a playful pinch of the cheek. "There are some bonbons for you. Where are my light gloves?"

"O, Herbert! you are not going away again?"

"I must, Daisy. There are a lot of fellows going to drive up to High Bridge, and I'm one of the party. You can go over to my mothers to dinner, or send for one of your friends, or do something. There, good bye, puss; I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

And with one careless kiss pressed on the quivering damask rose of a mouth that was lifted up to him, he was gone.

Daisy Ainscourt neither went to her mother in-law, nor sent out for one of her girl friends. She spent the evening all alone, pondering on the shadow which was fast overgrowing her life.

"What shall I do?" said the timid little shrinking wife. "O, what shall I do?" But, child as she was, Daisy had a strong resolute woman's heart within her, nor was she long in coming to a decision.

"Daisy," said her husband to her the next day, "you havn't any objection to my attending the Orion Bal Masque!"

"Are masked balls nice places, Herbert?"

"O, yes, everybody goes; only I thought I would pay you the compliment of asking whether you disapproved of it or not."

"Can I go with you?"

"Well—ahem—not very well this time, Daisy. You see, Mrs. Fenchurch really hinted so strongly for me to take her, that I couldn't help it."

"Very well," assented Daisy, meekly, and Herbert repeated within himself the pæan of praises he had chanted in Mr. Portcross's ears: "The best little wife in the world!"

But notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ainscourt was not exactly pleased when at the self-same bal masque, during the gay period of unmaskings he saw his wife's innocent face crowning the picturesque costume of a Bavarian peasant girl.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, rather ungraciously, "you here!"

"Yes," lisped Daisy, with a girlish smile. "You said everybody went! And, oh, Herbert isn't it nice?"

Mr. Ainscourt said no more; but Mrs. Fenchurch found him a very stupid companion the rest of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next day, but late as he was he found himself more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl, trailing over her shoulders, and her dimple cheeks all pink with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time? Really, I am so sorry. But we have been driving in the park, and—"

"We! Who are?" growled her husband.

"Why, Col. Adair and I—the Col. Adair you go out with so much."

"Now, look here, Daisy," ejaculated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair. "Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with."

"But you go everywhere with him."

"I dare say—but you and I are two different persons."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more oysters."

Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife.—Was she really in earnest, or was there a mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide, so artless was her countenance.

"I'll talk to her about it, sometime," was the internal decision.

"Daisy, he said carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mrs. Barberry to come and spend the day with you to morrow."

"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I'm engaged out to-morrow."

"You? Where?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined a woman's rights club, and we meet there to organize."

"The deuce take woman's rights," ejaculated the irate husband.

"Of course I don't believe in 'em, but it's the fashion to belong to a club, and such a nice place to go of evenings. I'm dull here of evenings, Herbert!"

Herbert's heart smote, but he answered resolutely:

"I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want with clubs?"

"What men do, I suppose!"

"But I don't approve of it at all."

"You belong to three clubs, Herbert."

"That's altogether a different matter."

"But why is it different, Herbert?"

"Hem—why? because—of course anybody can see why—it's self-evident."

"I must be very blind," said Mrs. Ainscourt, demurely, "but I confess I can't distinguish the essential difference."

Herbert Ainscourt said no more, but he did not at all relish the change that had lately come over the spirit of Daisy's dream.

She did change, some how. She went out driving here, there and everywhere. He never knew when he was certain of a quiet evening with her; she joined not only the club, but a thousand and one societies, for innumerable purposes, which took her from home almost continually. Mr. Ainscourt chafed against the bit, but it was useless.—Daisy always had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother in law bore down upon her—an austere old lady in black satin and a chestnut brown wig.

"Daisy you are making my son wretched."

"Am I?" cried Daisy. "Dear me, I had no idea of it! What's the trouble?"

"You must ask himself," said the mother-in-law, who believed—sensible old woman—in young married people settling their own difficulties.

So Daisy went home to the drawing room where Herbert lay on the sofa, pretending to read, but in reality brooding over his troubles.

"What's the matter, Herbert?" said Daisy kneeling on the floor beside him, and put her soft, cool hands on his fevered brow.

"The matter? Nothing much, only I am miserable," he sullenly answered.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because you are so changed, Daisy."

"How am I changed!"

"You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to myself any more. Daisy, don't you see how it is embittering my life?"

"Does it make you unhappy?" she asked, softly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I passed the first year of my married life in just such a lonesome way.—You had no 'domesticity.' Clubs, drives, billiard playing and champaignes uppers, engrossed your whole time. I, your wife, pined at home alone."

"But why didn't you tell me you were unhappy?"

"Because you would have laughed at the idea, and called it a woman's whim. I resolved, when we were first married, to fritter away neither time nor breath in any idle complaints. I have not complained; I have simply followed your example. If it wasn't a good one, whose fault was that? not mine surely?"

"No, Daisy, not yours," he assented.

"I don't like this kind of life," went on Daisy. "It is a false excitement—a hollow diversion—but I persisted in it for the same reason, I suppose, that you did—because it was the fashion. Now tell me, Herbert whether you prefer a fashionable wife or Daisy."

"Daisy—a thousand times Daisy."

"But Daisy can't get along with a theatre going, club-loving husband."

"Then she shall have a husband who finds his greatest happiness at his own hearthstone, whose wife is his dearest treasure—who has tried the experience of surface, and finds it unsatisfactory. Daisy, shall we begin our matrimonial career anew?"

And Daisy's whispered answer was:

"Yes."

"But what must you have thought of me, all this time?" she asked him, after a little while.

"I know what I think now."

"And what is that?"

"I think," said Mr. Ainscourt with emphasis, "that you are the best wife in the world."

A Diamond Story.

Nearly a century ago, an old gentleman in the lower part of Virginia, picked up a stone to throw at a rabbit; it glittered in the sun, and the old man concluded to take it home for his children to play with. Shortly after, the family physician happened to see the stone, and offered six dollars for it, but the family would not sell it. Subsequently a trusty friend about to visit Europe was given the stone, and on reaching London, he consulted a noted lapidary named Nox, who after examining it declared that "All America is not able to buy that stone."

A Jew, whom the trusty friend consulted afterwards, warned him not to come out with that stone again without a guard, as he would be robbed were it known he had it. The friend returned home and delivered up the gem. Some time afterward a party of Marylanders offered for the stone in lands and negroes the equivalent of one hundred thousand dollars, and were refused. The old man died, and the stone has remained in the family for several generations, and recently, so the story runs, it came into the posession of Dr. Dougherty, of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, whose children are legal heirs. It is claimed to be a diamond of first quality, and weighs four hundred carats, whilst that of the Rajah of Mattan, said to be the largest in the world, weighs only three hundred and sixty-seven carats. The stone has been sent away to pass the scrutiny of the ablest scientific men of the country, and the Harrisburg *State Guard*, which is responsible for the story, of which the above is an outline, says, "there is no reason to believe but that America can boast of the largest diamond in the world.

Around the World in Ninety Days.

George Francis Train's last sensation is an excursion party round the world in ninety days. He made the proposition at the Directors meeting of the Pacific railroad, and a number of gentleman have expressed their determination to go, among them, Congressman Brooks, of New York. The party will be limited to fifteen, and will leave New York in August. Six days to San Francisco, twenty to Japan, and then Canton, Singapore, Calcutta, Ceylon, Aden, Red Sea, Suez Canal, land of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Nile, Pyramids and Cairo, Pompeii's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle and the Catacombs at Alexandria, Joppa, Jerusalem, Mount of Olives, Bethlehen, Dead Sea, River Jordan, Damascus, Beyrout, Smyrna, Rhodes, Constantinople, Trieste, Venice, Berlin, Frankfort, Brussels, Paris, London, Dublin to New York. This will be the first time the world has been compassed in ninety days. Entire expense, about twelve hundred dollars each, to go over three oceans and two continents, seeing America, Asia, Africa and Europe at steamboat and railroad speed, and condensing an age of knowledge and experience in about half the time it formerly took the emigran to go to California.

HOW TO COME DOWN STAIRS.—Here is a true story, too good to go unpublished: A young fellow, respectably connected and well known here, used to get drunk very frequently. Shortly before Brown's Hotel was closed, he was one day, as usual, under the influence of benzine, and stumbled at the head of the stairs leading from the landing to the front door. Down he came, heels over head, bumping from step to step until he was landed in a rather promiscuous looking heap. A stranger who was just entering the hotel, thinking that the fellow had sustained serious, if not mortal, injury, ran to pick him up, but the drunken man majestically waived him off, staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered assistance roared out: "Now, jest lem' me 'lone. Want no slob'rin 'round me. *I allus come down stairs that way.*" The stranger departed ruminating.—*Erie Despatch.*

DR CHALMERS one said: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of that world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with HIM from whose hands it came."

INDIAN SITES.—Richmond now stands upon the site of the village of Powhattan.—Federicksburg upon that of Cuttatawomen, and Port Tobacco stands where, upwards of two and a half centuries ago stood its namesake "Potapico"—the term meaning, we believe, "river between high hills." The Point Lookout of modern times was named "Sparks Poynt." Upon the banks of the Potomac, in what is now known as "Cedar Point neck," stood the village of "Nushemuck," and immediately across Nanjemoy creek, near what is known as "Nanjemoy Stores," was located the town of Mataughquamend.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competency.

The Farmer's Column.

☞This column is edited by one of our Caroline farmers of considerable experience.

Oiling Harness.

Having seen numberless processes in your valuable paper for preserving and cleaning harness, I would like to add my experience to the list, if worthy the space it occupies.

In the first place, I subject the harness to one or two coats (as the leather may need) of lampblack and castor oil, warmed sufficiently to make it penetrate the stock readily. Then I make about two quarts of warm soapsuds, and with a sponge wash the harness. When dry, rub it over with a mixture of oil and tallow, equal parts, with sufficient lampblack to give it color, or, what is better, Prussian Blue, which gives it a new, fresh look. This compound should be applied sparingly, and well rubbed in, which can be quickly done, and will leave a smooth and clean surface.

The advantages I claim for this process are these:

First. By saturating the stock in the first place with oil, the soap and water are prevented from penetrating it in the process of washing. When leather is permitted to absorb water or soap, it has an ultimate tendency to harden it.

Second. When the harness is washed *first* (as is generally the case) the water repels the oil; consequently, in the one case you have the oil inside the stock, and in the other you have the soap and water.

Third. By oiling first, it softens the dirt, so that it can be washed off in at least one-half the time required when washed before oiling, and also saves the scraping process, which defaces the grain of the leather.

Fourth. It remains soft much longer from the fact of its being penetrated with oil.

Fifth. The whole process can be accomplished without the delay of waiting for it to dry.

Consequently the harness can be oiled and cleaned in much less time, will remain soft longer, wear longer and look better than when cleaned by the old method. And I consider these reasons of sufficient importance for every one having harness to give this method a fair trial.—*Scientific American.*

Management of Poultry.

A good deal of experience has taught us that success in the poultry-yard depends as much upon good general management as upon any other one thing. When the eggs of any hens, indifferently, are kept for the purpose of raising young chickens, and when little attention is paid to the particular hens raised for laying, it will in general be found that the profits are small, and the quality of fowls raised rapidly deteriorates.

In addition to the usual plan of selecting only the best formed and quietest hens for breeding purposes, we have found it of advantage to pay considerable attention to the age of the fowls which we retain: for the production of eggs for domestic consumption, we never keep hens beyond the second year; but for raising chickens we have found it to be poor policy to employ eggs laid by hens of less than two years old. We have always found that the chickens from the older hens are more easily raised, have stronger constitutions, and turn out every way better than those raised from eggs laid by very young pullets. At the same time such old hens do not lay as many eggs. The eggs consequently cost more; but this extra expense is but a small item on the number of eggs usually employed for hatching.

In order to have eggs during winter, besides the usual appliances of meat, lime, sand, bones, etc., we always make sure of having some very early chickens. The pullets of these will commence to lay in October or November, and will lay throughout the winter. Next season we draft a few of the very best of these, and keep them as breeders, the balance being fattened and killed off as soon as they have positively ceased laying. At this time it is wonderful how hens take on fat. We often see accounts of hens not laying because they are too fat. When considering the ease with which hens fatten, as soon as they cease laying for the season, we have often thought that the true way to state the case is, that they fattened because they did not lay. At this age they are delightfully tender and juicy, and we would about as soon think of fattening a cow that gave twenty quarts of milk a day as to think of fattening a laying hen.—*Co. Gent.*

Hints for Farmers.

It is not what we make, but what we save, that makes us rich.

In looking around among my brother farmers I notice many things wherein there might be greater economy, in my opinion.

In turning cattle out late in the fall, when the ground is soft, to be trampled upon.

In letting cattle stand in an unsheltered yard in cold, stormy weather, when there is room in the stable for them.

In throwing their fodder in the yard, to be trampled under foot, instead of feeding it in racks.

In not having water in the yard for the cattle, in place of driving them through snow and all kinds of weather to the creek, thereby losing more in manure during a year than the interest of what it would cost to bring the water in the yard, to say nothing of the convenience.

In not having a house for poultry to roost in, and save their droppings; the value of the latter from a hundred fowls, in one year, would pay the cost of the building, not counting the advantage it would be to the fowls.

In not having a woodhouse to cut in on rainy days, and store up dry wood.

In leaving potato-vines, weeds etc., go to waste, instead of hauling them to the hog-pen to be worked into manure.

In riding about and leaving the management of the work too much to hired help.

And last, but not least, in sending their children to school a day or two each week, and allowing them to play and loiter about the rest of it.—*Farmer's Chronicle.*

A MAN who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

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