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THE AMERICAN

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14. It has the best hemmer.

15. It has the most complete attachment, the Jack-of-all-trades, hems, fells, binds, bastes, tucks, braids and ruffles.

16. It is as simple as any machine in market.

17. It needs but little time to learn its operation.

18. It has the best embroidering attachment.

These advantages combine the best qualities of a Sewing Machine for the family who want to use it steadily in all kinds of work. Nothing equal can be found in the way of combining the advantages of all the Sewing Machines now known while obviating all their faults.

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THE AMERICAN

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There Being no other Machine even Pretending Them.

1. It has a larger arm and stronger construction than any family machine, admitting larger pieces of work, thus fitting the machine to family and manufacturing purposes as well, without need of two machines. It has 8½ x 5 inches clear room.

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10. It always won the first premium at every exhibition in which it has been entered.

THE AMERICAN

Can be had as a plain Sewing Machine without the Buttenhole and Overseaming at $15 less than the given prices.

☞ *We want a few reliable agents everywhere, to whom we will make it an object to sell these popular machines.*

Machines will be sent to any address on receipt of price. Every machine has a full outfit for plain sewing, hemming, &c.

☞ We simply ask an examination to verify all we state.

G. PATRONI,

Office and Warerooms, 511 King Street,

WILMINGTON, DELA.

sel-ly

[For The American Union.]

WHAT'S IN A KISS?

BY DON O'HOOTIZ.

What's in a kiss? some one has asked,
And though all I cannot discover,
Yet I know there is joy
Which knows no alloy
In the enraptured kiss of a lover.

What's in a kiss? Can any define
The wondrous delight that hangs 'round it?
Why our souls are thrilled,
And our hearts are filled
With the joy and the bliss that surround it.

What's in a kiss? 'Tis merely the touch
Of our lips to those of another;
Yet there's something sublime,
We cannot define,
That o'er it seems to hover.

What's in a kiss? There's much of joy,
When the soul of each is untainted;
And the unspeakable bliss
Of an innocent kiss
In colors too bright was ne'er painted.

What's in a kiss? Would anyone know?
Then try, with some beautiful maiden,
To fathom the bliss
Contained in a kiss,
With rich love heavily laden.

GREENSBORO', August 29, 1870.

EDGAR ASHCROFT'S BAD LUCK.

Edgar Ashcroft hurried through the streets at an unusually early hour in the morning; for in general he was given to late evening hours, and getting up in the morning whenever he felt like it. He did pause till he reached the door of a plain brick house in a quiet street. Ringing the bell rather excitedly, he inquired of the servant who answered his summons:

"Is your master in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hand him my card, and ask him if he will not see me."

The servant quietly re-appeared, with the request that Edgar would follow her into her master's presence.

Edgar Ashford was ushered into a pleasant sitting-room, where his friend Charles Holden, a sedate man, at least ten years older than himself, was seated at a table on which rested a small trunk of business documents, which he had brought home for examination, his business being that of a lawyer.

"What brings you here at this early hour, Ashcroft?" asked the lawyer in surprise.

"Bad news," said Edgar, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets and speaking in an excited tone.

"Bad news! I am sorry to hear that.—But what is it?"

"You remember I consulted you three months ago about investing my money in a copper mine somewhere up in the Lake Superior region."

"I remember it perfectly. I advised you to have nothing to do with it."

"I wish I had taken your advice; but I was fool enough to be dazzled by the brilliant promises of the directors; and the long and short of it is, I invested my entire fortune in the concern.

"Is it possible?"

"I wish it wasn't but it is."

"Well how has it turned out?"

"The shares are selling for five dollars, where I paid a hundred."

"How many have you?"

"Five hundred. That is, I invested fifty thousand dollars, and I could only sell out for twenty-five hundred to-day."

"Sell out," said Holden laconically.

"What! and sacrifice nineteen-twentieths of my fortune?"

"Better than the whole."

"But don't you think it is worth anything?"

"Not a cent."

"There are some good mines there."

"True, but this was got up by swindlers, to cheat the confiding public out of their money. It will go down to nothing."

"But twenty-five hundred dollars won't support me," said Ashcroft in dismay.

"Do as I do then."

"What?"

"Earn your living by your own exertions."

"But," said Edgar, "I have never been brought up to work."

"Everybody ought to do something."

"But consider my delicate health. My constitution is very weak, I can assure you."

"I should think it might be. You turn night into day, and day into night. Late hours at parties, soirees, and theatres are enough to undermine any constitution when carried to the excess you are carrying them."

"Do you really think that?"

"Yes, I do."

"I never thought of that. Perhaps you may be right; but if I were able, what could I do? Who would engage me as clerk?"

"How would you like to follow my profession?"

"As a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it hard work?"

"Of course it is Anybody that expects to succeed in any profession must look forward to hard work."

"Would you reccommend it?"

"I would reccommend you to try it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll engage you as my office clerk, and pay you fifty dollars a month. That will be all you will earn the first year, perhaps more; but I agree to give it. Then you can sell out your shares and get one hundred and fifty dollars annual interest on what is left. That will give you seven hundred and fifty dollars a year income."

"How can I live on that?" asked Edgar in dismay. "I assure you my tailor's bills amount to nearly that."

"Then you must change your tailor. In fact, you must change your plan of life.—You must drop the man of fashion and become a steady-going clerk."

"It will be hard," said the young man his expression indicating a mental struggle.

"But it is necessary. Then again, consider that it is only for a time. If you work with energy, you will soon command a good income. I am willing to extend every assistance in my power, and upon you must depend the rest. What do you say?"

"You really think my health will allow of the necessary labor!"

"I do."

"Then I will make up my mind to it."

Come in next Monday. Meantime make the needful arrangements."

"So I am going to be a lawyer," thought Edgar Ashcroft, as he left his friend's house.

"If any one had told me that a month ago, I should have pronounced him insane. Well, circumstances alter cases, that is certain. What will my fashionable friends say?"

This was, after all, the greatest trial to Edgar. The subside from the position of a man of fashion to a humdrum clerk in the office of a real-estate lawyer seemed to him a great descent, though in the view of right-thinking people it will be regarded as an ascent.

In a week the change was made. Edgar realized the sum he expected on his mining shares, and invested it in substantial bank-shares, which yielded him a net income of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. Upon this and his salary he must live.—Considerably against his will, he took quarters in a comfortable but moderate-priced boarding-house, and began life on a new footing.

As he anticipated, there was considerable talk about his change of fortune, and most of his fashionable acquaintance forgot to include him in their future invitations, while some whom he had known intimately appeared to forget that they had ever known him.

This troubled him considerably at first—but there was one good effect resulting from his neglect by his fashionable friends. Not being invited to parties, he no longer had occasion to keep late hours, and his health and strength visibly improved. This surprised him, as he was occupied with office work during the day.

"I declare, Holden," he said one day, "I've gained fifteen pounds in the last three months."

"Work seems to agree with you, Ashcroft," was the reply.

"I feel stronger than I used to."

"I told you how it would be."

"But I did not believe you at that time."

"Late hours are more trying to any constitution than hard work."

"Sa I begin to find it."

Just at first, Edgar found his office work a task; but soon it began to be pleasant. He became interested in the profession he had chosen, and, as he was by no means deficient in natural talent or education, he became, before the year closed, a valuable assistant to his friend Holden.

Just before the close of the first year, the lawyer said,—

"Edgar, if you have no objection, I mean to double your salary."

"Thank you Holden, but I don't want to do it unless you think I am worth the increase."

"I do think so. You have made yourself very valuable to me, and have fully mastered the routine of work in the office."

"Then I will accept it gladly; for though I don't want to go back to the old scale of expenditure, I would like a better room, and a little better table."

So the arrangement was made.

One day Edgar met in the street Mr. Bullion, a 'heavy' man in the parlance of the street, and president of one of the city banks.

He tried to avoid him, having two years before proposed for the hand of Miss Fanny Bullion, and, though favored by the young lady, had been unceremoniously rejected by the fathe.

But to his surprise, Mr. Bullion advanced to him, and said cordially:

"How do you do, Mr. Ashcroft?"

"Very well, thank you,' said Edgarr, ather embarrassed.

Come round to the house. We shall be glad to see you."

Edgar's face betrayed his surpise.

"I'll tell you a secret, young man. Two years ago I refused your suit to my daughter. Shall I tell you why?"

"If you please, sir."

"Because I saw that you were a mere man of fashion, doing nothing useful, sure to run out of money at last, and with no occupation to fall back upon. You lost your money sooner than I expected; but to my surprise, you have acted like a sensible man. I hear good reports of your talent and industry.—Come to my house whenever you like, and, if ever you have any proposition to make to me, I will take it into consideration."

Edgar needed no second invitation. He made an early call, and found that Fanny Bullion's heart was his. One day he made bold to lay the matter before Mr. Bullion.

"Fanny loves me, and I love her," he said, "but my salary is only twelve hundred dollars a year, and my fortune is reduced to twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Frankly spoken, young man," said Mr. Bullion. "I don't care for your poverty.—You shall marry Fanny, and I'll see that you have enough to keep the pot boiling."

So Edgar married the daughter of a millionarie. He was at once taken into partnership bp his fried Holden, and to-day he is a millionaire himself, having inherited the bulk of his father-in-law's property. So his bad luck turned out to be the best of good luck, after all.

RECEIPT FOR FINDING A HUSBAND.—More common sense and less wit.

More useful occupation and less music.

More study of the mysteries of the kitchen and less of the mysteries of Paris.

More proof to men that they will find in their wife a helpmeet and not an embarrassment.

This receipt if thoroughly tried will greatly lessen the number of bachelors.

OLD LADY to a hackman—"But these hacks are dangerous. You never know who rides in them. We might get the smallpox."

Coachy—"You've no cause to be afeared of my coach, mum, for I've 'ad the hind wheel waccinated, and it took beautiful."

[For The Union.]

An Old Physician Ruralizing--Observations, Reflections, etc., etc.

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began and Sloth sustains the trade;
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food—
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood.
But we, their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the Doctor for a naseous draught.
The *wise* for cure on *exercise* depend—
God never made His works for man to mend."

Mr. Editor:—

Suffer an old physician, who has campaigned long in the regions of shadow, and who has, himself, drank of the bitter cup of disease, *aye, to its dregs*, speak to you, sir, and your numerous readers, whether they be physicians or otherwise, the thoughts which are the results of a long life of observation and no little experience.

In the course of my letters, should I write many, I shall tell of the localities I visited, of the medical men who have dwelt and are dwelling there, of their habits and peculiar excellencies, interspersed with suggestions to the people of a practical character, upon hygeine and kindred matters. Should I grow prolix and garrulous, be so kind as to remember that it is characteristic of age; for the old live in the past, while the thoughts of the young are occupied with the future. And should I affect the gray beard of prophecy, please reflect

"That the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The science of medicine, if science it may be called, is very old. Its records go back for thousands of years, stretching into the misty regions of fable. Æsculapius may be a myth, but Hippocrates was a veritable Greek, and what is more, a wise physician and a finger-post on the route of the march Time. His aphorisms are still quoted, and the Hippocratic expression of the countenance in disease is familiar to all who have frequented dimly lighted chambers, and the pallets whereon are stretched the multitudinous forms of human suffering. Avicenna, the Arabian; Galen, the Roman, who was authority for a thousand of years; Paracelsus, the alchemist, Sydenham Cullen and Brown Boerhaave, Broussais, Rush, Watson, Wood and Flirit are names that will live while the records of medicine endure.—Time and space would fail me, were I to tell you the great lights in surgery, physiology, pathology; of Ambrose Page; Harrey, the discoverrr of the circulation of the blood; of Hunter, Sir Astley Cooper, Aberrethy, Valentine Mott and a host of others, which come thronging upon my memory as the procession of the ages pass in review before my mental vision. Suffice it to say that each and all of these worthies, living and dead, were toilers in the vineyard in their day and generation, and stand out as beacon lights on the ocean of Time as guides to us who are mariners on the voyage of Life. Let us, one and all, imitate their virtues, and from their weaknesses endeavor to derive instruction. In every age of this curious and interesting history notwithstanding the promulgation of a great variety of opinions, there appear to have been two great classes of physicians. First, those who conceived certain theoretical notions and practiced accordingly; secondly, those who profess to be humble inquirers after the truth, and who acknowledge that disease and its treatment were modified by climate, age, sex, habits, occupation, idiosyncrasies, etc., etc., and the stage of the malady under consideration. In olden times, among the Greeks, these two great divisions were denominated Dogmatists and Empires. The curious inquirer into the mysteries of medical lore will discover the same two classes in our day! Some observations upon those who stand out prominently before us, together with a glance backward at some of the curious and amusing theories to which the ages have given birth, will form the subject of my next letter.

Yours respectfully,

OLD PHYSICIAN.

YOUTHFUL DIPLOMACY.—A little boy who had been told that he must never ask for anything to eat away from home, went into a neighbor's house, when the lady chanced to be frying doughnuts.

"O," said he, "you are cooking."

Aware that he had been well trained and anxious to see whether his appetite would get the better of his manners, the lady did not give him any of the doughnuts.

"Well," said he, returning to the charge, "your cakes look nice."

"O, very nice," said the lady; "they are the best I ever cooked."

After playing with the cat a few minutes, he remarked, "And they smell very nice."

"O, yes, they smell very nice," was the lady's tantalizing answer.

"Well," said the boy, "I suppose if any little child that was hungry should come in here when you are cooking, you would give him something to eat?"

"Well, yes, I think I should."

"Then," said he, after another turn with the cat, "I guess I must go home for I am very hungry."

It is needless to add that he got a doughnut.

POVERTY.—It is not poverty so much as pretense that harrasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud man and an empty purse—the keeping up a shallow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

A YOUNG lady from the rural districts went to Des Moines to see an elephant. In the street cars the conductor said to her: "Miss your fare." "Well, if I am," she replied, "I don't want any more of your impertenence."

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world! Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Had not the original plans of Napoleon in regard to his marriage been frustrated by the Austrian Court, his life might have taken a very different course, and there might now be no necessity of his despairingly bewailing the fact through foreign counsels he has allowed himself to be ruined. He wished to marry his cousin, the Princess Wasa, granddaughter of the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, and already offered her his hand on the occasion of a visit to Baden Baden. His suit was accepted, but with the condition that Prince Wasa, the father of the Princess who lived in Vienna apart from his wife, should give his consent. Napoleon thereupon turned to the Emperor of Austria with the request that he should undertake the wooing of the bride from Prince Wasa, but be received an answer to the effect that this was not permitted by the laws of etiquette, inasmuch as the Prince was only a Colonel in the Austrian army.

This, however, was merely an excuse, since Franz Joseph was determined to prevent the proposed match at any price. He therefore contrived to influence Prince Wasa to positively refuse his consent, and, while Napoleon still hoped on, a match between the Crown Prince of Saxony and the Princess was quickly brought about by the intrigues of the Austrian court. Napoleon was deeply moved and exasperated at this, and his project, had been frustrated, he gave utterance to the memorable words," Les sourverains de Europe se souviendrot demoi," (The princes of Europe shall have cause to think of me.)

It is true that at a latter day the Emperor of Austria had only too much cause for regretting the share which he had taken in this affair; but for Napoleon, the result was much worse from having perhaps the only real heartfelt desire he ever experienced repressed in this rude way. Even though the woman he had desired to make Empress of the French had by no means distinguished herself for eminent quaities, yet her modest bashful almost dependent nature would have been a guarantee that she would never have endeavored to overstep the limit of her duties, never have labored to make the brightest interest of France a plaything for her humors and her selfishness.

But this was the result of the second choice which Napoleon then hit upon.—Among the many adventurers of rank who happened to be in Paris at the time of Napoleon's great political stratagem, there was a certain Countess Montijo and her daughter, who had created a sensation and drawn the attention of Napoleon toward themselves by their extravagant style of living, as well as by the beauty of gallantry toward the daughter, who, however, had quickly given him to understand that, despite her coquetry, she was just as careful of her honor as he was of his, and would yield in no way to his passions unless he allowed her the legitimate place at his side.

When now the proposed match with the Princess Wasa turned out a failure, Eugenie contrived to procure an invitation to Compiegne, and there, in the freer intercourse with Napoleon, and with the aid of a brillian toilette, in which violet-wreaths amid her blonde hair had an especially strong effect, she succeeded, through the magic of her personal appearance and her splendid conversational powers, inso alluring him that he, still sensitive over the result of his former plans, and with the firm determination of meeting the crowned princes of Europe as a parvenu, suddenly offered her his hand, and to the universal astonishment not alone of France, but of all Europe, raised to the position of Empress a woman of doubtful descent and of an equally doubtful past.

Since then this woman has shared his throne for eighteen years, and has apparently, it is true contributed very much to its splendor; but if Napoleon now looks back over this period, and calls himself to account for the influences which since then brought to bear upon him from the side of his wife, and by means of her have been made effective, he can scarcely do otherwise than curse the hour in which he entered into this alliance.

A RATHER bashful young man, after a long and arduous courtship, found himself one bright evening the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. He was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time he declared and protested to Miss Sallie that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him! Of course Miss Sallie blushed beautifully red, and vowed in return that she could not and would not do that—she never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married. The altercation became exciting, until the gentleman got huffed and declared if he couldn't kiss her he wouldn't have her, and was marching off. She watched him to the door, and seeing he was in earnest, and that she would lose him unless something was done, she said coaxingly, "Come back, then; I'll split the difference with you. You may squeeze my hand."

HONEST LIVING.—A young man, who purposed starting in business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there, armed with letters of introduction to business men.

These presented, and the usual compliments passed, the New York merchant inquired what he intended to do.

"I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan, but expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly.

"A living honestly?"

"An honest living."

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you, There is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competion in your method of doing business."

A LONDON merchant advertised for a clerk who could "bear confinement." He received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

When you are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself if you have not pained others in the same way many times.

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