THE AMERICAN UNION.

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Md.

THE AMERICAN BUTTONHOLE & OVERSEAMING SEWING MACHINE

is the only complete

TERMS EASY — 511 King — WIL. DEL.

G. PATRONI

IT HAS

THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES

Over Most all the Other Sewing Machines

IN THE MARKET:

1. It has a tension which prevents cutting of thread or dropping of stitches.

2. It has the most powerful construction, which will insure good work for a quarter of a century.

3. It sews the lightest cambric and the usual shoe leather without any strain whatever.

4. It has a feed bar which can be lowered or raised at will, thus adapting it to all kinds of material.

5. It is impossible to get the machine out of order unless by rust, dust or taking apart. It will never get out of order by working.

6. It has the highest attainable speed, making about 2,200 stitches per minute by foot, and 3,000 by steam.

7. It is the lightest running shuttle machine.

8. It makes the most beautiful Lock Stitch.

9. It has the handsomest appearance.

10. It has the strongest, most convenient, handsomely polished, braced table, with drawer, and board to prevent soiling the dress.

11. Its cover is polished, fitting and locked as a little trunk. There is nothing better than this to preserve the machine.

12. It has a straight needle.

13. Four bobbins hold a spool of cotton.

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.

THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES

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Possesses Alone and Undisturbed

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.

2. It sews on straight a piece while puffing another at the same time without basting, attachment or after-work.

3. It binds a coat, a skirt, or a hat without any braid or binding whatever.

4. It folds up the brim of a hat to any fulness.

5. It overseams a sheet or Brussels carpet.

6. It makes beautiful eyelet work.

7. It embroiders on the edge.

8. It makes button holes of any size, on any material.

9 It has the braiding machine which makes braid of any size or color at the rate of 150 yards per hour. This sells for $10 extra.

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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-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. jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

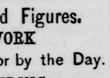
JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

T. J. SMITHERS,



DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.

Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. MYERS,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock Maker.

SILVERSMITH,

JEWELLER, &C.,

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FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.

AUCTIONEER,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.,

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [je10-1y

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Opened on Saturday, April 23rd,

A FULL STOCK OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

☞ COME AND SEE. [ap28-y

The Great Choptank



HOTEL,

ALEX. STEWART, Pro'pr.

DENTON, MD.

Is now open to the accommodation of the public. No pains will be spared to give general satisfaction.

Comfortable stables and a No. 1 ostler.

Opposite the Court House.

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SAML. H. FLUHARTY,

Carpenter & Undertaker,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.

Prices Reduced to Old Figures.

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Done either by Contract or by the Day.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING.

For this department I have secured the services of an experienced workman, and shall be pleased to receive the carriages of my friends for repair.

All Work Guaranteed.

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HOUSE PAINTING

AND

Paper Hanging.

Having located in Greensboro', I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the above line, such as

GRAINING,

CHINA GLOSSING,

STAINING, &c.

Halls Papered and Pannelled

in the latest and most approved styles, and, in fact, all work, in the above line, executed with neatness and dispatch. From years' experience in the business I feel competent of my ability to give entire satisfaction. Those having work in my line will consult their interests by giving me a call.

All orders addressed to me through the Greensboro', P. O., or left at J. Lobstein's drug store will receive prompt attention.

N. B.—Work done by the day or contract. Materials furnished if requested.

FRANCIS M. FISH.

REFERENCES:

A. B. Roe, B. G. Stevens,
J. R. Fountain, J. H. Holmes.
jy14-tf.

PAY UP! PAY UP!!

All persons in any way indebted to the subscriber are respectfully requested to settle on or before the 27th day of September. I need all the money due me to purchase a stock of goods for the fall trade.

Please don't forget to call and settle before the 27th of Sept. H. BLACKISTON,

NO NIGHT.

Of all the wondrous things we read
Of that heaven so dear and fair,
There's none that seems so strange as this—
"And there shall be no night there."

No gathering of its solemn shade
For a hush of Nature's song—
Only a thrill of holy joy
Through that perfect day and long.

No parting gift from the dying day
In sunset's golden hue,
When o'er the earth the shadows come,
Still as the falling dew.

No shooting of the crystal stars
Across the dark on high—
No more watching with yearning thoughts
The moon sail over the sky.

For of all the footsteps of God
That nature reveals to sight,
In none does He come so near to man
As the deep and solemn night.

Trembling we feel Him pass,
When shadows conceal his face,
Making the stillness His temple—
Its darkness His secret place.

And we know how changed we must be,
In that life beyond the veil,
To bear the loving glory-tides
That never ebb nor fail.

Yet strange as all this seems to us,
With earth so fair and bright—
We are waiting with patient hearts to go
Where there is no more night.

CONNUBIALITIES.

I would not the sweetest lip
Unless it kissed me too;
As well from the rosebud sip
The morning's clear cold dew;
Nor clasp a hand, though soft and warm,
Unless it pressed my own;
I'd rather love the perfect form
Carved out of Parian stone.

I will not worship eyes, tho' bright
And beautiful they be,
Unless they bend their living light
On me—and only me;
I would not love a form that heaven
Itself had stamped devine,
If I but dream that love was given
To other hearts than mine.

WARD AND GUARDIAN.

In a handsome room in one of our fashionable West End streets, Mark Lyttleton lay dying!

"Are you easier now, Mark?"

Colonel Orford stood by the bedside, gently wiping the cold dew from the forehead of his earliest, dearest friend. He was a tall, handsome man, scarcely more than two or three and thirty, with large blue eyes, and hair of a wavy brownish gold.

"Easier? No, Carll; I shall never be easier, until life and all its pangs have passed away from me. It is merely a question of minutes with me now."

Orford held a glass of dark-colored liquid to his friend's pallid lips; he drank a few drops, and seemed to revive a little.

"You will not forget, Carll? You will never let her miss a father's tender care—my poor, little, orphaned girl?"

"Have I not pledged my solemn word to you, Mark?"

"No, but swear it! Swear to me that Ethel shall never want for a home, and a protecting arm, while you live!"

"I swear it!"

For one instant a look of ineffable peace hovered over the white face, as if it were the shadow of some silver-pinioned dove; and so, with his hands folded on his breast, Mark Lyttleton died!

"Is my papa better?"

The child's soft voice at the door pleading for entrance, roused Colonel Orford, as he knelt on the floor with his face buried in the pillows beside his friend's dead face.—How should he tell her? Great heaven! how should he break to her the tidings that she was an orphan?

He led her away from the door.

"But I wan't to see papa."

"Not now, Ethel."

"He is worse?"

She stopped abruptly—a tall, ungainly child of ten, with big black eyes and swarthy hair hanging down her back in tangled curls—and look wildly up into the pitying face.

"Tell me! Why don't you speak to me? Oh, I know—I know—he is dead!"

She broke away from Colonel Orford's detaining hand, and hid her face among the sofa cushions, with a cry such as some bereaved wild animal might utter.

"Oh, my papa! my papa!"

And Carll Orford went silently away, feeling that solitude was best for the poor little tortured heart.

"I don't know what on earth I'm to do with her!"

Truly it was rather a perplexing question for the young widower of two-and-thirty.

"I can't take her with me to Malta, she's too little. I can't send her to Orford Hall, to moulder away with an ante-diluvian housekeeper and half a dozen sleepy servants. I can't deposit her in a bank vault with my titles, deeds and Indian bonds! How on earth can I dispose to her? What do people generally do with girls ten years old?—Ethel!"

"Sir!"

She came to his side like an obedient kitten.

"What would you like to do with yourself for the next two or three years?"

"If you please, sir I should like to go to school!"

Carll Orford brought his hand down on his knee with a resounding energy.

"The very thing! Why didn't it occur to me before? Yes, Ethel, you shall go to school!"

And by the very first train the next morning Colonel Orford was speeding away into the "rural districts" to inquire into the relative merits of French seminaries and English establishments. The little black-eyed girl had been a sore weight on his mental system, and it was no small relief to be able some two weeks afterwards, to deliver her formally into the keeping of Madame de la Vanier.

"Good-bye, Ethel?" he said, stooping to kiss her. "Be a good girl, and study all you can."

But Ethel turned her swarthy cheek away.

"I don't like to kiss big, tall men like you!"

"A very wise conclusion, if you'll only adhere to it through life?" said Carll, with a little grimace.

And so ward and guardian parted for eight long years.

The blue June heaven was spreading its serene canopy over the thousand spires of the great city; and Carll Orford, walking up and down the hotel parlor, almost chafed at being shut up in the metropolis at such a season as this.

"I ought to be at Orford Hall," he soliloquized. "It must be lovely there now—the lawn all silvered over with daises, the honeysuckles filling the air with spice, and the little trout stream, with its shadowed pools and rustic bridge. I wonder if this strange feeling is homesickness? Ethel is there, too—my little swarthy ward, with her tangled curls, and big black eyes!—Well, I suppose the diet of boarding-school couldn't last forever. But how she must astonish the old housekeeper, with her independent ways, and her odd, original notions! Yes, I must go to Orford, but not before I have laid my fate at Esther Howard's feet! My beautiful, dark-eyed queen! Even so I have always fancied her royal Jewish namesake to look upon—hair purple black, and rippled like moonlight tides; eyes like melting wells of liquid darkness, and cheeks where the crimson glow burns like roses! Esther would be kind to my poor forlorn little Ethel, I know; and I am resolved to ask her to be the lady of Orford!

Carll threw his cigar out of the window; he had found an object in life at last—an object so all absorbing, that everything else seemed merely secondary! Colonel Carll Orford was decidedly in love.

Miss Howard was trifling prettily over a basket of vividly-colored German wools, in Mrs. D'Orsay's parlor on that golden June morning, while ever and anon she paused to look dreamily out of the window, and murmur the the half-forgotten words of some old ballet.

"Absorbed in reveries again, Essie!"—laughed Mrs. D'Orsay, as she came to the window to place her canary in the sunshine. "A silver penny for your thoughts."

Essie Howard's color deepened a little.—"To tell you the truth, Mrs. D'Orsay, I was thinking just then———"

"Whether Colonel Orford would call! I understand, my love perfectly. There's no further need for speculation on the subject, for there is his knock now. Upon my word, he's the most attentive cavalier I know of."

And Mrs. D'Orsay slipped laughingly out of the room as Colonel Orford entered it.

"He means to propose, I'm sure," said the little lady to herself, with a nod of her sunny head. "He looks just exactly as Mr. D'Orsay did when the eventful question was trembling on his lips. I wonder what Essie will say to him. Aha! I fancy I could give a shrewd guess.

Miss Essie did not say "no."

"Then you will let me take you away to the old Hall with me, dearest Essie!" Carll said, tenderly prisoning the soft little hand in his. "It is nine years since I have crossed its threshold, now. And———"

He paused abruptly. remembering that he had not told Essie of his ward.

"My ward is there now—little Ethel Lyttleton, just returned from Madame de la Vanier's boarding school. You will love her too, Essie?"

There was a slight shadow on Essie Howard's brow that fell like ice across Carll's heart, as she withdrew her hand.

"Is your ward to reside with you?"

"Most certainly, Essie. I pledged my word to her father on his dying bed."

"I do not approve of any such arrangement as that. Can not you send her away?"

"Send her away? a homeless orphan!"

"She might go as a governess or even take the situation of companion."

Carll Oxford bit his lip until the blood started.

"Essie, this is a subject on which my resolution can not be altered even by your wish. Ethel Lyttleton is a sacred bequest to me—her happiness and interest are my life's study. While I have a home, Ethel must share it; while my arm can ward off life's storms, she shall never feel their bitterness. Essie, will you not take her to your heart also?"

But Essie's beautiful lips were compressed like carved coral.

"You must choose between me and this Miss—Miss Lyttleton. I take no devided allegiance."

"Essie!"

"Your decision alone can settle the matter, Colonel Orford!"

"Then it is made. Essie, I love you more dearly than my faltering tongue can ever tell; but I can not forget my duty as a christian—my honor as a gentleman. Essie, once more I plead my cause—this time on my knee. Will you not relent?"

"I have told you once that your choice lay between me and your ward.

"Then, farewell!"

He spoke the words in a strange, stifled voice, as though the syllables choked him—bowed over her hand, and went out, a rejected man.

"Well," mused Colonel Carll Orford, as he carelessly threw cologne bottles, dressing-cases, rare engravings, and patent leather boots in one conglomerate mass into his trunks, "that dream is over? The waking was rather rough, but I suppose it is just as well! My beautiful Essie! Oh, my dear, lost love!"

For one moment he bowed his head on his two hands with all the stifled anguish of a strong man's grief, and then went on with his occupation. He smiled bitterly as he took up a velvet case, containing a set of red-sparkling garnets that he had purchased in Paris for his ward.

"She will be glad to have them, dear little Ethel! Perhaps some day, when the first bitterness of this grief is over, she may become like a dear and cherished daughter to me! At all events, I have not swerved from the promise I made to Mark Lyttleton on his death bed."

The next evening's sunset was purpling all the horizon when Carll Orford walked up the broad gravelled sweep of the lawn, and the perfumed honeysuckle hung perfectly motionless on the balmy air. Home again! but oh! with what a heavy heart!

The front door was wide open; how familiar appeared the mosaic marble of the hall pavement, the antique statues leaning from the walls, even the quivering shadows cast by the stained glass casements beyond.

Mrs. Tudor, the old housekeeper, came forward curtseying, with a stiff black silk dress and gold spectacles.

"Welcome home once more colonel! Miss Lyttleton has only been here a few hours."

"Only just arrived?"

"That's all, sir. She is in the garden, colonel."

"I may as well go and speak to her at once, and have it over," thought Orford, as he turned abruptly round. "For what was Ethel but a child?"

As he lost himself among the crimson wildernesses of the delicious June roses, a slender figure, all in white, glided out from the fragrant thickets—a figure with heavy blue-black curls and deep sultana eyes.

"Essie Howard!"

"No, dearest guardian; Ethel Lyttleton. You were true to me—true as a knight of old—and I have come to you, bearing my heart in my hand. Will you take it now, Carll?"

"Essie, am I dreaming?"

"Ethel, if you please, sir! No, you are not dreaming. But I was very lonely, and my heart was filled with doubts and fears, and I wanted to see what you were like; and so—I behaved like the heroines in novels, and played an incognito part. I could not endure the idea that you would sacrifice me to other hopes and loves, and plans.—Dearest Carll, Essie Howard is quite willing that you should love poor Ethel Lyttleton just a little!"

And Carll Orford, standing there among the roses, with his dark-eyed love clasped close to his strong, true heart, felt that earth had no more happiness to give him. As for Ethel, she had quite conquered her childish antipathy to "big, tall men and was entirely willing to exchange her guardian for a husband."

Ancient and Modern Wars.

A correspondent of a Northern journal, writing from Paris, gives a comparison between the losses of armies in the battles of the first Empire with those resulting from engagements where improve fire-arms have been employed, which, it is held, will show humanitarians that the old buck-and-ball cartridges, fired from "Brown Bess," were much more deadly than rifled cannon, needle guns and chaseports. Annexed are the figures at Sadowa—400,000 men engaged; 23,000 killed and wounded; about 8 per cent. Marengo—53,000 combatants; number of killed and wounded 13,000, that is, nearly 25 per cent. Austerlitz—Loss 23,000 out of 170,000; over 13 per cent. Jena—24,000 out of 280,000 combatants; nearly 9 per cent. Borodino—80,000 killed and wounded out of 250,000 engaged; about 32 per cent. Leipsig—50,000 out of 450,000; between 11 and 12 per cent. At Magenta the French lost 9 per cent. and the Austrians 10 per cent. of their forces. At Solferino, where the French alone used rifled cannon, their loss amounted to 13 per cent., while the Austrians lost but 11 per cent.—The correspondent might have gone still farther back, to the wars of Frederick the Great, who lost at Kolin 12,000 men out of 18,000, and at Kunersdorf 17,000 out of 30,000, two-thirds in one case, and more than half in the other. If we go back to a period long before the invention of firearms, we shall find the slaughter far transcending any effected by the present engines of destruction. When the Roman legions hurled their heavy spears upon their enemies at twelve paces, and then closed in with their swords, there was an aggreate of slaughter effected of which modern times have no conception.—Ancient wars, in their hand-to-hand encounters, were a more severe test of manhood than the modern, where machinery is so much used, and where coming to close quarters is so unusual that, in regard to one of the battles of the present war, a correspondent says, admiringly, that there was "*almost* a hand-to-hand encounter." It is a pity that battles could not be fought altogether by machinery instead of men. War is not only in general a great evil and to humanity, but, as now conducted, it is not even a test of the contestants, as generalship and improved weapons decide the day. As to any vindication which they offer of justice, history proves that in nine cases out of ten Might has prevailed irrespective of Right.

THE SEVEN SINS, are said to be:

1. Refusing to support your home newspaper
2. Taking the paper and not paying for it.
3. Not advertising.
4. Getting married and forgetting the printer.
5. Asking newspapers to publish matter that is for your own benefit, without a remuneration.
6. Reading copy on a compositor's case.
7. Never paying your subscription until the publisher goes to the trouble of asking you for it.

"MAMMA," said a wee child, one Sunday evening, after having sat still in the house all day, like a good child, have I honored you to-day?"

"I don't know," replied the mother "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the little one, shaking her head sadly, the Bible says "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long," and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

GOOD ADVICE.—"I am the great American traveler," said Daniel Pratt, as he entered, uninvited, a certain newspaper office, "Well, travel," was the sententious and only response of the editor.

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