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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY Md.

THE AMERICAN BUTTONHOLE & OVERSEAMING SEWING MACHINE

is the only complete

511 King

TERMS EASY 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

THE AMERICAN

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.

oct1-1y

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.,

my29-3w **DENTON, Md.**

BUY YOUR HARNESS

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.

jy14-2y.

SAML. H. FLUHARTY,

Carpenter & Undertaker,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.

Prices Reduced to Old Figures.

CARPENTERS' WORK

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.

mar3-1y

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,

[For "The American Union."]

"A" for Annie and "B" for Bart.

BY DON O'HOOTIZ.

"A" for Annie and "B" for Bart,
I think of when, with a bouyant hrart,
Together I carved them, "A" and "B,"
On the trunk of the great old willow tree
Which stands hard by the school house door,
Where she and I, in days of yore,
Together have gone, together returned,
Discussing the lessons we each had learned.

Yet we sometimes talked of the love which had sprung
In our hearts for each other; but we were young,
And young love, I think, doth seldom last,
But, ere manhood's reached aside is cast.
Thus was mine; yet I'm sometimes sad
When I think of the time, that I, a lad,
Told her no power us two could part,
As I carved "A" for Annie and "B" for Bart
On the trunk of the great old willow tree,
And thought in the future, how happy we'd be.

But things have changed, and the "A" and "B"
That I carved long ago, on the willow tree,
Are no longer there; they have passed away,
Even as the love of my school-boy day.
She now lives for another, even as do I,
And thus our old love we pass it by.
'Tis a thing of the past, yet I'm sometimes sad,
As I think of the time, when I, a lad,
Carved these letters with a happy heart,
"A" for Annie and "B" for Bart.

GREENSBORO', Sept. 8th, 1870.

[Written for "The American Union.]

MEMORY.

I think of thee when young and beauteous morning
Has thrown her mantle o'er the realms of night,
The sky, and earth, and nature, all adoring
With robes of light.

And when around the evening shades are creeping,
And not a breath disturbs the tranquil sea,
When starlit skies their dewy tears are weeping,
I think of thee.

Thy quiet voice! I often, often, hear it,
When from the din of day I fain would flee,
And in the hushed and voiceless night my spirit
Returns to thee.

Amid affliction, O, how much I miss thee,
As slowly steals the hours along, alone
I spend the morn, the noon, and even, with thoughts
Of thee and home.

I know that here I never more shall meet thee,
For thou hast passed to brighter worlds above;
And there dost wait, an angel fair to greet me,
In realms of love.

But O, thy token by fond memory given,
Of love unchanging, softens all my woe,
And the sweet hope of joining thee in heaven
Is bliss below.

K.

SHARON, PA., Sept. 1st, 1870.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

He was an old man—not so old either, for the years of his life could not have wrinkled his forhead and whitened his hair, and the hands locked together on the low pine table did not tremble so with the weakness of old age; yet very old and very miserable looked the solitary occupant of that narrow room or entry, with its fadded red curtains, and its atmosphere rendered almost intolerable by the bar-room into which it opened. A hat bearing unmistakable evidence of long intimacy with 'brick-bats and gutters,' maintained a safe position on one side of the owner's head, and a pair of elbows thrust themselves through his coat sleeves in rejoicing consciousness that they could "afford to be not." Add to this, reader, a pair of pants whose original color it would have been a matter of time and study to determine, and you have the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who occupied the old grog shop which he was allowed to frequent in all the village of Greenfield.

And yet that miserable, solitary, friendless creature, sitting there half stupefied with the effects of last night's revel, and utterly unconscious that outside, the May morning of God, with its glorious birthright of sunshine and dews and bird songs, has a heart, and "far away up a great many pair of stairs in his heart, is a door," covered with cobwebs and dust, and on that door is a word written, which Time and Sin have never been able to efface—and that word is MAN.

But nobody ever dreamed of this, and people shook their heads, and said Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one. Had not many kind-hearted persons reasoned with him earnestly on the evil of his ways? Had not the 'temperance men' gone to him with a pledge and promised him employment if he would sign it? And this had been utterly in vain.

Ah, none of them had groped their way up the winding stairs, and read the name on the hidden door there.

But, while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with soft, hazel eyes, and a face that a child would have gone to in any trouble.

The old man looked up with a vacant gaze of wonder, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair and pointed to the occupant of the other saying, "That's Billy Strong, madam;" and with a lingering stare, surprise and curiosity, left the gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eye of the lady wandered, with a sad, pitying expression, over Bill's features and then, in a low sweet voice, she asked, 'Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?'

Ah! with these words the lady had gotten further up the winding stairs, nearer the door, than all that had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said Old Bill, and he glanced down at his attire, and tride to hide the elbow which was peeping out the farthest; for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow, it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady, "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, and I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"No! no! Charles and I used to be old cronies," said Old Bill, with a sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not been there for many days, except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door. So she went on, "I almost feel as though I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. S. I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of gold harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was a green grass plot before the front door, and the huge old apple tree that threw its shadows across it, and the great old fashioned portico, and the grape-vine that crept around the pillars, and the rose-bush looked in at the bed-room window, and the spring that went flashing and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but, unmindful of this, in the same low, sweet tone, the lady kept on:

"Many and many were the hours—so father would say—Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide and seek, or rolling and tumbling about on the grass telling each other the things we would certainly do when we became men; the sun sets its cap of gold on the tops of the oaks, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door, with her white cap a cheap apron, and the pleasant smile that always hovered around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling, "Come boys, come to supper."

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down Old Bill's cheeks.—Ah! the lady had found the door then.

"I was always at home at Wille's—father would say—and used to have my fresh milk and bread, too; and when this had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some very pleasant story, it might be of Joseph or David, or some good child, who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say, 'Promise me, Willie, when you go into the world and its temptations, and your mother is laid down to sleep in the churchyard yonder, promise me, child, that her prayers and her memory shall keep you from all evil ways.' And Willie would lift his laughing blue eyes to her face and say, 'I'll be a first rate man; don't be afraid, mother.'"

"And, then, after we had said our prayers, we would go to bed as happy as the birds that went to their nests in the old apple branches by the window, and just as we were sinking to sleep, we would hear a soft foot-fall on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over to see if we were nicely tucked up. It is a long time—father would say, after a pause—since I heard from Willie, but I am sure that he has never fallen into any evil ways. The memory of his mother would keep him from that."

Rap, rap, rap! went the words of the lady at the door of that old man's heart, crack crack, crack! went the door on its rusty hinges, while far above them both the angels of God held their breath and listened. But the lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his own frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid child-like sobs:

"My mother! Oh, my mother!"

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks washed out also many dark pages in the record of Old Bill's past life; so, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest, it was the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. It was enough to do one's eye good—he used to say—to look at them as they walked up the old church-aisle, he with his proud, manly tread, and she a delicate and fragile creature, fair as the orange blossom that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice sounded through the old church, as he pronounced to love, protect and cherish the fair girl at his side; and I know, as he looked upon her, that the very winds of heaven should not visit her face too roughly.

"And then my father would tell us about a house made very bright by watchful affections, and of a dark-eyed boy and fair-haired girl, who came after a while to gladden it; and then you know he removed to the West and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once again the lady paused, for the man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again, it was in a lower and mourful tone.

"I promised my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State, I would seek his old friends. I have kept my promise. But when I inquired for you they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong, they told me of a broken, desolate household, of the gentle, uncomplaining wife, who went down with a prayer on her lips for the erring husband, broken-hearted, to the grave, and of the fair-haired girl they placed in a little while by her side. Oh, it is a sad, sad story I have of my father's old friend.

"It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his head from his clasped hands and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agony and remorse that she shuddered to behold it. Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small hand was laid gently on old Bill's arm, and a sweet murmured.

"Even for all this there is redemption.—In the name of the dear mother who loved you, in the name of your dying wife, and of the dear child that sleeps beside her, I ask you, sign the pledge?"

"I will," said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such a force on the pine table that its rheumatic limbs hardly regained their equilibrium, and he eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady had placed before him, and when he returned them to her the name of William Strong lay in broad and legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its extreme curiosity, on the bar-keeper's face, as the lady passed quietly through the "shop" after a long interview with old Bill, and the expression was in no degree lessened within a few moments after, old Bill followed her without stopping, as usual, to take his first glass. And he never passed over that threshold again.

And now, reader, you whose heart throbs with tenderness and reverence for humanity, fallen, despised, miserable though it be, remember that somewhere in the heart of your fellow man is a door, which, though closed for many years, will surely open to the hand that knocks in kindness and the voice that calls in love.

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.—The worst case of dyspepsia can be cured without the least particle of medicine, simply by eating nothing in which lard is an ingredient, using butter sparingly, eating bread made of unbolted flour, and making free use of fruit, especially apples. In fact on the departure of winter, most people, would be much better off if they ate meat, not oftener, than once or twice a week, and used fruits and vegetables instead. Pork and lard are the great promoters of dyspepsia, and fevers and bilious diseases are fed by keeping up our bodily heat of midwinter through June, July, August and September, by never changing our diet from the heavy meats of January. An eminent French physician says that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of apples—a fruit he maintains, is an admirable preventive and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food.—The Parisians devour one hundred million of them every winter, and we do not doubt that these statements are correct. In fact instances have come under our own observation where fresh fruit had an immediate effect in checking bilious tendencies in individuals, and we have heard of whole districts where bilious diseases became prevalent upon a failure of the fruit crop. Fruit growers may, therefore, count upon a constantly increasing demand for the products of their orchards and gardens, as the health-giving properties of fruit become known.

A SPEAKING AUTOMATON.—A German genius has invented a speaking machine which is now on exhibition at Leipsic, and is a masterpiece of inventive art. It is in imitation of all the parts of the human organs of speech executed in India-rubber and wood. A key-board played like that of a piano, puts the parts in motion, while by a pedal and bellows the required air is sent through the windpipe. The key-board has only fourteen keys, representing the sounds of a, o, u, i, e, j, r, w, f, s, b, g, d, and sh; other sounds of the alphabet are produced by the same movement and the admission of more or less air. The sound of m and l are produced by closing the lips and pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, etc. The French nasal sounds are produced by a separate contrivance. The laughing, it is said, sounds truly diabolical and the crowing of a rooster, very comical.

BEAUTIFUL MYTH—In Eastern poetry they tell of a wonderful tree, upon which grew golden apples and silver bells, and every time a breeze went by and shook the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishments. On the gospel tree there grow blossoms and bells more melodious than those that mingled with the pomegranates on Aaron's vestment—holy feeling, heaven-taught joys; and when the Holy Spirit breathes upon the evangelized so there is a shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all round, and gush of sweetest music, whose gentle tones and joyous echoing are wafted thorough all the recesses of the soul.

TO DRIVE AWAY BED BUGS.—An exchange gives the following as a sure way to drive bed bugs from old bedsteads: "Take green tomato vines, put them into a basin or tray, pound them to pieces, as fine as possible, then stain the bedstead where they inhabit, with the juice, fill the crevices with the pieces of vines, lay leaves under the ends of the slats." If this is practiced twice a year, not a bug will remain in the bedstead.

ROBERT HALL being unsuccessful in securing the hand of a Miss Steel, while smarting under his disappointment, took tea with a company of ladies, one of whom, the lady of the house, said in bad taste, "You are dull, Mr. Hall, and we have no polished *steel* here to brighten you." "O madam," replied Mr. Hall, "that is of no consequence; you have plenty of *polished brass*."

IN a little town out west a lady was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question "if you buy a cow for ten dollars," when up starts a little hand. "What is it Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars, father sold one the other day for sixty dollars, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

THE wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver splangles of beauty. So, goodness of the heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt and from its effects upon surrounding objects we are assured of its existence.

A Jersey City woman recently entered a store and tried for half an hour to warm her feet at an iron safe. She "never did like them kind of stoves," she said.

A Hindoo proverb says: "Strike not even with a flower, a wife, even though she has a thousand faults.

A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

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