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# The American Union.

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IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
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J. GILMOUR & SONS, Proprietors.
The only Hotel in Baltimore furnished with a Passenger Elevator and Fire Escapes. Has accommodations for 300 Guests. Terms, $3 per day. Opened May 1st, 1871.
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NORTHWEST CORNER OF
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Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.
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July 24, 1867.—y

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GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMIFSION MERCHANTS,
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Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Denton, Md.,
Will visit Greensborough 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—Nearly opposite M. E. Church. [ap1

E. P. JUMP. JOHN JUMP.
E. P. JUMP & SON,
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Oysters, Poultry of all kinds,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
114 Light Street Wharf, (Up Stairs,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞ Consignments respectfully solicited, and prompt remittances made. (All orders will be promptly attended to when accompanied by the cash. [je29.6m.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Burlington, N. J. W. B. CONAWAY, Federalsburg, Md
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WOOLSTON, CONAWAY & CO.,
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Strict attention to consignments. Orders for shipping promptly attended to. [mr16

L. SHANLEY DAVIS,
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
STAND NO. 4,
Opposite 142 West St.,
Between Barclay and Vesey, NEW YORK.
Sales Reported Daily.
Returns Once Each Week.
REFERENCES:
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Established March 25, 1855.
F. E. MARINE,
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COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 53 West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
All kinds of Country Produce, except Liquors, sold at the highest price.
Refers, by Permission to
Mr. Thos. Higgins, Vienna, Dorchester Co
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Mr. B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing, Md
Mr. John Nichols, Gilpin's Point, Md.
jy28-y.

LUMBER!
LUMBER!
LUMBER!
NEW STOCK
AND
GREAT VARIETY
FOUNTAIN & FIELD
Have just received at their yard one of the largest stocks of lumber ever offered in this county. They have
All Kinds of Lumber
needed in the country, and will sell it at city prices. Shingles and laths are constantly kept on hand and of good quality.
BUILDING ORDERS
furnished at two week's notice.
They also sell
Fertilizers,
Phosphates,
Bricks,
Tiling, &c,
and are General Agents for the purchase of every article of household or farm economy. They are also special agents for the sale of the
Marsh Harvester,
the best and most complete of any reaping machine yet offered the farmer. Call and see the one we have on exhibition, or send for circular and testimonials.
Public patronage solicited.
FOUNTAIN & FIELD.
DENTON, June 1, 1871.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!
NEW PRICES!
BLACKISTON & HORSEY
Have just returned from the city with a large and handsome stock of goods which they offer at
Prices to Suit Purchasers!!
Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
MOTTO;
"AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST."
Country produce taken in exchange for goods. [ap6-tf

17 Years in Denton.
H. BLACKISTON
Has just returned from the city with a large and well selected stock, consisting of
Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY and QUEENSWARE,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS OF VARIOUS KINDS,
Crockeryware,
FLOUR AND BACON,
And a great many other things that are useful in a family.
If you are in want of goods, call and examine for yourselves, and we think that if you should make a purchase you will get your money's worth.
☞ Nearly all kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods
AT MY OLD STAND,
In Front of the Brick Hotel.
ap27-y

New Store! New Store!
GREAT BARGAINS!
GREAT BARGAINS!
WE OFFER
Large Inducements
to all those who wish to buy
CHEAP GOODS
for Cash or Trade at the cheap Cash Store of
RD. H. LOOCKERMAN.
WE have on hand a fine assortment of the latest styles of Imported and Domestic Cassimeres, Kerseys, fine and coarse, Jeans, Cottonades, Cassinetts, &c., which we sell cheap for cash or trade at R. H. L's.
GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS cheap for cash at R. H. L's.
LADIES DRESS GOODS of the finest and best qualities and Latest Styles, cheap for cash or trade at R. H. L.'s.
CALL and look at our pretty Prints and Mourning Goods, cheap for cash or trade at R. H. L.'s.
A FINE STOCK of Bleached and Unbleached Muslins 3-4 wide at 6½ cts. at the cheap cash store of R. H. L.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS. We challenge the market in quality or price at the cheap cash store of R. H. L.
A FINE assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, cheap for cash or trade, at R. H. L.'s.
A GOOD stock of GROCERIES cheap for cash or trade at R. H. L.'s.
A HEAVY stock of HARDWARE and QUEENSWARE kept constantly on hand at cheap cash store of R. H. L.
DON'T be afraid to bring any kind of TRADE, for we are anxious to buy and sell, for which we will pay the highest market prices, and assure you that we will give entire satisfaction for cash or trade at the cheap cash store of
ja19-y R. H. LOOCKERMAN.

## Poetry.

### THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

What is that grand
Celestial band
Which ev'ry mortal hears,
Whose strains we all,
Enraptured, call
The Music of the Spheres?

Who wonders o'er
The thunder's roar,
Which strikes and stuns his ears,
And awes his soul,
Learns in its roll
The Music of the Spheres?

Who sees the face
Of Heaven's space
Sprinkled with yellow tears,
Weeping the woes
Beneath it, knows
The Music of the Spheres?

Who thinks how all
In each bright hall
Whirl round, yet know no fears
Of clashing, kneels
In soul and feels
The Music of the Spheres?

Who's heard, by hap,
The ocean's "lap,"
In night's stillness, as it nears
The shingly shore,
Has ponder'd oe'r
The Music of the spheres?

This whirling world,
Which God once hurl'd
In space, and still uprears,
Sings, rolling round,
Without a sound
The Music of the Spheres.

## HIDDEN LIFE.

The keenest eyes see but little of the handwork of God. Every drop of water teems with life. You cannot quench your thirst, even with the purest water, without swallowing scores of puny lives. The ocean is stirred by the huge leviathan, who maketh it to boil like a pot. And therein also, in myriad varieties, are the lesser forms of life, running down to the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them weigh less than a grain!

The atmosphere is full of life, and the dry land swarms with animals of unwritten names and unknown orders, crawling, burrowing creeping, boring, leaping, running, hopping and flying creatures. Out of sight and beyond the hearing of men are innumerable living things. They inhabit the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat. They move and have their being in sweets and sours—in the toughest flint as well as in the mellow pulp of the peach—in blossoms and fruit. in buds and leaves in roots and branches, in the bodies of animals; verily, in our own human bodies are tiny tenants—populous colonies of little inhabitants dwelling and moving in our flesh, all too minute to be seen or comprehended.

Life is everywhere. Little lives are enveloped within large lives. Other little lives are free and isolated independencies. We recently looked through a microscope in the office of Sanford C. Hull Esq., he Almanac-maker, at East Liverpool, Ohio, and examined a drop of rain-water. In that single drop we counted near a hundred playful little creatures, apparently as large as the common house fly, frolicking and frisking about as merrily as minnows in a meadow brook!

Then we reached a book from the shelf and detected a speck of white insect hurrying off at a double-quick to hide a grain of dust; for we had opened on him by surprise. The little fellow retreated rapidly; for the shaking of a book leaf, or even for as much of a leaf to tremble as would hold a single letter, was to him a commotion equal to a hundred earthquakes? But we pursued him, excited as he was, until we chased him on a bar of polished brass, and, by a grand stratagem, drove him to an intrenchment on the bar.

He was smaller than the dot of an i in your pocket Bible. But we pressed him into our service, a prisoner in his house of brass, and snugly covered by a glass slide, until we reviewed him beneath the microscope. His prison was less roomy than the eye of a cambric needle, yet, under the microscope, his liberties, as well as his body were greatly enlarged. That creature, to the naked eye so small, was now, apparently, as large as a bee, and white as snow, with limbs of perfect symmetry and proportion. We were affected by his efforts to be free. He hurried from side to side of his prison-house, and tried to force the walls apart. Through his clear, transparent flesh could be seen the beatings of his heart and the purple veins of his blood.—His movements were restless and pitiful as those of a newly caged bird.

If we could by some magnifier of sound have heard his voice and understood his language, doubtless it would have been a plaintive cry for liberty. How wonderful are the works of the Almighty hand! In wisdom He hath made them all. How vast the lessons brought to our minds by the telescope, from worlds afar, and by the microscope, from marvels so near that, to the naked eye, they are all unseen.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

SENTENTIOUS.—Josh Billings says:—"We read that Esaw sold out his birthrite for soup, and menny wonder at his extravagance, but Esaw diskovered arly what menny a man haz diskovered since that it is hard work tew live on a pedigree."

## Miscellaneous.

### *A Dying Wife to Her Husband.*

The following beautiful and touching extracts are taken from a letter written by a dying wife to her husband, which was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his devoted wife, who died, it is stated, at the early age of nineteen.—It shows how fathomless is the depth of a true woman's affections:

When this shall reach your eye, dear G., some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone be keeping its watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet dear G., it is not so. Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and

[illegible]

spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are never known. Well do I know the spot, dear G., where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and, as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and brightened the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each of us has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that covers your Mary's grave. I know you will go often alone, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost but gone before.'

### *Love.*

There is nothing on earth worthy of being compared for a moment with love.—No other thing can give, by itself, unalloyed happiness. A loveless life is worthless, though passed in luxury, and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition. A life well set about with love is blessed, though haunted by that relentless fate which seems to deny to some men and women what the world calls success. To have been without a parent's love in childhood, without a love of brothers and sisters, to have passed youth without that more romantic love which makes Heaven of earth; and to live on in maturity, neither feeling or inspiring that strong, enduring love which makes any sacrifice easy, any toil pleasant, any burden light, so that it benefits the well beloved, is to be poor indeed—so poor that even the pitying angels have nothing to give them that can do any good. And yet how many know nothing of love, or only understood the word in its coarsest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in their presence. How many more pure than these, sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity not understanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses but of the soul; not a flame flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glow, lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and one may even hope, burning on beyond it, since Heaven itself is love.

BOYS will be boys. A youth at Altoona, Pa., had his pocket full of gunpowder, and as he was smoking a cigar-stump he saw his mother coming, so he chucked the cigar in his pocket. The old lady can't find enough of Johnny for the coroner to earn his regular fee on. She says she never believed in spirits until she saw her boy disappear so sudden from right before her face and eyes.

## Miscellaneous.

### *Cause of Sudden Deaths.*

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise "from disease of the heart" do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg.—Thirty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these two were found who had died from the disease of the heart.

Nine out of sixty-six had died from appoplexy, the lungs—that is the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life.—The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting till chilled after being warmed with labor or a warm walk, going too suddenly from close, heated rooms into cold air, especially after speaking and suddenly depressing news operating on the blood.—The causes of sudden death being known, evidence of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of "heart complaint." That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

BE A MAN.—Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work, nor of hard work. Work for the best salary or wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty, too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty, too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy, too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat, too proud to be stingy.

THE SUNFLOWER AS A CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Mr. Martin, in a paper read before the Therapeutic society of France states, as a proved fact, that the common sunflower possesses the faculty of freeing the atmosphere from the animal and vegetable germ, supposed to contain the miasms productive of fever and ague. He says the experiment has proved successful in the low districts, near Rochefort, and that the Dutch have proved its value in neutralizing the noxious effects of marshy exhalations. The sunflower has long been appreciated as a fattener of poultry, and supplying food for bees, etc., and many people cultivate the chiefly for that purpose. But if Mr. Martin's theory be correct, we expect to see it more largely cultivated, especially in low-laying districts, and the homely flower will be blessed by thousands, who now look with horrid anticipation for the return of their regular shaking day. The theory, apparently new in Europe, was long ago broached here.

MY LIFE A VAPOR.—"The time in which I live is but a small moment of this world's history. It is a flight of a shadow; it is a dream of vanity; is it the rapid glance of a meteor; it is a flower which every breath of heaven can wither into decay; it is a tale which as remembrance vanishes, it is a day which the silence of a long night will darken and over-shadow. In a few years our heads will be laid in the cold grave, and the green turf cover us. The children who come after us will tread upon our graves they will weep for us a few days; they will talk of us for a few years; when our memory shall disappear from the face of the earth, and not a tongue shall be found to recall it."

AN eloquent temperance orator was recently interrupted in the midst of an earnest address by the interrogatory:—"What shall we do with all the grain that is now required for distilling?"—"Feed the drunkard's wives and children with it. They've gone hungry long enough, was the reply.

A DIVIDEND is the surplus: the result, the end of a transaction, divided among the shareholders—hence the word di-vide ends. An apothecary originally carried his medicine about in jars—he was a pot-carrier—hence the word a-pot-he-carries.

"How hollow it sounds!" said a patient under the movement cure, as the physician was vigorously pounding his chest. "Oh, that's nothing!" said the doctor "wait till we get to the head."

ONE of the candidates lately before a California county board of examination gave the following definition of the word phlebotomy:—"Phlebotomy, pertaining to the bottom of a phlee."

MONEY in your purse will credit you wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

## Religious Reading.

THE inspiration in conversion must come from the heart and not from the reason. We may reason on religious subjects, compare ourselves with others, decide that this one is moral, and that one religious, that this one is good and that one is bad and yet there is no conviction of sin. This is wrong: the standard is wrong; we must compare ourselves not with other men, but with the one greater standard, God, and then in comparison with his goodness we shall feel our weakness and wickedness as they are and not as we have supposed them to be. When we are once thus convinced of sin, our hearts are touched and God's word reveals to us the plan of salvation.

LITTLE THORNS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate ringe and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle axe or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns, which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling them much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in journey through life and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

WAYS OF TREATING THE WORD.—There are two ways of treating the seed. The botanist splits it up, and discourses on its curious characteristics; the simple husbandman eats and sows; sows and eats.—Similarly there are two ways of treating the gospel. A critic dissects it, raises a mountain of debate about the structure of the whole and relation on its parts; and when he is done with his argument, he is done; to him the letter is dead; he neither lives on it himself, nor spreads it for the good of his neighbors, he neither eats nor sows. The disciple of Jesus hungering for righteousness, takes the seed whole, it is bread for to-day's hunger, and seed for to-morrow's supply.

I MET in an old book a short but sweet story which touched my heart. A poor widow and her child were sitting together in great want, both feeling the pinch of hunger, and the child looked up into the mother's face and said. "Mother, God won't starve us, will He?" "No, my child," said the mother; "I do not think He will."—"But, mother," said the child, "if He does we will still praise Him as long as we live; won't we mother?" May those who are gray headed be able to say what the child said, and to carry it out. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust Him."

CHRIST WITH US IN TRIALS.—God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire, but He came down and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions. He sent his angels to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not, in answer to the prayer of Paul, remove the thorn in the flesh; but He gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.

A MORAL.—A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," says the master, "does not your bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hanyon; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sunday, then the man should either fill up that pit or sell that ass." The story has a sort of "moral" which fit a great many disputed points in these days.

WE may tire ourselves with our devotions, and fill heaven with vain complaints, and yet, by all this importunity, obtain nothing at God's hands; like lazy beggars that are always complaining and always asking, but will not work, will do nothing to help themselves and better their condition, and therefore, always like to move the pity and compassion of others.

PURITY AND HONOR.—There is a degree of purity and honor which is insensible to temptation. Circumstance is the occasion of vice, but no more. The seed is in the heart, and the soil has not yet been found in which it will refuse to grow. There are people who will "break out," as the expressive saying is, anywhere, and under any circumstances. If the tree be good the fruit will be good; but if the tree be bad no amount of cultivation will produce good fruit.

TROUBLE ABOUT DEATH.—"Since it is more important how we live than how we die, and since death is merely the arrival at the end of a journey—the beginning, progress and history of the journey determining what the arrival is to be, we shall do well to dismiss our borrowed trouble with regard to the manner of our departure out of the world, and be solicitous only with regard to the right discharge of present duty.

THE question is not, "What ought I to do?" but "What am I doing?" If you are praying for your enemey, there is good reason to hope that your heart is right; if you restrain prayer for him, there is good reason to believe your heart is not right. A right heart toward a foe is never found coupled with forgetfulness of Him at the throne of grace.

## Temperance Column.

### *A Good Temperance Law.*

erance sentiment has long been very strong among the people of Ohio, stronger than among the people of any other Western State, and perhaps on a par with that of the most radical of the Eastern. Their zeal has occasionally led them, into political indiscretions, by which more was lost than gained, but on the whole action on the subject has generally been wise and well timed, and calculated to have a good effect on the cause and on society. Such has proved to be the case with a law which gives to the wife an action of damages for liquor sold to her husband; to the husband, damages sold to the wife; to children liquor sold to their parents; and rents for liquor sold to their ch[illegible]. Judgement in these cases are a lien, not only against the property of the vendor, but upon the premises where the liquor is sold, no matter by whom owned. This law has been vigorously prosecuted in many counties, and the selling of liquor in saloons has, in many places been broken up. There has been no trouble in enforcing the law, as public sentiment is usually on the side of the plaintiffs, and they rarely have difficulty in obtaining verdicts. Popular feeling is against the saloons, which are regarded a perpetual inducement for men and boys to become loafers and drinkers and any method of effectually closing them is regarded as a blessing to the community. The operation of this law has been so beneficient wherever it has been enforced, that many of the most influential temperance men of the State believe it to be superior to a prohibitary law, and better adapted to the circumstances of the temperance cause in Ohio. It has the advantage of being supported by the public sentiment sufficiently strong to make it a reality, while no prohibitary law yet passed has ever had the hearty public support necessary to make it a complete success.

This law is peculiar to Ohio. No other State has adopted any of its provisions, but it is worthy the attention of temperance men every where, as there is no apparent reason to forbid its universal application. If the friends of temperance would devote themselves to the support of schemes like this they would be much better employed than in conducting political intrigues and third party movements that have ulterior aims in view.

### *The Work Done Inside.*

One of my friends is a very earnest shrewd man, who seems always to know, how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, England, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What my friend? What's the matter?"

"O! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the largest sheet you have."

The sheet was soon procured.

"Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently." He then quickly printed, in large letters:

"SPECIMEN OF WORK DONE INSIDE."

He then fastened the paper over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud, "Specimen of work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice. "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man you did that! This morning when he arose he was sober—when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober—when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is it not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—*Rev. Charles Garrett, in Band of Hope Review.*

INTEMPERANCE AND RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The National Grand Lodge o[illegible] Locomotive Fireman assembled in St Louis on the 21st instant, and at the opening proceedings was addressed by the Grand Master, Henry Hopman, of New York. In the course of his remarks that gentleman said: "I think the question of intemperance is one of the utmost importance to us as railroad men. No man of intemperate habits is worthy of the lowest position within the gift of any railroad company. I venture to say that [illegible] than half the accidents that occur on various railroads throughout the world due to men that habitually use [illegible]ting drinks." This testimony importance, coming from member of the one class more than others can

THE German army a peace footing.

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