American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, Editor.

DENTON MARYLAND.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

"I wish I knew what to do!"

Kate Warfield sitting on a knoll in the cool, shady orchard, on a a warm, pleasant summer afternoon, gave utterance to the wish.

She was in a quandary. She had two lovers and she wondered which it was best to choose.

John Rainsford was young, and had a life full of promise, and great possibilities before him. But he was poor. Kate Warfield knew that he loved her as a strong man can love, but could she, used to the luxuries of life, give up that which seemed necessary to her comfort, and marry a poor man?

Phillip Leith was old and rich. And he, in his letter which she had just been reading, made her an offer of his heart—supposing such an organ to be in existence—and hand. He could give her the things she longed for, the glitter and show she coveted.

She heard some whistling down the road, and looking down that way saw John coming. Something seemed to tell her that she must decide between her lovers now, and in a swift way she looked the matter over.—On one side wealth and fashion and all that heart could wish for in the gratification of selfish, worldly enjoyments. On the other hand, a humble life, and struggles to climb to that position where wealth could place her at once.

But then? Did she—could she love Phillip Leith, a man old enough to be her father? Would his wealth make up for what her life would have it love was in it? As she asked herself that question she felt a twinge which told her that, after all, she cared for John Rainsford as she had never cared for any other man, and for a moment she wondered if life with him would not be preferable to life with Phillip Leith and all his wealth.

But the glitter of gold blinded her, and she shut her eyes to the purer vision which passed before them for a moment, and in that resolute crushing down of the better impulses of her nature, John Rainsford's answer to his wooing was made, before he asked for it.

He came up the orchard path, and sat down upon the knoll beside her. He had learned in the summer gone by, to love this woman as he thought he could never love another one. She was all that was pure and true and womanly in woman to him.

"I have had a letter from the city," she said, "and am going back next week."

"So soon?" he said, slowly, and looking thoughtfully off to the blue hills. She knew well enough what he was thinking about.

"Yes; I have lingered here too long already. This summer has been a very pleasant one to me. One of the pleasant summers of life, I think."

"Can you guess what it has been to me?" he asked suddenly. "I have learned a lesson in it that I have never tried to learn before. I have learned to love—to love you!"

His earnest eyes were on her face. His words were full of passionate strength and tenderness. Beneath his gaze, she felt how unworthy she was of such a love as he gave her.

"I am sorry," she said slowly.

He started growing pale.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because—this letter is from the man I am to marry!"

He answered not a word, but his eyes were on her face in a strange, half-doubting gaze. Could these words of hers be true? Could it be that the woman he had thought to be so true and womanly, and who had let him go on learning to love her, knowing all the while to what he was drifting, was the promised wife of another?—How he had been deceived in his estimate of her. I think the shock which John Rainsford's faith in woman's faith received was, at that moment, fully as strong as that which her answer gave the love he held for her. To him she was the ideal of woman; the type of womankind, and, proving her untrue, he doubted all, because he had been so cruelly deceived in her.

She saw lines of pain about his mouth.

"I am sorry," she began.

But he stopped her.

"Don't," he said. "Leave the matter as it is. It is better so. No words of yours are needed to soften the blow. I shall get over it in time, I think, without them."

"If I had known——" she said, but again he interrupted her.

"I am going now. I hope you will be happy and not regret what you have done but some day I think you will see what a pitiful amusement it is to win a man's love, just for the mere sake of winning it. Good-bye.'

And John Rainsford was gone.

Eight years passed bringing strange changes with them.

Kate Warfield, in the years gone by since the summer afternoon when she had made the choice between the man who loved her, had become a wife and widow.

In all those years she had not succeeded in forgetting John Rainsford—she had tried to do so. Her husband had been kind to her. He had lavished his wealth upon her. But she could not love him. She had been a true and faithful wife to him, that is, if a woman can be without love, but all the while a memory lurked in her of a summer-time that had been strangely sweet and pleasant because of the love that had come to her in it.

Ten years had also brought changes to John Rainsford. He had become a successful man. People began to point him out as one of the most promising men in the political world.

One night there was a party at one of the Senator's houses in Washington. The beauty and talent of the season were there. The scene was like one from enchantment. Light shone on gay, bright faces full of the glad excitement of youth and life; and on older and soberer faces, for whom the novelty and freshness of such gatherings had worn off. Jewels flashed and sparkled, and lent an added brilliancy to the scene. The air was full of strange and sweet perfumes. The soft and mellow music from an unseen band made the air vibrate with exquisite melody.

Kate Leith in a dress of some rich fabric, that set off the beauty of her face to perfection, looked out upon the scene with a hope stirring in her heart that was very sweet and tender. The man who had loved her in the years gone by was there. She was free now, and she knew that she loved him. If, in all these years he had not forgotten her:

And then the woman's heart stirred with a feeling that was inexpressibly tender.—Her life had lacked something that gold could not purchase. It was love that she had needed to make her life what the life of every woman ought to be.

A swift color flashed into her cheeks.—He was coming toward her, with a sweet-faced woman leaning on his arm.

He saw her, and came forward with outstretched hand.

"I am happy to meet you once more," he said. Her eyes dropped under his gaze, and a soft, happy light came and went in them. She gave him her hand with an eagerness that told how glad she was to see him.

"Allow me to present my wife, Lois, this is an old friend of mine, Mrs. Leith."

Every trace of color faded from the woman's face. But she gave his wife her hand in a smiling welcome, and murmured a few words of congratulation, while her heart was covering up a sweet hope that had met a swift and sudden death. So true it is that smiles can hide an aching heart!

Bound to Sing.

Brother Glover was a pretty big man in a certain old Connecticut village. He would swear a little sometimes, but when he subscribed five hundred dollars toward rebuilding and refitting the old church, that special act of charity covered a multitude of sins.

Brother Glover had a big voice. There was no time, tone or tune in it, but he bellowed as he pleased in church singing.—When the new church was finished it had to be dedicated, and a choir was carefully trained to do the singing. Brother Glover was not one of the choir, and the intention was to rule him out of the vocal exercises.

The choir had carefully rehearsed a new dedicatory hymn, and everything was ready for the interesting ceremonies. The church was crowded, and Brother Glover was in his place in a front pew, as large as life. The new piece was struck up, and Brother Glover's voice rose loud above the organ. There was a pause. The organ and choir was mute and the latter mad.—The minister looking at a fly on the ceiling, explained that it was a new piece which the choir alone had practiced, and requested the congregation not to join in the singing.

The piece was recommenced, and again Brother Glover's big voice broke it up.—The preacher then fixed his eyes on Brother Glover and requested him to keep silent during the performances of the new piece, which he did not understand, and Brother Glover, looking at his beloved pastor with his big round eyes, replied in a big voice,

"Look-a-here, Mr. Barnheart, I paid five hundred dollars towards repairing this darned old gospel box and by thunder I will sing."

The preacher gave up and so did the choir.

A Soft Answer.

The husband was of quick temper, and often inconsiderate. They had been married not yet a year, when, one day in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct you can return to your own home, whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind.

If I leave you, returned the unhappy wife, will you give me that which I brought to you?

Every dollar. I covet not your wealth. You shall have it all back.

Ah! she answered, I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then taking her to his arms:

No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more; I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I cherish your blessing as my own; and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness into my keeping.

How true it is, that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many, of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

A Thriving City.—The glories of its city the Texahana (Texas) *News* joyfully sets forth the following: "A little over a year ago, tall, stately pines stood upon the spot where our bright and prosperous little city now stands; deer and other game stalked about heedlessly upon this very spot, little fearing the approach of man.—The iron horse approached and all changed as by a magic spell. The place is no longer a one-horse town, but a railroad centre on the line of Texas and Arkansas. The sound of the chruh-going bell is heard;—the children going to school; goods are sold at wholesale; two printing offices are in operation; several large and commodious saw and plaining mills are working successfully; cotton comes freely. The city now contains no less than 2,500 souls, and its population is increasing, both by immigration and natural process."

He was a Warm Spring Indian the moment he sat down on a red hot stove.

Graver Thoughts.

When avarice rules, humanity is absent.

The essence of true nobility is abnegation of self.

Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for greater patience.

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

How near are two hearts when there is no deceit between them!

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

It is a short step from modesty to humility, but a shorter one from vanity to folly.

Good intentions are the seeds of good actions, though they do not always produce them.

As length of life is denied us, we should at least do something to show that we have lived.

Zeal is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

Sun dials mark only the bright hours.—Would it not be well if most people could imitate them?

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and vaster than those of the most violent passions.

You will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you censure and blame in others.

Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand.

Be noble minded! Our own heart and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.—*Schiller.*

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanations!

Avail yourself of all your knowledge without making a display of it. That machinery works best that is hidden from view.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

Discrimination is as necessary in charity as in everything else; and indiscrimination in charity is in many respects more dangerous than in anything else.

There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old.

In all the evils which admit of a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which if properly avoided, would remove the cause.

The winds of adversity sweep over our souls, and scatters their fairest blossoms of hope. But the blossoms fall that we may bring forth much fruit—patience, faith and love.

Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should occur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.

Interesting Facts.

The organ of vision is considered the most delicate organization of the human frame; yet many who were born blind have been enabled to see by surgical operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class:

A youth had become thirteen years of age, when his eyes were touched by a surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color; black was painful. He fancied every object touched him, and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling; for instance the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched, he remarked that the objects were not so large in appearance to this as the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only partly-colored surfaces, and a miniature absolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel into a pint.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians have been the best performers of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that the boys were playing in a distant corner of the room, instead of studying their lessons, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound.

Poof. Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into the room for the first time after speaking a few words, said:

"This room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of the ear.

Verily, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

"Killed by Kindness."—This is a phrase which has just been painfully illustrated by statistics in England. Who would have believed, save upon the authority of Dr. Lankester, the London coroner, that no fewer than three thousand tender infants are annually smothered to death by their mothers, who fall asleep in bed while nursing their pledges.

Unfortunately, mothers involuntarily kill their children in a great many other ways—by absured indulgences in diet, by foolish exposure in dressing, and through utter ignorance of the laws of the human system. The only wonder is that the race, or at least the civilized portion of it, was not long ago utterly exterminated. Babies are called tender; it strikes us that they are remarkably tough.

"I don't wonder that you grieve for him, my dear," said a father to his daughter who had lost her husband; "you will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow, "but I'll do my best!

The Spaniards believed that Jack the Giant Killer was a real personage and that he lived in Canada.

Sleeplessness.

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of a probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements the next morning.—One should no more lay down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner, the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, or cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and to restore the tone of the system—it is all that is necessary.

We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bed time. In place of tossing about three or four hours, as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not awake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.—*Scribner.*

Asked God to Help Her.—The Danville, (Va.) *Advocate* says: "An interesting little daughter of Professor O., of this city, last summer, in eating a watermelon, got one of the seed lodged in her windpipe. The effort was made to dislodge it, but proved ineffectual, and it was thought that the child would have to be taken to one of the large cities to have an operation performed by a skillful surgeon. To this she was decidedly opposed, and pleaded with her mamma to tell her if there was no other way of relief. Finally, in order to quiet her childish fears, her Christian mother told her 'to ask God to help her.' The little one went into an adjoining room, and shortly thereafter came running to her mamma with the seed in her hand and her beautiful and intelligent face lighted up with joy. In response to the eager inquiry of the mother, the little one said she had asked God to help her, and while she was praying she was taken with a severe cough, in which she threw up the seed"

A Cure for Diphtheria.—A correspondent says: "Take a flat iron and heat it a little on the stove; on this apply a very little pitch (not tar); have the iron hot enough to make a good smoke. Then let the patient take into his mouth the small end of a funnel, and have the smoke blow through the funnel in his mouth. Let the smoke be inhaled well into the throat for a few minutes five or six times a day. In very bad cases it might be well to use it oftener. After this let the patient lie on his back then brake up small pieces of ice and put them into his mouth, and let them go as far down to the roots of the tongue as possible. When they have dissolved, put in some more; this will keep down the inflamation."

The New York *Herald*, in an editorial referring to the women's movement in Ohio, says:—

"It may be conceded that it is no greater harm for a woman to kneel on the sidewalk than for her husband to take his ease at full length in the gutter; while sticklers for propriety may amuse themselves with pondering over the self-sacrifice of the women who venture on the one in the hope of saving their lords from the other.

The dead weight of this business falls almost entirely upon wives, and mothers, and daughters, and sisters of the land. To hundreds of them the money that goes into the liquor dealer's till is the price of bread or of blood. Every dollar spent in the rum-shop means deprivation and destitution for the wives and children of those who drink."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR BARGAINS

—CALL AT—

J. H. VAN GESEL'S.

HAVING purchased the Stock of Goods of Capt. T. E. HEATHER and added thereto a choice lot of

NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS,

my stock is now full and I am enabled to offer inducements to buyers to give me their patronage. I do not propose to undersell others, but I will sell on terms so accommodating as to make it to the interest of the purchaser to call and see me before buying elsewhere. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,

SUCH AS GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, LADIES' DRESS GOODS & TRIMMINGS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, READY MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, AND QUEENSWARE, A LARGE STOCK OF NOTIONS, RIBBONS, KID GLOVES AND WHITE GOODS, TOGETHER WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF ALL ARTICLES AS ARE

KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Hoping to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I will endeavor to deal fairly with my customers, and give them a valuable compensation for their investments.

ju11-74 tf J. H. VAN GESEL.

HOW DO YOU DO?

Not Yet Run Out Nor Likely To Be.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAY, just come and see for yourself my pretty new stock of Calicoes for 9 and 10 cents; Muslins for 6¼ and 12½ cents. Also, Ladies and Gents

DRESS GOODS;

Shawls for 60 cents and upwards—also, a large variety of Notions, Hats & Caps, Boots and Shoes, to suit the trade. Tobacco, Snuff, Cigars, Groceries and Confectionery, in which I defy competion.

All kinds of country produce, such as Game, Poultry, &c., taken in exchange, and when goods are not wanted, I have the cash to pay for every description of Trade and Game.

Call and see me and remember, I won't be undersold nor overbid, for go ahead is the motto of THOS. M. COOPER.

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Denton, Nov19-tf. T. M. C.

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DENTON, MD.

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may9th-tf.

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Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
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Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

HENRY C. CONRAD,
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Dec17, 1874.—1y.

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I am living upon my farm three miles from town and will be home on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays of each week, ready to transact all business desired by my friends I will be at my office in Denton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week, and any business left with Mr. Waddell will receive my prompt attention.

Feb1-y. T. H. KEMP.

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EGGS, GRAIN,
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☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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Mr. F. J. Henry, Cambridge, " "
Mr. Wm. McMahan, New Hope, Md.
Mr. B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing Md.
Mr. John Nichols, Gilpin's Point, Md.
2y.

Take Notice.

FOR THE SOLE ACCOMMODATION OF my customers, I have put a first rate boat on the river to ply between Gilpin's Point and Williams' Landing, on the Tuckahoe side. The oars and key can be found at the residence of Mr. Wm. E. Saulsbury, when on the Tuckahoe side, at which place they must always be returned. All persons using this boat to cross to any other house or for any other purpose except as herein indicated will be dealt with according to law.

F. E. NICHOLS,
Gilpin's Point.

N. B.—The law will certainly be enforced against any person taking the liberty of breaking this boat loose as has been done heretofore. F. E. N.

Oct15-tf.

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NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

For Sale.

ALL THE MACHINERY of a first class Grist Mill. Will be sold a bargain to a good purchrser and on reasonable time.—Apply at this office. [Dec24-tf.

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ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 200 GUESTS.

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feb27, 1873.—y.

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AND

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

Paper hanging done neatly and in good style Brick fronts painted pencilled in the latest style. Thankful for past patronage, solicits a continuance of the same.

oct-26ly

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after *Monday, Sept. 19th*, 1874

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	
Easton	9.00 A.M.
Woodland	9.45
Cordova	9.25
Hillsborough	9.40
Ridgeley	9.50
Greensboro'	10.10
Goldsboro'	10.25
Henderson	10.40
Marydell	11.00
Slaughter's	11.15
Kenton	11.30
Clayton [ar]	11.45
Wilmington	3.50 P.M.
Phila.	5.25
Baltimore	8.15
New York	10.25

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	
New York	11.55 P.M.
Baltimore	7.30 A.M.
Philadelphia	8.30
Wilmington	10.10
Clayton	1.00 P.M.
Kenton	1.20
Slaughter's	1.35
Marydell	1.50
Henderson	2.05
Goldsboro	2.15
Greensboro'	2.40
Ridgeley	2.50
Hillsboro	3.05
Cordova	3.20
Woodland	3.35
Easton [ar]	3.50

All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

Sept10-tf.

FRESH DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES.

CALL and see Dr. Fisher, at the Drug Store where, you may obtain the article you so much stand in need of. His Stock has been greatly increased and he feels assured that there but few demands that he cannot meet. If there is one article he has not got you may rest assured he will procure it for you.

His Prescription List

is as nearly complete as you will be likely to find in a country Drug Store.

His Patent Medicines

are standard articles such as

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR,
AGUE CURE,
CATHARTIC PILLS;
SCHENCK'S PREPARATIONS;
SELLER'S,
WRIGHT'S
AND SHOLL'S
PILLS;
HALL'S CECILLIAN HAIR RENEWER;
GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER;
BOSCHEE'S SYRUP OF TAR, WILD CHERRY &c.
WILBER'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME;
DR. BULL'S PREPARATIONS;
DR. GROVE'S ANODYNE;
SOOTHING SYRUP;
BRONCHIAL TROCHES & WORM CANDY;
BITTERS—HOSTETTER'S, VINEGAR,
AND MISHLER'S;
FINK'S MAGIC OIL;
ELLIS' SOLUTION OF CITRATE MAGNESIA;
CONDITION POWDERS AND OIL CAKE MEAL FOR HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS &c., &c.

—ALSO—

FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY
HAIR OILS, &c.
PAPER, ENVELOPES
PENS, HOLDERS, PENCILS, &c., &c.

Many other articles not mentioned.

oct30 tf

Choptank Nurseries

DENTON, MD.

PETERS & DOWLING,

Proprietors,

OFFER FOR SALE THIS FALL,

50,000 select Peach Trees, No. 1, embracing all the leading varieties, such as the early Beatrice, early Louise and early Rivers.—They have also late varieties, such as the Ringgold Cling, Nanticoke and Bilyus late October, Reeves' Late Yellow and Key Port Late White.

PEARS—standard and dwarf, including all the leading varieties.

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