American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

RETRENCHMENT.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

"Is it not time for us to think of retrenchment my dear?' said Dr. Livingston to his wife, as he reclined in the depths of a luxurous easy chair before a glowing grate. "Retrenchment is the watchword now, and a very reasonable and seasonable one.'

Mrs. Livingston looked inquiringly into her husband's face and there was a shade of anxiety in the tone of her voice as she inquired:

"Is there any necessity for it in our case, my dear?"

"Not exactly a necessity, I am happy to say. It is rather a measure of expediency than necessity. Every man ought to ask if he cannot lessen his expenses at such a time as this. As I said, retrenchment is the watchword now."

"It ought to be with many, no doubt, but I cannot see why all should adopt it.—Our expenses have ever been a wise and reasonable proportion to our income, and you admit that even now there is no necessity for retrenchment.'

"That is true. Still, I think, in these hard times, it is wise to cut off all unnecessary expenses. There is a propriety in doing so. Besides the claims of charity will be great this winter. There will be an immense amount of suffering among the poor, and we should cheerfully economize that we may have more to bestow on the needy and suffering.'

"There is something in that, certainly,' said Mrs. Livingston, who was never pertinacious in her opposition to any plan proposed by her husband. But where shall we begin?'

"Have we not more servants than we really need? I think we might spare one or two without serious inconvenience.'

After a thoughtful silence, Mrs. Livingston said:

"I could spare Mary. I really don't need her very much, though she is such a good, faithful creature, that I shall regret to part with her.'

"If you can spare her without inconvenience, I think you had better send her away. Can't we find some other place to economize?'

"I might dismiss the girl who has done plain sewing for us for a month past. I told her I should want her two months, and I could find work for her that time; but I can do without her service very well, and I will dismiss her on Saturday night, if you think it best.'

Mr. Livingston assented. Retrenchment in other departments were discussed, and various plans proposed, some of which were adopted, and others laid on the table for future consideration.

Three weeks later Mr. Livingston observed to his wife, with an air of comfortable self-satisfaction:

"My dear, I am more convinced every day that we were right in the plans we adopted three weeks ago. I can assure you it is hard times for the poor people.—A poor fellow came to me to-day. He was out of work, and six children to support. He told a pitiful story.'

"I hope you helped him.'

"Yes; I gave him twenty dollars, a portion of what we have saved by economy.'

The next evening Mr. Livingston settled himself in his easy chair with a grave and somewhat troubled look. The expression of his countenance was that of a man whose self-complacency had been seriously disturbed. Mrs. Livingston was quick to observe this. She waited some time for her husband to break the silence, but seeing that he was not disposed to do it, she said:

"You look grave to night Edward. Has anything occurred to annoy you?'

"Not unless you call it annoyance for a man to discover that he has been acting unwisely and without due consideration, when he really supposed he was doing a very wise thing.'

"Is that your case, my dear?' said Mrs. Livingston, in a tone in which wifely sympathy and womanly anxiety were about equally blended.

"Precisely.'

"Please explain yourself.'

"You remember the plans for retrenchment three weeks ago?'

"I do; and it was only yesterday that you were descanting on the wisdom of the proceedings of that evening.'

"That is true; but I have learned since then this wisdom was folly, not to call it by a harder name. But I will tell you what has opened my eyes. You remember what I said about the poor fellow whom I assisted yesterday?' This morning I mentioned the circumstances to my friend, Mr. Chase, as we were speaking of the hard times and the sufferings of the poor. To my surprise, he exclaimed, earnestly:

"I would not have given the fellow a cent.'

"Why not?' I inquired. "Out of work, with six children to feed; is he not an object of charity?'

"No; the same fellow came to me with the same story, a week ago. I pitied him, of course, and offered him work at low wages until he could do better. But he scornfully rejected the proposal. No such a man I do not wish to help. There are hundreds who would gratefully accept of even moderate wages. I made him the best offer I could afford, and it would have kept his family from absolute suffering until the times are better.'

"If I had known the fact you have stated, I would have kept my money for a more deserving object, I replied.

"My plan,' continued Mr. Chase, is to give employment to as many as possible these hard times. I believe it is the most benevolent investment of money; it will secure us from becoming the dupes of those who make the hard times an excuse for idleness and riotous gatherings.'

"I suspect you are right,' I said, gravely and thoughtfully; for a new light was breaking over my mind.

"Half an hour after Mr. Chase left the store, his brother-in-law, Mr. Mills came in.'

"'Are you in want of a female domestic?' he inquired.

"I am not,' I replied, "but why do you ask?'

"I met with a case of suffering yesterday that touched my sympathies. A poor girl of neat and modest appearance, came in my store to inquire if I did not wish to hire her On my replying in the negative, she eagerly inquired if I did not know of some one who wanted to hire. On again receiving a negative, the tears coursed down her pale, thin cheeks, for very pale and thin they were, and she turned away with a despairing ejaculation which went to my heart. I called her back and made inquiries into her circumstances. It was a sorrowful tale. Her father fell from the roof of a house three months ago, and was so injured that he has not left his bed since. She had two brothers and a sister, all too young to earn anything. Her mother had taken in sewing for the shops, and she had gone out to service, and they had managed to keep want from their door.—But now she had been out of a place for three weeks, her mother could get no sewing and they are starving. This last statement was fully corroborrated by her own cadaverous appearance. I sent her to the house to get something to eat.

"'When I went home to dinner, my wife, with swimming eyes, told me about her call. When food was placed before her, she begged to be allowed to carry it home, instead of eating it herself, declaring it almost broke her heart to think of poor Sammy and Charles and Little Tiny, who had been crying for bread all the morning. When told to satisfy her appetite, while a basket was filled for her to take home, she fell at it as something half-starved, yet as soon as the basket was ready, she would remain no longer, but hastened with it to her starving family.'

"This tale of suffering related by my friend, touched my heart. I learned from him where the poor family was to be found and that very hour I repaired to their dwelling. Judge of my surprise when I found this girl none other than Mary herself.—Her dismissal from our service, at a time when situations are so difficult to be obtained, had brought a deserving family to the brink of starvation. Of course I relieved their present necessities, and told Mary to come back to-morrow morning. They overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude, but I felt more like a culprit than a benefactor.'

"But you did not intend any wrong,' said Mrs. Livingston.

"True; but I adopted a wrong course of conduct, without due consideration.—Strange I did not use a little common sense, and ask what Mary would do if thrown out of employment at such a time. We began retrenchment in the wrong place.

"I observed that Mary looked very downcast when I informed her that we should require her services no longer. But Lucy Tilden looked more sad than Mary.'

"Lucy Tilden?'

"Yes; the girl who sewed for us.'

"Ah, I remember now. Another bad mistake, very likely. Do you know where she lives?' We must ascertain if she is suffering.'

Mrs. Livingston was able to give the street and number of her residence. The next day Mr. Livingston made his way thither. As he ascended the stairs leading to the humble apartment of the sewing-girl, he heard, issuing from the room pointed out to him as Miss Tilden's, the rough, harsh voice of a man, and the sobs of a female.

The story was soon told. Lucy had been unable to obtain work since the day she was dismissed from the employ of Mrs. Livingston. She could not pay the month's rent of her room, and she and her little all were being ejected from it. Mr. Livingston hastened to repair the mischief of this second measure of retrenchment. The rent was paid, and Lucy was informed that there was plenty of sewing for her at the house of her old patron.

"I have learned a lesson,' said Mr. Livingston to his wife that evening. "Not retrenchment, but wise expenditure, shall be my motto this winter. Let those who *should* and those who *must* retrench;—but let those who have to spend, spend wisely and well. He who hoards up his Master's wealth when he should expend it may be not less criminal than he who squanders it. Mr. Chase was right; I will follow his example and give employment to as many as possible this winter, while I do not forget the suffering who are unable to work.

The Domestic Fireside.

The fireside circle, of all others, should be made the place of mutual attraction.—Here should we repose our hearts best affections, and here should we delight to dwell. There is nothing more pleasant and delightful than a cheerful and happy group of the inmates of one's household. How would the joys and happiness of earth be heightened, if each member of the family circle would strive to make the others happy! This earth indeed would be a "Paradise below,' did families live and dwell together in unity and brotherly love. The toils of life would be sweetened, household bands kept together, and the journey of life, instead of being wearisome and painful, would be one of pleasure and happiness. Though jarring and contention are going on without, nothing put peace and good will should reign in our midst. The family circle should be made the home of our affections. Brothers and sisters should here mingle their voices in unison, unbosom their thoughts to each other with cheerfulness, and live in obedience to the wishes of their parents.

MANY play the "knave' without ever coming to the card table.

A corn extracter that has never been patented—the crow.

April The First.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

Though a very bright boy, your brother Jim is occasionally outdone by his sisters, and I purpose telling you of one of these instances. It occurred on the first of April, two years ago.

I was housekeeper for Jim and the rest of us. He was always "going to' get up in the morning to kindle my fire, but previous to the date just mentioned had seldom gone any farther than the reiteration of his promise to aid me, with an accompanying turn on the pillow.

On that particular first of April, Jim declares that he stayed in bed intentionally, while I went down stairs to make the fire and bake some corn-bread for his breakfast. The house being dark, it was only after customary stumbles and bumps that I reached the match-safe. I struck a match without gaining the expected result, but as that was a frequent experience, took another and still another; by the time a dozen had been handled I began to suspect that somebody had been making my safe a receptacle for burnt matches, and there was the coal-scuttle right below—how much easier to have dropped them in there, according to orders.

Desiring to practice the little lesson I so often preached on patience, I tried one more and one more, till there were but two left; then went into the parlor for a supply, and lo! the first one which touched the sand-paper performed its duty as a match, and also explained the mystery in the kitchen. Every single occupant of that match-box had been deprived of its brimstone end; somebody's sharp penknife had carefully done the deed; and that somebody could be none other than—Jim.

Yes, I was strongly tempted to start off that minute and administer a reprimand to the author of my troubles, but concluded to light the fire first, when, using the previous day's paper for kindling, my eye noted its date of *March thirty-first*, and in an instant discovered the cause of Jim's prank—it was All-Fool's Day. I could not scold then, neither did I wish to, so I left him in peace to enjoy his morning nap.

Breakfast was on the table punctually, as usual, and though Jim scanned my face pretty closely, as he greeted me, there was no betrayal in my countenace while I said: "Come, folks; nice, hot corn-bread for you. What should I do without my new stove?'

"There, sister Nannie,' drawled that boy, "I really did mean to get up this morning (oh, Jim!); have any trouble with the fire?'

"No,' I replied; "not the least after it was made.'

He has since told me he went to his business in a quandary as to whether he succeeded in "fooling' me Bidding me good-by, he whispered, "Nannia, I'm obliged to go out of town in the noon train. Can I have a little lunch at eleven—just a bite, dear?'

Now my brother knew very well that I was capable of preparing a "bite,' for he never suffered from hunger when he went to town, so I answered in his own words: "Yes, a little lunch at eleven.'

How my thoughts flew in the effort to devise some plan by which I might *pay off* Jim; puzzled I cettainly was, as well as too proud to consult the "rest of us,' so I swept and dusted, laughing at my boy's quick thought and almost crying over my own lack of it.

It was baking morning, and I make custard pies; Jim liked custard pies, but these would not be cold enough for his luncheon. Dear boy! I would open a can of peaches and he should have his favorite warm desert. Oh, happy thought which came to me then. I'd make a *sham* pie according to my recipe.

Jim especially relished little pies (as well as large ones), and many I had baked for his dinner-basket during his school-days; so the veritable old saucer kept for this purpose was brought into play. On the bottom of the saucer I placed a thick piece of cotton batting, and in three or four places an extra wad which should raise the paste as though the peaches were large; then upon this I poured a few spoonfuls of the genuine juice that it might bubble out of the air-holes to make the deception more complete; and over it all the rich, flaky crust I prided myself in making. But when I slipped this in the oven, a real, true peach-pie went in after it—that too, for Jim.

I thought the little lunch looked very inviting; sliced ham and buttered bread with the wee chocolate cup, waiting to be filled. The delicate flavor of pie number two was very perceptible at each opening of the oven door, and was just placing its mate on the table as Jim entered

"Three cheers for hot peach-pie! I always did tell the boys I had a good sister. I'll make a fire surely to-morrow morning, if I stay awake all night to be ready. I declare I am a selfish boy—forgive me?' and then there was given one of the loving kisses which help me to forget that feet ever ache, or hands grow tired, in the daily round of working, doing, for dear ones.

I want to witness the first cutting of that pie, but was afraid to do more than listen from the kitchen.

"Nan, what kind of pie is this?' called my brother from the dining-room

"Why, it is intended for peach, Jim.'

Then another attempt with the knife, and a burst of laughter from Jim;—"Caught.' Sold for once, and fairly, too, Nannie!'

Yes, you would have thought so, could you have had the haggled crust, the result of his several endeavors to reach the bottom of the saucer.

"Well, I certainly *did* smell peaches cooking when I came in, and I deserved to be choaked with *sulphur*,' said Jim.

Of course after that he pronounced pie number two the best he had ever tasted, while I felt myself the heroine of the day.

We have had peach pie many times since, and always a hearty laugh over its "shoddy' ancestor of two years ago. To-night a letter from Jim, who is in Philadelphia for a few weeks, reminded me that this was All-Fool's Day; it has passed unnoticed save as I have told my little story.

I fear no revenge further than a brotherly lecture when he comes home. If he begins that with his usual introduction, "Now Nannie,' I shall slip my arm around his neck and whisper, "*Now*,' Jim, dear!' there's a whole plum-cake in my pantry!'

After that hint I may tell as many stories about him as I choose; nor this one is not finished till I have said that I never hear any more of Jim's *going to* make my fire, for since the morning of that memorable April day he has always *done* it.

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of real excellence, differing from one another more or less in principle, construction and adaptation; one being suitable for tailoring, another for bootwork, another for family use, &c., &c., the rest are inferior, and by far the greater number

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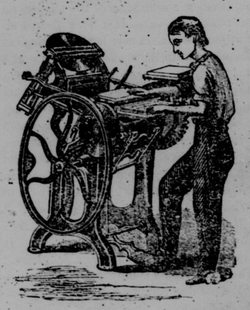

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may9th-tf.

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Feb4-y. T. H. KEMP.

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oct-26 1y

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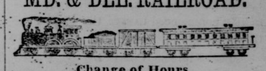

Change of Hours.

On and after *Monday, Sept. 19th* 1874 Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	
Easton	9.00 A.M.
Woodland	9.15
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.

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oct30 tf

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APPLES—about 50,000, from three to four years old, including all the Southern winter varieties.

APRICOTS, CHERRIES and PLUMS, Shade and Ornamental trees, Roses and bedding plants, &c.

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