American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

Poetry.

MOTHER'S WAY.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say,
"Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

FOUND A WIFE.

When the theatres are letting out—in days when the thereatre hours were longer than they are now—there stepped forth into the frosty winter night, amid a crowd of play-goers, a man of about four and twenty and about the middle height, broad shouldered, dark hair, and with black eyes, a very handsome man, and dressed in a style which was costly and elegant, and became him wonderfully well.

There came a little wail upon his ear—a cry almost like that of an infant—and looking down, Harry Bolton saw upon the pavement, close beside him, a little girl not more than five years old. She wore what appeared to be a handful of rags, and her tiny feet and curly head were bare. A more miserable object the moon never looked upon, and the moan she made touched the young man's heart. He knelt down and caught her as she passed by.

"Stop, little one," he said, "what brings you out this night? Where do you live? And where is your mother?"

The child struggled to escape, but when the last question came, stood still and answered with sobs,—

"In heaven; I want to go there."

"You are on the right road, then, this winter night; half naked and starving too, I fancy," said Harry to himself. He began to question her again.

"Where do you live?

"I don't know."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody."

"It looks like it. Have you any supper?

"I don't want any supper. I want my mamma," and the child began to cry.

Harry Bolton endeavored to remember some portion of childish education.

"You want to go to heaven, do you?" he asked. "It appears to me I remember being told that children who cry never went to heaven, and I am sure that children who do not mind never do; remember that."

The child understood, and the effect of this doubtful moral teaching was, at least, to silence her. Then the moon witnessed a phenomenon. Harry Bolton, the dandy, the dashing gambler, the man of betting books, shouldering a ragged child and walking away with her in the most self-possessed fashion.

"We must have some supper," he hastily said.

"We must not be too fashionable under the circumstances." And so saying he descended into a cellar eating house, where at the late hour, the few guests were too much intoxicated to notice the singular pair, and only the proprietor and a few of his employees remained to be astonished.

Marching down the room with perfect *sang froid*, Harry Bolton perched the child upon one of the chairs, and seating himself at the table ordered beafsteak, and brandy and water for two and the order being filled, ordered his companion "to go ahead," and watched to see the mandate obeyed in vain; the child stared at the viands in astonishment, but made no attempt to eat.

Harry remained in a puzzled condition for some time, then beckoning to a grinning waiter made him his confident in this wise:—

"You look like a family man, waiter, do you know how to make a child eat its eed?

"Not such feed as that, sir," replied the waiter.

"Milk and water is what they like, and bread and butter, or if meat, chopped up into bits. Bless ye, look at her tiny teeth, sir."

"To be sure," said Harry. "Well, cut the meat up, then bring her some bread and butter; but milk and water—you'd make the poor thing sick, won't you? It would me."

"You and her is constructed different sir," said the waiter.

Harry nodded.

Food being prepared to suit her appetite, the child ate greedily, to Harry's satisfaction, and after sufficing her to his heart's content and stripping himself of his overcoat, wrapped the waif in it and started for home.

He had a splendid set of bachelor apartments, and there he found a glowing fire awaiting him. The child, when he opened the coat, was sound asleep; so tucking her into bed in a grimy state, which would have shocked any good housewife's heart, Harry composed himself in a great arm chair, and lighting a cigar began to smoke.

All night he sat smoking and thinking and by dawn his plans were formed. A consultation with the landlady ended with the consignment of the child to the care of an elderly woman, warranted conscientious and amiable. Harry Bolton found himself the guardian of an adopted child. From that moment a change came over the young man's life. He had an object to think of and care for. He said to himself,—

"I will bring up a daughter for my old age," and set to work to become a fitting parent for the wonderful woman he had proposed to make her. He quitted his habits of dissipation, half his time was spent in visiting his charge, who, well cared for, grew every day more loving and engaging. He taught her to call him Uncle Harry, and it was strange to see the young man devoting himself, as some old grandfather might, to all the whims and pleasures of a little child.

As she grew older he placed her in a boarding school, and there, of course, saw less of her, yet still as much as the rules of the establishment would allow, until the child was somewhat past twelve years old, when a violent illness prostrated her guardian upon what came near being his death bed, and the doctor ordered him immediately on his recovery to go to Europe.

So they were separated, though a regular correspondence was maintained. Delicate health detained Harry from his native land five years.

At the end of that time Harry Bolton returned from Europe, improved in health and anxious to see his adopted daughter.

He saw she had grown older, but so little do we reflect on the changes that time must bring, that when inquiring for Miss Estella Gray, (this was the name the child had lisped when questioned) as he waited in the parlor of the seminary, a lovely girl of seventeen opened the door and entered the room, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

Yet it was she indeed—the child he left had grown into womanhood. Estella was seventeen, and Harry Bolton—thirty-five. He was young yet in look and thought.—There seemed after all, but little difference between them. Both felt this, and their manner toward each other was more reserved in consequence. But Harry was charmed as well as surprised. A lovlier creature never met his eyes. As he walked homeward he said to himself,—

"What if after all, I have been rearing a wife for myself?"

Then with a half laugh he muttered,—

"No I am two old for her—it is all folly."

Folly or not, the thought remained. He paid Ecstella such delicate attentions as suitors do. He anticipated her every wish and did his best to appear in an agreeable light. Whether she understood him or not he could not tell. She might regard him as an indulgent guardian, and the thought chafed him sorely. At times he hoped, at times he feared, until calling one afternoon (a holiday) unexpectedly, he found Estella *tete-a-tete* with a young friend, Ernest Clark. It was a good excuse for intimacy, but the knowledge that Estella had another male friend so much near her own age than himself, annoyed and angered Harry. And when, time after time, he saw them together, his suspicion strengthened.—They loved each other. She would wed young Ernest, and he would only be the middle aged guardian to give her away with his blessing. The thought once in his mind rooted itself there, and at last drove him beside himself.

"I will go back to Europe," said he, "I will forget her. Love and wedlock are not for me."

And on the impulse of the moment, he ordered his baggage to be packed, took passage in the next steamer for Europe, and went to the seminary to bid Ecstella good-by.

She come in smiling, but his moody looks made her grave at once. She put her hand in his and he shook it coldly, and sat down beside her. For a moment he was silent, and then he said,—

"I am come to say good-by, Estella.—I am going to Europe."

"Mr. Bolton! to Europe? Are you ill again?"

"No."

"Will you stay long?"

"Forever."

The great tears swelled in Estella's eyes, and she put her hand on her heart—she evidently could not speak.

I would advise you remaining here until you are a year older—unless indeed you marry before that time. In that case you will of course, receive the necessary funds, and a certain sum I will leave in my banker's hands for that purpose."

"I shall not marry,' sobbed Estella, "There is no need of any such provisions.'

Harry smiled sarcastically.

"The proposition has not come, then?' he said.

Estella's head dropped lower.

"I fancied you were engaged to this young Ernest."

Estella sobbed again.

"I care nothing for Ernest, nor he for me. We are mere acquaintenances.'

Harry caught her hand.

"Is this girlish evasion,' he asked, almost sternly, "or the truth?'

Harry Bolton looked into the tear flushed face and took the other little hand.

"Estella," he said "do you guess why I was leaving America?'

She shook her head.

"Because I could not see the girl I loved married to another. Am I too old to love, Estella?'

"Oh, no.'

"Too old to be loved?'

"You are not old at all.'

"Estella, can you love me?'

She made no reply. Harry drew her closer to him and repeated the question;—then the answer came in the lowest faintest whisper—

"I love you better than my life; it would kill me to part with you.'

Harry Bolton won his treasure.

A week after he sailed for Europe, but not alone. It was a wedding trip, and Estella, his young and lovely bride, was with him.

Coffee Culture.

It is estimated that fully one half of the coffee produced in the world is grown in Brazil; two millions of bags are annually shipped, more than half of this amount coming to the United States. Each bag contains one hundred and sixty pounds, and is worth, at Rio Janeiro, twenty dollars per sack—total proceeds, forty millions of dollars. The coffee is raised chiefly in the southern part of Brazil, in a mountainous belt about two hundred miles in width, and the land upon which it is grown is a yellow, sandy soil lying upon the side hills where no drainage is required, otherwise the natives would never obtain the immense returns. The trees are usually grown from shoots in nurseries, yet the berry is sometimes planted and made to produce trees. About three years are required from the transplanting to the beginning of bearing, but the trees have to reach the age of five or six years before they are at the height of their productiveness. At the end of fifteen or twenty years they cease bearing. The trees are evergreen, and grow to the height of from ten to thirty feet. The leaves are some five inches long, and of a pretty bright green color.—During nearly the whole of the year white blossoms dot the foliage, but the regular harvest comes twice ever twelve months. The berry, in its tender state, is very pleasant to the taste, and is used as food; that is the pulpy part. When ripe it becomes red, and later a purplish red. What we have in our market is simply the pits.—The berries grow about as large as good-sized cherries, and are about as palatable as wild plums. The harvest is made chiefly by women who carry baskets upon their breasts, and often a baby on the back at the same time.

Charity.

We don't mean alms giving. A man may give money to every beggar he meets. He may subscribe and pay to all the benevolent objects of the day; he may build churches and send fuel to the widow, and educate the orphan, and yet not be charitable in the true sense of the word. Much good is done, by even bad men, to "show off." Pride prompt some to give what stinginess would withhold. Vainglory writes the name to a thousand dollars benefaction, and parsimony would scratch out the name if it had a good chance. Charity means honest love for man because he is a man, irrespective of all surroundings. The charity, when the gift of one hundred dollars may be the price to get the name of being charitable. He who does not give for the love of God and man, need not give at all, so far as the giver is concerned, for the giver will not be "twice blessed," and hardly once. He who gives good advice in the right spirit, has charity. Some really good people exhort the sinful in so domineering a style, that anger is the result instead of penitence. Others, again, rebuke so strongly on the "I am holier than thou" principle, that the person rebuked, despairing of ever becoming so saintly as the censor, in despair becomes a greater offender than ever.

I Wish I Were Rich.

'I wish I were rich, I would buy everything,' cried Charlie.

'The sun, moon, and stars,' inquired William.

'No; everything that can be got with money.'

'Well that is not happiness,' said William.'

'Get your hat Charlie, and come with me to Mr. Morrison's, said the father.

'Oh! please not, papa, he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning.'

'I think you would like to live with him' said his father.

I, papa? 'would rather live down in a coal-pit.'

'With him you can have all that would be bought with money.'

'I recant; I see it won't do,' said the boy. "Health can not be bough with money.'

'Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life,' said William.

'Above all,' added their father, 'the favor of God can not be bought with money. Be content with as much of it as God gives and seek to use it aright.'

How to Succeed.—If your seat is too hard to sit on, stand up.

If a rock rises up before you, roll it away or climb over it.

If you want money, earn it.

If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it.

It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something.

Do not be content with what another hath done: surpass it.

Deserve success and it will come.

The baby was not born a man.

The sun does not shine like a rocket or a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires.

It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel horse.

If the job be long, the pay will be greater.

If the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

An oaken color can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the latter. When dry this should be oiled, and it will look well for a year or two; then renew the oil.

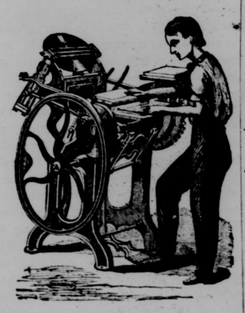
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Call and examine Specimens & Prices.

SEWING MACHINE.

Good Business Opportunity.

THE HOWE

Machine Company,

Are reorganizing their AGENCY DEPARTMENT, and can offer better terms than ever before given to reliable, energetic men to sell their

NEW LIGHT-RUNNING

Sewing Machines

IN MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

Apply at or address

NO. 38 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
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N. B. Applicants for country territory must be able to furnish horses.

Facts

FOR THINKING PEOPLE

There are a few, perhaps half a dozen

Sewing Machines

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,

ARE WORTHLESS.

It is note worthy that the sewing machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair in New York in 1853, long since sunk into merited oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous machines with high sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple and vanish.—So will it be while credulity lasts.

Time Tries all Things.

Use only furnishes the final test. As the purchase of a Sewing Machine is, or may be, the act of a life-time, care should be taken to get what time and use have approved.

During the past six years the Howe Machine Co. have made and sold over

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and to-day, though manufacturing at the rate of one per minute can hardly supply the demand. What better evidence is needed to prove that the public have decided that they are

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Sewing Machines

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Sept24-1y.

CARDS.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

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Residence on Front street opposite the M. E. Church.

may9th-tf.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

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

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

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

HENRY C. CONRAD,
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WILMINGTON, DEL.

Claims collected, and all kinds of legal business promptly attended to.
Dec17, 1874.—1y.

THOS. H. KEMP. JAS. W. WADDELL.

KEMP & WADDELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, and all other counties on the Eastern Shore, and give especial attention to settlement of estates and collection of claims.
KEMP & WADDELL.

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.
Feb4-y. T. H. KEMP.

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W. S. Goslin & Son, Baltimore, Md.
C. Davis, " "
A. P. Sorden, Denton, Md.
J. M Emerson " "
Dr. D. Stewart, Port Penn, Del. [ag4-y

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☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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

Commissioners' Notice.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS of Caroline county will meet at their office in Denton on

TUESDAY, 13th of APRIL,

and every TUESDAY thereafter, until the 1st Tuesday in June next, for the purpose of making transfers and abatements, and making allowances against the county. Persons making application for transfers or abatements will be required to comply with section 15 of the act of December sessions 1874, Chapter 266, entitled a supplement to the act entitled an act for the general valuation and assessment of property in this State passed at March session 1841, Chapter 25. After said day no allowances, abatements or alteration will be made. A. P. SORDEN,
4-15-6w. Cl'k. to County Com.

To Whom it May Concern.

I HEREBY NOTIFY ALL PERSON INdebted to me for Clerk's Fees, that I have placed the same under the control of James W. Waddell for settlement and he is directed to enforce payment. Further delay is absolute injustice to myself and friends.
T. H. KEMP,
Oct22-tf. Late Clerk.

CARDS.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

J. W. LOCKERMAN,
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FEDERALSBURG, MD.

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ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 200 GUESTS.

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feb27, 1873.—y.

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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-261y

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—CALL AT—
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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.
jn11-74 tf J. H. VAN GESEL.

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,
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PILLS;
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CHERRY &c.
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BITTERS—HOSTETTER'S, VINEGAR,
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FINK'S MAGIC OIL;
ELLIS' SOLUTION OF CITRATE
MAGNESIA;
CONDITION POWDERS AND OIL CAKE
MEAL FOR HORSES, CATTLE,
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—ALSO—
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PENS, HOLDERS, PENCILS, &c., &c.
Many other articles not mentioned.
oct30 tf

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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.

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

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SMALL FRUITS, such as Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries and 300-000 Conovers' collossal Asparagus, Rhubarb, &c. Also 500,000 Osage Oranges, one year old.

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BANNER THOMAS' celebrated Silver Gray Gilling thread; Jno. S. Lee & Co. Delaware Thread, and other popular brands; Net Rope, hand and machine made, at lowest cash prices. J. W. CHEEZUM & Co.,
Dec17tf. Easton, Md.