American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

Mischievious Memphis Maids.

A young man of Memphis is anxious to fight a duel, and, were a duel at any time otherwise than the rediculous resort of enraged fools, he would seem almost justified in his desire, for the offense against him was grievious. There was a grand pic-nic of the young people of Memphis recently; they went into the woods with all manner of edibles and wines and a band and the day passed away very pleasantly indeed.—There at length come a lull in the festivities though, and fifteen or twenty young ladies withdrew for a little fun among themselves. They organized a secret society and they called for candidates for initiation from among the young men. The young men were not backward in the matter, they went into the cermony, like sheep to the shambles, most confidingly; but when they came to the initiation, unlike sheep at the shambles rather liked it. There was but one degree to the ceremony, but that was nice, consisting as it did of blind folding each candidate and leading him into the centre of a "magic circle' formed by the young ladies, when he was made to kneel and was kissed, being subsequently made to guess who kissed him.

Such a programme would suit most men, and some of those initiated wanted very badly to take another degree. Finally the ladies admitted that one gentleman, a real lady-killer, should be allowed the privilege he asked for, and accordingly kneeled down with a look of intense complacency upon his face that he should be thus selected as more attractive than other men. He was kissed and the bandage removed from his eyes only to disclose to him the fact that his lips had been pressed by the aggressively ones of a swarthy negro, who had accompanied the party as a waiter.

Of course there was a roar, and of course the lady-killer was mad. It appeared, subsequently, that all the young men had been deceived, the kissing having been done by a gentleman acting as a confederate of the ladies, but there was no balm in Gilead for the man kissed by the negro. He must have satisfaction from somebody and he sought to get it from the gentleman who was in league with the ladies. Notes have passed out; the Memphis papers talk of duel and gorge. Sympathy would be wasted on the disillusioned lady-killer, but it isn't at all surprising that he wants to fight.—He had aggravation enough.

The Two Voices.

When Guttenburg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the old Monastery of St. Aborsgut, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world.—So impressed was Guttenburg with what he had heard, that he took a hammer, and broke to pieces the types he had so labourously put together.

His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on, and to rejoice in his work; that all good might be the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttenberg; the one calling us to work, with all powers of mind and body, God's work, while it is called to-day—to try to leave this world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to give over, and take our ease—to leave the plow in midfurrow, and to wrest on our oars, when we should be pulling against the stream.

Motherless.

Three little golden heads at an upper window and along line of carriages in the street below. Nurse holds baby up, who laughs and clasp its little dimpled hands as his eye is caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone forever. The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlors are in their wonted order, except perhaps the curtains are not looped gracefully, the furniture is not disposed as tastefully, and the little ornaments and bijouterie are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there's a child and a prim air about everything, so different from its usual look of cosy comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, but the child soon tires of them.—There's something gone—they scarce realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabys. And then papa comes home and gathers the little flock around his knee, and tries to tell them mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here; they cannot think why the Good Father should want her so much more.

THISTLES IN THE HEART.—Bad habits are the *thistles* of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds. A few years ago a little boy told his *first falsehood*.—It was a little solitary thistle seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprang up, oh, how quickly! and in a little time another and another seed dropped from it to the ground, and each in its turn bearing more seed and more thistles. And now his heart is overgrown with this bad habit; it is as *difficult for him to speak the truth* as it is for the gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistle, after it has once gained a footing in the soil. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truthfully are truly his delight."

Dealing With Obstacles.

The editor of the *Methodist*, on a recent journey over the Allegheny Mountains to Pittsburg, was led, by noticing the winding and turnings of the railroad route, to ponder upon the methods which nature and wise men employ in dealing with obstructions. From Harrisburg to Pittsburg, as the crow flies, is about one hundred and sixty miles; the railroad, winding up and down the valleys of the Juniata and the Conemaugh, measures two hundred and forty-eight miles; and if one followed the water-line of these streams the distance would be more than double the length of an air-line drawn between the two cities. In this case human art and heroism have not attempted to break down the strength of the everlasting hills; but by cunningly seizing upon the weakness of the small elevations, and cutting across the corners of smaller meadows—by dint of watchfulness rather than of courage—they have reduced the long winding journey by nearly a hundred miles.

But this method of getting around, instead of attempting to get over, obstructions is not the device of man, nor the result of his ingenuity. Nature taught him the grand lesson. "If,' says the writer in the *Methodist*," we watch the river itself, we shall find traces of a cunning quite as marvelous, to say the least, as that which shortens the line for a bed of steel rails.—Every winding is modulated, a rhythm runs through the shifts and bends; and remembering the one hard condition imposed upon water—that it cannot run up hill—we may wonder that its journey is so happily shortened by the Hand that hollows the pebbly bed.' The conclusion he shows from these premises is a plain one. He says:

"The lesson we were conning was, concerning the human method of dealing with obstructions. How few of us early learn the limits of heroism! How many of us waste our strength against rock-ribbed hills and adamantine laws! We go past the singing streamlet with our heads is the air, and do not notice that its song contains the philosophy of wise living. We have not wings, and not having wings, we ought not try to fly: we are not mightier than nature and society, and being weaker, we ought, like water, to use our eyes in finding the inviting levels, pounding the obdurate rock.

"The vast majority of obstacles must be gone round, not tunneled through.—Unwise living is most often, perhaps, a weary beating against things that stand because God made them to stand, or things that stand because human nature is such as it is—and perhaps the two classes of things are essentially one. There comes a point in experience where turning around obstacles easily leads to turning away from duty and neglecting obligation. But these are really in a different order. To go on, to fulfill the end of our living—to reach the Great Sea—is to us as to the stream, something beyond compromise; but going surely is not fighting with the rocks or wrestling with the law. In all such struggles the assailing will is beaten, however well it be furnished. The defeats of strong men are not recorded except when one of them has the conspicuousness of a Waterloo; and so it happens that the young people continue to attempt the impossible.

"To learn what are the invincible barriers of life is not easy until one is convinced that such obstructions really exist. The 'all things' that we can do are limited to our needs and duties. No man is expected to exceed his powers, and surely these are definitely numbered and weighed. He may not know it, but God knows it; and it is the man's business to find his measure and weight. When this has been learned, it is easy to reckon the value of obstacles. An engineer measures his tools and money against the ribs of a mountain, and yields place when his tools or money come short. But manya fool tries to go through life butting against everything in his right line, and murmering against God because he is sorely bruised.

"Successful lives adjust themselves to valley and take the advantage of depressions in hill-side, moving around the buttresses of mountains and shooting swiftly down the happy declivities that are now and then found here and there. Of all arts, the art of 'giving up' is, after all, the most useful. Many an obstacle rises up where we did not expect it, and plans must be given up unless we would rush on ruin.—The head-strong will, the unyielding resolution, immutable purpose, have only a few fit places in human life. Now and then they serve a need, but oftenest they are the great troubles of our peace, the uncompromising enemies of our success.'

The Riches of Christ.

O my soul, dignified with God's image, redeemed by Christ's blood, betrothed by faith, enriched by the spirit, adorned with grace, ranked with angels—love Him by whom thou art so much beloved! Be intent on Him who is intent on thee—whose love anticipates thine, and is its cause!—He has all the merit, He is thy reward!—He is the vision and the end! Be earnest with the earnest, pure with the pure, holy with the holy! What thou shouldst appear before God, that should God appear to thee. He who is kind and gentle, and of great compassion, resides in the meek, the humble and the compassionate. Love Him who drew thee from the lake of misery and from the miry clay. Choose Him for thy Friend above all friends who, when thou art bereft of all things, can alone remain to thee. In the day of thy burial, when every friend is gone, He will not forsake thee, but will defend thee from devouring foes, lead thee through an unknown region, bring thee to the streets of the heavenly Zion, and place thee with angels in the presence of His Majesty, where thou shalt hear the angelic melody—holy! holy! holy! There is the chant of gladness, there the voice of exultation and salvation; or thanksgiving and praise and perpetual hallelujahs. There is accumulated bliss, and supereminent glory.

Talking Like a Father.

EXCENTRIC ADVICE OF A KENTUCKY JUDGE TO YOUTHFUL MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

Judge Underwood, of Rome, to four young lawyers who had just passed an examination in his court: "Young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed as good an examination as usual, perhaps better; but you don't know anything. Like those young fellows just back from their graduation college, you think you know a great deal. That is a great mistake. If you get to be of any account, you will be surprised at your present ignorance. Don't be too big for your breeches. Go round to the justices' court. Try to learn something. Don't be afraid. Set off upon a high key. You will, no doubt, speak a great deal of nonsense, but you will have one consolation; nobody will know it. The great mass of mankind take sound for sense. Never mind about your case—pitch in. You are about as apt to win as lose. Don't be ashamed of the wise-looking justice. He don't know a thing. He is a dead beat on knowledge.—Stand to your rack, fodder or no fodder, and you will see daylight after a while.—The community generally supposes that you will be rascals. There is no absolute necessity that you should. You may be smart without being tricky. Lawyers ought to be gentlemen. Some of them don't come up to the standard and are a disgrace to the fraternity. They know more than any other race, generally, and not much in particular. They don't know anything about sand stones, carboniferous periods, and ancient land animals known as fossils. Men that make out they know a great deal on these subjects don't know much. They are humbugs—superb humbugs. They are ancient land animals themselves, and will ultimately be fossils. You are dismissed with the sincere hope of the Court that you will not make asses of yourselves.

A Pretty Comparison.

Silently perfuming the air, whether by the dusty wayside, resting on the summits of the eternal hills, adorning the quiet vales, or clustering in some cottage garden, are the dainty flowers, whose jeweled cups rival the hues of a monarch's gem. There are seen the sapphire's delicate tints, the garnet's rich coloring, the slumbering fires of the topaz, the royal amethyst, the opal's glow, and the purity of the pearl. And here and there are seen the fresh tints of the emerald, encircling the earth as with a coronet. The sapphire's azure gleams are reflected from Flora's fairest treasures to the heaven's above, and in their far-away vastness are embosomed in the snowy clouds, jewels of the purest hue. And as the day-king ascends the eastern hills, his splendor falls upon yon dancing fountain, whose waters leap to catch his golden rays, and sparkle like the brightest of Golconda's diamonds. But the beauty of the sparkling drops is rivalled in the hush of the eventide, when "the moon, the reaper of the ripened stars, holds out her silver sickle in the west," and the white stars, like saintly lilies, blossom in the infinite fields of blue. But the iris-hued flowers, and dancing waters, and floating clouds, and sparkling stars, and silvery moon, are but a few of the jewels which nature treasures in her casket. Each day and hour of our lives are as pearls among the gems of time; and as we sail upon the voyage of life, they drift away one by one into the mighty ocean of eternity. Moments, and hours, and days, and months, and years, make up the diadem of jewels which gild the brow of time. And, as we behold them, they resolve themselves into groups, whose hues betoken the different seasons. In that fair group of violet-hued hours, behold our spring-time; and there, amid the tints of lilies and royal roses, behold the years which jewel life's summer. By their side are the years whose hues of amethyst and gold proclaim its autumn; and last in time's jeweled crown, are the years which gleam with the whiteness of snowdrops and pearls, emblematical of the dreary winter.

A Story of Tom Marshall.

On one occasion Tom Marshall heard R. J. Breckinridge preach, and falling in with him after the service, accompanied him home, "Why don't you preach better?'—said Marshall. "I do as well as I can,' answered Breckinridge. "Why don't you preach as the Saviour did?' continued Marshall. "That's hard to do,' rejoined Breckinridge. "Preach parables,' said Marshall; "that is a very simple and easy thing to do; that's the way our Lord sets forth the truth.' "Well, Tom,' said Breckinridge, "I have as high an opinion of your talants as any body else has, and I set a high estimate on your reading and information than most people do. I defy you to make a parable, and I defy you to find one in literature—outside of the New Testament;' "Nonsense!' exclaimed Marshall; "I can make fifty, and I can find a hundred.' "Well, try it, and let me know, replied Breckinridge. Shortly after they met again. "Well, Bob,' said Marshall, "what about those things—the parables?' I have tried my best, and I can't make one. I've looked everywhere, and I can't find one. What does it all mean? I give it up. "You see,' replied Breckinridge, "why I don't preach in parables. I can't do that.'—*Galaxy*.

IN Washington the other day, a lady went to pay her respects to one of the latest arrivals on the list of babyhood, when the following colloquy took place between her and the little four-year-old sister of the new-comer: "I have come for that baby now,' said the lady. "You can't have it,' was the reply. "But I must; I come over on purpose,' urged the visitor. "We can't spare it at all,' persisted the child, "but I'll get a piece of paper and you cut a pettern.'

QUESTION FOR DEBATE.—'If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or to let go?'

GEORGE Washington was not born in the United States.

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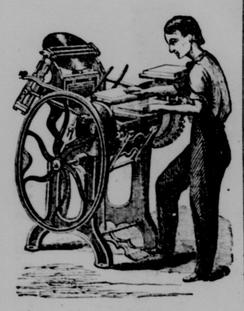

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of real excellence, differing from one another more or less in principle, construction and adaptation; one being suitable for tailoring, another for bootwork, another for family use, &c., &c., the rest are inferior, and by far the greater number

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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.

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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.

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may9th-tf.

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

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
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2y.

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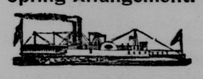
Maryland Steamboat Co. of Baltimore.
Spring Arrangement.



ON AND AFTER MONDAY APRIL 5th the Steamer
HIGHLAND LIGHT
will leave Denton every Monday at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at Potter's Landing, Gilpin's Point, and Hog Island; and leave Medford's Wharf every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 2 o'clock P. M.; stopping at Cabin Creek, Chancelor's Point, Shermans, Cambridge, Wallack's, Clora's Point, Oxford, Double Mills, and Easton; arriving in Baltimore early the following morning.
Returning, leave Baltimore from Pier 3 Light St., foot of Camden, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, P. M.—the Tuesdays and Thursdays trip terminating at Medford's Wharf, and the Saturday trip extending to Denton, making all the landings as above. Makes close connection with the Maryland and Delaware Rail Road at Easton, and the Dorchester and Delaware Rail Road at Cambridge.
Freight taken at lowest rates.
4-1-tf.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after *Thursday, June* 10 1875,
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Pass. No. 1.	Frt. No. 2.
Easton	4.10 A.M.	10.30 A. M.
Woodland	4.20	10.50
Cordova	4.30	11.05
Hillsborough	4.45	11.20
Ridgeley	4.55	11.35
Greensboro'	5.10	11.55
Goldsboro'	5.25	12.15 P. M.
Henderson	5.35	12.25
Marydell	5.45	12.50
Slaughter's	5.55	1.05
Kenton	6.10	1.25
Clayton [ar]	6.20	1.50
Wilmington	8.05	4.10
Philadelphia	9.20	5.35
Baltimore	1.15 P. M.	8.15
New York	5.10	10.22

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	Frt. No. 3.	Pass. No. 4.
New York	11.55 P. M.	9.25 A. M.
Baltimore	7.00 A. M.	2.45 P. M.
Philadelphia	8.00	5.15
Wilmington	9.25	6.40
Clayton	11.05	8.30
Kenton	11.20	8.45
Slaughter's	11.35	9.00
Marydell	11.50	9.15
Henderson	12.00 M.	9.25
Goldsboro'	12.15 P. M.	9.35
Greensboro'	12.35	9.50
Ridgeley	12 50	10.05
Hillsboro'	1.05	10.15
Cordova	1.20	10.30
Woodland	1.35	10.40
Easton [ar]	1.50	10.55

Freight train will have Passenger Car attached, and will be subject to delays incident to freight business.
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.
Passengers using the 4.10 A. M. train from Easton will arrive in Philadelphia at 9.20 A. M., and returning will leave Philadelphia at 5.15 P. M., thus giving nearly eight hours for business purposes in that city.
6-10-tf. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

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is as nearly complete as you will be likely to find in a country Drug Store.
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are standard articles such as
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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,
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PENS, HOLDERS, PENCILS, &c., &c.
Many other articles not mentioned.
oct30 tf

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