American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, Editor.

DENTON MARYLAND.

The Model for Sunshine.

The picture was finished and the painter stood for a moment before it with the quiet, satisfied air of a man who knows his work is well done.

"Come look at it, Hester. Tell me what you think of 'shadow.'"

The tired sitter rose from her chair and came round in front of the easel. Wearily she pushed the heavy weight of chestnut hair off her pale forehead, and gazed long and earnestly into the dull, dusky eyes of the picture. They were like her own, never a gleam of brightness in their shadowy depths; only the earnest, patient look, full of gloom and darkness.

"Does it please you, sir?'

"Yes, Hester—and you?'

"I think it is like me,' answered the girl, sighing. Then she gathered that mass of dark hair that the painter had disarranged to suit the purposes of his picture, and turning slowly away, asked him "do you need me any longer?'

"Not to-day, thank you.'

Hester Deane went away from the old farm-house parlor that the artist's ingenuity had converted into a temporary studio, and proceeded to take up the burden of life again. They were very happy hours, those she passed in that shady old room while the magic touches of the painter's brush transferred her pale features to his canvass—happy, because they were quiet. But this burden of life pressed sore on Hester's shoulders, and the lash which drove her on from one arduous duty to another never rested.

Hester's home was an old farm-house in New England, perched upon a bleak New Hampshire hill. Her only companion was the invalid step-mother, whose bitter tongue stung her quivering soul with wounds not less hard to bear because the instrument that inflicted them was so contemptible.—Her father was a good man, but cold and hard as the rocks that surrounded his humble dwelling; and Jim, the only other member of the family, was a thoughtless boy, whose mischief and carelessness made Hester many an extra hour of labor.

In this shadow her life had lain, this girl with the low, broad forehead, behind which was stored an education that would have enabled a man long ago to achieve comfort and independence. Here in this old brown farm house she lived and worked, unwarmed by love, uncheered by sympathy, until the coldness and gloom settled into her dark eyes, dulled their beauty, and cut deep furrows in the fair pale forehead. Hester Deane was twenty-four. The neighbors said she was thirty, she had been a lonely old maid so long. Hester bowed her head and did not contradict them.

This was the girl whom Henry Spencer met as he was wandering among the trout streams of New Hampshire. Her shadowy face, draped in the dull gray twilight, met him one night as he was returning to his lodgings and the desire seized him to fasten its dull beauty on his canvass and take it back to the city. An introduction was an easy thing among these honest country folks, and he was soon established as a lodger at the old farm house, where any chance was seized upon to add to the scanty living that was wrung with so much labor from the stubborn soil.

Poor Hester shuddered when in family conclave the question was decided to "take a lodger," for she knew how much it would add to her care. Then when the demand came upon her to sit for her portrait, Hester was bewildered. Where should she find the time, and those long settings gave her the rest she so much needed. She was less tired—poor Hester!—although she knew it not.

Now the picture was finished, and Hester's first thought upon its conclusion was the week's ironing that yet remained a damp and wrinkled mass in the great clothes basket. Thus it was that she turned so wearily from the portrait of herself in the parlor to face this burden of uncongenial labor that waited for her in the kitchen.

Henry Spencer looked after her as she passed out of sight, and over the gentle face of the artist came an expression of tender pity. Then he looked at the picture—the fine eyes with the dull clouds in the depths—and the fancy came to him. "I will paint another picture, and call it 'Sunshine.'"

As Hester was standing at the kitchen door that evening the artist came and took his place by her side. "Hester, I want a companion piece for 'Shadow.' Will you help me find a model?'

"Will not Bessie May do, Sir?'

The artist shook his head as he thought of the belle of the neighboring village, with the crimped locks and simpering smile.—"No, no, Hester; not Bessie.'

"I don't know any other, Sir?'

"There is no hurry; I shall find her if you will help me. But I mean to rest for a while first.'

Hester looked at him. Rest! What did he know of work, this prosperous man, whose brush was the magic wand that brought a golden shower around him, like the water that rushed from the rock at the touch of Moses' rod?

"Yes, Hester, rest. I know it makes you smile—a lazy man like me. But not another stroke of work shall my paintbrush do until—"

"Until what, Sir?'

"Until I have found the model for 'Sunshine!'"

He was standing near her now, and the bright winning smile that won the hearts of all who knew him woke an echo in Hester's heart, for the clouds lifted a little, and she smiled back at him.

"When do you think you will find her?'

"I fancy I see her coming in the distance even now.'

"Whom is she like?'

"Did you ever read Tom Moore, Hester?'

Poor Hester! the only poets she had ever studied were such cheerful singers as Milton and Cowper and Dr. Young—volumes lent her by the minister, who would not have allowed the presence of a line written by the merry bard in his house.

She shook her head.

"Well, my 'Sunshine' will be like young Nourmahal, the light of Harem. Dark-eyed, like an Eastern beauty, with clouds of dusky chestnut hair, she shall possess, not

'A beauty forever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer's day light,
But that loveliness ever in motion which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's shadowy days.'

"Shall I read you the poem, Hester?'

A gleam of pleasure shot up into the dull eyes, and the girl answered with a half-breathless accent that showed the deep poetic nature under the cold exterior, "I should like it so much.'

Then after that, every day when supper was concluded and those weary dishes back again in their places, Hester would come out on the old porch, and Henry Spencer would read her Moore's lovely poems and stories until twilight forced them to close the book. Sometimes he would coax her away from the old farm-house to wander over the hills and watch the golden glory of the sunset as it faded away into the shadowy night. Then he would talk to her of other sunsets, other lands, where these same sunbeams glinted over icy peaks or shone on the warm surface of a tropical sea. Through his wonderful descriptions he pushed aside the narrow bands that encompassed Hester's life, and led her into a new world of beauty. And the girl's heart gradually grew light with the brightness reflected from the artist's own sunny nature. She began to talk—this quiet Hester, heretofore so silent because there were none to listen to what she had to say. She was no longer dull and stupid. Bright and sweet were the merry fancies that fell from her smiling lips. The shadow went out of her eyes, and the lines of care smoothed themselves away from her forehead.

There was a wonderful change coming slowly over Hester. Under the artist's skillful moulding, the weary girl, oppressed with the dull routine of disagreeable duties, was becoming a brilliant, beautiful woman. Life was no longer a dreary thing to be endured with patience, but a rich heritage full of glorious possibilities. And Hester was happy. She thought she had found a friend—she was only wandering in the path familiar to all maidens since the time when Eve loved Adam.

One day she asked the artist if he had found the model for "Sunshine."

He smiled and answered "Yes."

"Who is she?'

"To-morrow you shall see.'

"Where is she?' asked the girl, as she looked around the shabby room that contained no other woman's form but her own.

"You shall see her presently,' and Henry Spencer smiled as his glance met Hester's puzzled look.

Then he arose from the old-fashioned chair where he had been sitting, and taking her gently by the hand seated her in his place. Resting one arm on its ugly leather back, he bent over her until the sunny blue eyes looked full into the depth of the dark one beneath.

"I did not find the model for 'Sunshine,' Hester. I created her. Up here among the mountains, where even the breath of the summer wind is cold and chill, I found a lonely woman who had lived a life of unsuitable labor amidst uncongenial companions until a dreary shadow of perpetual gloom hovered round her brow and settled itself in the depths of her dark eyes. But of late the shadow has lifted, chased away, I dare to think, by the sunshine of love.—Look, Hester, at the reflection in that little cracked mirror yonder. Do you see the fair sweet forehead, so calm and so quiet and the lovely eyes bright with the glittering light of happiness? There is the model of 'Sunshine.' Now, Hester, lift your lips to mine, and tell me that she is my own—mine to shine around my life, my heart, my home. Tell me, darling, that I have found my model—my wife.'

"Sunshine" was not painted—a wedding interferred. But at the great exhibition that Autumn there was a picture called "Shadow."

A by-stander remarked, "I heard it was a portrait of Henry Spencer's wife.'

But another who had seen the bride replied, "What nonsense!'

Home Lessons.—The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are prevocative of rankling and explosive sentiments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands of dictation, and general allowances of mutual freedom.—Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when waiting on the virtues; and where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home.

A California Orchard.—A Mr. Biggs, of Yuba City, California, has a solid block of fruit trees covering 210 acres. The soil is a light sandy loam and is constantly cultivated with plows through the whole season. It contains 8,000 peach trees, of sixteen varieties (4,000 being of one variety, the Red May); 3,000 apricot trees, of twelve varieties; 4,000 cherry trees, of twelve varieties; 7,000 plum trees, of fifteen sorts; 2,000 apple trees, of only eight varieties; 1,000 pear trees, mostly Bartlets; 1,200 "cherry plum" trees and 150 June plum trees. There are also 1,500 walnut trees, of three sorts. The cost of the land was about $17,000. Total cost of orchards, land and all, is less than $30,000, and its estimated value is $50,000.

A Cute Yankee Trick.

'Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you,' said a genuine specimen of the Yankee pedlar as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

'I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't noways.'

'Waal, I guess you needn't get huffy 'bout it. Now here is a dozen genuine razor strops, worth one dollar and a half;—you may have 'em for two dollars.'

'I tell you I don't want any of your strops, so you may as well be going along.'

'Waal, now look here, squire, I'll bet you twenty-five dollars that if you will make me an offer for them ere strops, we will have a trade yet.

'Done,' said the merchant, and he staked. 'Now, he said chaffingly, 'I will give you a six-pense for the strops.'

'The're yourn,' said the Yankee, quickly pocketing the stakes.

'But,' continued he, after a little reflection, with a sudden burst of frankness, 'I calculate a joke is a joke, and if you don't want strops I'll trade back. The merchant looked brighter. 'You are not so bad a chap after all,' said he. 'Here are the strops, give me the money. 'There it is,' said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back the six-pence. 'A trade is a trade, a bet is a bet. The next time you trade with that six-pence don't buy razor strops.

A Very Ancient Wall in Mississippi.

About eighteen miles from Port Gibson, and one mile from Brandywine Springs, on the place of Mr. O'Quin, the existence of a great number of blocks of cut stones has been known for an indefinite time, and the people in the neighborhood have used them for props for their houses. Mr. James Gage, Jr., went out there a few days ago to explore, and had a specimen stone brought into town. It is about three feet long, by twenty inches square, resembling in shape a bar of soap. It is probably a native sandstone. Mr. Gage took this block himself from beneath the roots of a large pine tree. It formed a portion of a wall about twenty feet broad on the top, which Mr. Gage traced for a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. The inference that one would naturally draw from this superficial view is that this must have been a city wall, but deep exploration might show it to be a portion of a fort, temple or other building. Anyway, its antiquity is probably immense, antedating the history of the red men.

Sleeping in Church.

"My son, you slept in church this morning. You know that is wrong. Besides, I know a man who came near his death by sleeping in Church.'

'Why, papa, who was it? I never heard you speak of him before.'

'His name was Eutychus. One Sabbath evening the minister who was a traveling missionary, preached very long, as he would not preach there soon again. Eutychus fell asleep, sitting in the window of the third story, and fell down on the ground. He was taken up for dead, but soon revived.'

'Just think, papa, what a disturbance that must have made in the service!'

'Yes, but sleeping in church now also makes a disturbance. The minister sees it, and is discouraged; the people see it, and are annoyed, and the angels see it and are sorry that people care so little for God's Word and God's house.

Live for Something.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their night went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O, man, live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of eternity can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your words, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the star on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

How He was Tempted.—A member of the colored church was, the other evening conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him change into better paths, but the friend said he was too often tempted to permit him to become a Christian.

'Whar's yer backbone, dat ye can't rose up and stand temptation?' exclaimed the good man. 'I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yer town I had a chance to to steal pa'r o' boots—mighty fine ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and de debbel said 'take 'em.' Den a good sperit whispered fur me to let dem boots alone.'

'An' you didn't take 'em?'

'No, sah—not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, and I left dem boots alone!'

The Ruling Passion.

A young woman of engaging personal apperance, says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, who came here last week from Creston, recently announced that she was going to open a barber shop on North Hill. The very next day, which was yesterday, each married women on North Hill surprised her husband, whose many virtues she had long known and admired, with a neat little present, consisting of a razor, lather brush, and strop. And now, as often as a North Hill man comes home, the wife of his bosom puts her arms around his neck, and rubs her downy cheek against his face in all apparent innocence and affection, but his cheek is smoother than when he went away from home in the morning she fans him with the rolling pin until he has to wear his hat on whichever bump it will fit best.

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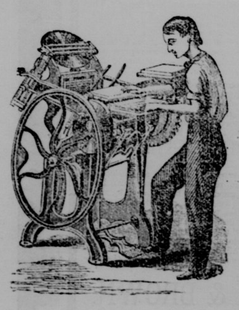

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Direction For Using.

Place the boiler on the stove; fill with water to the circle when boiling; cut from one-third to half pound of soap in the same.—Having soaked or wet the clothes in cold water, soap the soiled parts; drop them loosely and evenly in the water, as many as will turn easily. Turn the crank, not all the way round, but half way round and back.—Thus by a rapid reverse motion you will have the clothes cleaned and boiled in *ten minutes*. The cleansing properties of the soap and hot water and the action combined, accomplishes the work. Colored clothes washed by this process will fade less than by the usual mode or manner of washing. All letters of inquiry in regard to machines or Rights for Counties or States will be answered by addressing

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who has Power of Attorney to dispose of either.

CERTIFICATES.

The following are extracts from private letters from ladies who have used the machine and voluntarily testify of its merits.

"I think the Clipper machine the best that ever was invented. I have seen and had quite a number but this is the only one I can recommend." Mrs. Anna Mackery, Easton, Md.

"I am happy to say I like the washer very much indeed. It gives perfect satisfaction—do not think I could do without it. It is all right and nothing wrong." Mrs. Henry Marshall, Lewes, Del.

"Having used one of your Clipper Washing Machines and being so well pleased with it, I feel it my duty to say something in its favor. I am so well pleased with it that unless I could get another of the same kind, I would not dispose of it for three times the price. It is simple and works like a charm in every particular; is less liable to get out of order than any other machine in use. To appreciate its real worth is to possess it. Mrs. Geo. H. Beck, Easton, Md.

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REFERENCES.

By permission I refer to the following ladies as to the merits of the washer:

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Mrs. Chas Corkran, Middletown, Del.
M. s. Willie Lippincott, " "
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Mrs. R. Jones, 7th and West St., "
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oct30 tf

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may9th-tf.

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2y.

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A good hearse, nearly new, a gentle horse and a trusty driver.
All material of the best class.
I will also brick up graves when desired.
Scythe and cradles at shortest notice of white ash.
All work put up with sharp tools
Forty years experience in the above business I flatter myself that my work cannot be surpassed on this shore In my absence my brother, Collison Pritchett, will be found at my house or shop.
Orders should be sent in early for Scythe and Cradles.
Our thanks for past patronage.
Respectfully the public's ob't. servant.

5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT

Maryland Steamboat Co.

CHANGE OF TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, September 25th Steamers will leave Pier 3, Light Street, as follows:—The Steamer

Highland Light,

every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, P. M., for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge and intermediate landings to Medford's. On SATURDAYS extending her trip to Denton. Returning MONDAY morning, leaving Denton at 10 o'clock, A. M.

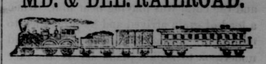
The steamer CHAMPION daily, at 7, A. M. (except Sunday) for Anapolis, extending her trips on MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS to West and Rhode rivers, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS to St. Michael's and Miles River, (Easton,) THURSDAYS to South River, and SATURDAYS to West River.

The steamer MASSACHUSETTS every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 P. M., for the Great Wicomico, Dividing and Dymer's creeks, and Piankatank river.

☞ Freight taken at low rates.

For further information apply at the office No. 98 Light Street, Baltimore. [10-7-tf.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after *Wednesday, Sept. 15th,'75,*

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	11.10
Hillsborough	4.45	11.30
Ridgeley	4.55	11.50
Greensboro'	5.10	12.15 P. M.
Goldsboro'	5.25	12.40
Henderson	5.35	1.00
Marydell	5.45	1.15
Slaughter's	5.55	1.25
Kenton	6.10	2.00
Clayton [ar]	6.20	2.30
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.	6.45 P. M.
Philadelphia	8.00	5.15
Wilmington	9.25	6.40
Clayton	11.05	8.30
Kenton	11.25	8.45
Slaughter's	11.25	9.00
Marydell	12.05 P. M.	9.15
Henderson	12.20	9.25
Goldsboro'	12.40	9.35
Greensboro'	1.05	9.50
Ridgeley	1.25	10.05
Hillsboro'	1.45	10.15
Cordova	2.05	10.30
Woodland	2.20	10.40
Easton [ar]	2.40	10.55

Freight trains No. 2 and 3 run with passenger car attached, subject to delays, will run as follows:

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.

8-19-tf. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.