American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET

The stormy December night was closing darkly, and the rapidly descending snow seemed to fill the air with a wilderness of whirling white plumes. But Mrs. Owendell's boudoir, with its luxurious appointments and warmth, in the midst of this dreary December twilight, seemed like a bit of summer light.

Blanche Bassett, the pale young seamstress, had just folded up the costly satin dress which she had been working upon all day, and was putting on her faded bonnet to depart, when Mrs. Owendell herself swept in.

"What! going already? Be sure and come early to-morrow morning, for I am in a great hurry about the dress.'

"Yes, ma'am," said Blanche, still lingering, however, as if she expected something more. But Mrs. Owendell went on tossing over the trifles on the table, as if in eager search for some missing toy; and after a minute's hesitation she added, "If you please, ma'am I am in a great hurry this evening—would it be convenient for you to pay me for the day's work now?'

"Not to-night," said Mrs. Owendell, turning hastily around. "You act as though you imagine I am going to cheat you out of your wages! Perhaps I may give it to you to-morrow; but don't annoy me now!'

An expression of keen disappointment came over the girl's face; but she turned away and left the room without a word, while Mrs. Owendell continued her hurried search, throwing the gleaming jewels and costly ornaments hither and thither with reckless haste. Apparently the investigation was vain, for at length she sprang toward the door, as if to call back Blanche; and then remembering that the girl had been gone some time, she stopped, and stood awhile in deep thought.

Mr. Owendell was sitting before the dining-room fire, his feet poised on the fender, in blissful enjoyment of the evening paper. On a table beside him stood a decanter, containing wine, and in one hand he held a glass half full of the same rosy liquid. In short, Mr. Owendell was taking comfort after the "fitful fever" of a day in the city.

"Well, my dear," said the gentleman lazily, as his better half's footsteps crossed the threshold; but as he glanced up and saw the peculiar expression of her countenance, he sat down the unfinished glass exclaiming, "Good heavens! Lizzie, what is the matter?'

"My diamond bracelet, Frank—the diamond bracelet, you know—'

"What of it?'

"It is gone—stolen—and I have reason to think that Blanche Bassett has taken it.'

"Nonsense, my dear," said Owendell, who had risen and began pacing up and down the room. "I would as soon suspect you of the same thing! Why, Blanche is innocence itself!'

"So I always thought—so I should have said,' answered Mrs. Owendell; but the bracelet lay on the table in my boudoir this morning; two of the servants saw it there also—and now it is gone. Blanche is the only person beside myself who has entered the room since, and I observed that she was unusually perturbed when she went away. Frank, I am sure that she has taken it.'

Owendell walked up and down the floor with hurried, angry steps; his wife leaned against the mantel, patting her tiny slippers on the floor, and awaiting his final decision.

"I am sorry for Blanche—very sorry,' he said, at length, with a fevered flush on his face; but that bracelet was worth five hundred guineas. Search the premises thoroughly, once more—and if it is not found—'

"Well?'

"I will send for the police at once!'

* * * * * * * * *

A thief, Mrs. Owendell? Am I suspected of stealing?'

Blanche Bassett had turned as white as ashes, as she stood with clasped hands and dilated eyes in the narrow room where she dwelt. It was small, but very neat, with its white bed, and the muslin curtain looped away from its one window.

"Officers," said Mrs. Owendell, turning to the policemen, "proceed with your search; and in case it is fruitless let the law take its course. Come, Frank.'

She took her husband's arm and glided calmly from the room, heedless of the wild bursts of sobs that broke from the wounded depths of the poor girl's heart.

"Lizzie, I do not really think she took the bracelet,' said Mr. Owendell, pausing uneasily on the stairs.

"Nonsense! Was it spirited away?—Are you willing to loose five hundred guineas rather than detect the thief?'

"Well, Lizzie," said the husband, "if it should ever transpire that we have been mistaken, I shall feel as if we had done a cruel and barbarous thing this day.'

* * * * * * * *

"Good Heavens, Lizzie!" exclaimed Mr. Owendell, one morning, as he was glancing over the newspaper at the breakfast-table; "it is incredible!"

"What's the matter?'

"Poor Blanche Bassett has committed suicide—poisoned herself last night!'

Mrs. Owendell was more shocked than she liked to own—she turned very pale.

"Poisoned herself?'

"Yes—the paragraph goes on to state that 'she was driven to the act by starvation and misery, never having been able to obtain employment since she figured in a certain disgraceful case of theft, some two months ago.' Poor girl! poor girl! Lizzie, I shall never forgive myself for the part I took in that affair.'

"If I had supposed she was in such destitution I would have sent her some relief,' said Mrs. Owendell, thoughtfully. I am very sorry, though there can be no doubt but that she stole the bracelet, although it could not be proved; and she was discharged.'

Mr. Owendell went to look at the wasted corpse of Blanche Bassett, as it lay stretched on the little bed in the narrow room. The pale, pretty girl had always been a favorite with the kind-hearted man; and there was a nameless pang at his heart as he stood there, looking down on the marble forehead and waxen eyelids of the young suicide. And when he went away the attendants marvelled to find a spray of cream-white roses, just blossoming into fragrance, laid in the lily hands that were crossed so meekly on the girlish breast.

* * * * * *

A mild afternoon in April—the sky blue, and flecked with soft islets of floating clouds, and Mrs. Owendell's flowers exhaling a perfect sea of sweets around her. The door opened—it was her maid, with a package in her hand.

"If you please, ma'am, a gentleman just arrived from China left this—it is from Mr. Greenville, he says.'

Gilbert Grenville was Mrs. Owendell's favorite nephew—a wild, harem-scarum fellow, full of fun and life, who had started for China on some official appointment the very day—how well she remembered the date!—that suspicion first over-clouded poor Blanche Bassett's life.

She threw aside the unopened package, and eagerly broke the seal of the letter. It ran thus:

"MY DEAREST AUNT.—Pray don't blame me any more than I deserve for what, after all, was a mere act of Grenville's carelessness, and I have been uneasy about it ever since. You remember, the day I came to bid you good-by, your showing me a diamond bracelet, and my laughingly comparing it to my diamond ring, of much less value? Think of my being careless enough to wear the bracelet off on my wrist (a young man at that, too,) and never discovering my mistake until fifty miles of blue sea rolled between me and home! I know you must be anxious, so I send the bracelet to you by a good friend of mine, who is in a homeward bound craft which passed our ship this morning.

"MORAL,—Don't trust valuable jewels in the irreverent paws of a careless young scapegrace again. Love to my uncle—will write again soon.

"Your affectionate nephew,
GILBERT."

Mrs. Owendell threw down the letter, and tore open the package with fingers that trembled so violently that she could hardly unfasten the securing bands. There it lay, trembling in the light like so many drops of golden water—the diamond bracelet which had been the death-warrant of poor Blanche Bassett!

With a piercing scream she sank back insensible on the sofa. But it was all too late for the young victim, who had passed far beyond the reach of earthly restitution or amends, into the land where God is eternally just.

The Giant Tree to be Shown at the Centennial.

There arrived at Omaha, a short time since, from California a curiosity for the Centennial at Philadelphia next year. It is a section of one of the boss trees of the Golden State. The common name of this wonderful tree-growth is the Big Tree, and the botanical name is the *sequoia gigantia*. The tree from which this section was cut grew in the Kaweah and Kink's River grove, near the line of Fronso and Tulare counties, California, on the west slope of the Sierra Nevadas, at an elevation of 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, and forty-five miles from Visalia, the nearest railroad station. The age of the tree, as indicated by the yearly rings, is about 2,250 years, the rings, being so close on the outer edge that it is almost impossible to count them. The height was 276 feet. The diameter at the surface of the ground was 26 feet; ten feet above the diameter was 20 feet; a hundred feet above, where the first limb projects, the diameter was 14 feet; and two hundred feet above the ground the diameter was 9 feet. It is perfectly sound and solid. The bark averages one foot in thickness, bark of some of this species of tree is nearly three feet thick. The estimated number of lumber feet it would make 375,000, and the number of cubic feet about 31,000, enough to make lumber and posts for sixteen miles of ordinary fence. The weight of the wood when first cut was 72 lb., per cubic foot, making the weight of the lumber-producing portion 2,232,000 lbs. It took two men, splendid axemen, ten days' hard work to fell the tree, and when it fell it broke in several pieces, with a terrible crash. This section was taken from the tree ten feet above the ground. The diameter at the base is 20 feet. It was hollowed out into a cylinder and then cut into sections, making, when put together, the body of the tree complete, the wood thus left being from six to eight inches thick, exclusive of the bark. It cost $500 to cut it down and haul it to Visalia, and $700 from there to Omaha, two flat cars being used for its transportation. It was then taken to St. Louis, where it will be converted into a circular house, finished off very elegantly on the interior, while the outside will be left in its natural state. It will be on exhibition for a short time in that city, and then it will be sent to Philadelphia, where it will be exhibited during the Centennial.—*Omaha Bee.*

SMALL FARMS.—Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches; there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less wages is paid for help; less time is wasted; more is raised to the acre; besides, it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired help; the mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret all the time. There's not so much money to be paid out for agricultural implements. Our wives and children have time to rest, to improve their minds. A small horse is soon curried, and the work on a small farm is always pushed forward in season. Give us small farms for comfort: aye, and give us small farms for profit.—*Patron.*

The First "Rag" Money.

A hundred years ago, on the 22d of June, 1875, the Continental Congress put in circulation its first issue ($2,000,000) of paper money. These issues were repeated from time to time till they reached, in the aggregate $300,000,000. Their subsequent depreciation, and worthlessness notwithstanding a law of Congress making them legal-tenders for the payment of debts, are familiar facts of history. In 1788, thirteen years subsequent to the first issue of paper-money by Congress, Madison, in a communication to the *Federalist*, says: "The loss America has sustained since the peace, from the pestilent effects of paper money, on the necessary confidence between man and man, on the necessary confidence in public councils, on the industry and morals of the people, and on the character of republican government, constitute an enormous debt against the States chargeable with this unadvised measure, which must long remain unsatisfied, or rather an accumulation of guilt which can be expiated no otherwise than by a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of justice of the power which has been the instrument of it.

The Little Hand.

A little boy, a Sunday school scholar, had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the cold lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved sister went to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death.

As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best; but as the child repeated the request, she took the cold hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in that of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly and then looked up to her mother through tears—tears of affection and love—and said; "Mother, *this little hand never struck me.*"

What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have you been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death and say, "This hand never struck me?"

SUBLIMER in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness. It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor.—We must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse. No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hunger and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky crib a clear, dewy heaven of rest envelopes him, and fitful glitterings of cloud skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out, and no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two specters, fear and indignation.—Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas! was this, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

SUNSHINE.—Did you ever notice what different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow? And did you ever think what analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine that gleams into the darkened chambers of the human soul?—How bright and beautiful are the golden beams that break through the riven clouds to lighten up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days. How peaceful and happy are the blissful words of hope and cheer, that touch the heart and fill the soul with emotions of peace and joy after a long period of sorrow. There are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others? The sense of contributing to the pleasure of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, christian charity and loving kindness are sunbeams of the soul.

A 'MUDSILL'—The late Vice President Wilson in his speeches sometimes referred to the events of his early life, and on one memorable occasion he did so most eloquently. In 1858, in reply to the famous 'mudsill' speech of Gov. Hammond of South Carolina, he said:

'Sir, I am the son of a hireling manual laborer, who, with the frosts of seventy winters on his brow, 'lives by daily labor.' I too have 'lived by daily labor.' I too have been a 'hireling manual laborer.'—Poverty cast its dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood, and want was sometimes there—an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years—to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt specter from the heart of the mother who bore me—I left the home of my boyhood and went forth to earn my bread by 'daily labor.'

MAKING TIMELY PREPARATION.—Mr. Clayton Wetherby, an eccentric old gentleman of Dover, Del., and sexton of the M. E. Church, has had his coffin made and grave dug and walled up, so as to have everything in readiness when he comes to "shuffle of this mortal coil." He also had, a few weeks ago, the remains of his first wife removed from the old Methodist burying ground and reinterred in his own grave in the new M. E. Cemetery, near Silver Lake. Everything connected with the remains were decayed, with the exception of the bones and quite a small piece of the silk shroud, which was as perfect as when first used. She has been dead about 18 years.

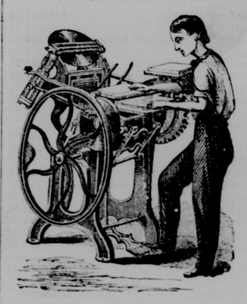
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Direction For Using.

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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"I like the washer exceedingly—better every time I use it. Would not take $20 for it if I could not get another."
MRS. WM. THOMPSON, Rehoboth Del.

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.
Mrs. Willie Lippincott,	" "
Mrs. Vanbeklie,	near Port Penn, Del.
Mrs. Stroud,	Staunton, Del.
Mrs. Alrich,	" "
Mrs. Lamborn,	412 King St., Wilmington.
Mrs. R. Jones,	7th and West St., "
Mrs. Cottingham,	Seaford, Del.
Mrs. Thos. B. Hopper,	Chesapeake City, Md.
Mrs. Boyce,	Temperance Hotel, Laurel, Del.
Mrs Humphreys,	Salisbury, Md.
Mrs. Capt. Jas. Frazier,	Cambridge, Md
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oct30 tf

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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

Highlight,

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.

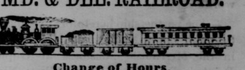
The steamer CHAMPION daily, at 7, A. M. (except Sunday) for Anapolis, extending her trips on MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS to West and Rhode rivers, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS to St. Michael's and Miles River, (Easton,) THURSDAYS to South River, and SATURDAYS to West River.

The steamer MASSACHUSETTS every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 P. M., for the Great Wicomico, Dividing and Dymer's creeks, and Plankatank 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	1.35
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.	2.45 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.

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES for sale by B. F. FIELD & CO.