American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, Editor.

DENTON MARYLAND.

Poetry.

OUR IDOL.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are around her—
He bears her away!

Music comes floating
Down from the dome—
Angels are chanting,
The sweet welcome home;
Come, stricken weeper,
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours—
Let the grave slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

LUKE'S LOVE-MAKING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

'Oh, confound it!' said Luke Tressaly. Well! who wouldn't have been tempted to use rather a strong word, to stumble into such a maelstrom of soap-suds, scrubbing bushes and mops? Cleaning house, indeed—the words are all insufficient to express the forlornty of that once cheerful little room.

'And this comes of boarding,' said Luke to himself, when he was fairly in the open air.

'If I wasn't such a miserable poltroon about such things I would ask Jenny Hope to have me. I'll take a little house somewhere and get Jenny Hope to recommend some nice old woman who knows how to roast partridges and darn stockings, and make coffee, and iron shirts.'

And Luke Tressaly proceeded merrily towards the brown stone casket that held his heart's dearest jewel, whistling Yankee Doodle and stroking his brown moustache in a very enviable frame of mind.

Now what was there in a tall, slender-waisted girl, brown-eyed and pink-cheeked, with a mischievous dimpled mouth, that should reduce a six-footer like Luke Tressly to speechless confusion? Yet the dewy light of Jenny Hope's eyes made a coward of him at once!

So he sat, twirling his finger and watching the shine of Jenny's needle, and wondering what he had better say first, until, at length, after fifteen minutes' embarrassed silence, he plunged headlong into his subject.

'Miss Jenny!'

'Well, Mr. Tressaly?'

'I'm thinking of going to housekeeping.'

'Are you, Mr. Tressaly?' Jenny bent lower over her work to bite off a refractory thread, and grew scarlet.

'Yes. The fact is, I'm tired to death of boarding, and I think it would be a nice change, and—and—I fancied you might recommend a housekeeper.'

'A housekeeper? what sort of one, Mr. Tressaly?'

'Oh, some nice old woman or other—somebody who can make a snug little home!'

Jenny's eyes sparkled, and her pretty brows contracted with a momentary twitch. Luke stared, and wondered what he had said to vex Miss Hope.

'I think I can recommend the very person you want,' said Miss Hope, carving her lip.

'Can you? Oh, Miss Jenny, I shall be a thousand times obliged to you. I'll engage her immediately, and I can look up the house afterward, you know. Who is she?'

'Well, it's my aunt, Miss Zeruiah Plant—she's staying here now, and it has always been her ambition to assume the charge of a gentleman's household. I'll call her at once and you can settle preliminaries as soon as you please.'

Miss Jenny swept out of the room with the steps of a tragedy queen. Luke followed her with his eyes until the door was closed and then leaned back in his chair with a deep sigh.

'I'd give a thousand dollars if I only dared ask that girl to marry me!'

Miss Plant was feeding her gray parrot when Jenny came into her room. She was not young, moreover, she was not pretty, and she wore spectacles and a "false front," yet Miss Plant was still in the *qui vive* for a chance in the lottery matrimonial.

'Aunt, dear,' said Jenny, demurely, 'I have just received a proposal for you.'

'For me? O, go 'long?' tittered Miss Plant, dropping the lump of sugar she was about to regale Pretty Polly with.

'No, but Aunt Zeruiah, I'm in earnest.'

'Who is it?' said Aunt Zeruiah, putting her hand on her heart and mechanically feeling to see if her glossy black curls were all straight.

'Mr. Tressaly. He wants to go to housekeeping and needs some lady of mature judgment to preside over his household—so go in and see him!'

'Gracious me!' faltered Aunt Zeruiah.

'Wonder if I hadn't better put on my green satin gown with the bugle 'trimmin'?''

'O pshaw—you're well enough,' said Jenny. 'Besides, he is in a hurry—and think what the consequences would be if you were to miss such an eligible opportunity as this!'

Miss Zeruiah waited to hear no more, but made a dive for the door, leaving Jenny to finish the ministration to the gray parrot at her leisure.

'You sent for me, sir,' said Miss Zeruiah, tripping into the parlor, and sinking with girlish confusion into an easy chair opposite Mr. Tressaly.

'Yes,' said Luke, unconsciously. 'I wished for a capable housekeeper. Do you think you would be willing to take charge of my home?'

'Yes,' giggled Miss Plant, hiding her blushes in a lilac-edged pocket handkerchief. 'That is, if you don't think me unmaidenly in so soon giving my consent.'

Luke started—he thought Miss Plant a very odd woman—but, nevertheless, he went on:

'I'm very particular about my coffee—I suppose you understand all these little details?'

'Of course I do,' said Aunt Zeruiah, 'I can cook first-rate, though I say it—who shouldn't say it. My coffe's as clear as wine and I'm great on biled cakes.'

'Are you?' said Luke, rather puzzled.

'Well, I think we may consider this an engagement.'

'I calc'late so,' said Miss Plant, again taking refuge in her lilac bordered handkerchief.

'I should like you to come as soon as possible, as I wish to engage a house immediately,' said Luke, rising.

'Oh, certainly,' smiled Miss Zeruiah.—'When is it to be?'

'When is what to be?'

'Why—how embarrasing—the wedding!'

'What wedding?'

'Why—our's, to be sure! Ain't we going to be married?'

'My good woman,' said Tressaly, turning red to the roots of his hair, 'there is some enormous mistake. I mere by wished to engage a housekeeper—I never dreamed of proposing to you!'

'Well, I'm sure!' shrieked Miss Zeruiah, every false curl bristling with her agitation. 'I'll Lave you to know that I don't need to go out to service—and I'm as good as you be, any day of the week! And if you calculate to insnit a poor, lone woman, you'll find out you've waked up the wrong passenger! I'll prosecute you, I will, you good-fornothin', stuck up, hairy-faced dandy! I'll sue you for breach o'promise—see if I don't!'

And Miss Plant rushed furiously from the room, leaving Luke in a state of astonished bewilderment difficult to describe.

'Upon my word, here's a pretty misunderstanding,' quoth Luke aloud. 'Fancy me married to that old maid. I'd rather board by all odds, for—Hush! What's that?'

It sounded like a suppressed giggle.—Luke walked straight to the door whence the mysterious sound proceeded, and caught Miss Jennie Hope's two little resistless hands ere she could escape from her ambuscade.

'Don't, Mr. Tressaly!' said Jenny, between her merry bursts of laughter.

'I will!' said Luke, undoubtedly. 'It serves you right for laughing at me!'

'And you don't want to marry Aunt Zeruiah after all!' said Jenny, the brown eyes beaming with fun. 'Why, I thought you wanted a housekeeper!'

'So I do,' quoth the valliant Luke.

'Then, why don't you marry Aunt Zeruiah?'

'Because I had rather marry you!'

'Nonsense, Mr. Tressaly!' faltered Jenny, turning rose-red, and trying desperately to escape.

'No, it isn't nonsense, Jenny,' said Luke, stooping down to get a better look into the blushing, averted face. 'Seriously, Jenny, will you have me? No—you shan't go until I have had an answer, my heart's little queen. Yes or no—will you marry me?'

'I—suppose—so,' said Jenny, with a mischievous sparkle through her downcast lashes, 'that is, if you and Aunt Zeruiah can't come to any understanding!'

Luke Tressaly paid Miss Jenny on the spot for that arrow of sarcasm. How he did so don't particularly concern anybody. Does it? All that we have anything to do with is the fact that Luke Tressaly did set up housekeeping, some three months subsequently, with brown-eyed Mrs. Jenny to preside over the coffee and partridges.

And he says he likes it better than boarding.

The Trade In Edible Birds'-Nests.

China is the only considerable recipient of edible birds-nests; the few cases which are brought as a curiosity to Europe and America are hardly worth mention. The greatest trade in birds' nests is done with Canton, the entire import there being reckoned at 1,200 piculs, or 168,000 pounds.—We may reckon on 50 nests to the pound, so that altogether 8,400,000 nests, or from three pluckings, the products of 2,300,000 pairs of birds, are annually introduced into China.

There are, principally two kinds of nests distinguished in Canton—the mandarian nests, and the ordinary; the former, or perfectly white kind, are sold at $3,000 to $4,000 per picul, which is double their weight in silver. Each pound thus costs in China $20 to $30, a quite exhorbitant price, compared with that which the salagan pluckers themselves receive for their dangerous work, and which is at the most only ten or twelve per cent. of the market value. The second quality of nests are sold at $1,600 to $2,800. There is a small trade done in the kind of nest built by the the so-called sea-weed-eating salagan, referred to above; those are sold at $200 a picul. The nests are dissolved in water or broth, and so taken as soup. It is highly spiced with minor substances. This forms an entree which is rarely wanting on the table of the wealthy Chinese, and never from that of the imperial court at Pekin. The most recent analysis of the nests we owe to Prof. Troschel, of Bonn. He finds that the material does not consist of specially nourishing or stimulating substances, but is quite similar in constitution to any animal saliva. Thus the Chinese pay dearly for what really has no intrinsic value. —*Chamber's Journal.*

Sunlight at Last.

Why did this woman live? Had life one charm for her? Perhaps she asked herself these questions as she sat with her face in her hands and looked out upon the cold cheerless day. There were no tears in her great black eyes, only such a look of woe and despair that the world should have been there to see it and to have it painted on their hearts.

'Mother!'

A little, wasted form on the wretched bed—a bony hand on the ragged quilt—a voice which told of hunger and pain and weary waiting.

She bent over him, and for a moment, a mother's love shone in her eyes, and her wrinkled hand wrested on his pale face with such tenderness as only a mother has.

'Lift me up and let me see the sunshine,' he whispered, trying to put his arms around her neck.

'There is no sunshine,' she whispered in reply, a sob in her throat.

'Kiss me, mother, and call me when the sunshine comes again,' he said.

She knew that he had been dying for a week—sinking slowly and surely into eternity, but she had no friends to call in—she could only weep over him and pray God that she might soon follow. With a gasp and a sob she pressed her lips to his forehead, then turned away to struggle with her despair and her sorrow.

The cloudy, cheerless day faded into dusk. She roused herself for a moment and peered through the gloom to see if her boy still slept, and then she whispered with her thoughts again. And such thoughts!

When the darkness covered the bare floor as with a mantle, and when she could no longer see her own poverty, the boy suddenly cried out:

'Mother! mother! The sunlight has come!'

'Not yet, dear Ned—not yet! It is night now.'

'But I see the sun—it lights all the room—it blazes into my face!' he called.

'There is no sun—it is cold and dark!' she sobbed.

'And it grows brighter! and I hear such sweet music! and I see little Tommy!'—while through the darkness she saw his white face grow radiant.

'You are dreaming!' she sobbed.

'It was such a bright sun! The music is so sweet!' he whispered, clasping her hand.

'It is dark—it is night!' she gasped, but he did not hear.

The sunlight had truly come, but it was the sunlight—the golden rays reflected from the gates of Heaven—and not the sunlight of earth. The mysterious curtain hiding the valley of death had lifted for his spirit to pass under, and woe had been left behind.

And of her? Ask the shadows of night—ask the river. When they found his little dead body she was not there. They cannot find her. If she is dead, God did not judge her harshly.

The Conversion of Senator Wilson

The religious conversion of Senator Wilson, which some have affirmed and others have denied, is announced by the Senator himself in the following remarks made by him at a revival meeting at Natick, Mass., eight or nine years ago. The recent converts being invited to speak, Senator Wilson was one of the first to rise, and he spoke in substance as follows:

He felt he owed it to himself, to his friends about him, and to the cause of his Redeemer, to say a few words, though he did it with some reluctance. For more than thirty years he had attended the services of God on that spot, and listened to hundreds of sermons. He had been convinced of the truths thus set forth, and had no excuse to offer for so long delaying to give his personal attention to this subject. He had never shielded himself by infidelity, or defended his position by that poorest of all excuses—the faults of professing Christians. Whenever addressed personally on the subject, as he had often been by friends from various parts of the country, he had always felt himself guilty before God, and yet he had lived more than fifty years rejecting God. He had seen the Christian die in the triumph of faith, and had often stood by dying soldiers and longed to speak some word of Christian comfort and cheer in their ears, and he could not. He had stood by the grave of those he loved best, and thought how often those lips, now cold in death, had breathed his name to Heaven. He trusted that in answer to the prayers of a dear wife, of those dear departed ones, and of other dear friends, he had now found abiding peace. He would not exchange the hope he had for any earthly honors. He had enjoyed more peace and assurance during the past week than in any other period of his life. He gave himself, all he had and all he hoped for, to his Lord and Master, and if anything had been kept back, he prayed that it might be revealed to him. The Senator was particularly glad to see so many young men coming forward in this good work, and called upon his neighbors and friends not to delay in making their peace with God. Scarred and seamed as we all are by sin, or at any rate as he felt himself to be, he rejoiced that there is mercy and salvation at the foot of the Cross.

LEARN A TRADE.—I never look at my old steele composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted, I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work;—for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job work, and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a rock on which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artizan's bench; or, if you please, to the farm—for to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that, branch off into whatever profession you please.—*Horace Greely.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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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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REFERENCES.

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

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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-26ly

Paints, Dry and in Oil,

VARNISHES, TURPENTINE, BRUSHES &c., &c., for sale at Fisher's Drug Store. [Dec24-tf.

CARDS.

J. T. COMEGYS,

Wheelright & Blacksmith

DENTON, MARYLAND.

HAS RENTED the new shop in the town of Denton, lately occupied by Richard Potter, where he has commenced business.—A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. [9-23-tf.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL,

ISAAC ALBERTSON, Proprietor.

Cor. Fayette & St. Paul Sts.

BALTIMORE.

Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 200 GUESTS.

Persons taking the City Passenger Cars, will ride to the Corner of St. Paul Street, within a few steps of the Mansion House.

feb27, 1873.—y.

Now Ready for Delivery

MAP

OF

Caroline County Md.,

BY JOHN B. ISLER.

SHOWING WATERCOURSES, RAILROADS, ROADS, TOWNS, VILLAGES, LANDINGS, POSTOFFICES, CHURCHES, MILLS, SCHOOLS, STORES, LOCATION OF FARMS AND NAME OF OWNERS; POPULATION, DISTANCES, ELECTION DISTRICTS.

Price—Four Dollars.

ADDRESS; J. B. ISLER,
9-23- FEDER ALSBURG, MD.

CABINET MAKING

AND

UNDERTAKING

—:o:—

I GIVE NOTICE through this medium that I still continue to carry on at my old business stand

CABINET MAKING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Undertaking A Specialty.

No pains spared in trying to give satisfaction. Persons taking measures for coffins should give the exact length of the corpse.

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.

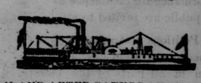
Our thanks for past patronage.

Respectfully the public's obd. 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 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.