The American Union.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

TO THE IONIC PRIESTESS.

Ah, priestess of an unknown shrine,
By what sad process
Hast thou in some long bygone time
Lost thy proboscis?

Was there beneath that grave, sweet brow
A mouth for kissing?
Alas! we cannot know, for now
Thy lips are missing.

And yet a subtle, nameless grace
Around thee lingers;
As there thou stand'st with tranquil face.
Sans nose, lips, fingers.

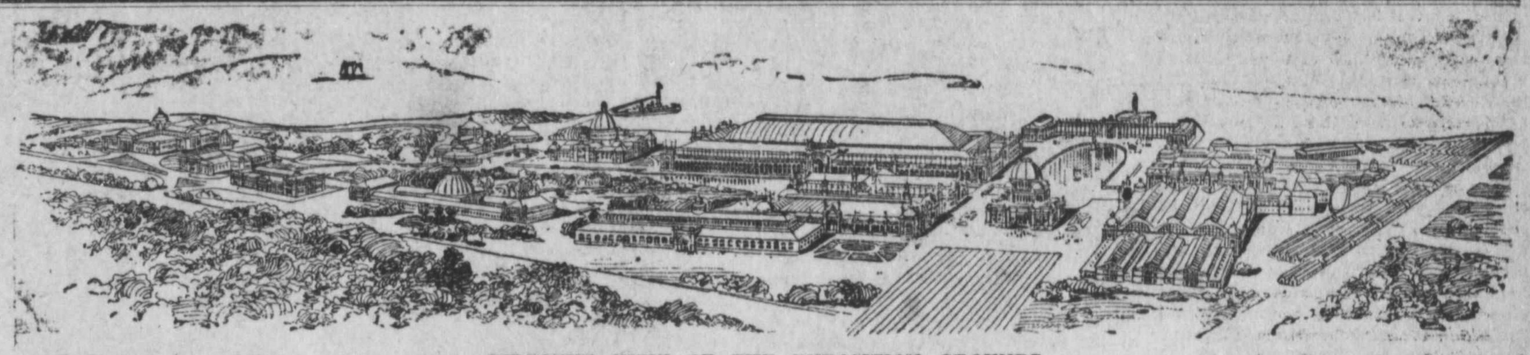
The outline of thy matchless form,
Thy grace revealing,
Thy flowing draperies adorn
Without concealing.

Ah, could he look upon thy fate
Whose hand once wrought thee!
And see to what a sad estate
The years have brought thee—

For him would live again that hour
Of inspiration,
When burned his soul with newborn power
For thy creation;

And he would see thee now as then
In thy perfection;
Time's accident could not again
Mar recollection.

—British Museum.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS
OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO.

Moments of Awful Suspense

A crowd of ten had been sitting in the barroom all the evening telling stories. This stranger with the broad-brimmed hat had been admitted to the circle early in the night and had listened attentively, but had not talked. It was near midnight when one of the circle demanded a story from him.

"Really, gentlemen," said the stranger. "I am not much of a story teller, but I can tell you of an experience I had. It was the time I came nearest to being scared to death. My friend George Wood and I had been out in the mountains of Tennessee prospecting for coal mines all day, and it was coming on dusk.

"We hadn't seen a living soul or habitation of any kind in the whole journey till we came to this hut. A white-haired old darkey sat by the door humming a salvation hymn. An old woman, evidently his wife, sat fixing hoe cakes, and the smell that came from her kitchen was most delightful. We hailed the old man and he bade us welcome. The old woman came out and greeted us as only the old mammies can, and then she hustled around and increased the supply of hoe cakes.

"It was dark when supper was ready, and then there came an addition to the family in the shape of the most villianous looking negro that I ever saw in my life. He looked the brute if ever a man looked it. He was fully six feet three inches in height, with coarse features, a coarse tongue, and a surely manner. We felt instinctively the moment we laid eyes on him that he was probably the wickedest man in the whole mountain region, and it made us feel uncomfortable, especially as we had arranged to spend the night at the cabin. The aged couple had assured us that the next house was ten miles away, beyond a little mountain pass hard to travel over at night.

"This big brute of a negro had a rifle, which, as he came in, he flung down by the hearth, making some savage exclamation as he did so. We realized that we were in for it, as it was impossible for us to reach the next house in the darkness, strangers that we were. We were hungry, but somehow we couldn't eat. This fellow at all times glared at us out of the corner of his eyes. We were glad enough when the meal was over We all sat around the big open fire for awhile, and then the old couple went to bed, leaving us alone with the big negro. He had never a word to say to us, but every time we looked at him we could see that he was watching our every movement, and he had his foot on the rifle, which lay by the hearth. George and I, of course had revolvers, and after a whispered consultation we decided that the only thing to do was to go to bed with these weapons held in our hands, under the bed clothes, cocked and ready for use, and we agreed that at the first sign of an attackwe would shoot.

"It was about 10 o'clook when we lay down. We hoped that this fellow would go to bed himself. But he still sat by the fire and showed no signs of moving. We were in no condition to sleep, and didn't sleep. I'm not afraid of a man but here the continued suspense was fearful. I felt that every individual hair on my head was standing straight up and was very rapidly turning gray. I reached my hand over and touched the fingers of George. They were as cold as ice. He responded to the touch with a squeeze. I knew he was as bad off as I was.

"Half an hour passed, It seemed an age. I felt that I couldn't stand the thing much longer. I was getting weak. My head was partially buried in the pillow, but with one eye half opened I could see the figure of the savage watcher, and caught his furtive glances toward me. Finally I decided to draw him on. I was certain he meant murder, but anything, I thought to get the thing over. I began breathing heavily, as a man does in a sound sleep. One—two—three—five minutes passed. All the eyes of the villianous wretch were glued on me. I wanted to jump up and make a run for it, but I dare not. Six—seven—eight minutes, and then, apparently, the fellow was satisfied there was no shamming. Slowly he reached down and got his rifle.

"'Now,' I thought, 'comes the end,' and I clutched my revolver so hard that there was danger that it would explode.

"Rifle in hand the fellow crept up to us. The dull light of the fire threw a ghastly glare on his brutal face. Whether or not it was my imagination I do not know, but his eyes looked a shining red. Stoop shouldered and almost creeping as he was, he seemed to me like a great wild beast crouching for a spring I would have given all that I possessed or all that I ever expected to possess had I been out of there. I was paralysed. I could not have moved the hand that held the revolver had I tried. I was positively helpless. I felt that death was not a minute away.

"Now he was by the bedside, leaning over and listening. I broke out in a cold perspiration. A moment's inspection and he straightened up and began moving noiselessly toward the door, near which was another bed.

"'He is going to lock the door and then shoot us,' I thought.

"You've heard tell of all the scenes of a man's life passing before his eyes when he is drowning. Well I believe every sin I ever committed, and some I never committed, passed before my eyes then. Just a monent,' I thought, 'and he will kill me,' and just the moment when this thought was uppermost in my mind the savage, the great brute with coarse and horrible features and the murderous manner, dropped on his knees beside the other bed and buried his face in his hands and I heard the words:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

"But my partner and I had been scared nearly out of our lives before they came."

November Weather.

Hicks, the weather prognosticator, announces the weather for November, as follows: "Bright, frosty days and nights will prevail during the opening days of November. About the 4th it will grow warmer, and during the days following storms will pass from West to East. Be prepared for cold waves to succeed all the regular and reactionary peroids of the month. The 11th is a central day for reactionary movements. From the 16th to the 19th, look for rain, sleet and hard autumnal gales. Hard freezing will follow on the heels of the storms, and continue up to the 22d and 23d. These dates will bring higher temperature and storms, and in turn be followed by cold. Month ends with storms, 27th, 28th and 29th, and cold wave the 30th."

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Pills are the best family physic. Mild, no griping; yet active and most thorough. Warranted to satisfy of money refunded. Sold by George & Redden.

Rules of the World's Fair.

The general rules governing the conduct of the Columbian Exposition was issued on Monday. The gates will be opened to employes at 6 a. m. and to the public at 8 a. m. They will be closed at 7 p. m. unless in case of some special exhibition or event, in which case they will close not later than 11 p. m.

Admission will be in all cases 50 cents per head, except in that of children under 6 years of age, accompanied by a parent or guardian. These will be admitted free.

CAMPAIGN VERSES.

Some of the Best Efforts of the Campaign Versifiers.

Harrison is right, we know:
Every action proves him so;
Through another term he'll show
That protection still will go.
And free trade is far too slow
To answer Yankee Doodle, oh.
Peck serves out a dish of crow,
England gets another blow.

CHORUS.

Grover is in dismay;
Grover will lose the day.
He has been beat before,
Now he'll be beaten more;
For Ben, who beat him then,
Will do it soon again;
For while he grows each day,
Poor Grover fades away.

Dictionary miscreant,
On deluding voters bent,
To the world a letter sent
(Stilted nonsense prevalent).
But his gas is poorly spent,
Every schoolboy knows he meant
To deceive the ignorant.
And he can't be president.

Dear "Old Glory" on the height,
With its constellation bright,
Cheers the toiler with delight—
Grover's left, for we are right.
Union is the word of might.
And protection wins the fight,
Relegating out of sight
Error into darkest night.

None e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law;
What the nation gained by war
Will be sacred evermore.
Every man from shore to shore
Shall vote once, but vote no more;
Then it's counted in the store
Which chooses Darling Ben.

—New York Recorder.

Campaign Song.

[Air—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."]

We're all in line for Uncle Ben,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll knock old Grover out again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll knock him out as sure as fate;
We'll give him a dose of eighty-eight,
And we'll all shout for Harrison
As we go marching by.

CHORUS.

And we'll all shout for Harrison
As we go marching by.

The drafted man got left before,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll leave him out for four years more,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll leave him out; he'll never suit;
We don't want him or his substitute;
And we'll all shout for Harrison
As we go marching by.

Harrison is brave and true,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He's fit for me, he's fit for you,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He's fit for all, no doubt of that,
He's fit to wear his grandpa's hat,
And we'll all shout for Harrison
As we go marching by.

The people seem to have agreed,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To vote for Harrison and Reid,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To vote for reciprocity,
Protection and the G. O. P.,
And we'll all shout for Harrison
As we go marching by.

—New York Press.

Democracy's Appeal.

Why don't you fall in line,
David Hill?
For you we yearn and pine,
Hoping still;
You sulk and mope and pout
Till the party's most worn out
With anxiety and doubt,
David Hill.

This agony must end,
David Hill;
Make your own terms and send
In your bill.
We'll honor all your checks—
But say, David, do not vex
Us with any more hard Pecks,
David Hill.

—Kansas City Journal.

Republicans Welcome the Tariff Issue.

The fact that Governor McKinley has 200 invitations to speak during the campaign does not show that the Republicans are afraid of the tariff issue. On the contrary, they want that issue kept right at the front. Under that sign they will conquer.—Baltimore American.

Ahab, king of Israel, was wounded by an arrow in a battle at Ramoth Gilead, and "about the time of the sun going down he died."

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look and if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a pinched Look. Secure good health and will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organ. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion, Sold at George & Redden's Drug Store. 50c per bottle.

$25 REWARD.

Office of the School Board,
Denton, Md., Oct. 25, 1892.

Owing to frequent depredations and damages sustained to Lowe's school house located in the Second election district, by some person or persons bent on mischief while said school is not in session, it is hereby ordered that a reward of twenty-five dollars be offered for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons thus trespassing upon or doing damages to said property.

By order of the school board,
M. B. STEPHENS, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Nov. 1, 1892.

The business meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank will be held on Monday of next week, Tuesday Election Day, being a legal holiday.

T C WEST, Cashier.

NOTICE.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Nov 1 1892.

This Bank will be closed on Tuesday Nov 8th, it being Election Day. All paper payable here and maturing on that day must be provided for on Monday 7 inst

T C WEST, Cashier.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY,

The undersigned wishing to discontinue farming will offer at public sale at his homestead, on the road leading from Harmony to Gilpin's Point, on

Wednesday, Nov. 16th, 1892,

(if fair, if not the first fair day) beginning at 9 o'clock, the following property:

LIVE STOCK.

1 Sorrell mare, 10 years old, with colt by her side, good for road or farm use. 1 Bay horse, 10 years old is fine driver and good worker. Both are sound and gentle for any lady to drive. 2 cows, 1, 8 years old. good milker. 1 4 years old. Both fresh at the pail.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

1 Piano box carriage in good order. 1 Dearborn, 2 Carts and Harness, 1 Wagon and Harness, 1 Osbourne Binder, 1 Bickford and Hoffman Drill, 1 Corn Planter, 1 Farmers' Friend flushing plow, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Grain Fan, 2 Small Chilled plows, 3 Cultivators, 2 Double A drags, 2 Set of Carriage harness, 3 Set of Plow harness, Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, Rakes, Timber Chains, Half Bushel Measure, Baskets, Grindstone, 5,000 pounds of Blade Fodder, Double Trees, 1 Wheel-barrow, &c.

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE.

1 Cook Stove in good order with cooking utensils, Beds Chairs, Bureaus, Carpets, Tables Lounges, Side-boards, Dishes, Lamps, and various other articles too numerous to mention;

TERMS OF SALE.

On all sums of and under Five dollars the cash will be required on day of sale; on sums over that amount a credit of Eleven months will be given; Purchaser giving note with approved security, payable at the Denton National Bank and bearing interest from day of sale. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

JAMES BUTLER, SR,
Fowling Creek, Md.