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Register in Bankruptcy,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.
jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.
JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MARYLAND,
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF
CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,
Attorney at Law,
DENTON, MD.,
WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.
Office next door to residence, Main street.
may9-y

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,
DENTON, MD.
Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.
December 19th-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

PLOWS
AND
PLOW CASTINGS,
Manufactured by the Subscriber,
And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.
ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

M. M. ANDREW,
Successor to J. Thomas Jarman
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
GREENSBOROUGH, Md.
ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-4t.

B. F. STARR & CO.,
Mill Stone Manufacturers,
AND DEALERS IN
BOLTING CLOTHS,
Leather and Gum Belting,
No. 173 North Street,
ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

T. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.
Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,
GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

GEO. W. SPURRY,
Manufacturers' Agent for
Mill Furnishing Goods
OF ALL KINDS,
AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

Original Poetry.

For THE AMERICAN UNION.

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN

BY W. J. DUHADWAY.

Just think of a place where affection
Can never give birth to a sigh!
Where happiness knows no restriction,
And pleasure and peace never die.

Just think of no sorrow, forever,
Its inhabitants there to molest;
Of no death, its loved ones to sever,
Or trouble, to mar their sweet rest.

Just think of the joyful greeting
Of neighbors, connections and friends
While to Jesus, their praises repeating,
Their rapturous song never ends.

How happy! how happy! those spirits,
Who thus, in their Savior, rejoice!
Who, eternal salvation inherit,
And dwell with the chief of their choice.

FOWLING CREEK, MD.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

Eugene Eggleston;

—OR—

The Robbers' Retreat.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter I.

In one of the most southern counties of Georgia, was formerly a very dense woods, known as the "wilderness." It was a very solitary place, and well it might be, for scarcely ever was it traversed by human feet, except by a band of thieves, who had taken up their place of abode within its confines. In the most dense portion of this wilderness was a swamp, and in the centre of the swamp an island. Any person standing upon the borders of this swamp and looking towards the island would have soon come to the conclusion that, to reach its banks, would have been an impossibility, it being about two hundred yards from the mainland, on all sides, and an extent of soft black mire intervening. But, reader, just imagine yourself in the company of a guide. He conducts you to the southern part of the swamp, and passing to the foot of a large tree, launches out as though he were going to walk upon the mire; but no, just below the surface of the lake of mud is a kind of bridge, formed by logs being laid end to end, and sunk sufficiently deep to hide it from the gaze of prying eyes. If you keep your eyes well open, and follow in a direct line towards a tree on the opposite shore, peculiarly marked, so as to be distinctly seen, you will land safely on the island with the exception of a little mud on your feet. Arriving there, you would see a thick growth of trees, the branches so closely interlocked, and the undergrowth so woven together that, to mortal eyes, it was impenetrable. But your guide would show you a path completely hidden from the sight of strangers, which, if followed would bring you to a house.

A house! say you. Yes, a house, single-story with flat roof, tolerably long and wide. Pass through the low door-way into a hall; on the right are two doors; on the left but one; the latter leads into a long room with a table extending its entire length, which constituted about all the furniture that was there. Let us now explore the places into which the two doors, on the opposite side of the hall, lead. One is used as a kitchen; the other, a room very well furnished and carpeted, with chairs, a desk, and other things usually found in the sitting-room of any house. "Well," we think we hear you say, "there is nothing remarkable about it except its situation." But stop, you hav'nt seen all yet. Do you notice anything peculiar about the centre of the carpet? There is a square piece, if you notice *very* particular that does not fit as close as it should. Let us raise the corner; a nail-head apparently, is perceived; push it aside; *presto change*; a trap door flies up, revealing to the sight a flight of steps. Descend with us, and we will show you the underground work of the "Robbers' Retreat," for this is their abode.—We go down about ten feet, when we come to a passage which leads off to the left; we shall have to have a light now; here is one; now, forward. This door here on the right is the place where the robbers keep all their valuables; these two doors on the left lead into cells for the confinement of persons whom they may have occasion to secure; the next door on the right leads into the thieves' consultation room; and the one at the end of the passage leads into a room furnished in the most elegant style, handsome as any drawing-room in Fifth Avenue. It is used for any purpose which occasion may require.

We have now completed the inspection of the whole premises, let us resurrect ourselves and be off, or, perhaps, the owners may pounce in upon us.

This was the den of about twenty lawless men who were a terror to the neighborhood, and upon whom the officers of the law could never lay their hands. The retreat had never been discovered by but one person, a negro, and he met with his death, before he could clear himself, by being buried in the lake of mud, of which we have before spoken. So you may imagine what their motto was: "Dead men tell no tales."

The captain of this band, Gordon Reese, was a gentleman very much respected, and resided in the village of Don, near by.

No one would have ever suspicioned he was the leader of such an organization, if such it may be called. Alfred Allison, and Bayard Kenton, both of whom resided in the village also, were his right hand men. The remaining ones, their privates, resided in the "retreat."

So much for an introduction to our story.

In Don there resided a wealthy old gentleman, Colonel Tifferton by name, who had an only daughter, Edna, a fairer beauty the South could not produce. As a matter of course, Edna had many suitors, among whom was Gordon Reese; but his suit seemed not to prosper, there being another lover in the field; of medium statue, dark hair and eyes, black moustache and imperiale, and to say the least of him, Eugene Eggleston was what the world would term a handsome man—one calculated to win the affections of any fair damsel. Gordon could not brook a rival; he therefore sought by every means in his power to place him out of his way, but as yet, he had been foiled in all his endeavors. To make matters worse, Edna appeared to favor Eugene rather more than Gordon.—This only served to exasperate him the much more, and both meeting in the village hotel, Gordon having liquor aboard, they soon had some sharp words, which terminated in an open rupture, and being prevented from coming together by by-standers, a challenge was given and accepted. Gordon chose his as second Alfred Allison, and as luck would have it, Eugene selected Bayard Kenton as his. The place chosen as the spot to mark this mortal affray, was in the wilderness, hard by the bridge to the island in the swamp.

Everything arranged, according to agreement, they met one bright morning in June at the place designated, and when all had arrived, Gordon stepped in front of Eugene and accosted him with:

"Mr. Eggleston, it is not my intention to injure you, but simply to put you out of my way in regard to Miss Tifferton. You probably have heard of the "wilderness robbers?"

"I have," replied Eugene, "but in what way they are concerned in our present meeting I can't well imagine."

"You shall not long remain in ignorance," said Gordon. "Know you I am their leader?"

"Great God! You! you! Gordon Reese, the leader of a gang of outlaws! I knew you to be dissipated and worthless, but I never conceived it in my mind you had sunk so low as to become a robber."

"Nevertheless, it is so. If you will cease visiting Miss Tifferton, and become one of our number, you shall depart unharmed.—Refuse, and abide the consequences."

"Robber, thief, vagabond—

"Not so abusive, Mr. Eggleston," interrupted Gordon. "Know that you are in my power; these are my lieutenants."

"My God! Is it true that I have indeed fallen into the hands of outlaws? Too true, alas, too true; I see it in your looks. Bayard Kenton, why have you deceived me?"

"I have deceived you not. I never told you what I was, or was not."

"Eugene Eggleston," said Gordon, "do you, or do you not accept our proposition?"

"I accept it not, base villian. Join your band? Never! Do with me as you please; I am in your power."

He was taken to the "retreat," and locked up in one of the cells before mentioned.—Having been talking of leaving for Europe, his disappearance did not cause any great excitement, as he frequently left, and stayed away for weeks, without letting anyone know of his whereabouts. Edna, alone, felt uneasy.

Chapter II.

Not a day passed that did not find Gordon at Colonel Tifferton's. The day after the imprisonment of Eugene, Gordon was seated in the drawing room, patiently waiting for the appearance of Edna. Soon she came, resplendent in all her regal beauty.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Reese," she said.

"Good evening, Miss Edna, allow me to compliment you upon your appearance.—You look, as usual, as if all beauty were centred in you," spoke Gordon.

"You are quite complimentary, this afternoon Mr. Reese," said Edna. "I am not partial to flattery."

"No flattery, Miss Edna, and indeed I do not wish you so to consider it. All I say is strictly true."

"Away with such talk, Mr. Reese, let us proceed to sensible conversation. I hear it rumored that Mr. Eggleston has gone to Europe, though I can scarcely believe it, as he promised to let me know when he should start."

Gordon was well trained in infamy, and so showed no signs of embarrassment. "I presume he has gone, as he told me a day or two ago he should leave in a few days.—But, Edna, if you will allow the familarity, I came not to converse about he or any one else, but to ask of you a simple question."

Very coldly: "Proceed, Mr. Reese, I am all attention."

"Edna, I come to hear from your lips, my fate. Have I any hopes of ever calling you my wife?"

"No, Mr. Reese, you have not."

"Oh! Edna, you know not what you say." Falling upon his knees before her: "In refusing me, you sentence me to a single life. I can never love any one else. Oh! have pity upon me. As you value the peace of your after life, have pity upon me, and bid me have hope."

"Tis useless for you to say naught else; I will listen to you no longer. I have my doubts as to where Eugene Eggleston is. I hear that you and he have had a quarrel, and that there was a challenge given and accepted. Answer me, where he is?"

This brought him up all a standing, and assuming a very haughty attitude, Gordon thus replied: "Edna Tifferton you will yet rue the day that you refused my hand. You and Eugene Eggleston will never marry.—Mark my words! I am gone!"

In an instant he was in the street, and Edna left alone. Though by nature a brave girl, under this blow she reeled, and sank to the floor in a swoon, where she was found by the servants.

When Gordon left the Colonel's he sought out Alfred Allison, and they had the following conversation:

"Alfred Allison," said Gordon, "you are my right hand man, can you enter into something with me which will be a perilous undertaking?"

"Gordon," he replied "have I ever yet given cause to doubt me that you should ask me such a question?"

"Forgive me, old fellow, but it is a strange undertaking, but not more so than what occurred yesterday. Edna has refused my hand and intimated that I killed Eugene Eggleston in a duel. What I wish you to do is this. Go there and engage her company for a horseback ride to-morrow. If you succeed, ride towards the wilderness, when on the outskirts of it, give a signal whistle. That is all."

They separated, Gordon going one way, Alfred another. Early the next morning, a note was handed to Gordon which ran thus:

Allright. Everything is satisfactoraly arranged. We shall ride towards the wilderness about 4 o'clock, P. M. A. A.

At the stated time, two persons might been seen leisurely riding towards the wilderness on horseback—a lady and gentleman. It was Alfred and Edna. They were engaged in a lively conversation, totally ignorant of all that was passing around them.

Presently Edna looked up, and beheld the sombre looking old wilderness looming up before her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "we are near the wilderness, let's turn and ride back, Mr. Allison."

"Allow me to object, Miss Edna, but let us ride along the outskirts of this old woods, and converse about its inmates, the wilderness thieves."

"That will be delightful," she said, "come on."

When they came to it, Alfred took a whistle from his pocket, and sounded the agreed signal. In an instant they were surrounded, and Gorden Reese confronted Edna.

"Miss Tifferton, we meet under different circumstances; you are my prisoner. Men do your work."

Immediately, she had her hands tied behind her, and a bandage over her mouth. In this situation she was conducted to the "robbers' retreat." Arriving there, she was lead to the underground parlor, bandage untied, hands unloosed, and left alone with Gordon Reese.

"You see, Miss Edna, you are in my power. You are aware of the fact that there infests this forest a bands of outlaws. I am their captain. You asked me yesterday where Eugene Eggleston was; I did not answer you; I will do so now. He is confined within one of these cells, the doors of which you have but just passed."

A wild shriek was all that poor Edna could utter.

"'Tis useless," said Gordon, "for you to shriek within these walls; you cannot be heard. As I have before said, you are my prisoner, and unless you consent to marry me, from this room you can never escape. If you will not consent, you shall marry me without consenting. Do you hear?"

"Vile miscreant, do you think I heed your idle threats? Never will I wed with such a villain. From this room I shall escape.—I have friends, who, when they know I am missing, will leave nothing undone to find me. Saw you not that little colored boy near us where I was captured. He knew you all, and will report to my father, for to him he belongs."

Gordon was struck speechless by this announcement. In the heat of the moment, everything else had been forgotten. No one had seen the boy. Then they were discovered. When he recovered himself he replied:

"Even if we are discovered, Miss Tifferton, here we are safe. This place is impregnable. If I dare not show my face again in Don, I can rest secure here, in you presence."

(*Continued next week.*)

[From The Sunday-School Times.]

EVEN ME.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

"Bless me, even me also, O my father."—Gen.

Sin-beguiled my feet have wandered
Far and widely from thy side.
Youth, and health, and hope I've squandered,
Every sinful way I've tried.
Lord, can such as I be shriven?
Is there pardon yet with thee?
Canst thou speak my sins forgiven?
Father, bless me, even me!

Enter all the silent chambers
Of my weak and trembling soul;
Cleanse them for thine own abiding,
Let thy grace my heart control.
Human aid can naught avail me;
All my help must come from thee;
When the foes of truth assail me,
Bless me, Father, even me!

Undeserving of thy favor,
I am poor, and weak, and blind.
Thou hast said, oh, pitying Saviour,
"Seek, and ye shall pardon find."
Glory, in the highest, glory!
There,s salvation full and free!
Tell, oh, tell the wondrous story,—
Jesus loves me, *even me.*

How the Atlantic Cable is Worked.

We find the following interesting account of the working of the Atlantic cable in a recent lecture by the Hon. Wm. J. McAlpine, on the subject of "Modern Engineering;"

Telegraphy may, with propriety, be considered one of the branches of engineering, and is peculiarly of modern development.—A clever writer says that it may be read by each of the five senses. On land lines each signal is made by suspending the flow of the electric current for two different intervals of time called "dots and dashes"—the use of which, in different orders, constitutes the alphabet of the telegraph. When those are printed they are read by "sight," but ordinarily the operator reads them by "sound" as easily as a musician reads the letters of the scale by the same sense. If the operator has no instrument, he will grasp the wire in his hand and read the signals by "feeling" the intermissions of the flow of the electric current. In like manner, by placing the wire across his tongue he can "taste" the same intermission, but this is a dangerous experiment. And it is said that the electricity can be made to dissolve a chemical and produce a pugent odor in the telegraphic alphabet, which can be read by "smelling," but for this I do not vouch, I believe that the method of signaling through the Atlantic cable is known in detail to but few persons. The operation is exactly reversed from that of the land wires.

The gutta-percha covering of the copper wires, under the pressure of a great depth of water, becomes an absorbent of the eletricity which is being sent through them to the extent of 90 per cent. The first portion of the electric wave of 10 per cent. crosses the ocean (1,700 miles) in two seconds and it would be followed by a succession of waves from the restoration of that portion of the electricity which has been absorbed by the gutta-percha, in impulses, and the signal would be repeated like echoes, and produce not only confusion, but great delay. To remedy this Professor Varley introduced a key, which sends alternate currents, positive and negative, at such intervals as allow the first wave of 10 per cent. to pass forward, and then that portion absorbed by the covering is neutralized by its opposite, and the cable is cleared for the transmission of a second pair of currents. The battery used is a very small one, (three of Daniel's cups,) and the signal being 10 per cent. of this small current, is powerless to move any of the other instruments in use on land. The instrument used consists of a minute polarized needle, suspended on a single strand of a spider's web, or one from the silk-worm. In the middle of this minute needle is placed an almost microscopic mirror, which reflects a single ray of light from a powerful lamp.

The currents of electricity affect this needle alternately to the right and left for a space of time corresponding to that occupied in the signal of the land-line, the same kind of alphabet being used in both cases. The receiver (not operator) sits in a dark room, and the small mirror reflects the ray of light upon a piece of white paper before him, on which a black line is drawn, to the right and left of which the light is alternately reflected. The receiver reads these signals by "sight," and transmits them into another person, placed outside of the dark room, by means of an ordinary instrument. A short time since, General Reynolds told me that he had sent a message, without either wire or cable, ninety-two miles across an arm of Lake Superior, by means of the heliotrope or mirror, and on the return of this messenger who had been sent with a written copy, he found that the heliotrope message had been received, understood and obeyed.

He had two assistants, who had been telegraphic operators, who had for a whole summer been amusing themselves in talking to each other with the instruments, though they were stationed ten, twenty, or thirty miles apart. When the rebel Gen. Morgan made his great raid through Indiana and Ohio he captured one of my operators, and compelled him to telegraph, in Gen. Lew Wallace's name, to Cincinnati, asking how many regular troops were in that city. Morgan read by "sound," and therefore the operator did not dare to intimate that he was under duress, and could only venture to add an extra initial to his own signatures. The receiving operator at Cincinnati knew that Morgan was in that neighborhood, and suspecting, from the extra initial that all was not right, replied, greatly exaggerating the force of regulars, and the consequence was that Morgan changed his route to a circuit of twenty miles beyond the city, and thus saved it from a sack, and the probable loss of millions of dollars.

Now!—Now, for time is short, and death is near, and judgement threatens! Now, for in eternity it will be too late, and your very next step may land you there! The only season of which you can be sure is now! The only season in which you can work is now! The purpose may not last until to-morrow; fulfil it now! Fresh difficulties may flood the channel to-morrow—wade it now! The chain of evil habit will bind you more closely to-morrow; snap it now! Religion is a work for every day: begin it now! Sin exposes the present miseries; escape them now! Your Creator commands; obey Him now! Holiness confers present joys; seize them now! A God of love entreats; be reconciled now! The Father from his throne invites; return now! The Saviour from his cross beseeches; trust him now! The Holy Spirit is striving in your heart; yield now! "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation!"—*Rev, Newman Hall.*

GOOD AS ÆSOP.—A mouse ranging about a brewery happened to fall into a vat of beer, and was in imminent danger of being drowned, and called to a cat to help him out.

The cat replied—It is a foolish request, for you know as soon as I get you I'll eat you.

The mouse answered, that would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on him to come out. You sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?

Ay, replied the mouse, but you know I was in liquor at the time.

SINGULAR ARITHMETICAL FACT.—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320, dividing the same number by 2, you have 232, and as there is no remainder you add a cipher. Now, take 357, and multiply by 5, there is 1785; divide the same number by 2 and you have 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

TAKING a walk one day through the commissariat stores in Hong Kong with a friend, I came to a portion of that establishment where four Chinamen were engaged in emptying a large tub of rum—which they were carrying in gallon measures to another portion of the building. Addressing myself to the party, I inquired. Do you like rum, John?"

"No sir," said the Chinaman.

"Why not?"

"Rum not proper. sir; make Chinaman number one fool."

SCHOOL OF MANNERS.—As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate who that fellow was who didn't douse his peak to the admiral?

"Why, it is the King."

"Well, king or no king," retorts the other, "he is an unmannerly dog."

"Where should he learn manners," replied Jack, "he never was out of sight of land in his life."

"PATRICK, you fool, what makes you stale after that rabbit when your gun has no lock on?"

"Hush, hush, darlint, the rabbit don't know that!"

WHY are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are the bearers of idle tails.

DID you ever see a woman that had to be told of her beauty before she was aware of it herself.

"A MAN can't help what is behind his back," as the man said when he was kicked out of doors.

IT is the depth of study, not the extent of it that gives intellectual power.

AVOID temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

WHERE did Joseph go when he was fifteen? On to sixteen.

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