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The American Union,

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BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements occupying the space of six lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries one half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, to be paid for at special rates. Fractions of a square counted according to actual measurement. Special contracts made with yearly, half-yearly and quarterly advertisers.—Bills payable according to contract. Advertisements not ordered a given number of times will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Job Printing neatly executed at the lowest rates.

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-ly.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-ly

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practicein the Courts of Caroline.

Legal Notice.

THE undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regularly attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

CLEMENT SULLIVANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
may30-y. Cambridge, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to the collection of Claims, Sales of RealEstate, &c.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

T. N. GOULD. W. K. H. N. GOULD

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 94 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of Grain & Produce Solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers & Groceries, Promptly Attended to.

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

I HAVE commenced the tailoring business on Second Street, Denton, adjoining J. T. Comegy's Blacksmith Shop, where I am prepared to do all kind of work in first-class order relating to my business. [nov14-1y.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Denton, Maryland.

Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neck Ties, &c., for sale cheap.

mar28-tf. C. H. B

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,

—WITH—

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

Give us a trial and be convinced that we get highest market prices, and are more prompt in keeping you posted and making remittances than most Phfladelphia houses. [jan30-y.

New Fall and Winter

MILLINERY.

Miss Allie D. Newnam

HAS just received and has now open at her residence opposite the M. E. Parsonage, Front Street, a splendid assortment of

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY,

which she offers to the ladies of Denton and vicinity at astonishingly low prices. Her stock has been selected with great care and embraces the latest styles and fashions of almost every needed article for the ladies. Call and see them before making your purchases.

oct30-tf.

BEST business you can engage in.—$5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

For the Union.

OUR SCHOOL.

BY N. V. G.

We have had many compositions on this subject, and some of them have been very good ones, indeed. I'll only give the names of our scholars, as they are seated in the school room, and some of their traits:

First are Ella and Annie, as smart as can be,
Next Mary and Alice, below, but not behind you see.
Now Ella and Mary, so mischieveous are they,
That when they should study, they're sometimes at play.
Next Ida and Lena, who are so very meek,
That you'd think them two doves occupying *that* seat.
Now Fonnie and Edith, who are the best girls in school,
For they never laugh, never talk, never break a rule.
"May day" and Katie, I next do espy,—
To be *model scholars*, how hard do they try!
Now is "Topsy," who over a whole seat has sway;
Frankie, was her seat-mate, but she's moved away.
"Sweet Emma" and "poor me" come next in rotation,
Then you see, Addie comes next in succession.
Ollie, now; she, indeed, is a very small girl,
She is very much liked, but her lips she will curl.
Next Emma and Annie, smart, quick, and so bright,—
One does the talking, the other laughs with might.
Next one sees Owen, the boy that comes late,
He's a bright little chap, and is true to his slate.
The boy in the next seat is Robbie Jump,
Who is certainly a block taken from the "old stump."
Edwin and Alex. come next into sight,
Who, in their own estimation, are always right.
Next Harry and Charley, one large and one small,
Harry keeps pledges made to us girls, not at all.
Now I see Earle, who is, indeed, very quick,
Except in grammar; there he seems to stick;
And Charley sits with him, *he* likes to talk,—
To come to school, a mile he has to walk.
Marlie and Eddie come next in a row,
Their mincing and mockery make quite a show.
Mina and Nacie, next one sees,
Poring over their books, as busy as bees.
Gustavus and Reuben come next in the line,
The graces that one lacks in the other we find.
Mart is the boy that occupies the last seat,—
He covers his books, thus keeps them quite neat.
We have a new scholar; him I don't know,
But I will wager that he's very smart though.
One name yet; we all like it best,
Of any of the names; it is T. C. West.
This is our teacher and one of our friends,
He teaches us correctly, and makes amends.
To our examiner, Mr. Beaven by name,
And to all other visitors, it's just the same.
But we don't like visitors, say what you may,
And when one comes, we hope he won't stay
And hear us recite, for we know he makes fun
Of every thing we said, when he has gone.

—DENTON ACADEMY, Feb. 2d, 1880.

THE EMERALDS.

One wintry afternoon in January away up in the bleak attic of a wretched tenement-house, a pale, sad-eyed woman sat sewing. The garment upon which she was engaged was a very rich dress. The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, a bitter wailing blast that made the windows rattle in the casements. Still the pale faced woman stitched on.

"Mother,' piped a sweet voice from the cot beneath the window, "will you get the fine dress done? Oh, mother, I'm so hungry! If I only had some tea and a bit of sausage.'

She worked on steadily for a time, pausing only to brush a tear from her white cheek, then arose and shook out the glimmering robe.

"'Tis done at last,' she said. "Now mother's little girl can have her supper; only be patient a little longer, Flora. Ross, come, my boy.'

A manly little fellow came out from the bedroom beyond.

"The fine dress is done, Ross, and you must run home with it as fast as you can. Miss Gracie will be out of patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't finish it one moment sooner, and ask her to give you the money. We must have it to night. And you can stop at Mr. Ray's, as you come back, and buy some coal; and we must have some bread and tea, and a mite of butter, and you must get a sausage, Ross, for poor little Flora.'

"I'll get them all, mother,' he said, "and be back in time. You shall have a big sausage, little sis,' he added, turning toward the cot.

The girl nodded her curly head and her great wistful eyes sparkled with delight.

"And you shall have half of it, Ross,' she piped, in her splendid bird voice.

"Hadn't you better put on your thick jacket, my boy?' continued his mother. "The wind cuts like a knife.'

"Pshaw, little mother, I don't mind the wind,' and away he went down the creaking stairs and out into the storm. Miss Gracie Fontenay was in a perfect furore of impatience and anger. Her dear five hundred friends were assembled in the halls below and her handsome dress had not come home. What did that beggar woman mean by disappointing her?'

At that moment there was a ring at the door and a voice in the hall.

"Please tell Miss Gracie my mother could not finish it sooner, she wants the money tonight.'

The servant took the handsome dress and message.

"I'll never give her another stitch of work,' cried the angry beauty; "I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Fanchon, dress me at once—there's not a minute to lose. No, I can't pay to-night; I haven't time. He must call to-morrow.'

"But we've no fire and nothing to eat. and my little sister is sick,' called the boy, pushing up the grand stairway.

"Shut the door, Fanchion!' commanded Miss Gracie. And the door was closed in his face.

From the porch at the parlor window Pansie watched the whole scene, her violet eyes distended with childish amazement.

"Poor little boy,' she said, as Ross disappeared down the stairway; "sister Gracie ought to pay him. It must be dreadful to have no fire and nothing to eat.'

She stood for a moment, balancing herself on the tip of one dainty foot; her rosebud face grave and reflective; then a sudden thought flooded her blue eyes with sunshine, and snatching something from the table she darted down stairs. The servant had just closed the street door, but she fluttered past him like a humming bird and opened it.

On the steps sat Ross, brave little fellow that he was, his face in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little boy?' questioned Pansie.

Ross looked up half believing that it was the face of an angel looking down upon him thro' the whirling snow.

"Oh, I cannot go home without the money,' he sobbed; "poor mother worked hard, and Flora is sick and so hungry.'

"Here, she said, "do take this, little boy, and buy her lots of nice things. 'Tis worth a great deal; papa bought it for my birthday present, but do you take it and welcome.'

She extended her dimpled hands, and something like a shower of stars fell at the boy's feet. He caught it up in amaze—a necklace of emeralds, lustrous, gleaming things, set in tawny, Indian gold.

"No, no,' he cried, running up to where she stood. "I cannot take this necklace—take it back.'

"You shall take it,' she continued, imperiously. "I have lots of jewelry and fine things run home now and buy your sister something to eat.'

She closed the door with a bang, and Ross stood irresolute in the stormy gloom. Should he ring the bell and return the jewels to Pansie's father, or should he do as she bade him? He thought of his mother and poor little Flora watching wistfully for his return. He could not go back and see them starve. With a sudden feeling of desperation he thrust the glittering necklace in his pocket and dashed down the street.

The gaslight blazed brilliantly in a fashionable jewelry establishment, and its bland proprietor looked down inquiringly on little Ross as he approached the glittering counter.

"Would you like to buy this, sir?'

There was a tremor in the boy's voice as he asked the question, and the hand that held the emerald necklace shook visibly. The lapidary took the gems, examining them closely for a moment, and then shot a sharp glance at the child.

"See here,' he said presently, his voice stern and commanding, "I want to know how you came by this?'

The boy's clear eyes fell; he blushed and stammered, evidently embarrassed. The jeweler put aside the emeralds, and taking the lad's arm led him into a small ante-room.

"You are a thief, sir,' he said. "That necklace belongs to Mr. Fontenay—he bought it of me not a month ago. You stole it; you are a thief.'

The little fellow straightened himself, and his brown eyes blazed. "I am no thief,' he retorted. "A little girl gave it to me, and I know it was wrong to take it, but—but my mother and sister are starving.'

The jeweler hesitated.

"You don't look like a thief,' he said; "but I will send for Mr. Fontenay; that will settle the matter at once.'

He dispatched a messenger accordingly and Ross sat down in a corner and sobbed bitterly as he heard the driving winds and thought of his mother and poor little Flora. In half an hour Mr. Fontenay came, bringing his little daughter Pansie with him. The little creature darted toward Ross like a humming-bird, her cheeks ablaze, her eyes flashing like lightning.

"He didn't steal my emeralds!' she cried, "I gave 'em to him to sell 'em, and buy bread for his little sister.'

Ross sprang to his feet, struggling hard to keep back his tears. He put out his little brown hand, which Pansie instantly clasped in her chubby palms.

"I am not a thief, sir,' he said at last addressing Mr. Fontenay; "I never stole anything in my life. I know it was wrong to take the necklace—but—but, sir, my little sister is starving.'

The merchant drew his hands across his eyes.

"You're a manly little fellow,' he said, patting the lad's head, "and I do not in the least blame you, but I will take Pansie's emeralds, and she shall give you something more valuable. Here, Pansie, give this to your little friend.'

He put a gold piece into Pansie''s hands, which she tendered to Ross, with the injunction that he should run straight home and buy lots of goodies for his sister—a command he was not slow to obey.

"I think we shall not lose sight of the little fellow,' continued Mr. Fontenay, as Ross disappeared in the stormy darkness. "Shall we, pet? Let's see what we can do to help him.—He's a promising young lad and an honest one, I'm sure. Mr. Lenox, you're in need of an errand boy; why not try him? I wish you would.'

The jeweler consented, to Pansie's great delight, and on the following day Ross was duly installed as an errand boy in the fashionable establishment.

Fifteen years after, one blustering March morning, a young man sat behind the counter of a thriving jewelry establishment in one of the Northern cities. He was a handsome man, a traveler, a man of taste, intellect and money, for he was a junior partner in the firm, which was a prosperous one. But despite all his good fortune, Ross Dunbar was not happy. His mother and his little Flora had gone to their long home, and he was utterly alone, without kith or kin in the wide world.

Sitting alone one morning with the roar of the March winds in his ears his thoughts were running back to the days of his boyhood, to his mother's humble home. How vivid the past seemed, and how dear and sacred, despite its privations and sorrows. His eyes grew dim and his heart swelled. All were gone over the wide waters of time and change.

A tender smile softened his sad face as he recalled the stormy night when he sat sobbing on the steps of Mr. Fontenay's mansion. And little Pansie; the remembrance of her sweet face, as he saw it through the snow wreaths, haunted him constantly. In all the fifteen years never for one hour had he forgotten her. But she was gone—lost to him forever.

His reverie was broken by the entrance of a customer, a lady closely clothed and veiled.—She approached the counter with a jewel case in her hand.

"Would you buy these?' she asked, simply, in a clear sweet voice that stirred the young man's heart as no other woman's voice had power to do.

He took the casket, opened it, and spread out its contents. A watch, an elegant and costly diamond ring, two rubies and an emerald necklace. Ross Dunbar barely suppressed a cry of surprise as his eyes fell upon it. He turned it over with eager, trembling fingers and there on the clasp was the name that had lived in his heart for so many years. "Little Pansie.'