

The American Union

VOL. XV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY MAY 6, 1875. NO. 42.

Table with 3 columns: Advertisement conspicuous, Inserted at the following rates; 1 square (9 lines) 3 insertions \$1.00; 1 square 1 month 2.50; 1 square 3 months 6.00; 1 square 6 months 10.00; 1 square 1 year 15.00; 1 column, one year 30.00; 1 column 6 months 20.00; 1 column 3 months 12.00; 1 column 1 month 6.00. All advertisements collectible on first insertion.

Poetry. THE TWO ANGELS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTELL.

God called the nearest angels who dwell in his above; The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love. 'Arise,' He said, 'My angels! a wail of woe and sin Steals through the gate of heaven, and sal-dans all within.

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden hair: Four white wings leas'der'd swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame wherewith it fell, And with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

The Belle of the "Branch."

"I shall not remain in the city another week. I am resolved to have my own way in this matter. It is a shame to be shut up like this when all my friends are enjoying the seashore. Yes, I shall leave the city on Saturday. My mind is made up; and when I resolve upon a plan, I never yield."

Nettie had no desire to leave a place where she was winning such golden honors. It was not a slight thing to be the "Belle of the Branch," and consequently the object of jealous envy to more wealthy ladies than herself.

A fortnight passed on, and the gay bells found no time to send a message to her husband, not even to assure him of her health and safety. Poor George! he was now reaping a small part of the retribution that was following upon the heels of his own misguided love.

Among the many admirers of the Long Branch belle was a Spanish Count, who had lost all but his title and ancestral blood through some unlooked for change in his native country, and, therefore, came to America. He was accomplished, and prepossessing in his appearance, and excelled in music.

At the time of the occurrence the lady and her mother were living in an old country chateau in France. "It was during the winter of 18—that one evening I happened to be sitting by the side of a cheerful fire in my bedroom busily engaged in caressing a favorite cat, the illustrious Lady Cathrine, now alas! no more.

Nothing could surpass the beauty of the sea, with the soft light falling on the water, and the white sails of little skiffs upon the waves.

Nettie and Count Lenardo were left standing on the sandy shore. For a few moments there was silence between them. Nettie being impressed with the beauty of the moonlight sparkling upon the smooth sea, and her companion equally absorbed in his own contemplations.

"All strategems are fair in love, my pretty Nettie," said the Count. "I have prepared this little surprise for you." At this moment a strong aura was laid upon the Count and a powerful spell arrested the lady from his hold, and bore her swiftly toward the carriage.

"Of a sudden I became aware that something had effected my pet's equilibrium. The purring ceased, and she exhibited rapid-increasing symptoms of uneasiness. I bent down and endeavored to coax her into quietness; but she instantly struggled to her feet in my lap, and spitting vehemently, with back arched and tail swollen, she assumed a mingled attitude of terror and defiance.

A Novel Ghost Story.

In a new volume of the Rev. J.S. Wood, entitled "Man and Beast Here and Hereafter," occurs the following striking ghost story, which the reader may credit or not, as he is accustomed to do in regard to legends of this sort:

"There are, as we know, many persons who cannot believe that, as they put it, the living should be able to see the dead, neither do I believe it. But as the spirit lives, though the material body no longer enclose it, surely there can be no difficulty in believing that the living spirit within an earthly body may see a living spirit which has escaped from its material garment. We do not doubt that the death of the body the spirit will live and see other spirits similarly freed from earth, and it is no very great matter that the living should see the living, though one be still enshrouded in its earthly tabernacle and the other released from it."

"This being granted—and it is not very much to grant—it necessarily follows that if the lower animals possess spirit they will be capable of spiritual as well as material vision. That they do possess this power, and that it can be exercised, is shown by the story of Balaam. There we find it definitely stated not only that the ass saw the angel, but that she saw him long before her master did.

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."

What Children Do For Us.

We hear a great deal about what parents do for their children, and the duty and obedience which they owe them in consequence; but it is useful to us at times to look at the other side of the question and see what children do for their parents, and not for the parents alone but for the world at large.

Take the cases of unmarried men and women, or of married men and women who have no children, and we will see what an utterly joyless world this is to them—how destitute of all the saving influences which follow in the train of new-born child.

"I should think that those who believe in the truth of the Holy Scriptures (and I again remind the reader that this book is only intended for those who do so), could doubt that here is a case which proves that the spirit of the ass is capable of seeing and fearing the spiritual angel. And if that be granted, I do not see how any one can doubt that the spirit which saw the angel partook of his mortality, just as the animal possessed a spirit and saw with the eye of the spirit."

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."

The Modern Inquisition.

No one reads without becoming thrill of horror of the tortures inflicted in the inquisitions of the past. Human ingenuity was stretched to the utmost to devise means of inflicting the most exquisite pangs and still preserve life.

In these modern days we find that an inquisition has also been erected. Its victims are moving in our midst and the chief Inquisitor an honored person. The old inquisition was a custom of the time, so is the modern. Fashion is the name given to the present temple of torture, and women are the chief victims.

"I should think that those who believe in the truth of the Holy Scriptures (and I again remind the reader that this book is only intended for those who do so), could doubt that here is a case which proves that the spirit of the ass is capable of seeing and fearing the spiritual angel. And if that be granted, I do not see how any one can doubt that the spirit which saw the angel partook of his mortality, just as the animal possessed a spirit and saw with the eye of the spirit."

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."

Wit and Humor.

A Detroit photographer says he'd rather fight a tiger with a snow-shovel than see a baby come into his gallery.

"No, sir," said a weary looking man on a street-car, to an individual by his side, "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive; I've been a dry goods clerk too long for that."

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the sure reply.

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."

A Request of Gratitude.

A Request of Gratitude.—John W. Sedgewick, of Washington city, D. C., who died recently, has bequeathed to Miss Belle Sherman, of Prince George's county, Md., \$10,000 for her noble and generous conduct.

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."

"I had, meanwhile, been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such neighborly and, after some more desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side."