THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,
Editors and Proprietors.

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ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR TWO DOLLARS, if not paid within ONE MONTH of the time of subscribing, or renewal of subscription. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

Denton Journal.

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A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 29. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1876. NO. 24.

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DENTON, MD.
ctice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot
y

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Attorney-at-Law,
DENTON, MD,
oct7-y.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
jly10-tf.

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mar19-1y.

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THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are failing,
And she harks to the well-known tone,

That won her heart in girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light,

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek has fled,
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head,

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time prime,

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upwards,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal party they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

Even Unto Death.

Very pretty looked Edna Stirling, as she set at her bedroom window, viewing the glorious horizon just as the sun was sinking, and the sky was of those beautiful, indiscribable tints which the most renowned artists have failed to do justice to.

But she thought not of the lovely, variegated skies, nor of the picturesque country which surrounded her humble but neat and pretty home, but of him who had, twenty-four hours before, declared his everlasting, undying love to her.

She said unconsciously, though audibly,—

"Just think of such a thing coming to pass—the elegant, aristocratic and wealthy Irving Wortley loving poor me! Oh, I am so happy I could jump for joy!"

And, suiting the action to the word, she jumped up and ran down stairs with much more alacrity than she was wont to do, rushed into the sitting-room, and, by coming unexpectedly into collision with Aunt Ruth, very nearly precipitated that worthy pereon in the opposite direction from the one she was pursuing, and also caused her naturally serene temper to be quite in the ascendency, when she caught sight of Edna's happy, beaming countenance, and, not having the heart to throw a damper on it, passed on with simply,—

"Edie, what on airth is the matter with you, anyhow? Are you going crazy, child?"

"No, auntie dear, but I'm so happy!" And, a little sobered down, she went out into the kitchen, to assist Jane, the maid-of-all work in prepar-

quent visits to Miss Stirling's house; I think the affair has gone on long enough, and I particularly desire your presence here for some time, as you must play the agreeable to Blanche Moore, for her father's wealth is reputed to exceed a million. and she is an only child."

Irving was about to respond, but the entrance of his father, and particularly haughty sister prevented further conversation on that subject, and they took their respective places at the breakfast table.

On the day on which Mrs. and Miss Moore were to arrive, Mrs. Wortley said to her son,—

"Irving, I wish you to drive down to the depot to meet my friends, for it will be late when they arrive here, as they have to come on the last train."

"Mother, excuse me; I cannot oblige you, for I have an engagement."

"Indeed, and is it of more importance than my request?"

"I can scarcely say as to that, but you know one's word must be kept."

"May I presume to ask with whom that engagement is made?"

"Yes, mother, it is to spend the evening with one of the best and sweetest girls that ever existed—Miss Edna Stirling—and I will now tell you what I've longed to communicate to you for some days; that not only am I engaged to her for to-night, but for life, and I intend to marry her just as soon as I receive my parents' sanction, and partnership in my father's business."

By the time Irving had finished, Mrs. Wortley was unnerved to a visible degree for above all things she had made up her mind that her son should make a brilliant match; and to think that now one was thrown right in his path, she must receive this startling intelligence that his heart and hand were elsewhere! She managed to say finally,—

"Well, sir, my sanction you will never receive, and until you give up this insane idea, I desire to hold no further communication with you, and I'll interview your father on the matter!" saying which she swept from the room.

That evening, as Irving was taking leave of Edna, his last words were:—

"And you will continue to love me, and when I wish it, marry me, come what will?"

"Have I not promised to love you till death do us part?"

And, indeed, if she had not spoken a word, her great, earnest, beautiful eyes would have satisfied him.

The Wortley family, including their guests, Mrs. and Miss Moore, were assembled at the breakfast-table a few days later, and some one was passing a remark on Irving's non-appearance, when a servant entered and said,—

"Please misses, Mr. Irving would like to see you; he is very ill indeed."

And, excusing herself, Mrs. Wortley proceeded directly to her son's chamber, and on entering the room was ominously struck with his appearance, which caused the mother's heart to show itself.

"Oh, my dear are you very ill?"

"Yes, mother, and have been so all night."

A servant was immediately dispatched for the family physician, who, upon arriving, and examining the patient, who then was in a high fever, looked very much concerned, and, taking Mrs. Wortley aside, gave strict orders to have the patient kept very quiet, as he was threatened with brain fever; and, being on quite intimate terms with the family, he inquired if Irving had had any serious trouble recently, to have produced it. Mrs. Wortley hesitated, colored, and felt very conscience stricken, but replied,—

"Oh, perhaps a trifling annoyance, but nothing of sufficient seriousness to cause this dreadful illness."

Ah! if that mother could have read her poor boy's mind from the time she had last spoken to him!

The patient continued to grow worse rapidly, and, becoming delirious, was constantly uttering unintelligible sentences; but only one word could always be understood—Edna.

It was the crisis of the fever, and all were anxiously watching at the bedside of the sufferer; after lying for a long time, as though life even then were extinct, Irving opened his eyes and for the first time in many days the light of reason shone in them, and, looking from one to the other, he turned to his mother and said,—

"Mother, I feel that I am dying, but I cannot go willingly till my last request is complied with."

Here his parents and sister burst into tears, but he bade them be composed and listen.

"I desire that some one be despatched for Edna Stirling, also for Rev. Mr. Graham. Summon them both to my bedside, then, in the presence of all here, and ere I depart this life, I desire to be wedded to one for whom, if I were dying to save her life, I would give up life willingly."

The mother, only too eager now to do all in her power for one so beloved, and yet so soon to be clasped in the arms of death, sent a servant, who quickly returned with both parties, Mrs. Wortley first interviewing them in the reception room down stairs before they entered the sick room. Poor Edna, worn to a skeleton by anxiety concerning her lover, having called twice a day to inquire about him during his illness, and always receiving the same answer that he was worse, still never realizing that he was ill unto death, now completely gave vent to her feelings, and was scarcely able to ascend the stairs leading to his chamber; but when there, and seeing the great change in the loved face, and realizing how soon he would be cold, unconscious clay, the poor girl rushed to the bedside, and would have thrown herself in her lover's arms, for she was almost crazed, but those in the room gently restrained her. Irving took her hand in his, and, looking at Mr. Graham, said—

"I beg of you make haste, and join us in the holy bonds of wedlock ere it is too late."

And there, in that death-like and awful silence, broken now and then by the sobs of the loving ones, the young and beautiful girl, with probably a long life before her, was made the wife of the man who was to enter the spirit land in probably a few hours. Oh, how awfully sad that marriage ceremony!

Two days later the remains of Irving Wortley were deposited in the W—— churchyard, and although years have passed since then, every two or three days a beautiful but very sad lady, in mourning attire, can be seen weeping over a grave, the monument at its head bearing the inscription,—

"IRVING WORTLEY, *aged twenty-three.*

Lawyer Vanquished.

Tabithia Sargent—"Aunt Tabithia," we all called her—was a spinister of an uncertain age residing in the upper part of Oxford county, Maine. She might have been fifty—she might have been more—she might have been less—no one save herself could tell and she wouldn't. She had been repeatedly asked how old she was, and had so often informed the inquirer that it was nobody's business but her own.

Once upon time Aunt Tabitha was summoned as a witness in a case on trial at the fall term of the supreme court held at Paris—and an important witness she was. She was to testify for the plaintiff, Charles B. Cummings was counsel for the defence, (I think it was Charles;) and said Charles,—

"Now, I'll make Aunt Tabitha tell us her age. Wait, and see."

We waited.

Tabitha had given her testimony, direct, terse, and strong, and was turned over for cross examination.

"What is your name?" asked Cummings, with severe dignity.

"I told it to Mr. Hastings," answered the witness with a snap.

"To be sure—but I wish to know that I have it right."

"My name is Tabitha Sargent!"

"Miss Sargent, you will not forget that you are under oath. Where do you now reside?"

"In Andover."

"How old are you?"

"Eh?—What, sir?"

"What is your age?"

"I—don't—know,—sir?"

"Don't know your own age?"

"No, sir," Tabitha replied, firmly, but with a sharp twinkle of her keen gray eyes. "I have not the least recollection of the circumstances of my birth, and consequently couldn't swear to its date. I may have heard other people speak of it, but I don't s'pose I'm here to tell what other folks say about things that haven't got nothing whatsomever to do with this case. So, Mr. Charles Cummings, if it would be any satisfaction to you, I tell you, once more—I don't know!"

While Judge Kent ducked his head for a few moments, Tabitha gathered herself for the next onslaught. But there was no need. She had vanquished Charles B. as he had never been vanquished before."

A POOR fellow seeking for employment in a Chicago telegraph office finally asked to be hired as a telegraph pole. It was of no use; every post was full.

A celebrated gourmand said, "To enjoy a stuffed turkey, thoroughly, there should only be two present—yourself and the turkey.

Evenings at Home.

The long evenings now at hand will bring to every well managed home the question: "What shall we do for entertainment?" No household is properly conducted wherein there are no hours apart for recreation, and the evening hours are best gifted for this duty. Duty may seem an inappropriate word applied to amusement, but he who neglects it fails to cultivate that part of himself which very greatly brightens his own life and that of his fellows. The man who never condescends to amusements is like dry timber compared with a living tree crowned with flowers and fruit.

But the day has well nigh passed when apologies are needed for enjoyment, and when recreations are considered at best as venal sins. Human nature has happily been to strong for ascetic creeds; the new wine would not remain confined in the old bottles and the question is not may we, but how shall we best amuse ourselves.

Just a word here to the faithful, patient, loving and conscientous parents who willingly extend their hours of toil through the day and into the night, and who cannot, they say, find time for anything but work. Better a hundred times that there be a few dollars less for the children, less of fine clothing or of dainties on the table than the young people, wearied with the eternal round of work, should pine for freedom away from home and lose no opportunity for escaping to where there is something to enjoy, should learn the sweets of forbidden fruit, and away from the loving influences of home, should be led to folly, dissipation and ruin. There is no more important work to be done at home than to properly amuse your children and yourself; take time for it, as you do for preparing the food or mending the clothing. Joining the children in passing the pleasant evening hours will freshen your own life, make you more companionable and sympathetic with them, inspire and strengthen their confidence, and make it unnecessary for them to go abroad for their enjoyment Children may and should feel that there is indeed no place like home.

Among the first of home attractions is music. If the piano or organ cannot be afforded, the flute or violin may, at any rate there may be singing, which is best of all. Music books are cheap, and any one who can learn to talk can learn to sing. Among the happiest recollections of after years will be the hours when all voices were blended in the evening song, when discards of feeling were soothed and banished, care was forgotten and for a little time a higher life was lived. The home reading circle should be made attractive with bright papers and magazines. Let each be permitted to make selections; and all encouraged to remark, criticise and comment. It will greatly aid the art of conversation, which in these days certainly needs cultivation, and save immense waste of breath over trash and scandal. Then there are plenty of entertaining games. Those who fear the influence of cards, and there are objections to their use—they are too fascinating—can find plenty of unobjectionable games especially designed for home use. The good old "stand-bys," checkers and chess, will have an honored place. Such amusement interspersed occasionally with a regular "gale" of romps, to give vent to youthful spirits, will do for the rooms of many a household now sombre and glum, what a woodbine or a clinging rose does for the weather-beaten porch, make it beautiful and attractive, and teach the children to love their home.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"BULLDOZING."—This Louisiana localism, which has got in print with the other singular evolutions of the "counting in" propensities of the Republicans of that State, is said to mean a hundred lashes on the bare back, which was considered a "dose for a bull," as it probably would be; and that the expression was gradually corrupted into "bulldoze." The word is more probably a corruption of "bulldazing," several modes of which are employed by Spanish bull fighters to intimidate the animal in the arena. Whatever its origin, however, it signifies intimidation by harsh or cruel means.

A GENTLEMAN is a rarer thing than some of us think. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen, how many?

Undecided Young Men.

A word of trouble is occasioned to girls by the indecision of character of young men. A pretty girl is living in the neighborhood of a dozen young men. She is not only beautiful, but she is good, well educated, and accomplished. Perhaps there is not one of these young men who would not take a particular interest in her, for she is a general favorite; but they observe that one of their number seems to have got the start of them; he is a regular and frequent visitor, and his attentions do not appear to be at all displeasing in the quarter where they are bestowed; so the others fall back, or turn their eyes elsewhere.

The yonng man who has brought all this about goes on from week to week, from month to month, it may be even from year to year, without and definite plan of the future, or so much as any clear decision in his own mind of what he wishes to do. He likes the young lady; he knows that his visits are pleasant to himself and agreeable to her; he would not like her to receive particular attention from another; yet he says not a word about engagement and marriage, the end and aim of a woman's life.

He has gradually won her affections, until he has become "the ocean to the river of her thoughts." She could not bear to break off with him, to be separated from him; for she loves him as she fondly believes, and perhaps truly, as she can never love another. But how harrowing is the state of doubt and uncertainty in which she drifts on.

Reflection should make young men careful how they win the hearts they do not wish to wear. They have no right to monopolize a girl's society, so long as they are in a state of entire indecision as to their own wishes and purposes.

But while the fault may lie with the young men, the folly rests as much with the young women. They should be early wise, and guard their affections from becoming fastened upon a young man from whom they have no assurance, and of whom they know nothing more than that he is an agreeable companion. They should beware of young men of indecision of character, who, having once ingratiated themselves into favor, will dwaddle along as if it were no part of their duty to give to the future and to the happiness of others a single thought.

It is rarely undecided associations are productive of permanent good. There are many circumstances which intervene in the progress of time, and render them highly injurious to both parties. As in the one case the illegible young men keep their distance for fear of intruding, so in the other the undecided young man is looked upon by young girls in the neighbourhood as partly, if not wholly, engaged; and it is only in the case of a flirt any attempt is made to draw him away, but, should his attentions cease for any cause, he finds it a difficult matter, indeed, to reinstate himself elsewhere.

Sleeplessness.

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams to say nothing of probable headache or of nervous and other derangements the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter or cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the the tone of the system—is all that is necessary. We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by eating a very light luncheon before bedtime. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not wake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomania has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescriptions have generally been attended with happy results.

THE home that is happiest is that domestic circle which is filled with the adoration of kindred affection. Bliss is happy in its own sunshine.

A MAN must be pretty drunk to go along the streets holding fast to his coat collar with both hands to prevent falling down.

Read and Reflect.

The young mechanic of the present day should be an earnest reader.—Whether learning a trade, operating a machine, or drafting designs for the builder, he should be a lover of useful books. They will make him a broader and happier man, giving him continually fresh themes for thought and pleasing topics for meditation. Books are to the mind what food is to the body. They fill and strengthen it. They add vim, force and vitality to its every function. They furnish that life blood which is the main spring of action, and benefit their admirer in manifold ways. Do not, then, neglect so rich a boon. But read much and head carefully.

We cannot all be rich, or great, or powerful; but we can all build for ourselves inviting palaces of wisdom, where the noblest and the best of every age may come through the immortal agency of books, to store our minds with the rarest samples of their genius. These choice legacies, too, will stand by us, and remind us, when trades, fortunes and friends fail, to comfort and satisfy our drooping spirits. Who then would think of living without the association of interesting books? No young man should.

The world is full of reading matter, and it is utterly impossible to read all; still every apprentice and tradesman can find leisure enough to acquaint himself with so much as is necessary to perfect him as a mechanic, broaden him out as a citizen. Read, then, by all means. Read slowly; read carefully; read with reflection, and reflect with reading.

Science and Religious Faith.

"This, then, I apprehend, is the proper work of the college—to appreciate and measure and undistrust, fully accept and commend the gigantic strides which Physical science is making in our day, yet be not swept away with them; to lend an attentive and unprejudiced ear to the bold speculations of our Darwins and Huxleys, wherein they seem almost to lay a confident finger on the very heart of the great mysteries of life, without fear that they will ever evict God from His universe, or restrict him to some obscure corner thereof; to welcome all that is true and benificent in the impetuous currents of modern thought, but not exaggerate their breadth and depth, nor accept their direction as authoritative and final; to proffer a genial and gracious hospitality to whatever is nobly new, yet hold fast and from time to time assert the grand *old* truths which are grounded in the nature of Man and His relations to the universe, in the firm assurance that no discoveries in science, no advances in human knowledge, can ever invalidate or ever belittle the Golden Rule, and no conclusion of philosophy ever equal in importance that simple affirmation of the untaught Judean peasant who long ago perceived and proclaimed that God is love."—*From an Address by Horace Greeley.*

A STRONG-MINDED woman in Detroit, made the following gentle reply to a politician who called at her house to get her husband to go to the polls and vote: "No, Sir, he can't go! He is washing, now, and he's going to iron to-morrow; and if he wasn't doing anything he couldn't go. I run this ere house, I do; and if any one votes it'll be this same Mary Jane."

"HAVE you any rebutting testimony to offer, Patrick?" asked the Justice of a prisoner arraigned for goat-killing. Pat scratched his head—a new light seemed to draw upon him. "Rebutting is it? Shure an' that's just what's the matter, yer honor, the bloody baste butted me til divil a stitch of sate waz left on me breeches, yer honor, and that's why I'm here to-day." Pat was aquitted.

A PROVIDENCE boy went to a birthday party, and describes it as follows: First, we had some bread and butter; then we had lemonade, cold enough to freeze us; then we had a piece of birthday cake, then we had lots of ice-cream and then we all had the stomach ache; then we all lay down, and the big gals give us some pepermint; and then we all went out to play.

SOMEBODY gave Paddy Finegan a pickeled egg yesterday. Paddy bit it in two, opened his mouth and said: "Be me sowl, I'll go before any judge or jury in the wurreld, and take me oath that the hin that laid that egg had the dyspepsia or heatburn.

A Wisconsin couple named their sixth boy "Enough."

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.