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GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,
Editors and Proprietors.

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Denton Journal.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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The following is a directory of the principal officers of Caroline county.

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Regular Terms begin the first Mondays in April and October, and Intermediate Terms the second Monday of January and the fourth Monday of June.

Chief Judge, Hon. John M. Robinson, Centreville; Associate Judges, Hon. J. A. Wickes, Chesertown and Hon. P. Stamp, Perryville.

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Sheriff—Reynolds Y. Collins.

Crier to the Court, James Hignutt. Bailiffs, Hy. Irwin, Wm. L. Davis and Thos. P. Davis

ORPHANS' COURT.

The days fixed by law for the meeting of this Court are the second Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in every second month thereafter, and oftener, as the business of the Court requires. Judges, Wm. A. Ford, Denton, Robert Jarrell, Greensborough, and Dr. H. F. Willis, Preston.

Register of Wills—Jas. B. Steele; Deputy, J. Gale Steele.

County Commissioners—J. M. Whitby, Greensborough, A. J. Greenley, Greensborough, and Elijah Towers, Potter's Landing; T. F. Johnson, Clerk.

Clerk to Board of Control and Review—J. Boon Dukes.

County School Commissioners—Col. James E. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Comegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fiere, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith, Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord; Wm. H. Bullock, Smithville; M. P. Hutchinson, Fowling Creek; W. W. Williamson, Preston, and W. H. Watkins, Federalsburg.

Constables—Wm. M. Price, Henderson; John C. Brown, Greensborough; Tilghman Roe, Denton; Wm. C. Willoughby, Fowling Creek, and Wm. T. Slaughter, Federalsburg.

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ALMS-HOUSE.

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oct7-y.

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DENTON, MARYLAND.
jly10-tf.

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CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,
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Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

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(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
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mar19-1y.

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1877 THE SUN, BALTIMORE, MD. 1877

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1877 BALTIMORE. 1877

Encouraged by the public appreciation of the effort to make a first-class independent journal, the Publisher of THE GAZETTE has perfected such arrangements as will maintain its present standing in advance of any other newspaper in Baltimore. The fearless and aggressive tone of its editorial comments will be continued, and the variety of its reading matter will be an additional attraction to the general reader. It will be INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS and NEUTRAL IN NOTHING, and will unsparingly denounce the wrong and commend the good, no matter what men or party may be affected by its action. Its constantly increasing corps of special correspondents includes able representatives at all the prominent news centres in the country, who will keep its readers fully informed of all current events. Its reliable Washington correspondence, here-before a marked feature, will be found to be of more than ordinary interest during the present year, while the news from all parts of the world, furnished by the Associated Press, will be presented daily in a succinct and attractive form. The excellence of its local, financial, commercial, maritime and miscellaneous departments will be rigidly maintained. Particular attention will be paid to Maryland news, and that of the adjoining states. THE GAZETTE is published in a beautiful and attractive form, and no effort will be spared to keep it, in every respect, in the front rank of American journalism.

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Leisure Hours.

We have received the January number of the LEISURE HOURS, a handsome mammoth 16 page (64 columns) family paper, filled with the choicest literature—serial and short stories, sketches, poetry, wit, humor, &c., &c. It is entertaining, amusing and instructive, and is one of the cheapest papers—the amount and quality of matter considered—that we have seen. The price is $1.20 per year, including as premium a genuine fine-line steel engraving called the "The Motherless Bairn," printed on 22x18 plate paper, which the publishers claim is superior in point of merit and attractiveness to any premium ever offered by any other paper in this country, and is alone worth the money asked for both.

The publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 163 William st., New York, authorize us to say, that in order to introduce the paper in this vicinity they make a special offer to every one of our readers to send them the paper—a "trial trip" of four months, post paid, commencing with the January number—for 25 cents.

Our readers who avail themselves of this offer will, I am certain, thank us for having called their attention to it. The publishers of LEISURE HOURS would like to employ some one in every place to canvass for this paper. (jan13-4t.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. (dec9.

THE LONG AGO.

BY CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

There's a beautiful isle in the long ago,
All flooded with golden light,
And a river that flows by the margin green,
Whose waters are wondrous bright!
There's a bark that glides with snowy sail
And the music of silver oar,
That carries us back to the shining gates
Of that beautiful past once more.
Ah! every heart holds some sweet dream
Of a beautiful long ago.

There were bright hopes nursed in the long ago,
Sweet flowers we gathered there,
And the walls of this beautiful past is hung
With many an image fair!
And oh! there is room for the feet to tread
The path of the by-gone years;
There are joys that bloom in memory's fields,
And a fount for our bitter tears
And that fount holds many a hallowed tear
We've wept in the long ago.

There are happy dreams that the heart holds dear,
Bright dreams of the long ago;
And sacred tears for perished hopes
That will return no more.
And thus in the tangled web of life
We weave our smiles and tears,
Yet the soul has holy memories
That cling to departed years.
Ah! drop the silken curtains now
Of the beautiful long ago.

Shut out the light of those perished years
Close the door of the past again.
And hush the yearning thoughts that fill
Thy soul with so much pain.
Then roll the heavy stone against
That sepulchre—the heart!
Why should those buried forms again
To life and beauty start!
The future may hold some dream as bright
As those of long ago!

"MY SHABBY WIFE."

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

Some people are born neat, some achieve neatness, and some have neatness thrust upon them. Alas, I was not born neat! From my earliest childhood, my tendencies all seemed to point in just the opposite direction. Was I arrayed in a new dress? Either I fell up stairs, or tumbled down, making a great rent in the fabric, and bringing disgrace upon myself for the rest of the day. Was I sent to dancing school, in a pair of delicately colored gaiters? Of course I stepped into a mud puddle, and became everybody's butt in consequence thereof. Did some relenting maiden aunt "work" for a charming little bag, rainbow-tinted, and lined with dainty silk? The first time I took it out with me I lost it, and afterwards learned with childish horror, that the magnificent gold watch, with charms and seals, which Aunt Araminta, the donor of the bag, had promised to leave me in her will, was to be given to a niece—oh, biting contrast!—who never lost anything that was given her."

Even after I grew up, I did not succeed in achieving neatness. What other women did with ease was up hill work to me. And to this day I view with envy and admiration the shining coils of lustrous hair, the delicate frills, the spotless toilet of some neat representative of the sex, of which I am such a hapless member: and I wonder, like a baby, "how they do it?"

Neither has neatness been thrust upon me. Happy had it been so! If my parents had belonged to that class of rigid individuals, who insist upon neatness as the great essential, perhaps even I might have compassed that, to me, most difficult of sciences. But alas! it is not so. My parents were only too indulgent in this, as in all other matters. And so I came to the conclusion that pencils without points, garments minus hooks and buttons, laces without tags, collars that were too big or too little, gloves out at the fingers, snagged dresses, bad fits, and so on to the end of the chapter, were my destiny, I concluded it was no use to fight against fate, and after a feeble struggle gave up the attempt in despair.

Well, this did pretty well until I married. For, odd enough, I had suitors. Perhaps there may be other qualities than neatness that win men, though Aunt Araminta always wound up her "scoldings" by eyeing me severely, and declaring, "No man with eyes in his head will ever want you for a wife, I can assure you."

But the man who married me did have eyes in his head, and very wonderful eyes, too. Clear as jewels, ever changing, and each change livelier than the last. But he was fastidious. His tastes were æsthetic. Hence my woes.

Yet he was eminently practical, with it all. Let me give an instance. One warm summer afternoon, expecting my husband at five, I donned a lovely Chinese gauze, with a train; [illegible] would like to see me dressed," stammered I.

"Yes, dear, certainly; but you know I am a practical man, and I can't help thinking that if you put on the only really handsome summer dress you have (how well he knew my limited wardrobe,) every day, that when you are invited out, you will have nothing to wear."

Why couldn't I have been sensible and said, "Certainly, my dear, you are right," and quietly changed my dress, without more to do. But how often are young wives sensible.

At all events, I was not. Angry tears arose to my eyes, my bosom heaved, my breath came and went with quick resentment. I flew to my bed-room: my train of gauze caught in the stairs in my upward flight, and a huge, unsightly rent was the result. But in my foolish anger I cared little for this. I tore off the now dispised dress, and in doing so, by a careless jerk, detached my beautiful watch—my husband's wedding gift—with such force that it flew out of my hand, and struck sharply against a marble corner of the mantlepiece, breaking its crystal, and injuring its works to such an extent, that it cost me (or rather my husband, for I had not a penny in my own right,) a matter of ten dollars for repairs.

Another peculiarity of mine was a love for making "bargains," I got the idea that the less money I spent on my clothes, the more I should have for benevolence. I therefore bought cheap gloves which split at once in the wearing; horrid boots, that made my feet, which naturally were slim and arching, appear thick and flat; and dress materials purchased at establishments where they were always "selling out at a sacrifice," that did not pay for the making up. My husband detested "bargains," for he said they "always cost double in the end;" but he remonstrated with me in vain; and being too wise a man to waste words, in the end simply shrugged his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows over my obstinate perversity, which, by this time had become fatuity. He called me, meantime, laughingly, "My shabby wife." But I felt the thorn beneath the smile, and cried once or twice in secret over it.

My husband was a man of letters with a hobby—Conchology. He had made some discoveries of note in this direction, and his "collection" was considered the best in the country. So well established was his reputation that certain famous professors, in one of our greatest cities, had invited him to deliver a lecture upon his specialty.

"Of course you will take me with you," said I.

"Certainly. But you must have a new bonnet," he replied.

At another time I should have protested, for I prided myself upon wearing my bonnets until they were so entirely out of date, that even I was ashamed to don them; and I had fully expected to take another winter out of my present head-gear.

Well, I went into town, for we lived in the country; and, as of course, I was in pursuit of a bargain, I hurried to a certain milliner's shop, famed for its cheapness. Here I selected a bonnet suitable in shape and general appearance for a woman of seventy. It was black velvet, with a coarse blue flower on it. The latter offended even my taste, and having heard that brown was fashionable, without stopping to consider that brown and black were the ugliest of all contrasts, I immediately ordered the blue to be replaced by brown face trimmings.

My husband, absorbed in the preparation of his "lecture" thought no more of the bonnet. The day we started we were behind time, and we barely caught the train, so that the full effect of my appearance did not dawn upon his astonished gaze until the cars were fully under way. To make matters worse, I had mounted a fur jacket, which I had also purchased at a bargain; and this jacket being clumsily put together, and much too large for me, gave me an appearance decidedly bearish.

My husband viewed me with astonishment, and said, in an intense whisper, "That bonnet! Where did you get it? Were it not for all these people, I would pitch it out the car window. And as for that jacket——" Here words failed him.

Of course, as usual, I was angry, forgetting that my husband's æsthetic sense made him suffer keenly whenever his eye rested upon me.

We reached our destination at last, All the professors were "so delighted" to meet my husband, etc., etc. But I could not but see that they eyed me askance, and in private the asked my better-half, "What part of England did your wife come from?" They could not understand how an American lady could make such an "object" of herself.

The eventful evening came, and all my wifely pride was aroused. Of course I secured a prominent place in the audience, selecting one where my husband could not fail to see me There was a large and intellectual assemblage, and my husband did remarkably well, at least at the commencement. But suddenly his gaze fell full upon me. He began to stammer and stutter. In vain he strove to avert his gaze. A dreadful fascination held him. He could not recover himself, and made a failure of what ought to have been, and would otherwise have been, the most learned lecture of the season.

As the audience slowly moved out, I had the mortification of hearing one say to the other, "What was the matter with the man? A truly remarkable lecture spoiled in the delivery."

And then, to cap the climax, I heard one of the professors, elegant in his evening toilet, declare to a lady beside him, in a vehement undertone, "How can you wonder? If I had such a shabby looking woman for a wife and saw her sitting so conspicuously, staring me out of countenance, I should have failed too."

My husband afterward confessed to me, that the "awful bonnet" was the cause of it all. He told me it had pursued him like a nightmare, from the moment he first beheld it, and as soon as he saw it in the lecture-room, it had confused his utterance, and tripped him up all the way through his lecture.

Since that unfortunate evening—as I now regard it—I am a changed woman, I buy no more "bargains." If my cap offends my Petsuchio, I abolish it. I study the laws of good taste—very nearly akin to those of good sense. I get honest opinions from trustworthy friends. I try to dress well, for I realize its importance. In short, I hope the day will presently come, when my husband, who has long ceased to speak of me as such, will no longer have occasion even to think of me as, "MY SHABBY WIFE."

The Standing of the Doctor.

Put a doctor in the midst of the wildest savages, and they will respect the "medicine man," when the lawyer's fluent sophistry and the preacher's pathetic eloquence would not gain them consideration, or even save them from death. When the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire, penetrated by internal decay, at last fell to pieces under the successive assaults of the Goths, and the Vandals, and the Huns, many thousand persons were, Gibbon tells us, taken captive and distributed through the deserts of Scythia; and it is interesting to note what the relative value of persons under these circumstances. "The skill of an eminent lawyer would excite only their contempt or their abhorrence. The vain sophist or grave philosopher, who had enjoyed the flattering applause of the schools, was mortified to find that his robust servant was a captive of more value and importance than himself. But the merit of the physician was received with universal favor and respect; the barbarians who despised death might be apprehensive of disease." So long as man deems it the most important thing in the world to him that he should go on living—and he does that uommonly as long as he is alive—so long will he hold in favor and esteem him whom he believes to be able to prevent or to mitigate the suffering of disease, and to keep at bay "the last enemy," death. It has always been so. "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him for the uses which ye may have for him, for the Lord hath created him."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A PECULIAR MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—On the wedding day in Borneo the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the city to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessing as lasting and health as vigorous may attend the pair. A cigar and betal leaf, prepared with the areca nut, are next put in the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and, in a long addrss to the Supreme Being, calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared siri leaf and cigar into the mouth of the bride, while she does the same to him whom she thus acknowledges as her husband.

A Stranger in Danbury.

He was a stranger in Danbury, and somewhat inebriated, we are sorry to say. Where he came from, and where he was going, were facts tat did not transpire while he was among us.—His first appearance was at the bank. There was an old man at the patrons' desk laboriously indosing a check. The stranger went up to him, and slapped him on the back, without ostentation. The old gentleman's pen was just in the act of completing the tour of the letter Z. The jar sent it up to the northwest corner of the paper, and thence drove it into the desk. The writer turned about in unmitigated astonishment.

"What do you want sir?" he demanded, with his spectacles reeling around on the end of his nose from the effect of the shock.

"I come to see about Taylor," said the stranger.

"Taylor? what Taylor?"

"Zach, of course; president, you know," explained the stranger, with an agreeable smile. "Lays down there now—not a stone to mark his grave, by Jinks!" and the strangers face suddenly grew serious.

"What do I know about that?" said the old gentleman, grabbing up the pen.

"A'n't you going to do anything about it?" demanded the stranger, catching hold of the desk to steady himself.

"Go way; you're drunk," pettishly exclaimed the old gentleman, discovering this and the horrid scratch on the check both at the same time.

"Drunk yourself, you ole fool," retorted Mr. Taylor's friend, looking about for the man who stood back of the counter when he came in. Not seeing him, however, he gave the old gentleman a cordial invitation to soak himself, and departed. The moment he got outside of the door, the cashier of the bank appeared from under the counter, and gazed absently at the ceiling.

The stranger next went into Morril's toy store. Mr. Morril, who is a thin, tall person, was endeavoring to sell a lady a horse and wagon artistically constructed of tin and elaborately colored

"Good afternoon," said he, with a merchant's seductive smile.

"How are ye?" responded the stranger. "are you the proprietor?"

"I am."

"Glad to see you. Will you just step one side a moment. I want to see you on special business."

Mr. Morril took the new comer to the end of the room, and then looked anxiously at him.

"You are nicely fixed here, I imagine," said the stranger peering around, "Dolls with yeller hair, painted dogs, primers etcettery. Did you ever think, that while you stood in the midst of all this glitter like a god in a barrel of ice cream, the grave of President Taylor has no stone to mark the spot?"

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Mr. Morril, nervously glancing toward the waiting lady, but "you spoke of a matter of importance."

"A'n't it a matter of importance that the grave of the illustrious dead should be hid away under weeds like a bag of stolen apples?"

"I know, sir," said Mr. Mooril, soothingly, "but you see I'm very busy just at present, and while I naturally feel deep interest in Mr. Trylor's affairs, still there's a lady here to purchase a horse and wagon."—

"Of course, you are a man of feeling," gracefully complied the stranger.—"Just gimme ten cents, and I'll see that Zach Taylor has an obelisk over mound before night."

"You'll have to excuse me." and Mr. Morril moved back to the lady.

A'n't you goin' to give me ten cents, you old shimp?" demanded the stranger, with an uncomfortable rise of his voice.

"What do you mean?" gasped the mortified and greatly astonished merchant.

"I want ten cents for the illustrious dead," yelled Mr. Taylor's friend.

"You go out of this store, or I'll put you out,," threatened Mr. Morril.

"You'll put me out, will you, old flat stomach?" derisively snorted the stranger.

"You'll pick me right up an' drop me in the gutter, I suppose, you old lath, and the grave of a president as bald as your skull, Gimme ten cents, I say, or I'll cut off your ears and shove youunder the door."

Mr. Morril was struck dumb with horror.

"By Godfrey!" suddenly ejaculated the stranger, smiting his forehead in a paroxyism of grief, "to think of Zach Taylor down there waiting for an obelisk—a little tiny obelisk—and his only authorized agent snapped up by two quarts of bones in borrowed clothes. I won't stay in a town like this. I won't stay a minute longer. I shall go back of some freight-house and break my heart, and be laid away with laurel and spices."

An hour later he was sitting on a plank in the lockup, waiting for a freight-house and laurel and spices to come along.—*Danbury News.*

Keeping the Tongue.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that, unintentionally, pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give it a false colring—to make a statement that may convey a meaning different from the truth, that we need to be on our guard. There are many who would shrink from telling a lie, yet who suffer themselves in such inaccurate or exaggerated or one-sided statements, that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the scripture method, "Go tell him of his faults, 'twixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a play-thing of even if the intent be not malicious.

To prevent sea-sickness—stay on shore.

To cure drunedness—drink cold water.

To keep out of jail—keep out of debt.

To please every body—mind your own business.

To preserve your appetite—keep out of the kitchen.

To allay hunger—eat a hearty supper.

SOCIETY is infected with rude, cynical and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom no public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight.—*Emerson.*

A lawyer and a parson were talking about which way the wind was. The former said:

"We go by the court house vane."

"And we," replied the parson, "go by the church vane."

"Well," said the lawyer, "in the matter of wind that is the best authority!"

The parson went home to cogitate.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to his audience of three, (as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed; but will be repeated to-morrow evening."

With every exertion, the best man can do only a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—*Washington Irving.*

It is cheerfull to know that wood fires are coming into fashion again. Most any woman can brandish a hickory log with more effect than she can hurl a chunk of anthracite coal.

There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.—*Aaron Hill.*

God gives food to every bird, put he does not bring it to the nest. in like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

Value the sympathy of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in sunshine.

Men exist for sake of one another. Teach them, then, to bear with one another.—*Marcus Antonius.*

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—*Hare.*

Modesty in a woman is like color in her cheek—decidely becoming if not put on.

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