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.

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

VOL. 29. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1877. NO. 31.

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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.

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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 Mitherless 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.

ALL IS VANITY.

O! but to turn and walk with thee
Thou friend, so faithful and so kind;
In some sequestered path, and leave
Life's dusty highway far behind!

To tread with thee some humble way,
That, rough and rugged though it be,
Should lead to sweeter, truer life
Than all my days have brought to me.

To climb the hill, to grope the pass,
To bear all burdens, strong and glad;
To leave this tinselled play and walk
In glorious work-day garments clad.

To live and love as those hearts may
Who dwell in peace at nature's feet;
To take the rude life of the hills,
And make it beautiful and sweet.

To hear the song of birds; to feel
The ruddy touch of mountain breeze;
To read the lessons of the books;
And find companionship in trees.

To know the blessed, tender calm
Of fireside hours; to laugh, to cry,
In joy, in grief; trusting God,
To love, and labor till we die.

Reward of Jealousy.

Feeling in a lively mood, this evening, I have concluded to write, for the edification of whoever may chance to read it, my experience in love. As you must know, I, like all others, was once young, and likewise had my love-dreams, and also my share of trials and tribulations relative to that distressing evil, jealousy.

Well, shortly after my return from college, I met and formed an attachment for Ethel Graves, a charming little brunette with large brown eyes fringed all around with jet lashes, the daughter of one of our neighbors, a wealthy Southern planter. Being neighbors, and our families being on good terms, we were constantly thrown together, and in due season my affections were made known, and, I am happy to announce, were fully appreciated; so we were betrothed after the usual fashion.

One evening, having called on my lady-love, there arose a question of which she had been teasing me to tell her, and having it in my power to tantalize her, I made use of the opportunity.

"Woman's curiosity," said I, with a shrug of my shoulders, "and feminine jealousy—"

"Nonsense!" retorted Ethel, coloring. "I suppose men are never curious or jealous either?"

"Never," quoth I, with a smile of calm superiority.

"Then you must tell me, Herbert?"

"I think, my dear, that your curiosity and the other emotion need a little dicipline."

Now why on earth I wanted to be so provoking, I can't tell; the natural perversity of man, most probably; for there was no other reason; I wanted to tease Ethel, so *I* withdrew into a veil of impenetrable mystery.

She did not say one word more, but turned quietly and left the room, and as she disappeared through the entrance I saw the downward flutter of a little slip of white paper from her dress; now whether it was dropped unintentionally or on purpose we will leave for the readers to guess. Instinctively I stooped to pick it up, and, as I stooped, I could not avoid reading the characters inscribed thereon in a clear, masculine chirography,—

"11,3——Clark and Newton. No disappointment this time, R. C."

I felt the crimson flush mounting to my temples as I read and re-read the mysterious words. "R. C." Didn't I remember that Robert Clark was Ethel's second cousin and a provokingly handsome fellow at that? Had I forgotten that people used to think what a "handsome couple" they would make, before I stepped into the ring? R. C., indeed! And I clenched my fist involuntarily as I crumpled the paper inside its grasp,

"What are you looking for, Ethel?"

She stood with one hand resting lightly on the door-knob, glancing uneasily round the room, while there was a guilty flush on her cheek.

"I—that is—have you seen a little slip of paper lying about?"

"No."

I uttered the falsehood with deliberate calmness, even while the tell-tale billet lay in my hands. So she was anxious about it. She didn't like the idea that I should have an insight into her little arrangements with R. C. Ah! false and fair—all women are alike.

"It must have been something very important," I remarked, as she hurriedly turned over the books on the table, still searching for the missing treasure.

"I suppose I have left it up stairs," she said artfully evading a direct answer. "You are not going, Herbert?"

"I am going, "Good-night."

Not until I was in my own room did I open and re-examine the odious little bit of paper. 11,3——of course the whole thing was as plain as daylight. To-day was the tenth of the month; it was simply an appointment for the morrow at three o'clock. I ground my teeth as the truth flashed across my brain. "No disappointment this time." I would have liked to challenge Robert Clark to mortal combat on the instant, were it not that duels were entirely out of fashion. What business had he to lay down law to my Ethel? But there was no consolation—Willie Newton was my old friend; he would not see me wronged, if he could help it, and I promptly resolved to appeal to Willie for aid and justice. I glanced at my watch; nine o'clock; too late to seek out Mr. Newton, who probably was at his country seat long before this. So I lighted the gas, and sat down to chew the cud of my own bitter meditations. The more I meditated on my injuries, the more furious I became, until, as the clock chimed midnight, I took my final resolve,

"I will not be made a fool of—I will cast her off as unworthy of my love, but will first possess myself of a clue to this mystery and accuse her boldly to her face.

So I went to bed, to dream fitfully all night of monster sheets of phosphorescent paper, with "R. C." dancing in scarlet fire all over their expanse.

* * * * * * *

"Is Mr. Newton in?"

Yes, Mr. Newton was in, and one of the clerks ushered me into the private office, where my friend, Willie sat looking over a huge pile of letters.

"Herbert Anderson! Sit down, old fellow, what good wind blows you here?"

He drew out a large arm-chair, but I declined it.

"Newton, I want you to do me a favor; will you?"

"Certainly, if I can."

I looked up at the clock; it wanted just fifteen minutes to three, and I hurriedly confided the whole story of my wrongs to Willie's honest breast.

"My dear fellow, I really think you are attaching too much importance to a mere trifle."

"A trifle!" I bit my lips until the blood came. "I think differently; and it's very easy to see you are not standing in my peculiar position, Newton."

"Shall I send for Clark? He is in the store, no doubt."

"You will do nothing of the sort."

"Well, then, what is it you require of me?"

"Listen; she will be here, probably at three, to—to see Clark."

"Well?"

"Where will he be likely to receive her?"

"In this room, I suppose."

"Is there no place where I can be an unseen listener to their conversation?"

"Why there is the wardrobe, but—"

"The very place," I exclaimed exultantly.

"Yes—but, Herbert wouldn't it be a mean thing to listen to what is not intended for your ears?" faltered Willie with some embarrassment.

"I don't care a fig whether its mean or not," retorted. "I'm in no state of mind, just now, to split hairs. If you are going to oblige me, say so; if not, I may as well go."

"Of course the room is at your service, Herbert, I am going out but that makes no difference. I hope you will discover that you are in error."

I smiled bitterly. I entertained no such hope. The clock struck three as Mr. Newton took his leave, and I hurriedly ensconsed myself in the wardrobe, with my head against Willie's business coat, and my other extremities in a perfect grave of linen dusters and obsolete pantaloons. Altogether, it was not an agreeable position; a wardrobe where one can just stand erect, with closed doors, on a hot evening in August, is not a very enviable place, But I would have endured anything then,

"How warm it is! In fact, it is getting decidedly tropical," I reflected, as I wiped the dew from my glowing forehead. "Why don't Ethel come, if she is coming?" And then I began to reflect on St. Bartholomew and his bed of hot coals, as I pushed the door a quarter of an inch open.

Hush—a footstep! I jerked the door to again, with an emphasis that made my prison-home sway in a sadly nervous condition, but it was only a clerk, sent for something, and I breath-freely once more—that is, as freely as it was possible to do under the circumstances. A thermometer would have stood at a hundred in this close atmosphere. I was streaming with perspiration; my hair was as wet as if I had stood in a summer shower—but I

spiracy between my Ethel and "R. C."

Four o'clock; Ethel must aave been detained; I could hear "R. C's." voice occasionally in the store; proof positive, *he* was on hand.

Five o'clock. Decidedly, this was getting rather monotonous; I was inclined to be very sleepy; but it would not do to yield to the blandishments of Morpheus. But my patience was not destined to go entirely unrewarded; just as I was about to give up in despair, there was a flutter of garments on my ear; the sound of Ethel's sweet, familiar voice.

"I'm so sorry I lost that memorandum, Robert!"

"It isn't of any consequence, Ethel, we will make it all straight. Let me see," said Robert reflectively, "you want it lined with crimson silk, with crimson cord and tassels. When do you want it finished?"

"By Thursday; its Herbert's birthday."

"I think I can promise it to you by that time, I was sorry to disappoint you before, but we really hadn't a bit of anything in the store that was at all appropriate. This material is elegant."

"Beautiful!" ejaculated Ethel.—How pleased Herbert will be!"

If there had been a crack in the bottom of that wardrobe, I most assuredly would have fallen through it, so exceedingly small did I feel.

"By the way, Ethel, in which direction are you going?"

"Home," she replied.

"Then I'll escort you; just wait half a second until I get my hat."

The blood in my veins seemed turned for a second to ice, and then again to fire. What a blockhead I was not to foresee this emergency! I held my breath and clung desperately to the inner handle of the wardrobe, as I felt Robert Clark's touch upon the outer.

"Why," soliloquized that young gentleman, "what on earth is the matter the door-handle? It won't turn;" and he gave it an energetic wrench, that defied all my efforts to impede its revolution.

The door stood open, and there I stood revealed, among the coats and dusters.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Clark, staring at me in blank astonishment. "I should like to know how you came here!"

My feelings at that moment can be better imagined than described. I knew there was no alternative but to step bravely forward and face the music, which I did accordingly. But I wasn't going to favor Clark with an explanation, so I turned somewhat sheepishly to Ethel, and, drawing the slip of paper from my pocket, placed it in her hand.

"I found that on the parlor floor last night, Ethel; it excited my curiosity, and I fancied all sorts of ridiculous things, and came here to—"

"To hide in a wardrobe," mischievously added Ethel. "Man's curiosity, and man's jealousy. I didn't know that two such emotions existed in the masculine mind."

"Now, Ethel," I appealed, most pitifully, at which that wretch, Clark, broke out in a laugh which grated harshly upon every nerve.

Ethel, seeing my dismay, promised not to mention the incident again; and, though she has long been my own Ethel, I have never heard her allude in any way to my jealousy.

An Anecdote of Rothschild.

A French pamphlet has this story of Baron Rothschild: During the trouble of 1848, the great financier was one morning at work when two citizens, very dirty, but burning with the ardor of fraternity, and armed to the teeth, entered his study, to which a stately butler had in vain attempted to bar the way. "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" demanded Rothschild, "This," they briefly replied, "you have millions. The people starve, You must share with us, or—" "Be it so," promptly responded the baron; "but first, what is the population of France?" "Thirty millions." "And what do you suppose is the amount of my fortune?" "Oh, we dare say you have one hundred and fifty million francs." "Very good. I accept your valuation. Divide 150 by 30, and you have five. Every person will then be entitled to five francs of my property. Here are ten francs for you two."

JUDGE HOAR once said of a lawyer: "He has reached the superlative of life. At first he sought to get on, and then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

A good action is its own reward; and it ought to be, for it seldom gets any other.

The Mean Man.

(*From The Cecil Democrat.*)

Mr. Editor—Coming across a short sermon with the above title, by an English author, whose name, however, is not given, I think it too good to be hid under a bushel. Of course, none of us who read THE DEMOCRAT are mean men; but then we all like to see his picture—it makes us so *comfortable* by the contrast; and when we can all thank God that we are not as the mean man is. But to the sermon.

SERMON.

The mean man.—Isaiah ii: 9.

The word *mean* is an expressive old Saxon word. When applied to a man, it signifies more than obscure or illiterate; it represents a contemptible, undignified, grovelling human being. A mean man is the exact opposite of a great man. The wonder Isaiah records is, that both these classes were engaged in the same debasing idolatry.

I. Let us speak *about* the mean man. We find him in all walks of life. On the thorn; in the hovel. Among titled nobility; among the lowest artisans. In commerce; in retirement. In the church; in the world.

One thing is noteworthy; find him where you will, he is known to be a mean man. It matters not what his station in life may be, there are the same indelible traits of character, he is as distinct from other men as the fox is from the hon.

We find this class of men among professing Christians; let us show how opposed their conduct is to the gospel.

1. *The mean man is reserved.* The gospel teaches frankness. Have we an enemy? We are to tell him of his faults and forgive the injuries he has done us. Do we see a brother err? We are to strive to win him back to the right way. The mean man secretly watches and bides his time to chuckle over the fallen one, saying, "I always thought he would come to this." Do we hear foolish or imprudent words? Our duty is kindly to rebuke; his plan is to treasure up the flippant or imprudent expressions, to drag them out to light some day for his own advantage.

2. *The mean man is designing.* He pushes his way in the world or the church by manœuvers, He often gains his end, but it is always such a success as no honest or high-souled man would rejoice over. His conquests are not those of the eagle, but rather those of the vulture. His end when gained is as offensive to the honest man as the vulture's carrion is to the eagle. The gospel teaches us to use noble and legitimate means; that our actions should be clear as noontide.

3. *The mean man is self-absorbed*;—ever thinks of his private interests rather than the public benefit. He does not ask when a subject is discussed, "Will this be for the welfare of others?" but "How will this affect me?"

The words benevolence, generosity, kindly sympathy, hearty co-operation, are not to be found in his vocabulary.

The gospel teaches that we should seek to bless others, as the next thing to honoring God. The apostle James declared the very essence of practical goodness in these words: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." —St. Jomes i: 27.

II. Let us speak *to* the mean man, (*i. e.* the man who belongs to the Christian community.)

1. *Know thyself.* Before a change can be effected, you must see the necessity of it. Contrast yourself with Christ; that is the best way to see our defects. There was nothing mean in Christ's ways or words. He had abundent opportunites to injure his enemies; but did he once? He who had power to blast the fig tree, prayed for his murderers. Christ was poor and friendless; few lived for him; but did He live for himself? Nay, He who fed thousands, hungered. Did Christ seek His own glory? or think only of his exigencies and sorrow? No! as he went to Gethsemane, He wept for Jerusalem. As He went to the cross He said, "Weep not for me."

2. *Know the harm you do.* What an enigma you are to your brethern! Think what a trial it is to them to witness those deeds of yours, which fully deserve, but they are so cunningly formed that they escape the discipline of the church. Think what a stumbling-block you are to young disciples.

3. *Know the amount of good you omit to do.* If your heart were enlarged and your hand freely opened, many widows and orphans in Isreal would bless you and God for deliverance from want. If your intriguing ceased, and earnest, gentle unaffected piety took its place, what peace might reign in Zion.

III. Let us *listen* to the mean man.

1. He says, "*I am not conscious of meanness; no one ever told me so.*"

Why? Because you would at once set to work to prove he was the mean and you the dignified man. You would make him your enemy for life. Your natural meanness of disposition would lead you to justify anything you do

2. Or he says, "*I am a professor of religion and have been so for many years. Has not my deportment been habitualy correct? Have I not uniformly attended to the means of grace? Has anyone heard unrighteous or unorthodox speeches from my lips?*" The Pharisee of old could say the same. Were *they* not mean?—Did not Christ call them "whited sepulchers?" In spite of all this self-control, this scrupulous attendance to outward appearance and chasteness of speech, there is about many professors *the air of insincerity.* It is impossible to respect them; one can not help fearing that they are hypocrites, though we can bring no substantial proof of their guile.

IV. Let us speak *for* the mean man.

1. *We must exercise charity concerning him.* Generally speaking, his meanness is the result of natural disposition, injurious training or lamentable ignorance. This does not jutify, although it extinuates, his acts. His character is so indefinite that many worthy people may associate with him, and, being blinded by hospitality of frienship, that they treat him as their equal, and he insensibly concludes he is so.

2. *We must pray for him.* That he may so apprehend the exalted nature of Christianity that he may exemplify its teaching. The grace of God, The power of the Holy Spirit, can affect him; therefore we need not despair.

3 *We should strive to judge him fairly.* While condemning his meanness, we should applaud his thrift, temperance, self-control, and perseverance.

This is hard work, but if we are far removed in character from him, we shall be very near in charity.

APPLICATION.—Strive to bless the mean man. This is greatness. How mean is the noblest man compared with Christ! Yet He came to save the meanest of us.

So much for "the mean man." After all, Mr. Editor, have not all of us a streak of meanness?—some of us two or three streaks? It seems to me that there is consideable meanness at "the Capital of the nation" just now, and among the, *dems*, I am afraid, as well as the *reps*,—to say nothing of the *demireps*, who are at the bottom of a good deal of meanness.

Let us renounce the mean man as a part of "the old man," and if we must have anything mean, let it be what the Irishman called "the middle extreme," but what his neighbor, the Scotchman said to me (when he and I took our meals at the same table, in Richmond, five and thirty years ago) could n't be:-"Middle extreme! There can't be any such thing; it's a contradiction in terms." He was a living exemplification of the truth of Sidney Smith's remark, that "you can't get a joke into a Scotchman's head without a surgical operation."

S.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A NEWSPAPER.—An exchange very appropriately says that a child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because it reads of names and things which are familiar, and it will progress accordingly. A newspaper, in one year, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is in connection with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its head, and having a immediate charge over children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is praced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are, of course, more considerate and more easily governed.

ENERGY and power result from a ceaseless looking forward in the hope of making to-morrow better than to-day.

Prosperity is a great teacher, adversity a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.

Life is a stormy and dangerous voyage. The vessel we start in—our cradle—is childhood's first rock.

Things done by halve are never well done. Why blame a man then for finding fault with his wife.

If a woman marries a proof-reader she must expect to ibe constantly corrected.

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