Denton Journal.

1847. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &c.,—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1878

VOL. 31. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1878. NO. 13.

The Denton Journal

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,

Editors and Proprietors.

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One Dollar Per Annum, in Advance

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Offers his services to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec21-y

DELAWARE & CHESAPEAKE
RAILWAY,

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT..

On and after Monday, Sept. 23, 1878,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE.	
Easton,	7.30 A. M.
Woodland,	7.45
Cordova,	7.55
Hillsborough,	8.10
Ridgely,	8.25
Greensborough,	8.45
Goldsborough,	9.00
Henderson,	9.15
Marydel,	9.25
Slaughters;	9.40
Kenton,	9.55
ARRIVE.	
Clayton,	10.10
Wilmington,	12.10 P. M.
Philadelphia,	1.45
Baltimore,	3.35
New York,	5.10

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE.	
New York,	8.25 P. M.
Baltimore,	6.50 A. M.
Philadelphir,	8.00
Wilmington,	9.15
Clayton,	11.20
Kenton,	11.35
Slaughter,	11.50
Marydel,	12.05 P. M
Hendeson,	12.15
Goldsborough,	12.30
Greensborough,	12.50
Ridgely,	1.05
Hillsborough,	1.20
Cordova,	1.35
Woodland,	1.45
ARRIVE.	
Easton,	2.00

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty minutes before of trains, otherwise they will have to lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL,
Superintendent.
sept28-tf.

INCORPORATED 1847.

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Insures Property Generally Against Loss by Fire.

INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY only pay the actual cost of the insurance, the balance being placed to their credit and interest allowed them.—Since its organization this Company has returned to its members, in Dividends, $88,38122, and has standing to the credit of its members $81,241.60 protecting their respective deposit notes during membership and payable to them on withdrawa from the Company.

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I will deliver and set up my work at the graves put good foundations under it and fasten properly for less than city prices.
nov24-y. B. TOMLINSON AGT.

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GUARANTEES to cure the most violent cases of Spavin, Ring-Bone, Cutting, Burning, Blistering or injury to the Hair and all other diseases of horses.
He can be found at his shop near the Brick Hotel, where he keeps on hand a large stock of first rate

Hand-Made HARNESS.
For Sale Cheap.
HARNESS REPAIRED, AND CARRIAGE TRIMMING DONE CHEAPLY.
☞ Also machine made harness at low figures.
Country produce taken in exchange for work.
apr20-

MILLINERY.
I have just opened a fine stock of
NEW MILLINERY
A
NCY GOODS,
and will sell cheap I invite the ladies to
Give me a Call,
Second door below the Postoffice.
MRS. R. A. SISK.
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AT his shops between Denton and Col. Carter's residence. Mr. Green guarantees to shoe horses so as to stop them from forging or interfering. If he fails to do this he will not charge anything. Call and see him at his residence near Col. Carter's, and you will find him the same accommodating Miles W. Green. [jan19-6m.

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Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Wetches, 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.
Nov25-mar30-tf. C. H. B.

Legal Notice.
The undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regular attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.
CLEMENT SULIVANE,
may25-y. Attorney at Law

DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To never slam that gate;

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly 10 last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things:)
O, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it
Will say our future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate!

For though it is all very true,
I wish that they would wait,
To canvass our affairs—until—
Well—pray don't slam that gate.

At least not now. But by and by,
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate!

The Twin Bracelets.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton. Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and my respect, but the money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush upon Hilton Grame's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words. Truly, with his frank, brown eyes his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed; but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke, his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you—

"Yes, yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself, that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died, Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home; and, after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her, if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here;" and, with a sudden fierceness, he added, "I want no woman here, to remind me of a past I hoped I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable old man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love. Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, commanding great wealth Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful.

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the love-light of her large eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years in Europe, and then returned here to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra, I gave to baby Anna. We were very popular being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were travelling, all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon which stirred to life when we returned. Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was a fool, a mad, jealous fool—for I stung a sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me!"

"Left you!"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarreling and reproach. She had taken her child, and would never return to me."

"Did she go to relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found my wife and child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying of consumption."

"And to become my second father."

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heartbroken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, travelled with you, made you my one interest in life. You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as I loved my baby-daughter, whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But now, Uncle George—can nothing be done now?"

"We have been here three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know my wife or child, I trust her to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp, and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that!" said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one hour to see if—

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then!"

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock till the hour should be over. He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over and over again that past, whose remorseless memories had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of the wild, fierce love that had been his curse.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable, as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly. "Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who and livehid society, and respected all its requirements? I lived an idle life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only thirty minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here!"

Suc even before the hour was over, Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this," Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table.

The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, litting his head, George Hilton asked, "Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but surely, in heaven she has forgiven you! She never spoke of you to her child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?"

"I know and love her. Did you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face it a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother, thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but I have sorrowed aud repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me.

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said, "My dear father."

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her own loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

Incident of Peter Cartwright.

Among the most notable of the American pioneer preachers was Peter Cartwright, who was born in Amherst Co., Va., in 1775, and died at Pleasant Plains, Ill., in 1872. when he was a child his parents removed to Kentucky, where about 1801, he was converted through the instrumentality of an itinerant preacher and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was ordained as a Deacon in 1806, and as Elder in 1808. In 1812 he was appointed Presiding Elder, and acted in that capacity sixty years; the last forty-five in Illinois Conference. During his ministry he received more than 10,000 members into the church, baptized more than 12,000 persons, and for thirty-three years preached, on an average, four sermons a week. His "Fifty Years a Presiding Elder," and his "Autobiography," edited by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D. D. are a perfect storehouse of characteristic anecdotes and reminiscences. Among these we find the following:

One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening if he ever had to ferry him across and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversotion and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now, I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferrymen to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman

"Well, you've just been using my name improper-like; and you said if ever I came this was, you would drown me. Now you've got a chance.

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright." Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman and holding him by the nap of the neck, plunged him into the water, saying:

"I baptized thee [splash] in the name of Satan, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter asked:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then its time you did."

"I'll do no such thing!" answered the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman was in the depth again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter. The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do anything you bid me!"

"Then follow me—'Our Father which art in heaven," etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go!"

"Not yet," said Peter. "You must make me three promises: 1st, that you will repeat that prayer, morning and evening, as long as you live; 2d, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and 3d, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do pou promise and vow?"

"I promise,' said the ferryman; and strange to say that very man became a shining light in the church.

A Big Mistake.

Recently our church had a new minister. He is a nice, good, sociable gentleman; but being from a distant State of course he was totally unacquainted with our people.

Therefore it happened that during his pastoral calls he made several ludicrous blunders.

One of them is as follows:

The other evening he called upon Mrs. Hadden, she had just lost her husband, and naturally supposed that his visit was relative to the sad occurrence.

So, after a few common-places had been exchanged, she was not at all surprised to hear him remark:

"It was a sad bereavement, was it not, Mrs. Hadden"

"Yes," faltered the widow.

"Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; never dreamed of it."

"He died in the stable, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, in the house."

"Oh—well, I suppose you must have thought a good deal of him."

"Of course, sir"—this with a vim.

The minister looked rather surprised, crossed his legs and renewed the conversation.

"Blind staggers was the disease, I believe?" he said.

"No, sir," snapped the widow, "apoplexy."

"Indeed; you must have fed him too much."

"He was always capable of feeding himself, sir."

"Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard didn't he."

"He did."

"You had to hit him on the head with an ax to put him out of his misery, I am told."

Mrs. Hadden's eyes snapped fire.

"Whoever told you did not speak the truth," she haughtily answered. "James died naturally."

"Yes," replied the minister, in a slightly perplexed tone, "he kicked the side of the barn down in his last agonies did he not?"

"No, sir, he didn't."

"Well, I have been misinformed, I suppose. How old was he?"

"Thirty-five."

"Then he did not do much active work. Perhaps you are better without him, for you con easily supply his place with another."

"Never, sir—never will I see one as good as he."

"Oh, yes you will. He had the heaves bad, you know.,'

"Nothing of the kind."

"Why, I recollect I saw him, one day, with you on his back. and I distinctly recollect that he had the heaves, and walked as if he had the string halt."

Mrs. Hadden stared at her reverend visitor as if she imagined he was crazy.

"He never could have had the string halt, for he had a cork leg!" she returned.

"A cork leg!—remarkable. But really didn't he have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking a wagon all to pieces?"

"Never, he was not a madman, sir."

"Probably not. But there was some good points about him."

"I should think so!"

"The way in which he carried his ears for example."

"Nobody else ever noticed that particular merit," said the widow, with much asperity; he was warm-hearted, generous and frank."

"Good qualities," answered he, unconsciously. "How long did it take him to go a mile?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Not much of a goer. Wasn't his hair apt to fly?"

"He didn't have any hair. He was baldheaded."

Dare Not Deny It.

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for, to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well his obtuscated condition would permit. He counted: "One two, three;" then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering; "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private:"

"DEAR DOCTOR: You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit"(a ten-pound note),"and do not, I entreat of your breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what the matter was with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition.

A SEA LAWYER.—What we call a 'sea lawyer, says an old ship owner, is a sailor who has developed a morbid fancy for the building up of a system of personal rights as assured to him by law, and a wicked ingenuity in making opportunities for self-demonstration. He has studied it all, and knows to a nicety just how far he can go to tantalize and madden his officers without overstepping, by so much a hair's breadth, the exact line of legal safety. Such a thing is a terror on ship-board. He is eternally coming into collision with the officers and inciting other men to do so. It is no wonder if, sometimes, he has grounds for an action for damages when he gets into port. But it is hardly possible that he cannot find some excuse for a suit. Litigation is to him as the breath of his nostrils, and there is no need of his ally, the sailor's lawyer, to send runners to hunt him up when he gets on shore.

SOCIAL DISHONOR.—Gossip entails on those who encourage it absolute dishonor—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promises of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential, if happily a nigh sense of honor were the rule. It is odd that one of the best things a boy learns at school is to eschew tale-bearing and keep faith with his companions, while one of the most common practices of society is to betray the trust contained in talk, and repeat to all what has been told in implied confidence to one. This habit of repeating what we hear is as fatal to the best intercourse of minds as to the finer feelings of integrity.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "I tenderly love a beautiful girl who lives back near the hill in the house with the new porch. Can any one tell me what will take fresh paint stains out of the foundation of a pair of broadcloth pants?"

A WIDOWER had five grown daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross his door sill. If he can't marry, the girls shan't, he says.

THE disproportion between the weight of a small boy and the noise of his boot-heels as he walks out of church at the quietest moment, is a curious problem in dynamics.

A celebrated poet advertised that he would supply "lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted a "line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones.

A waste of 't'—putting it in depot.

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