DENTON JOURNAL.

1846. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1883.

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1883. NO. 12.

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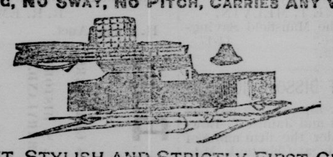

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Sometime.

O, longing heart that will not rest
Beneath the shadow Fate is casting;
May hope fulfil thy fond request,
And give thee light undimmed and lasting.
Not now; perhaps it is too soon;
And yet the bud may be unfolding;
The morn must grow into the noon
Ere its fruition, while beholding
We shall confess with joy sublime
That bliss we hoped to tell sometime

A promised blessing to bestow,
The dearest wish of love deferring—
Intended good is always slow—
Our selfish ends and aims preferring
A waiting heart is growing faint,
And tearful eyes for us are grieving:
They watch the advent of a saint,
But now are faithless, unbelieving.
"Sometimes," those lips we love declare,
"He surely will receive my prayer."

The present may be overcast
And veil the brightness far boyond;
The future must oushine the past,
So quick to hope our hearts respond.
The morrow will eclipse today,
It lures us on and nerves our heart;
For what we have we never pray,
But that new gifts he will impart.
We hope that sometimes all will end
As yearning souls forever tend.

These hearts of ours that seem so strong,
In each a tender chord is hidden
That waits the master touch how long!
To wake its strains as if unbidden,
They know not what of life is best
While dormant, tuneless, cold, unmated;
Love thrills to life, and gives them zest,
And yet their hunger is unsated.
So waits each heart with faith sublime.
And murmur to itself, "sometime."

Yet what were life without this thought,
That present strife will end inpeace!
The fairst germ would pass for naught
If with the bud its life should cease.
And what were all our jeweled days
Of past and present brightly blending,
If through life's future, unknown maze
Hope failed to promise brighter?
And so our hearts, in secret, say,
"Sometime will dawn a brighter day!"

SPOOPENDYKE ON SCRIPTURE.

A Text from Exodus Found in Corinthians.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, glancing up from the letter she was writing, and pressing the nib of the pen on her thumb nail to see why it didn't work any better. "Say, my dear, do you know where to find that text, 'For the unbelieving husband is sanctified in his wife?'"

"In Exodus, isn't it?" replied Mr. Spoopendyke. "It sounds like Exodus. Where's the Bible?"

"I was looking for it to-day," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, getting up and preparing for another search. "I don't think it is in Exodus, because it sounds like Paul. I think some one must have stolen the Bible, for I haven't seen it since we came from the country."

"That's kind of curious," soliloquized Mr. Spoopendyke, arrousing himself to assist in the investigation. "I don't know who would want to steal a Bible. Don't you remember where you put it? Think it's in here?" and Mr. Spoopendyke upset the bandbox containing his wife's new hat, and then made a lunge for the fancy coal-scuttle behind the stove. "You had it last, what did you do with it?"

"It wouldn't be apt to get in there, would it?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, trying to divert his attention by rattling the vases on the bureau.

"If it's the orthordox Bible, it's liable to penetrate anywhere and everywhere!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, abandoning the scuttle and making a dive for the button bag. "Strikes me that Bible is keeping pretty quiet for the Word," he ruminated as he tipped the buttons out on the floor and darted across the room to try the bureau drawers. "Be in a fine fix if a minister should happen to drop in now and ask for family worship. Have to tell him to go on his recollection or start a new theory of his own," and Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the shams off the bed and then got down on his hands and knees to look under it. "I'll bet a hat it's where I said it was."

"Where's that, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, supposing he had found the Bible.

"In Exodus," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, wiping the ornaments off the mantelpiece and looking behind the clock. "Can't you remember what I say from one moment to another? If you had any memory, with your habits of classification, you'd only need the coat of arms of all nations and a little more incoherence to be a first rate dictionery! I don't know though," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, ruminating on this proposition while he tore the things out of the wardrobe. "I don't know but what you would have to get a new binding and have your sides marblized. You don't suppose that Bible got lonely and went off into the country on its own hook, do you?"

"I'm sure I don't know," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I can't imagine how it would do a thing like that. I think it is only mislaid. We'll find it."

"Well, I should remark! replied Mr. Spoopendyke, without meaning the slightest irreverence. "There may be only one small fish or a crust of the bread left, but we'll find what there is before we go to bed! Unless that Bible's gone to get itself revised there'll be no sleep in Spoopendyke's apartments until we lay our hands lovingly on that dear family Bible! Maybe it's hid under the half-bushel," and he capsized the waste paper basket and scattered the contents over the room.

"I don't know but what it is in Exodus," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, with her finger in her mouth. "Now I come to think it over, I'm sure it's in Exodus, so you needn't look for it any more."

"I know it's in Exodus," said Mr. Spoopendyke, kicking his wife's work-basket across the floor and turning the contents over with the toe of his boot. "But I'm going to find out which end of Exodus it is in before I go to business again! How do you suppose any one's to know when we were married or when the baby was born or when we died if we don't find that Bible! Think I'm going through life without a Bible to refer to when I'm lonely and depressed? Got some kind of notion because I'm good and pious that religion comes natural to me, haven't ye? Well, it don't. I've got to keep posted just as well as any one else! Where's that Bible?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, rising in wrath as the book seemed to evade his search. "What's become of the pious injunctions of my youth? How'm I going to be able to tell Solomon's wives from the rest of the family unless I have the book before me? Where's my Maccabees and my Zaccheus? Where are the friends of my boyhood?" and then Mr. Spoopendyke straightened up in the middle of the room and glared at his wife as though she had inflicted on him a mortal injury.

"They're been dead some time," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, who always took everything literally. "Anyway, you don't care about them to-night."

"And my Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah and his brethren! Where are they? Suppose some fellow asks me to-morrow who Judah's brethren begat, what am I to say? What're ye standing there for, looking like a hole in the fence? Think that helps you any?"

"Say, dear," commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke, "don't you remember the night you and Mr. Specklewottle got into a dispute as to whether the prodigal son was thrown into the pit, or was the one whose ear Peter cut off for hiding his talents in a napkin? I haven't seen the Bible since then. You had it out, and when you got through you put it in your silk hat, and here it is now!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke held up the missing volume, her face wreathed in smiles of delight that things had not been any worse.

"Found it, didn't you?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, snatching the book out of her hands. "Another time, when I get through with it, you remember what I do with it. Now let's find that measly text you were so anxious about." And Mr. Spoopendyke pored through Exodus and then laid down the book in disgust. "There's no such thing in the Bible," he said. I knew there wasn't all the time, but I wanted to prove it to you."

"Let me look," suggested Mrs Spoopendyke, and, turning to 1 Corinthians vii., 14, she found and read it to him. "I had an idea it was in some of Paul's writings," she remarked as she shut the book and put it away.

"That's what you always have!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, enraged by his defeat. "If you should ever run short of ideas you'd be a comparatively smart woman. Some day I'm going to put a spiggot in your dod gasted mouth and start a public school with you, unless I change my mind and conclude to open a branch college for the preparation of married women for the lunatic asylum!" and immensely pleased with this business outlook, Mr. Spoopendyke dropped his clothes in the middle of the floor for his wife to pick up and tumbled into bed.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she took down her back hair and screwed herself around to see if it reached to her waist. "I don't care. He can poke fun at me all he likes, and he can upset everything in the house, but I know that Mrs. Specklewottle wears a switch, and she can deny it all she wants to, she can't deceive me," and with this consolatory reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke popped into bed, and after thinking for awhile got up and pottered around in the dark, putting the room in order in case anything should happen to herself or husband during the night.

BESSY'S LIFE ROPE.

Steeple Jack, who was celebrated for working on high steeples, had a daughter named Bessy, who had much of the fearless, adventurous spirit of her father, and would carry up his dinner to the dizziest heights without trembling. She seemed to feel as safe as a bird, and would stand at the edge of the loftiest scaffold, amusing herself by scattering bits of paper in the air, laughing to see her little pigeons fly, for so she called them.

Once upon a time a flash of lightning struck the Rempton spire and displaced the cross and globe which surmounted it, also doing great damage to the upper courses of fine stone; and Steeple Jack had to repair it. This he did by ascending the tower as high as the bell chamber, then placing ladders within the hallow of the spire, until the highest loopholes were reached, through which braces were put crosswise. On them a slight flooring was laid, which supported two light ladders reaching up to the ball. Day after day Bessy climbed, with her father's dinner slunk in a hankerchief to this aerial scaffold. It was only by calling her "Bet," which was her father's way of showing earnest displeasure, that she was prevented from scaling the slender ladders which went still higher.

At length the job was completed. A new copper ball brightly gilded, superseded the old one, and a glittering cross surmounted the graceful steeple. Jack had done his work so well that the vicar and church wardens, in addition to his pay, presenthim with a new coat, vest and and hat; and a sort of village fete was held in honor of the occasion. Drinking one night at the Red Lion, Jack had bragged that he would put these clothes on top of the ball; and he was not a man to risk being twitted for cowardice from not making his rash promise good.

This intention of Jack's got abroad on the fete day, and quite a crowd from the adjacent villages and farms gathered to witness the exploit. Jack's wife was away working alone at a farm house some two miles from the village, and Bessy had accompanied her, for the mother knew her husband would in all probability spend the day drinking and dissipation and she did all she could to conceal his evil habits from the little maiden.

With the bundle of clothes in his hand, Jack started up the tower, the crowd eagerly watching him until he emerged from the loophole on the scaffold. He came out, and pulling off his old hat flung it down among the people, then taking a rope, in which he had made a noose, in his hand, he ascended the ladders. Flinging the rope over ball the noose passed around the cross; and tighteng it, Jack managed to get beyond its bulge, which projected over the acoriated final of the steeple, and stood on the very top of the cross, while the huzzas of the crowd below came up to him like the buzzing of bees to the elevated region of his proud ambition.

By some unlucky accident, while Jack was divesting himself of his old jacket and vest, having made his bundle safe on one of the arms of the cross, the noose of the rope slackened and the noose slipped over the ball, leaving him without any possible means of overcoming its rotundity. A cry of horror made Jack look down, and he at once understood the desperation of his position. His pride was humbled, and a vertigo seized his brain, and he would have fallen had not he clutched the cross. What was to be done? Among the whole crowd there was not one with sufficient courage even to brave the scaffold much less to mount the tottering ladders which led from it to the apex of the steeple.

Concentrating all his energies into one shriek of agony, Jack exclaimed, "Send for Bessie!"

There was a movement in the crowd; and soon a farmer in his buggy drove off to Dawson's in haste for the daughter of the entrapped steeple climber.

What an hour of waiting was that? When Bessie arrived she showed no fear, but, taking on her little arm a coil of rope she passed through the crowd, which readily made way, and ascended the stairs. Soon her graceful form was seen upon the scaffold; and without a moment's hesitation she ascended the ladders. Standing on the topmast round, with one arm passed around the slender stone work, she flung the rope. Jack clutched it, and the little maiden descended the steps. All the danger was over. Jack made the rope fast, and was soon on the scaffold, while a shout of joy rose from the people below.

Poor little Bessy could not understand that she had done anything wonderful; but she embraced her father, and putting her face to his begged him to thank God for his safety.

Jack was never seen at Red Lion again.

This was many years ago; but, should any of you visit Rempton, you will see a fragment of a line swinging in the breeze from the now tarnished cross surmounting the steeple, and among the simple peasantry it goes by the name of "Bessy's Life Rope."

When a giraffe wants a drink he knows what a long felt want is.

Why is a leaky tub like a poor rule? Because it doesn't hold good.

Said an English peer, amid the Pyramids: "I see that here mummy's the word."

A mis is a Japenes measure of about 1,500 yards long. This is a mis that is very nearly as good as a mile.

"I fill the Bill," said Willie when he got into his mother's preserve closet. "And I foot the Bill," remarked papa, overhearing the soliloquy.

It isn't a great ways to the end of a cat's nose but it is fur to the end of her tail.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.-Richter.

Country Schools.

In country districts school life has many more exposures to unhealthy influences than are suffered in towns and cities. For example, it is no uncommon experience for some of the children to walk two or three miles,—sometimes double that distance—every day they attend school; and, when the weather is wet and the roads muddy, they are frequently compelled to enter their classes with cold feet and damp clothing and remain in that chilly, uncomfortable condition until the period of recess arrives, or, may be, until their return home in the evening. In winter when the roads are icy and slippery, or when the ground is covered with snow, and travel on foot most disagreeable and fatiguing, those who have long distances to walk must hurry their footsteps to escape being tardy in their appearance at roll-call, and, when they enter their classes, are all aglow and perspiring. In that condition they take their seats, soon feel chilly and are too sleepy and stupid to take interest in the lessons. At noon, when the hour for dinner arrives, they eat hurriedly the cold food contained in their little baskets and buckets, but not usually with as sharp appetite and good digestion as when they at home. Immediately after dinner they engage too vigorously in all sorts of play—running, jumping, "chasing the fox," base ball and various other fatiguing and relaxing exercises—so that by the time of the call "to books!" they are as tired and indisposed to study as when they reached school in the morning. Then, after dismissal in the evening, they are again tired out by the walk home, and thus they are more or less exposed to unhealthy influences every day during the school term.

The management of country schools should provide special accommodations for the relief and comfort o children who come with damp clothing and wet feet. This can be easily accomplished in a well appointed reception room for each sex, where should always be kept on hand and and ready for use a sufficient number of pairs of shoes and stockings of different sizes, also several warm wraps with which to clothe and warm the tenderest of the exposed pupils until their own shoes and stockings are dry enough to put on and they are ready to enter their classes.

Parents who are able to do so ought to be encouraged to supply the school store room with an extra suit of clothing for each child they send, and no doubt in every community there could be enough subscriptions gathered from humane, well-to-do persons and families to meet the wants and needs of the poorer children at school whose wardrobes are already too scantily provided to afford them comfort and proper protection in cold weather. Nowadays, however, rubber shoes, gossamer circulars and gum coats have become so cheap it would seem that even the poorest families should be able to provide such articles of protection for their children.—J. E. Reeves, M. D., before the Public Health Association.

The Trade Dollar.

Our special advices from Washington clearly foreshadow the forthcoming recommendations of Secretary Folger about solving the trade dollar problem. He will insist that the government shall keep faith with the people and retire the boycotted coin at par and recoin it into standard dollars without increasing the volume of the latter. In other words, he will propose that the trade dollars be bought as bullion, standard dollar for trade dollar, and used as bullion in coining the standards as now required by law. That is the obviously just solution of the difficulty.

As is stated in our Washington dispatches, opposition will come from two quarters. The bullion ring that has forced the coinage of millions of standard dollars which are not wanted will object to the Government buying back its own trade dollar bullion, instead of buying the bullion of the bullion kings; and they are a powerful organization in both the Senate and House of Representatives. And as Congress cannot consent to increase the present coinage of standard dollars, the proposition of Secretary Folger will come in direct conflict with the bullion speculators. Protest will also come against the retirement of trade dollars at par from many who believe that the trade dollars are held by speculators who hope for ten or fifteen per cent. profit by their redemption. These will be the lions in the path of the just retirement of the trade dollars.

But the government should perform its duty and maintain its faith regardless of the interests of bullion rings, or accidental speculation in any quarter. Speculation will profit to somh extent by the proper retirement of the trade dollar, but injustice should not be inflicted upon honest citizens to hinder possible profits of speculators. It is obviously right that the trade dollar should be retired by exchange for standards at par, and that no increase of the coinage of the standards should follow. We are now coining millions of standard dolars more than we need or can use, and it should be diminished rather than increased.—Phila. Times.

"What a fine, open countenance you have," said Jonah when he was first introduced to the whale.

A fighting girl—Hittie Maginne.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.

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