DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 188□.

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1884. NO. 22.

HEADQUARTERS

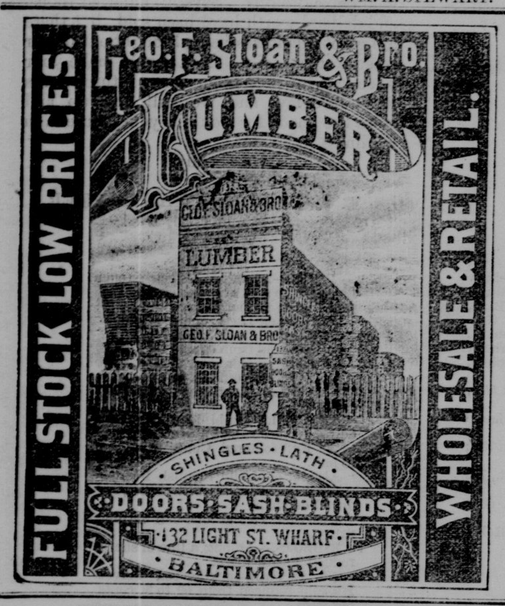
'TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.'

HAVE DETERMINED NOT TO BE OUTDONE IN PRICES on anything that I have in my store. I think I have the cheapest line of

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHO

ever offered in Denton, and it will be to the advantage of any one needing goods in that line to call and see me. If I cannot fit you I can take your measure and get what you want at short notice. I have also a complete line of Staple Dry Goods which I am selling at Bottom Figures; also, Hats and Caps, of latest styles. ☞Groceries, Queensware, and as good a stock of Confectioneries as ever. By your fruit cake goods now, and look out for my Christmas advertisement.

11 17 WM. A. STEWART.



SUITS

—FOR—

Men, Boys & Children

LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS FROM $5 to $25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount allowed to clergymen.

NOAH WALKER & CO.,
21 165 and 167 W. Baltimore Street.

HARDWARE

Complete Stock always on Hand.

EVITTS & HOLBROOK,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

MACHINERY

All Kinds and Best Manufacture.

Wheeler Transportation Line

—FOR—

CHOPTANK RIVER.

STEAMER

Minnie Wheeler.

On and after Monday April 1, 1883, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., touching at the following landings on Tuchahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Cowads Point, Reese Landing, Ganey's McCarter's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Medford's Wharf, See's Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.20 A. M., Medfords Wharf at 4 and Secretary at 6 P. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 5, Light St. Wharf, Baltimore every Tuesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock P. M. touching at the above wharves.

Freight received at Pier 5 every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 P. M. All freights must be prepaid in Baltimore.

R. G. STEVENS, Agt., Potter's Landing. Agts. in Baltimore, EMORY & SEAVITT, 83 South Street.
n 14

BRICK HOTEL

—AND—

LIVERY STABLE,

GREENSBORO' - Maryland.

WM. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

RATES REDUCED—Per day $1 25; per week $4 to $5.

Carriage meets every train, free for guests

Jas. Parnell,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

DENTON, MD.

SUITS for gentlemen cut and made to order. Trimmings furnished when desired.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

THAWLEY & GHINGHER,

BUTCHERS,

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,
THURSDAYS and
SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

J. H. Coulbourn,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANT IN BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, LIVE STOCK, FRUIT, PRODUCE, FISH, ETC.

256 North Front St., Philadelphia.

REFERENCES.

P. W. Downes, President Denton National Bank J. B. Steele, Register of Wills, Denton, Md. L. H. Gadd, Clerk Circuit Court, Caroline county. Wm G. Horsey, Vice President Denton National Bank Col. Richard C. Carter, Col. J. W. Bryant, State's Attorney, Denton, Md., Hon. J. M. Wooters, Cordova, Md. Jas. W. Holt, Hillsboro, Md. Hon Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del. Michael Colbourn, Seaford, Del. Shull, Wireback, & Co., Wholesale Grocers, 14 South Front Street, Philadelphia. Wm. Fell, Proprietor Eagle Hotel Georgetown Del. Charles Williamson, Ex-Sheriff Kent count Del. 10 8 tf.)

VOSHELL HOUSE,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.

ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.

NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
PIET'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
KERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHARF'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

JOHN B. PIET & CO.
PUBLISHERS, BALTIMORE.

Catalogue Mailed on Application.

IMPROVED DRIVE WELLS

A FULL and unfailing supply of good water guaranteed, or no pay. For terms address

M. L. BLANCHARD,
P. O. Box 44. Bridgeville, Del.

Denton Restaurant.

A. WILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR.

—:o:—

Oysters in every style served up in first class order. Chicken, Ham, Beefsteak, Eggs, &c., furnished at all hours. A square meal of everything for 50 cents., or a smaller quantity at half the cost. Pleasant dining rooms, clean and airy. Families supplied with oysters. Restaurant nearly opposite Hardware store, up stairs. 12 15 6m.

T. DAWSON LARRIMORE,

SUCCESSOR TO

J. J. JUMP & CO.

EASTON MD.

Pantry School.

I'm thinking of the school-house, Ned,
Where, sitting side by side,
We studied Webster's spelling-book,
And laughed o'er Gilpin's ride;
And traded jack-knives now and then,
When not engaged in play,
And got our jackets nicely warmed—
How often I'll not say.

I'm thinking of the roadside green,
Of every tree and nook—
And how in sultry hours of noon
We swam in Pantry Brook;
And when upon the casement came
The ruler's tattoo loud,
How each of us in passing in
Took off his hat and bowed.

I'm thinking of the benches rude,
And desks, so broad and steep,
On which we left our autographs,
In letters wide and deep;
And of my first new writing book,
Without a stain or spot,
So soon adorned on every page
With many an off-hand blot.

I'm thinking of the old slough, Ned,
Whose waters dark and cool
So often laved our sunburnt feet
While on the way to school;
On whose warm rim the tadpoles lay
In spring-time many a score,
While golden lilies richly bloomed
In summer near the shore.

I'm thinking of the forests hoar
Where firs and cedars grew,
And tired feet sank in mosses damp
While hunting gum to chew;
And of the pleasant meadows where,
On many a scattered tree,
The red-winged blackbird sang in spring
His love song, "quonk-a-ree."

I'm thinking of the hour-glass, Ned,
With sands so white and fine,
On which our teacher smiling gazed
As neared the hour to dine;
But I feel my sands are wasting, Ned,
For often the children say,
While fondling upon my knee:
"Papa, you're growing gray."

The Way of the Rain.

I heard an old farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide, new country far away,
The rainfall follows the plow.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free,
And the tillage is begun,

"The earth grows mellow; and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before
When its face was hard and dry.

And so, wherever the plowshares run
The clouds run overhead;
And the soil that works, and lets in the sun
With water is always fed."

I wonder if that old farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message that, heavenly true,
Within it was hidden and heard?

It fell on my ear by chance that day;
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plow.

One Touch of Nature.

Out there along the hillside were the pauper graves.

Over the meadow, through the beaten path, the sad procession took its way.

Upon the shoulders of four stout men the plain, rude coffin was carried.

Back of the bearers limped a poorly-clad, decrepit old man. Upon his seamed face was that look of woe which comes when the pall of death falls and enshrouds the mourner with its sombre hue.

The last sad words were said, the last clod was packed down.

Back through the meadow path the people wended their way—all but the old man, the chief mourner, the sorest afflicted of all.

By the side of the newly-made mound he stands; his hat lay upon the ground at his feet; his wrinkled hands were clasped together upon his breast; the soft summer breezes stirred his long, silvery locks about his face. In the West the roseate tinge of the sunset rested along the horizon, painting rich pictures upon the flushed sky.

He was quiet, sad and sorrowful, and the bereaved old man standing there with his silver locks tossing about his face was the picture of woe personified.

He stood there silent and unmoved until the evening shadows fell. And then when the sky in the West lost its rosy hue and turned to dull gray he uttered softly as he bent to pick his hat up:

"Sleep, rest, peace at last."

Back through the meadow path he limped, through the wide doorway of the almshouse he passed, into a small room situated in the quietest wing of the abode of poverty he disappeared.

The moonlight falls upon the newly-made mound over there on the hill-side; a pair of age-dimmed eyes peer forth from the window pane and locates the mound, underneath which lies—all, all. Then, tremulous lips utter in soft whispers as the old man turns to his bed:

"Sleep, rest, peace at last."

Every morning and evening the sad old man went and stood by the grave; and when he would turn to retrace his steps back to the almshouse, he would softly whisper:

"Sleep, rest, peace at last."

Who is he? What is he?

Within two hours' drive from the almshouse stands a fine country residence surrounded by rich farming land.

Some years ago a person upon passing in the summer time might see a ruddy-faced lad out in the door-yard playing among the buttercups and daisies. Time passed on and the lad grew up, and went away from the devoted hearts whose best earthly joy was—their boy.

In the city, among the noise and bustle, he made his way. He won wealth and a fine, handsome, aristocratic bride. Then the music of the childish prattle filled the grandparents' home, as the city elfs came to spend the hot summer months in the country.

And then the impending ruin and disaster came, and to save the son's honor and credit the old people gave up their dear home.

They went to the city to live with their son. They did not stay long, for their plain, old-fashioned ways were out of place in the fine city mansion. The son's wife was proud, and the old people were in the way.

And then when the son, he whose honor and credit they had saved by sacrificing home and farm, turned against them and would not listen to the whispers of outraged conscience, the old pair went to the only door opened to welcome them—the almshouse door.

That is all, and enough. Lips that begged for grandpa were hushed by stern looks from mother and father. Hearts that were warm with love for children had no care for the sad old couple who passed the long days and nights in the almshouse, almost in sight of the beautiful homestead which had saved a man's honor and credit.

Night and morning the sad old man visited the grave of his sleeping companion. When the autumn leaves in all their glory fell and covered the mound, with trembling hands the old man would clear them away. One chilly evening he did not return to the almshouse. They went after him and there, lying over the grave with his silvery hair drifted about the seamed face, which bore finally a calm, satisfied expression, they found him. "Sleep, rest, peace at last."

Wanted a Divorce.

A few days ago a middle-aged man walked into the office of a prominent Newport attorney and took a seat, when the following conversation took place:

"I called in to see about gittin' a divorce from my wife."

"Ah; what seems to be the difficulty?"

"Well, me and Jinny are always quarrelling, and think it would be better if she would go back to her folks and I stay where I am. She kin take the three children with her."

"On what grounds do you want a divorce?"

"Well, you see it's jist this way: Jinn's the most skeerist woman of tramps ye ever seed, and so when we goes up-stairs ter bed she allus wants me ter look under the bed fur a man, when I know ther' ain't no man thar. So yer see that riles me and I get mad, and then she gets mad, and then there's a fuss, and I can't get no sleep, and I'm a hard-working man."

"You can't get a divorce on those grounds, sir."

"I can't?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I know what I'll do. I'll go home and saw the legs of the bed close up so a man can't git under. Ef I had thought of that sooner I might hev saved all this time in comin' in here."—Kentucky State Journal.

It Makes a Difference.

"So you have been fighting again on your way home from school?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Didn't I tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?"

"Yes, pa, but—"

"No excuses, sir! You probably provoked the quarrel!"

"Oh, no! no! He cussed me!"

"What of it? When a boy cusses you walk along about your business. Take off that coat!"

"But he didn't cuss me!"

"Oh, he didn't? Take off that vest!"

"When he cussed me I never looked at him, but when he pitched into you I—I had to fight!"

"What? Did he call me names?"

"Lots of 'em, father! He said you lied to your constituents, and went back on the caucus and had—!"

"William, put on your coat and vest and here's a nickel to buy peanuts. I don't want you to come up a slugger, and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I ever bolted a regular nomination or went back on my end of the ward, don't be afraid to sail in."

A Rhyme.

We stood in sunset's fitful glow,
That made the hair all golden,
Of Mary Ann, a maiden fair,
(And also somewhat olden;)

Upon my shoulder sank her head,
Her cheeks were slightly rosy,
Her eyes, of heaven's softest blue,
Hid 'neath the lids so cozy.

I glued my lips unto her own,
Squoze till I feared I'd crack her,
She murmured softly, "Gracious, Bill
Yer breath smells of terbacker!"

—Joaquin Miller.

Where He Was Born.

A few years ago one of the millionaires of Cincinnati, in company with his aristocratic daughter, left for a visit to the home of his boyhood. His daughter accompanied him with a great deal of reluctance, as she was in no way interested in her father's humble origin. She was still less interested when she discovered his birth-place to be a broken-down shanty, surrounded by all the marks of squalor and starvation.

"This is where I was born," said the father, proudly.

"Ugh! I've seen it; let's go," replied the daughter, pulling at the governor's arm.

"Wait a bit. I have engaged a photographer to meet us here and he is due now. I want a photograph of this house, my old home, the home of my mother."

"What! you are not going to preserve the likeness of this old, tumble-down place and take it home to Cincinnati, are you?"

"That's just what I'm going to do, was the inexorable reply.

"I'll be mortified to death," pouted the daughter.

The photograph was taken—a large and elegant one. "It has proved a powerful weapon for me," said the millionaire, in speaking of it to a friend, a few months later. "No more talk about 'royal ancestors,' the 'Lord's anointed,' and all that, now, in my family. No more 'blue blood.' Just as soon as the subject is mentioned, this old democrat—(pointing to himself)—this old democrat takes out the photograph, with the remark: 'There is where your old, aristocratic, blue-blooded ancestors were born.'"

What Becomes of All the Books.

Where do all the books go that pour from the presses of America in broad, deep, incessant streams? The great flood of novels are easily accounted for; they are read by the tens of thousands to pass away the time on railroad trains, on board of steamers, in hotels, and in the family circle, too. Once perused by the original purchaser, he or she casts the story aside, giving the book away, or abandoning it to be appropriated by any chance comer.

The showily-bound, gilt-edged volumes that are so temptingly displayed annually, just before Christmas, really have a steady sale all the year round, being in demand for birthday presents and wedding gifts. In the homes of the masses, from Maine to Texas, there is always a gaudily bound book or two, and frequently three or four, displayed on the table of the best room as intellectual ornaments. No one is expected to read these showy tomes, and their once dazzling splendors slowly succumb to the tarnishing fingers of time, and, as the children grow up to manhood and womanhood, the faded literary finery is relegated to the garret and brilliant successors purchased or acquired as presents.

Sunday school libraries are voracious consumers of books, the scholars using up tens of thousands of volumes annually by rough handling. A very large number of progressive churches have admitted the better class of bound novels, thereby extending the market for that class of works.

Fire constantly annihilates books, and a steady work of destruction is always going on in the great public libraries, where tens of thousands of volumes are annually literally worn out in the hands of readers. There are also a large number of hoarders of books throughout the country, men who purchase and hoard away books as a miser does money. These hoards suffer from insects destructive to books, dampness and want of ventilation, and are frequently found worthless after the death of the collector, except for the paper-maker. There are many other sink-holes for the coustant stream of books flowing from the presses.—Printer's Circular.

Some Curious Verdicts.

I have been gathering up instances of funny verdicts for several years. In my memorandum book I find the following: A Kansas jury gave the following verdict in a case where a man died in a state of intoxication: "Death by hanging—round a rum shop." An Indiana jury recently returned a written verdict of "Blode to peces by the biler bustin." "Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. Ef you can't find one of yer own, get the one the ast jury used." The jury returned with a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree." A Rhode Island jury was five days debating on a long case involving a hog worth $7, and then came in, found the hog not guilty, and recommended both plaintiff and defendant to the mercy of the court. A Pekin, Ill., coroner's jury rendered a very singular verdict, that a man whose body was found in the river came to his death by a blow on the head, "which was given either before or after drowning."—Eli Perkins.

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Thank Gott, von ish det!" said the Dutchman.

There was a man in our town who thought him wondrous wise. He swore by all the fabled gods he'd never advertise. His goods were advertised ere long, and thereby hangs a tale—the ad. was set in nonpariel and headed "Sheriff's Sale."

The Coming M. E. Conference.

The Wilmington Annual Conference of the M. E. Church will commence its 16th session at Asbury M. E. Church, Wilmington, March 5th. Preparations are already being made for the meeting, and the various churches of the denomination in Wilmington have appointed committees of entertainment to provide accommodations for members of the conference and visitors while in the city. Bishop Harris will preside.

Delegates to the General Conference will be elected at this session.

Three years is the maximum limit, under the polity of the M. E. Church, of the pastoral relation between a preacher and his people. As a matter of fact many of the pastors remain but two years on a charge. The final quarterly conferences are being held throughout the conference. At these, it is customary for the official boards to signify to the presiding elders whom they desire, when there is a change of ministers to be made, and when there is a preference.

In the whole conference there are but twelve preachers now serving a third year on any charge. These are T. O. Ayers, East New Market; James E. Bryan, Newport; J. H. Caldwell, Dover; I. N. Foreman, Lincoln; J. W. Hammersley, Charlestown; E. H. Nelson, Federalsburg; T. A. H. O'Brien, Wilmington; J. D. Rigg, Smyrna; William B. Walton, Church Hill; E. E. White, Cherry Hill; W. Wilson, Frederica.

All these must be sent elsewhere, and these twelve appointments supplied mutually from this number or from the two year men. Of these there are forty-seven, namely: Revs. Andrew, Mt. Lebanon; Atkins, Leipsic; Barrett, Still Pond; Bowen, Bethel; Brindle, Camden; Browne, New Castle; Burke Hillsborough; Carroll, Beckwith; Colcrazer, Chesapeake City; Collins, Westover; Conner, Parsonsburg; Corkran, King's Creek; Creamer, Wilmington; Davis, Denton; Davis, Newark, Md.; Dodd, Red Lion; Duhadaway, Frankford; Fosnocht, Onancock; France, Zion; Gregg, Wilmington; Grice, Berlin; Hanna, Salisbury; Hubbard, Crisfield; Hunter, Delaware City; Hynson, Roxanna; Richard C. Jones, Port Deposit. Kidney, Talbot; Layfield, Claymont; McNichol, Pomona; McFarlane, Tangier; McQuay, Marydel; Merritt, Cecilton; O'Niel, Princess Anne; Otis, Odessa; Prettyman, Millsborough; Quigg, Laurel; Rawlins, Georgetown; Robinson, Bridgeville; Roe, Sharptown; Sypherd, Sudlersville; Talbot, Westover; Terry, Centreville; Van Burkalow, Smyrna Circuit; Wilcox, Delmar; Willey, Snow Hill; and Willis, Milford.

Some of these have been asked for by the quarterly conferences, and will be returned for the third year. Many of them will boubtless be moved.

A presiding elder's term is four years. Of the four presiding elders of the Wilmington Conference, Chas. Hill of the Wilmington district is serving his first year; T. E. Martindale, of the Easton district his fourth year; A. W. Milby of the Dover district his first year, and J. A. B. Wilson of the Salisbury district his first year.

A Lover's Quarrel.

Girl in a blaze,
Man in a maze,
Girl accusing,
Man confusing.
Girl storms,
Man warms.
Girl quickens attack,
Man tries to talk back.
Man repents,
Girl relents.
Girl cries,
Man lies.
Girl beams,
Man schemes.
Girl forgives,
Man still lives.

And with a pound of caramels, an opera promise and two Irving tickets, makes himself as solid as the Democratic platform.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S father was a minister of the last generation, and for a long time pastor of the Congregational church at Madison, Ohio, and at Ashtabula, the place of the memorable railroad disaster. He was successful as a revalist, and finally gave up the settled pastorate in order to spend his time in evangelistic work. He was capable of arousing the emotions to a high pitch of ecstatic enthusiasm. This description is by a man who sat under his ministry, and who also tells how little Bob used to engage his father in long disputations, bringing up the familiar skeptical puzzles of the whale, the frogs, and the sun standing still. He was always elated at "cornering the old governor."

A NEW DEPARTURE.—The Somerset county commissioners, all Republican, have appointed Isaac Cottman, colored, janitor of the courthouse. The Princess Anne True Marylander says: "This is as it should be, that party being placed in office by about 1,800 colored votes out of 2,200 votes cast at the last election. The road supervisorships also should go to the colored people, and some should be appointed constables, if any can be found competent to discharge the duties of that office. Their representation in county convention should also be two out of three from each district."

Does a bonnet sing because it is covered with birds? No; but the husband that pays for it whistles.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3353-0025.jpg