DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1884.

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE ~~12~~ 14, 1884. NO. 40.

Cash! Cash! Cash!

Not succeeding in selling out this spring, I went to headquarters a short time since and bought the largest stock of CLOTHING and LADIES' and GENTS' FINE SHOES ever offered in Denton; also a line of white Dress Goods, calicoes and muslins, all of which I will sell for the cash or good country produce at rock bottom figures.

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The Little Stone Schoolhouse.

The little stone schoolhouse
Still stands on the green,
Where it stood in my boyhood,
When life was serene.

And around it the sunshine
Falls just as of old,
As in days long since vanished,
The fair days of gold!

Under its windows
The violets grow
Just as they blossomed
Long, long years ago.

And the brown-coated swallow
Still builds his rude nest
Under the old eaves,
With none to molest.

The robin still sings
In the butternut tree,
Which stands near the spot
That is hallowed to me.

Children pass and repass,
Through the wide-open door,
As they did in the old time,
The sweet days of yore.

The grass is as green,
And the skies are as fair,
As when life before me
Lay pleasant and fair.

While the breezes so fragrant
Blow over the green,
As they did in my childhood
When life was serene.

But the children who pass
Through the wide-open door,
And who sport on the green,
Are not they—they of yore.

And my heart lonesome grows,
Sad tears dim my eyes,
As I look on their faces,
Where happiness lies.

For I gaze and remember
My light heart at school,
In that little stone schoolhouse,
In the years beautiful.

And I fain would go back
With schoolmates of yore,
Live over the past—but
The past comes no more!

THE OLD TREE'S SECRET.

"We will take the house—shall we not, Charlie?" We had gone all over the roomy and old-fashioned structure, my little wife and I, from the dusty, cob-webbed garret to the neglected cellars, and we now stood together at the back of the garden, critically surveying its appearance.

It was a low two-story house, built in the shape of a T, with a cluster of tall chimneys in the middle and the three gables hidden in ivy. It had once stood quite out of the town, which had since gradually crept towards it, until what had been a road was now become a street of straggling villas and cottages, extending to the high wall enclosing the grounds. The lawn was shaded with old trees, and the garden choked up with thickets of lilac and snowball. The old lady, Mrs. Gage, who had for forty years resided here, leading a very secluded and invalid life, had taken no pains to keep the place in order, and she and the property had decayed together, until recently she had died, and the house was for sale.

"It looks dreadfully gloomy and neglected," said Cecie, gazing up at back windows. "Mrs. Moss, next door, says that for twenty years no one has occupied those upper rooms, and see how the ivy has bound together those shutters on the left. But it is a beautiful old house, and I know that we can make it bright and cheerful. And then the garden—what a delight it will be to the children and to ourselves, too. We will take it, won't we, Charlie?"

There was no resisting her pleading, coaxing manner. So that very evening I went to see the agent, and before the week had elapsed the house was ours.

With great zeal and enjoyment we entered upon the transformation of our new abode. The masses of ivy were torn down from the gables or judiciously trimmed; every door and window was thrown wide to the fresh air and sunlight; and paint and paper, muslin curtains, bright carpets and India matting made the house delightful to behold.

This much accomplished, we turned our attention to the garden. It was already June, and the season too advanced for much improvement; but we pulled down the rotted arbor, thinned out the thickets of roses and lilacs, and I caused a little round table and some rustic garden seats to be placed under an old tree at the further end of the central walk.—Here, on returning from my office on the warm, sunny evenings, we would sit—Cecie engaged with some light sewing, and I with cigar, books and papers, reading to her, while our little ones ran wild up and down the garden walks.

"This is thoroughly delightful," I remarked one evening. "How is it, Cecie, that we have managed to live eight years of housekeeping life without a garden?"

"Yes," she answered, radiantly, "it is delightful. Living so much in the open air one seems to take a new and fresh growth, like the flowers. Only —" and here she glanced uneasily around—"Only, Charlie—I think—I fancy—that this is not exactly the spot for our al fresco boudoir."

"Why not? It faces the walk, it commands a view of the house and the whole garden. And these branches hanging so low and clothed in ivy, make a nice canopy above us. What is it that you object to?"

"I scarcely know. But somehow I never liked this tree."

It was a very old tree under which we sat, with a huge gnarled trunk growing in a sloping position near the garden wall, and covered with ivy. About eight feet from the ground the trunk separated into three branches, and here the ivy had matted itself in an impervious mass, concealing the decayed branches with the exception of the extremities, which here and there protruded from the green moss, white and bare.

"They look like skeleton fingers," said Cecie, glancing up, "and it gives me the horrors. I think the tree ought to be cut down. It always reminds me of a graveyard or a haunted house."

I did not at the time pay much attention to her remarks. But some days after she again suggested that our garden table and chairs should be removed to some other spot.

"I don't know why it is," she said, uneasily, "but I always feel nervous here. I fancy there is something peculiar about the place—in the rustling of the ivy and in the very atmosphere; I often find myself starting and looking around with a vague sense of something horrible. I hate the sight of that tree, with its distorted shape and bare, skeleton arms."

I rallied her upon being fanciful, but promised that the "skeleton arms" of which she complained should be cut off. She sat silent for a moment, then said, seriously:

"Charlie, did it ever occur to you that certain objects in nature—trees, for instance—may have an individual life of their own? I don't mean the mere vegetable life, but a sort of mysterious spiritual existence. Now I can't help fancying that this tree is conscious of what is going on beneath it—that it remembers things which it has witnessed during its long life, and, were it able, could tell us some horrible, ghastly story of the past. You may laugh, but I assure you that I never sit under this tree, even on a sunny noonday, without feeling a chill creeping over me, and a sense of something mysterious and horrible, which makes me almost afraid."

"Of course," I said; "having once imaged that the dead branches resemble 'skeleton arms,' and associated them in your own mind with the idea of a graveyard, you will be haunted with all sorts of dismal thoughts and fancies in connection with the tree. But since you don't like it, Cecie, I will have this bugbear removed, and we will build a pretty summer-house on the spot. I will speak to the men to-morrow, when they come to take down the wall."

The portion of the wall to which I alluded separated our garden from that of our next door neighbor. It was of stone, but the mortar had fallen out and left it little more than a pile of loose stones, which I feared might topple down at any moment on the children, as they played about it. So I concluded to have it pulled down, and a light wooden paling placed in its stead.

Over there, in the next house, lived an old gentleman and his wife, who passed much of their time in their garden, cultivating flowers and small garden fruits, in which they appeared to take great delight. They had called on us, a cheerful and kindly old couple; and when the old wall was pulled down and before the new one was put up, the way lay open to a more familiar intercourse.

One evening, by their invitation, we stepped over into their garden to see a collection of roses upon which Mr. Warren prided himself. These being duly admired, the old lady expressed to Cecie her pleasure in having neighbors who were neighbors. She had lived ten years in their present abode, and in that time had only twice seen Mrs. Gage!

"She wasn't always such a recluse," said the good lady. "I remember that when she and her husband first came here, a young married couple (I was a child then,) they were gay and fond of society. It was their daughter's fate which so sadly changed them. You have heard the story?"

We had not been long in this town, yet Cecie remembered to have heard something about a daughter of Mrs. Gage running away to join a lover at a distance, and being never afterward heard of.

"Her name was Emily," said Mrs. Warren, "and she was the handsomest girl in town. She was an only child, and had been all her life petted and indulged, and allowed to have her own way. Such children don't turn out generally turn out as well as well as they should do; and Emily Gage rejected many good offers, to fall in love with a handsome and dissipated fellow, who made his appearance here for a short time. Being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, Mr. Gage forbade his visiting his daughter, and the two then agreed upon an elopement. This was put a stop to, and the young man shortly afterward left the place. The girl, however, was closely watched, the parents having cause to suspect that she was in secret correspondence with him. And one morning she was nowhere to be found—only a note slipped under the door of her parents' sleeping-room informed them that she had gone to join her lover—that she had taken with her all her jewelry, together with five hundred dollars her father had left in his writing desk, since she would need money for traveling expenses. And that was the last they ever knew about her."

"But could they not find the young man?" asked Cecie.

"They found him after a long search, but he denied all knowledge of Emily and her intended flight. They had corresponded, and she assured him that she would yet find means to join him, but her letters had then ceased, nor had he ever since heard from her. This was his story. Some believed it, but other, though nothing could ever be proven against him, had dark suspicions of him. And the strangest thing was that having once passed the garden wall, every trace of the girl was utterly lost."

"The garden wall?"

"I forgot to mention it was in that manner she escaped. She mounted the sloping trunk of the old tree at the foot of the garden walk—the same under which you so often sit—and then stepped along its horizontal branches to the top of the wall. This was rendered evident by the broken twigs and scattered leaves at the foot of the tree. On the ground outside the wall was found her shawl which she had doubtless dropped or forgotten in her haste. That was all. To this day the mystery of her fate remains unrevealed, though undoubtedly there was foul play somewhere. The jewels and money were great temptation to crime."

That evening my wife said to me: "That horrible tree, Charlie! Didn't I tell you that it had secret to reveal? Perhaps it knows what became of that poor girl!"

Next day Cecie went on a visit of a few days to her mother, taking the children with her. Before going to my business I gave orders respecting the tree. I wished every trace of it to be removed before her return, when perhaps she would forget all about it and its gloomy associations.

Returning home in the evening, I was met by the workmen with countenances of interest and mystery. Their information startled me. While busied in cutting down the tree, they had heard something rattle and fall within; and on examination discovered the bones of a skeleton, though whether human or not they could not tell. Communicating the fact to Mr. Warren, who was in his garden, they had by his advice desisted until my arrival.

I went to the spot and with the men and Mr. Warren examined the tree.

Through the opening already made the bones were clearly to be distinguished; and I directed that the trunk should at once be felled. When this was done there was exposed a hollow stump in which lay a mass of human bones, with the remains of a woman's dress; and beneath these and the decayed wood and dust which had gathered over them gleamed the lustre of jewels and gold and silver coin.

I looked at Mr. Warren, who, white as death, had staggered to a garden bench. "My God!" he exclaimed, "it is Emily!"

Yes, it was Emily. Of there could be no doubt. The tree had long held its fearful secret, and was still unable to reveal it. It had given up Emily's skeleton, but how came the poor girl to be immursd within this living tomb?

Further examination revealed the whole horrible truth.

"I see how it all was," my old neighbor said, in a broken and faltering voice. "She had thrown her shawl over the wall that it might not be in her way, and then mounted the tree to where the three great branches met; and there hidden by the masses of ivy lay the fatal trap. Through that great hole she slipped, and the ivy closed over her in her living tomb."

He shuddered and the tears gushed into his eyes.

Neither of us expressed the thought which chilled and moved our hearts to pitying horror. Had her death been sudden, or had she slowly starved and pined to death? Her cries could not have been heard, for the houses stood apart, and her parents had left home and gone in pursuit of her. I thought of Cecie's strange fancy concerning the old tree, and lost myself in vague conjectures as to the nature of those mysterious influences which sometimes affect our human perceptions, how or whence we may not know.

This was the secret which the old tree so long held. And I may add that to this day Cecie knows nothing of it; for besides the clergyman who gave Christian burial to the remains of the poor girl, no one but ourselves who made the discovery ever knew the secret. We thought it best that it should be so.

But I observe that Cecie never after complained of the uneasy influence which had before so annoyed her. With the removal of the tree and the burial of the bones, nature resumed her bright and joyous sway in the old garden.

SUSAN A. WEISS.

The Dead Sea of America.

A gentleman who has been lately sailing on Great Salt Lake, thus describes it: "Soon we were on our way toward the hazy western shore. As we passed along the sea-gulls circled around us or floated on the water, their white plumage shining in the sunlight. Every now and then a hawk-moth would flit, fly or alight on the boat; dragon flies would stop long enough to gaze at us curiously and then spin off toward the distant islands. Occasionally a seventeen-year old locust would hum past as if to mock at us for ever daring to believe that this is the dead sea of America. As the bow plowed swiftly through the water, millions of small dipteria (flies) would rise from the water, where they were resting, and cover the bow of the boat till quarts of them could be collected. Wherever we went we observed the same thing. The water of the lake is their home, and they are as much at home sitting on the water as a skipper is on an Eastern pond. In some places where it is calm these flies darken the water for miles. Here (not on the beach) they lay their eggs; here they hatch, and here the larva live by the million till ready for the pupa state, when they attach themselves to the seaweed, and remain till they emerge as perfect flies."

Farm Work for June.

Clover for hay should be cut as soon as it is fully in blossom. Orchard grass, timothy and all other grasses are best cut when in early bloom before the stems get hard. Hay, well managed and not too far from market, is always a profitable crop and not as exhaustive to the soil as a grain crop. A farmer can very nearly approximate the amount of hay he harvests, by the commonly accepted rule: i. e., for every eighteen cubic yards of newly stocked or "mowed," timothy or other grass, one ton; and of clover, for one ton, there must be thirty-one cubic yards.

Harvest will soon be here and farmers should be sure to have all the tools and implements in prime order, and a sufficient number of help engaged in time, so that harvest may be got through in the quickest time. Cut all grain when in the dough state. Do not let it get dead ripe, even for seed.

Shear sheep and let it be carefully done. Keep them protected from storms until they have become habituated to the loss of their heavy coats. Spread tar on the salt troughs to keep off gad flies. Hang bells on the necks of every sixth old sheep to protect against dogs.

Provide salt in plenty for all stock at this season.

Sow field peas and beans either in drill or broadcast. Sow also Buckwheat, if only an acre, for family use. 200 lbs. bone, applied to the acre, will produce a fair crop of this grain on even poor land.

As soon as the hay has been removed from meadow and hay grounds fertilize lightly, and let them remain two months before stock is turned upon it. You will then have a fine fall pasture.

Lose no opportunity to haul out and spread manure even if it is rather coarse. Place it on poor spots, or where it will do the most good.

Poultry.

Every farmer should now be able to count his chicks by the hundred and some of the early hatched will soon be ready to market. Many place their chicken coops around in the garden, keeping the mother hen confined, but allowing the chicks to range at will. If placed in the immediate vicinity of the squash and melon vines they will keep them free from the troublesome striped bugs usually so destuctive. In fact young chicks will be found to be of a decided advantage in the garden. Mistakes in keeping poultry are sometimes made in this way: they are very successful with a flock of from twelve to twenty, because the fowls have a good range and find plenty of insect food; the number of fowls are increased three-fold and the three times as many have only the same range to pick over, and where there was full and plenty for the small flock there is not sufficient for the much larger one, besides the increased number are not fed proportionately as were the few, hence the failure and the reason for it. Give the fowls and chicks milk, clabber and buttermilk, they are exceedingly fond of it in any form, and it is nourishing and good for them. If any of the young chicks appear droopy, don't jump at the conclusion that they have the "pip," the "gapes," the "cholera," &c., but take them up and examine them carefully and you will find the "bugs" are the cause of it, and nine-tenths of the diseases that trouble poultry originate solely from lice. It should be remembered it is much easier to keep lice away than to drive them away. Don't let your chicken coops remain in the same place more than three days before moving them to new ground. No doubt very many of the broods have now been given a full range, but they will find their way back to their coops in the evening, and they should be met with a good supper. The coops should receive a good whitewashing inside, leaving them turned up to the sun till dried. Farmers would soon find that their cattle and pigs "would not pay" if they were served as the fowls generally are. An orchard makes an excellent poultry yard, and it is now a demonstrated fact that better and more apples can be raised where the fowls have the run of the orchard.

—The Republican party ought to get up a grand "jubilee." A negro mother in South Carolina recently presented her delighted husband with four boys at a birth.

—An exchange says one of the most striking things in the world is a clock. We know another—it is an auctioneer's hammer; it knocks down whatever it sets up.

—A man out in Kentucky has found that tobacco shortens human life. A hogshead of the weed fell on him and crushed him out of existence. This proves that tobacco, in large quantities, is injurious."

A Sterling Old Poem.

Who shall judge man from his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something else.
Crumped shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings,
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown,
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember,
That your meanest kind of men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills,
God, who counts by souls, not stations
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame,
Tilted laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right,
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles
But as pebbles in the sea.

Makes the Whole World Kin.

They were moving; not the ordinary and regular routine of May the first, when distressed families flock from one cramped and inconvenient dwelling into another of the same type, but this was a going.

"Out of the old house into the new."

And the mother's face was serious, for there was one of the little flock missing, not lost, but gone before into the new home, in the city whose walls lie four square.

Thus it happened that one little room was left to the last when a rough workman laid his had on the door and pushed it open the mother cried out as if he had struck her a blow!

"Oh, not there! not there! I will move those things myself. You cannot touch them!"

"That was baby Grace's room and she died in that little bed," said one of the older children.

The rough workman stayed his foot on the threshold. Then he touched his hat, and his voice was husky as he said:

"If ye please, ma'am, I'll handle them things gently. I've a little one of my own in glory—the heavens be her bed—and it's myself will see them not a bit damaged, and I'll settle with you beyond."

It was the "one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin."
—Ex.

HUMOROUS.

—Out in Pike county they marry after two hours' courtship, and repent at leisure.

—Artificial cork has been invented; it will be used mostly for bottling American champagne.

—Thousands of genuine Arabs have been slaughtered in Egypt. The Dime Museums will have to shut up shop.

—It is rumored that Bismarck, of Germany, is coming to this country to lecture to German-Americans on the American hog.

—In New York elopements—married and single—are becoming so common that they are not worthy of notice.

—A Pennsylvania cabinet maker recommends his coffins because they are comfortable and free from bed bugs.

—A man has the most confidence in himself when he wants to purchase on credit, and the least when he is called upon to pay.

An Afterthought.

'Twas in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.
I still can see her fingers
Flit softly in and out;
With rapture memory lingers
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
Upon a wayward curl
Set every pulse to dancing,
And turned my brain a-whirl;
And when she looked up shyly,
I could not help, you see,
But stoop and kiss her slyly
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever
Should mar the rays of bliss!
Though conscious I had never
Won so sweet a kiss,
Alas! the act of plunder
So gracefully she bore,
I could not choose but wonder,
Had she been kissed before?

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