# DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1884. NO. 15.



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and am prepared to furnish single or double teams on reasonable terms.
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WARREN LELAND,
whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the
Largest Hotel Enterprises
of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of
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Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.
Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.
Mr. LELAND has personally used
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for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.
We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.
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### Freedom.

BY LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

O thou so fair in Summers gone,
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul
Inform'd the columned Parthenon,
The glittering capitol;

So fair in southern sunshine bathed,
But scarce of such majestic mien
As here, with forehead vapor-swathed
In meadows ever green;

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome—
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain;

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless will
May jar thy golden dream,

Who like great nature, wouldst not mar
By changes all too fierce and fast
This order of Our Human Star,
This heritage of the past;

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the nations rear on high
Their idol smeared with blood,

And when they roll their idol down—
Of saner Worship sanely proud,
Thou loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd;

How long thine ever growing mind
Hath stilled the blast and strewn the wave,
Though some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave.

Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues,
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs!

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY F. R. NELSON.

There were suspicions of tears in Genevieve Ransom's lovely violet blue eyes, with her thin, blue-veined white lids fringed with heavy, half-currving lashes of intense black—a rich, dusky darkness that matches the heavy, almost straight brows, and the magnificent hair that was such a vivid, splendid contrast to her ivory-white complexion, pale cheeks, and warm, exquisite, scarlet lips.

She made an exceedingly pretty picture sitting far behind the curtains that draped the oriel from off the sitting-room—her white, trailing skirt lying against the pallid emerald of the curtains and the silver-grey of the carpet, and the broad scarlet silk sash completing the harmony of hue—a fair, very fair sight to see, excepting the tears, that while they did not detract from her sweetness, made one feel almost tempted to fight the fate that had made them seek their home in such lovely eyes.

Genevieve never cried.

She was not crying now, only the rebellious drops would come as she thought how she had given all her heart, all her love, unasked, unsought, to Doctor Howard Dalyell, with his gay, joyous manner, his handsome presence, and—well, the way he had of looking in Genevieve's eyes—a way that set her breast all a-flutter, and her heart a-throb.

Until very lately, she had been most happy, and now she was crouching in the extremest corner of the great oriel window, as miserable a girl as the May sun shone upon.

And all this on Doctor Dalyell's account.

All because she had learned one of the bitterest lessons that ever comes to a woman's heart—the lesson that the one we love has not appreciated our loyalty—does not want our love.

It was a terrible blow to poor Genevieve, and yet she was not so much wounded as angry—angry with herself that she had been such a fool as to allow herself to care for a man who could smile in a dozen women's eyes, and press the hand of every pretty girl he knew, and whisper sweet nothings in women's ears, the same as she had permitted him to do.

This was what Dalyell had been doing all along.

There was no possible mistake about it, for, not two hours before, Rose St. Ormond and Clarie Dell Valle had had a most spirited discussion of the gentleman in question in the very sitting-room where Genevieve was sitting, a comparison of experiences that proved conclusively that he had been very desperately flirting with all three girls.

Miss St. Ormond denied indignantly that Dalyell had sent her a note that morning, with the sweetest note hidden among the flowers, and that he had more than once expressed wonder that any man of taste could admire either Miss Ransom or Miss Dell Valle when she was in the field.

Clarie Dell Valle with her black eyes flashing, and all her Spanish blood up, maintained stoutly that Dallyell had time and again declared that to look in her eyes was like a glimpse of heaven itself.

And poor heartsick Genevieve had sat and listened with white face and quivering frame; not that he had ever such fulsome compliments to her, or compared other ladies with her, but because, somehow, she had thought him the perfection of gentlemanly delicacy, and she had been impressed with the idea that he cared for her.

All her distress and mortification were visible on her sweet face as the girls—and true friends they had always been—dethroned her idol, so honestly, if rudely.

"He's been playing the same game with you, Genevieve, I can tell. Oh, he deserves to be gibbeted, and he shall be punished some way. Girls, let's give him a lesson that he'll never forget. Let us have our revenge."

Clarie's bright eyes were dancing with a half-angry, half-merry light.

"Of course we none of us care a straw for such a rascal, and we can't be hurt with the little idea I have thought of.

"But Dalyell, with his high-toned style, and his refinement, and his ideas of womanly delicacy and the like, he'll find we're even with him.

"Girls," she added, "it's leap year, and we will all propose to him on the same day, and make him engage himself to all of us, by force of threats and in consequence of the attention he has paid to us. And then we will all confront him at once, and I think Mr. Dalyell will regret the day he settled in Endon.

"I'll go first to his house, and Rose next, and Genevieve last. Girls, will you unite to give him his just deserts?"

And they promised; Genevieve, however, reluctantly.

And now the girls were gone, and she was sitting all alone, so miserable and unhappy, so regretful that she passed her word to join the leap-year frolic, ashamed to draw back lest such an act should be construed into a very great interest in Dalyell, and, with all the varied feelings, a desire to let him know that she was not deceived in him.

And the lovely May afternoon wore away in warm breezes and soft fragrance of spring flowers and fresh earth, and Genevieve felt it was the funeral day of all her hopes and happiness.

Doctor Dalyell's room was a very pleasant place that warm May afternoon, when three lovely girls sat in the reception room like three fair Fates—Miss St. Ormond, Miss Dell Valle, and Genevieve.

Outside, gay, striped awnings shaded the long French windows.

Within light furniture and light India matting made the room the very ideal of summer coolness and comfort, while Dalyell himself, handsome as a prince, and affably courteous to the girls as one by one they entered his private room from the reception room.

Genevieve had taken a magazine from a marble top table and vainly tried to read it, while Miss St. Ormond, with a face of almost ridiculously comic gravity, waited in calm composure until the door should open that had closed on Clarie Dell Valle's entrance into the other room.

Ten—fifteen—minutes, and then Doctor Dalyell opened the door—calm, courteous, all untroubled as ever.

Rose went in, her haughty little head up, her witching eyes smiling in his own pleasant face.

Ten--fifteen— minutes more, and Genevieve's heart seemed threatening to suffocate her.

Could she fulfil her part of the program?

Oh, how dared she ever promise to—yes, she would do it, even if she died the next minute.

And just then the door opened, and she arose and walked in, straight past the doctor, with her heart heaving, her face pale, her eyes feeling provokingly suspicious of tears.

Mr. Dalyell asked her to be seated, and his kindly, courteous way went like a dagger through her heart.

"I think I am highly favored of the gods this afternoon, Miss Genevieve. Two of your young lady friends have just honored me with a passing call, and are now in the other room with my brother Clinton."

Genevieve looked at him, feeling more wretched, ashamed and stubborn than ever before in her life.

She smiled.

She meant it to be awfully sarcastic, but it failed.

"Indeed! Perhaps, then, you will not care to know my errand, if two have already preceded me. But my object in coming——"

A little hysterical noise interrupted her.

Then she gave one plunge into the subject and rushed through with railroad speed.

"Doctor Dalyell, I came to know if you are aware that it is the time when ladies have the privilege of asking gentlemen to marry them? Will you please have me? I would be very delighted indeed, and of course I am hopeful, since your attentions to me have been so marked. Really, if you refuse, I shall be heartbroken, because I am so dreadfully in love with you, you know."

Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes bright with unshed tears, and she stood trembling in every limb.

Doctor Dalyell's smiling face had grown suddenly grave.

His eyes never left her face for an instant while she was rapidly, hysterically delivering her speech.

Then, just the faintest gleam of a smile crept to his lips.

"I must confess that I am quite overcome at the prospect of such honor and happiness at your hands, but I cannot make myself believe you really mean that——"

His tender, half-serious, half-reproachful voice was suddenly interrupted by the excited entrance of Rose [St. Ormond and Clarie Dell Valle.

"What do you mean, Gennie Ransom? Oh—h—you have actually been proposing to Doctor Dalyell! Why, it was his scapegrace of a younger brother—Mr. Clinton Dalyell—we meant! And haven't we gotten even with him! Genevieve, what have you been doing?"

It was a scene that I cannot attempt to describe.

The mortification, the shame, the awful shame on poor Genevieve's sweet, burning face; the amazement, almost fear, on the girls' countenances, and the sudden glory of joy that swept over Doctor Dalyell's.

"Just leave Miss Ransom alone a moment, if you please, ladies," he said, pleasantly.

Then, after he had closed the door on them, he walked straight up to the girl, who sat rigid, with her hands covering her face, and said:

"Genevieve, if you will tell me what you said is true, you will make me the happiest man in the world. Genevieve, my darling, will you be my wife, my beloved and honored wife?"

"Don't—don't."

She gasped the world, only conscious of having done the shameful deed.

His arms were around her—his kisses on her blushing forehead.

"You must never say 'don't' to me, dear, because I certainly shall love you and kiss you whenever I please. Silence has given the consent I know you have granted, and all I ask is for you to look in my eyes once and let me see how my little betrothed looks. Genevieve, darling, when I gave Clinton a good, round scolding for the way he flirted with the girls, I little knew it would result in this. Genevieve, you shall kiss me!"

And so the leap-year episode ended, although Genevieve's cheeks will flush painfully if Doctor Dalyell as much as mentions the "privileges of ladies," or woman's rights, and he does love to tease her.

### Our Memories.

Memory may be a great treasure-house for good or evil—for jewels or rubbish. How cautious should we be in what we read, as the bad is never forgotten, but haunts us all through life.

The great Bayard Taylor lamented the tenacity with which his memory clung to things he would gladly have erased from its pages, for he read with avidity everything that came under his eye, thereby prostituting that finest of all faculties to the use of the pack-horse.

Bryant's memory was wonderfully retentive, but he seldom read save to profit. What was trashy or worthless he at once discarded, knowing he could never forget it, and its remembrance would ever prove a source of annoyance and regret.

His library was filled with the purest thoughts from the best of authors; and in hours of despondency and affliction it was ever his refuge for comfort and enjoyment. His familiarity with English poets was such that often when too ill to sit up, he would repeat from memory passage after passage, which not only had a soothing influence over his own sense of helplessness, but beguiled the weary hours of those by whom he was surrounded. When sea-sick this was his constant recreation, and the vast resources of his capacious and retentive memory were never exhausted, however long and tedious might be the voyage.

Let all young persons who are endowed with good memories follow the example of the lamented Bryant, whose fastidious taste led him to the selection of the choicest reading.—Should their voracious appetites for books lead them, like the gifted Taylor, to devour eagerly everything that may fall in their way, like him, too, they may have cause to regret treasuring up much that in after life will prove a source of disquiet and disgust, rather than a solace and a pleasure.

The stronger the faculty of memory the greater will be the amount of evil that will result from its use and abuse, for immoral books engender depraved thoughts that will arise and exert their baneful influence long after their popularity has failed to sway the public mind.

It is said that the celebrated Cyrus, of Persia, could call the name of every man in his immense army, which numbered hundreds of thousands. Such a wonderful degree of this faculty rarely exists, but with proper culture the memories of all may be strengthened and enriched to an astonishing extent.

### Be Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone,
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep-hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour:
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living,

### The Burial at Sea.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

There is scarcely any ceremony more impressive than a burial at sea; perhaps because nowhere does man feel littleness more than when the mighty ocean surrounds him. The graves of the dead on shore in a measure localize their inmates, and our associations are fortified by the power of referring to the departed as beings who slumber in green places and are at all seasons visitable.

But a burial at sea is the launching of the dead into infinity. The sense of his extinction is absolute. He is swallowed up and annihilated by the universe of water, which also seems to overwhelm his very memory.

At 12 o'clock the body, sewn up in canvas, with a weight of lead attached to the feet, lay extended upon one of the gratings of the main hatchway, one end resting on the bulwarks of the ship and the other upon the shoulders of two sailors. The crew stood round, holding their caps in their hands, and near the body stood Mr. Sherman, reading the Burial Service. The mournful and impressive spectacle was greatly heightened by the tolling of the bell on the quarter deck, which mingled its clear chimes with the words delivered by Mr. Sherman. The vessel was sailing on an even keel, her white sails swelling and soaring one above another, and forming a lovely picture against the bright blue sky. The water leaped and sparkled and frothed against her clean sides, and those swallows of the deep, the stormy petrels, chased her flashing wake, and gave by their presence a finishing detail to the sun-lighted scene.

How unutterable the mystery hedging the motionless figure in the canvas shroud—his name unknown, a waif of dead humanity snatched for a brief moment from the imperious deep, whose will it was to keep him. The seamen sent shrinking glances at the bundle on the grating. That he had suffered; that famine had made a skeleton of him; that thirst had twisted his lean face into an expression of agony which death was powerless to smooth out, was all they knew.

"We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption——"

The captain motioned with his hand; the grating was tilted, and its burden went like a flash from the bulwarks; the steersman turned his face upon his shoulder, hearing the hollow plunge; but those on the main deck stood without a move among them, listening to the final comforting, glorious words:

"Looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who at his coming shall alter our vile body, that it may be like His glorious body, according to the mighty workings whereby he is able to subdue all things to Himself."

The reader closed the book; the grating was restored to its place; and the men in twos and threes moved slowly forward, talking in subdued tones; and for the remainder of that day at least, no sound of loose laughter or reckless words was to be heard in the forecastle.

### Uses of Arctic Exploration.

In three hundred years there have been some two hundred Arctic voyages for various purposes and with various fates. The Greely expedition was but one of thirteen expeditions. Five hundred men passed two winters within the polar circle, and nineteen of them were lost. And Lieutenant Ray says the result of the observations of all these expeditions will be the doubling of the world's knowledge of the magnetic forces.—That is to say, as the Rev. Brooke Herford states in his admirable sermon upon this subject, "Not one of all the thousand and ten craft sailing to and fro among the many lands of the earth, but will be a little surer of its compass, a little closer is its reckoning, a little safer than it ever was before." Is this worth nothing? Is not the risk, the loss even, amply recompensed? But also, as Mr. Herford points out, the moral qualities, the patience, the courage, the self-denial, the faith, the endurance, developed by these Northern researches are incomparable. "There is simply no other chapter in the history of human doings to be compared with it. Beside it the adventures of commerce and conquest look greedy and base, the stories of chivalry are mere tinsel, the long heroism of the Crusades seem a fevered frenzy." Cui bona is not an argument to discourage the restless soul which the prospect of peril inspires, nor will the pathetic story of the patient and generous endurance, amid apparently remediless suffering, which the record of the Greely expedition discloses, dismay or deter other Greelys from daring the same dangers. The Arctic story is one of the saddest, but it is also one of the noblest, in the annals of human heroism.—Harper's Magazine.

Persons sending poems on "Winter" to this office are requested to accompany them with a ton of coal, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.—Ex.

Missouri has a mule that plays poker, it is said. We'll bet it doesn't play a draw game. It's against the mule's nature to draw.

If a turkey is a gobbler, is a young turkey a goblet?

### A Profession, or a Trade.

M. Quad says: As I told you at the outset, if you have arrived at the age of 15 to 16 it is time you looked matters square in the face and had some idea of your future. If you were to answer at once you would say that you would take a profession in preference to a trade. A profession means several years of hard study, quite a large cash outlay and then trials and rebuffs to get a start in business. It is one thing to graduate as a lawyer or a doctor, and quite another to pick up clients and patients.—If you have fully decided on a profession be careful of your first move. If you have a large head your grandmother has doubtless many times exclaimed: "What a great lawyer this boy would make!" Don't try to make one on the size of your head.—We've got any number of that class in the country now, and they can't pay their grocer's bills. If you can pull a sliver out of your finger without winking, it may be a sign that you would make a great surgeon. It may also be a sign that you are born to be a butcher.

How will you know what to pursue? Your own feelings are the safest guide. If left to your parents and to circumstances you may be forced into a trade or profession which you can never make a success. When you come to realize that you must make your own way in life your particular forte will be apt to reveal itself. One of the best lawyers in Detroit was intended for the ministry; another served three years as a journalist, but all the time feeling that he was out of his element; another was forced by his father to learn the trade of harness maker. I know a machinist who at first studied medicine; of a watch-maker who tried to become a lawyer; of a carpenter who threw away three years of his life trying to become a dentist.

After you have selected your trade or profession, what then? Strive to master it in all its details and to excel. If you become a carpenter don't be satisfied when you can saw and plane and match. Don't be satisfied with $2 per day. Make yourself worth $3. Master details and push yourself from carpenter to builder. Don't imagine that a man in search of a lawyer walks down the street and stops at the first sign hanging out. It is the lawyer who has climbed above his fellows, that he seeks out. If our friends are ill we want the best doctor. We want the man who has made himself the best by study and energy. The blacksmith who is content to mend old wagons will never iron a new one. The machinist who stands at the lathe to do about so much work in ten hours need not hope to be better off. It is the men who put their hearts into what they do, who succeed.

### Wit and Humor.

A foul ball—a chicken croquette.

A sharpshooter—a clever sportman.

Stage struck—knocked down by an omnibus.

The miss-take of a lifetime—making a bad choice of a wife.

St. John will not sleep in a room where there is a mosquito bar.

A woman may be correct in her carriage, and yet she may at times be a little sulky.

One of Sitting Bull's chiefs is Little Wheat. Ought to have been planted long ago.

A fly is said to have 16,000 eyes. No wonder he is careless where he leaves his specs.

When politicians are on the fence, it becomes of interest to know whether it is defense or offence.

When St. John desires to be emphatic he simply points to Niagara and observes: "These are my sentiments."

An Irish lover remarked: "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

Why is a cornet player like a signal service storm observer? One blows the notes, and the other notes the "blows."

The man who pays for his paper in advance sleeps soundly at night and always wears a contented look on his face.

If Bold Ben Butler could have rallied the alleged authors of "The Bread Winners" to his side, his boom would have been safe.

Tennyson wrote:

"Honor the Light Brigade,
Honor the charge they made,"

but gas companies had souls when the poet was young.

Talk about "unkissed kisses" and "unthunk thoughts." It is the unvoted votes that make half the mischief in politics.


A SAFE REMEDY FOR CHILDREN. DuLac's "Swiss Balsam" is acknowledged to be the best and safest cough remedy that can be given to children, containing no morphine or opium. Perfectly harmless but powerful in its action. Nothing better in croup. Gives instant relief. Saved the lives of many little ones. Price 25 and 75 cents. Sold by George & Redden, Druggists, Denton. [12 20 2t

MR. GOUGH ON SILK HATS.—"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off.—Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50c. All druggists. 12-6-4w.


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