# DENTON JOURNAL.

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

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1885. NO. 18.



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### The Past.

Into the moonlight of the Past,
To silence deep subsiding,
The Present, with its uproar loud,
Forevermore is gliding;
There, backward drifting more and more,
Its men and things grow dimmer,
Till what was once as sunshine clear
Fades to a twilight glimmer.

Thus time that is to time that was
With noiseless lapse is changing,
And we that live, to shadows turned,
Will ghost-land soon be ranging;
As ranged of yore the phantoms thin,
The lifeworn, spent and weary,
The throngs unnumbered of the dead
Through Homer's Hades dreary.

The hours are brief while overhead
The sun for us is shining;
Then wherefore brood upon upon the Past,
For dead and gone repining?
We shall not fail its phantoms pale
To join at last forever—
At last to know the languid flow
Of Lethe's fabled river.

When we are gone the years will still
Be coming and be going,
The decades into centuries swell,
No pause or respite knowing,
New eras take the place of old,
Old things be wholly rotten,
Until our dwindling point of time,
Long lapsed, shall be forgotten.

Its modes, beliefs and arts be strange
To those for future ages,
As modes which History's sire records
Upon his hoary pages.
For on Thought's threshold still we stand,
Brute instincts low obeying;
But Mind and Reason pure will yet
Some Future grand be swaying.

—B. W. Ball, in the Boston Herald.

### A SILVER LINING.

BY AMELIA LANCASTER WARD.

A small room, scantily furnished; a small woman and two small children. The sun gushed through the cheap, cracked curtain and flooded everything; the old, abused bookcase, with its lower rung scratched by somebody's feet; pine chairs, with the paint rubbed; and the carpet, showing the gray woof in spots, the color, nap and figures worn off.

The woman sat on a low rocker, her head resting on her hand—every line of her face denoting heartache.

The children, two tiny girls, played doll's house on the seat of one of the pine chairs, and dropped their baby voices every time they glanced at their mother.

Suddenly, the woman sprang to the window and jerked the curtain its full length.

"I can't stand the sunlight; it mocks and insults me!" she cried; then, turning to the children: "Go up stairs," she said. "Go, put on your bonnets and go into the yard—go anywhere, only go out of my sight; I can't bear anything any longer; I believe I'm going mad!"

With awed faces, the little ones took each other's hands and went toward the door. Their mother seized them and pressed them to her bosom passionately; she must have hurt them, but no cry escaped—they gasped as at the first plunge of their cold bath, and smiled at her with tremulous lips.

The deserted room darkened to the gloom of her thoughts; she beat about its narrow limits like a caged hawk.

She put her hands to her soft brown hair, and it fell and rippled about her shoulders and waist. She tore at the collar that choked her, and laid bare her handsome throat. Her bosom heaved, her eyes flashed, her teeth gleamed and snapped. Incorporate tragedy!

Passing to and fro, her eye accidentally caught her own image in the tarnished mirror hanging crosswise above the mantel. She stood still. A chair was near; she reached out her hand, drew it towards her, turned the back so that she could lean upon it, and then deliberately and critically posed as if for a picture. She wound her long hair together and drew it forward, so that it fell across her neck and bosom. Unbuttoning her sleeve at the wrist, she threw it back to the shoulder, displaying her shapely arm. She kicked off her broken slipper, lifted her foot to the chair, contemplated its well-turned ankle and the swell of its patrician instep.

"I'll do it," she said aloud, to her image in the glass. "Why shouldn't I try the stage if I'm suited for it? Should we starve on a point of—"

The children's voices at the door, full of glee now—they have their "papa" with them.

Standing on the threshold of so scant a home, wreathed by baby arms and greeting a fair young wife, "papa's" appearance was incongruous enough; he should have been a young man, beginning the voyage of life; he was an old one nearing its end; he had seen his sun set in the gray mist of failure.

"No better luck to-day?" queried the wife, petulantly. "Pshaw! what is the use of asking? We can starve, I suppose. Never mind, I know what I'll do—"

She broke off abruptly—something in her husband's face must have frightened her; she sprang to his side, put one arm about him and one around the baby nestling in his bosom. Then she rubbed her firm young cheek against his old and withered one.

"There! that's that miserable door-bell again!" —with another burst of petulance. "Who is it now, I wonder? and I not dressed! Run, Claire—no, never mind, I'll go—only a bill, I guess!"

She went into the front hall, peeped thro'th' meshes of th' Nottingham vestibule lace, and, with flushed cheeks, ran back into the room.

"You go, papa," she said, hurriedly. "It is that Mr. Hawley; what can he want again, so soon? I'm not tidy; look at me; let me run upstairs first!"

Mr. Hawley entered like a breeze from another world—full of the whirl and perfume of social pleasures.

"Ah, my friend," he cried, with resonant voice and familiar air that some way antagonized his threadbare host, "I thought I might find you at this, the dinner hour. I've a little business I would like you to attend to. I'll soon tell you about it, and then—for one brief moment—I'd like to pay my respects to your wife. My dear Mrs. Martin, how radiant you are looking!" he exclaimed, as that now smiling lady entered the tiny parlor. "I was just saying to your husband, that he should not allow himself to grow old so fast—that he ought to go about more—that it was a crime to keep his beautiful wife out of society. I have some tickets for the opera—wouldn't you like to hear Abbott to-night, and have a little supper at Harvey's?"

For a moment her face lit and her heart throbbed with pleasure, but only for a moment; she remembered her insufficient wardrobe.

"No, thanks, I cannot possibly go," she answered, confusedly—the cause was too unromantic to tell.

Mr. Hawley had to leave with his plans disappointed—his invitation declined, but it was a satisfaction to him to know that acceptance would have given pleasure to the very pretty little woman.

One delicious evening in the middle of October, Mrs. Martin sat at the window of her tiny parlor, looking into the square of dark front yard, that the tall bricks on either side walled in like a court, cutting off the sunshine in a line level with the palings. She was in a distracted state of low spirits.

The children were amusing themselves breathing on the window panes and making grotesque figures with their fingers.

Suddenly, Mr. Hawley stood at the gate. A thrill of pleasure went through the woman, who only a moment ago had felt that the line of sunshine ending with the palings cut her off from all the brightness and companionship of life. The sun lit up his red hair, the glossiness of his fine coat and the glow of his smile, that was all for her! He came up to the window; she raised it, and they shook hands.

"What a fine evening!" he exclaimed, brightly. "I scarcely expected to find you in—to find you sitting here like the 'Mariana of the moated grange.'"

"Scarcely like Mariana," she made answer, with a sad little smile. "She had the 'moated grange'—her solitude at least, had poetic horrors—mine—" She waved her hand about her.

"Come, come, you mustn't have horrors of any kind!—you, with youth, beauty and intelligence, and—and these two lovely babies! Think how many women there are who would give their eyes for only one of them!"

"That is what I tell myself," with a sigh of self-reproach. "That I ought to be like the mother of the Gracchi! but then—" there came a pretty pout of defiance— "the virtuous M. G. had everything nice to give her young ones. She didn't see them—never mind, you wouldn't understand. I'm an awful woman!" she said, after a pause, and looked penitential. "Full of discontents, repinings and bad humors. I try, indeed—indeed I do, to overcome myself, to be strong and brave, but I cannot." Then she dropped her head, hopelessly, on the child's golden head.

"You are young," he said, kindly, and you want young people's pleasures. I'll tell you what will do you good: a nice ride to the Soldier's Home. I'll go get a carriage, and when I come back you and the little ones be ready. Won't that be jolly?"

He turned to move away, but she called him back.

"I can't go, indeed, I cannot," she said, hurriedly, for fear she could not get it out before she would be led away by her great desire to see the yellow roads, the tinted leaves, and to feel the warm sunshine.

"Think of your children," he pleaded. Two little pale faces looked up wistfully into hers. Again he turned. This time he went through the gate.

What a ride they had! The mother and children laughed at everything. They picked red berries from the hedges, and gathered bright leaves and queer bits of moss, and then they stopped at a cozy wayside inn and had such a chicken suppert

"I wish my papa was here," said the baby girl, with a soft, ecstatic sigh, as she picked her chicken-bone. The words pierced the mother's heart like an arrow; her mouth and eyes flew open involuntarily.

"Let's get through quickly," she said; "it is getting so very late. Poor papa!"

"A woman's fancies!" apostrophized Mr. Hawley. "Was anything ever so uncertain? It is nonsense, sheer nonsense; let's have another glass of wine. Come, let us all be happy again!"

But someway, happiness would not come again. Mr. Hawley was slightly indignant, but could not help being affected by the lady's uncontrollable and apparently unnecessary depression. Nor was the ride home so merry; the children were sleepy, the mother quiet and Mr. Hawley full of disappointment.

At the gate of the small house they parted.

"I wish I could ask you in," said Mrs. Martin, with a pitiful attempt at ease and gayety. "Gloomy, isn't it," nodding toward the house that lay in shadow. "'No light in the window for me.' Thank you so much for your kindness—we've had a lovely, lovely time. Good bye."

As the mother and children hurried down the narrow brick walk their footsteps seemed to give out a hollow sound. The moon was up, and its light fell upon the upper part of a tall, white, cruciform post in the rear of the yard. A boy's huge kite had been caught upon it, and its long tail, tangled about the arms, gave it a spectral appearance.

A black cat was on the fence; nothing could be seen of it but the glare of its glassy eyes. The front door was slightly ajar. They stepped into the narrow hall. The darkness was black. The children hid their eyes in the skirt of their mother's dress, and she could scarcely restrain her emotions; some monstrous, unnatural, unreasonable terror seemed to possess her. They entered the parlor, dimly lighted by the window they had left open. Nobody there. They recrossed the hall and found the entrance to the sitting room, always so light and noisy at this hour on other evenings. Gasjets were on either side of the mantel, and under one the matchsafe. Groping for it, her outstretched hand touched a cold face; she drew back, clutched the children and stumbled out of the room. She tried to call the neighbors—her voice would not come. She was frozen with terror. Then the children put up a wild cry, and a few people hurried to them. They went back into the room with a light and found the old husband dead. Dead, lying back in his easy chair as if asleep!

Miserable were the days that followed.

The wife blamed herself for everything—her miserable discontent that had embittered his last days, her weakness in leaving home. She pictured him dying alone and in the dark; his calling for her and the children.

Another terror menaced her. Here lay her dead, robed for the grave by neighborly hands, but where was the money to bury him? No friends, no one that she felt she could call on for help. "What shall I do, what shall I do?" was her constant cry, walking the floor and wringing her hands.

Again the door-bell rang. It was late in the evening of that dreadful day.

"I wish to see Mrs. Martin," said the visitor to the child that opened the door. "I know of her great trouble, and I would not have come if my business had not been so important. I must see her for a few moments." She came down. "Mrs. Martin," said the stranger, "I have strange intelligence for you. I don't suppose it possible that you could remember anything about your own family—your father or mother or even your sister or brother?"

"No," she answered, wearily. "I was too young. I have only the faintest recollection of my adopted mother. I was only eight when she died, and then I was left at school with the nuns, with nobody to claim me—belonging to nobody. Sometimes I think it would have been a greater charity if she let me alone, to stay with my sister and my brother. Surely she gave me nothing to make up for their loss."

"That is what my mother says," broke in the young man, with some spirit. "She says that your adopted mother would not allow you to recognize them—that she would not allow your family to be spoken of in your presence—that she was afraid—that—she had—filled your mind—with vanity," speaking with hesitation, as though afraid of offending.

"Did your mother know me when I was a child?" she asked, with some show of interest.

He smiled, drew towards her and held out his hand.

"My mother was your sister," he said, "and I am your nephew!" He looked in her eyes for the recognition he felt that nature or instinct ought to furnish; there was nothing but bewilderment, so many shocks of strange events had dazed her.

"I can prove it," he added, eagerly. "He, your husband"—bowing his head reverently—"he knew it yesterday. I went to him, I found his business place, and made myself known. Your brother, my uncle, has just died, leaving no family, and his money was to go to his sisters, if you were living, or to your children, if you had left any. It is quite a little fortune—about ten thousand apiece."

"And he knew of it?" she asked, under her breath.

"And was so pleased to come home and tell you,"

"Poor darling, poor darling!" she moaned.

Thus did the black cloud of despair turn and show the silver lining.

A fashion item says: "A very useful and ornamental gift to either lady or gentleman is an umbrella holder." The dude may have a mission after all.

The raisin in a boarding-house pudding is an oasis in the dessert.

### Advice to a Young Man.

I turn over the leaves of an old note book, the pages of which I filled half a score of years ago. On one page I find this note:

"My books are all wrinkled and filled with crumbs of maple and sumac leaves, with here and there a forgotten forest leaf clinging to the printed one. Ah! well, some time I may kiss the wrinkled pages of my choicest book while I think of the dear, white hands that laid the maple leaves in history or lexicon, and thank God that the page is wrinkled and the engravings discolored.

And now, whenever I turn to that page in the note book, do you know, my boy, how glad I am that I wrote about the leaves as I did? There was no reason why I should feel so tenderly toward the leaves and stems that stained and wrinkled my books, and ever kept me from using them for a week at a time, was there? Ah, indeed, there was. Indeed there was. Because love is better than books, my boy. Because your books, my son, though you crowd the literary treasures of the world upon your shelves, can never creep into your heart as your wife will, some day, when you find the girl whom the gods have decreed shall crown your home. Because we should always hold the hearts that love us nearer to us than the petty annoyances and little ills of this life. Because the quick, hasty word you speak in ill-temper or ungentleness to-day, my boy, leaves a sting in your heart to rankle half a century away. Because to-day, if I could, I would burn up every book there is in all this world just to feel the little hands that laid those leaves in the page where I said they must not go clasp themselves about my neck for one hour. Hold your tongue and your pen, my boy. Every time you are tempted to say an ungentle word or write an unkind line, or say a mean, ungracious thing about anybody just stop; look ahead 25 years and think how it may come back to you then.

Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Some time, when a man has pitched into me and "cut me up rough," and I want to pulverize him and wear his gory scalp at my girdle and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him. Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold, I read it over and say: "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh and say "Pshaw!" and I feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is I am ashamed that I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along making 24 hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy! Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then when you try to save them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and 10 years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did. Be good-natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tried, vexed, harassed old world loves you.—Burdette.

The one-armed soldier ought to make a good short-hand reporter.

When you meet a milkman in church he seems like a fish out of water.

It is easier for a woman to return a kindness than a copper-bottomed preserve-kettle.

A one-armed man should be a good euchre player. He always has a lone hand.

Leading musicians are advocating a lower musical pitch. We hope the cats will adopt it.

A prominent Boston physician is quoted as saying: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it."

It is said that Mary Anderson's arms are so long that she can wrap them three times around Romeo's neck."

What's the difference between the lower part of the leg and last year's comet? One's shin and bone and the other's been and shone.

"Can you tell me what makes my face look so funny?" asked Fenderson, looking in the glass. "Nose, sir," was Fogg's laconic reply.

Worth, the great Paris dressmaker, is coming over to this country to lecture. We hope that he is not coming with any biased views.

Nebraska will exhibit a lot of petrified snakes at the New Orleans exhibition. The boots in which they were found will not be exhibited.

The postmaster at Chaco, Texas, has been killed by Mexicans. We predicted that the postmasters would have to go if Cleveland was elected.

A divorce was granted at Helena the other day in the case of Haight vs. Haight. It is evident that in this marriage there was not as much love as there was Haight.

### Arteums Ward's Courtship.

'Twas a calm, still night in Joon. All nature was hushed, and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's pastur. We'd been rompin' through the woods, kullin' flours, and driving the woodchuck from his native lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fence, a swinging our feet to and fro, blushing as red as the old Baldwinsville school-house when it was first painted, and looking very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in balinsin myself on the fence, while my right was wound luvinly round her waste. I cleared my throat, and tremblingly said: "Betsy, you're a gazelle." I thought that was putty fine. I wanted to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed, "You're a sheep!" Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you." "I don't believe a word you say—so there, now cum!" with which observation she hitched away from me. "I wish thar was winders in my sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. "There's fire enuff in here," sed I, striking my buzzum with my fist, to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the neighborhood. Versoovius and the critter ain't a circumstance!" She bowed her butiful hed down and immediately commenced chawing the strings of her sun-bonnet. "Ay, could you know the sleepless nites I worry through on your account, how vituals has ceased to be attractive to me, and how my limbs has shrunk up, you wouldn't doubt me. Gase on this wastin' form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—" I should have contined on this strane probably for some time, but I unfortnitly lost my ballinse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearing my close and severely damaging myself ginerally. Betsy Jane sprang to my assistance in double quick time, and dragged me 4th. Then drawin' herself up to her full life, she sed: "I won't listen to your nonsents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you are drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in!" I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and proceeded immejitely to the parson's and was made 1 that very nite.

### Making Presents to Teachers.

Nothing seems at first sight more pleasing or more natural than for pupils to give presents to their teachers.

One great advantage of our public school system is, that the children of the rich and the poor meet in the school-rooms and associate on the same play-ground, neither of them knowing much or caring at all about the circumstances of the other. But let a subscription be started for giving a present to a teacher, and the distinction at once becomes plain, if not painful.

A careless scholar, from an oppulent home, is permitted to make a handsome subscription, involving not the slightest self-sacrifice. A good scholar, the child of poor parents, who perhaps honors the teacher far more than the rich man's son, is obliged to refuse the smallest contribution. This is embarrassing to the pupil and perhaps mortifying to the teacher, who may not know the true reason.

The teacher, we may add, weilds something more than the kindly authority of the parent. He is a judge. It is his duty sometimes to try causes and pronounce sentence. He keeps the record; he confers honor; he inflicts penalty. There is danger, therefore, of a gift having the appearance and some of the effect of a bribe.

We have ourselves known a faithful and laborious teacher, grown old and serious in the service, pass over at Christmas time, forgotten by the givers of presents, and left without so much as even a card upon his desk, while an agreeable young teacher of not a tenth part of his merit, would receive some token of good will from half of a large class.

When a teacher is leaving a school there could be no objection to his accepting a parting gift. When a pupil leaves there could be no objection to in leaving behind him some tokens of his gratitude and affection to those who have instructed him. But so long as the relation of teacher and pupil exists, the giving of presents is a doubtful good and of doubtful propriety.

### He Experimented.

He was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him that indicated that he only needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this, and she resolved on a policy of encouragement.

"Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?"

"I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then, gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true," and he drew closer to her.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not."

"And what way is that?" he inquired.

There was a brief pause. Then, with a far away look in her eyes, she answered:

"By experimenting when he has an opportunity."

He experimented.

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