DENTON JOURNAL.

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MELVIN BROS.

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TO HIS HEART.

All her life Margaret Hunter had lived alone with her grandfather in a gray stone house in the midst of a garden, which hid it from the road. They had few visitors. Old Mr. Morley would have nothing to do with neighbors, and those who came to the house were principally old friends from a distance.

And, thinking of the cold, stern man, who had never once caressed her, it did not seem unlikely that he might have been unkind to her parents. He was not unkind to her, it is true, but he had never been tender. Black Jane was fond of her, but she was ignorant and superstitious; and perhaps the most congenial companion Margaret had ever had was a strange one.

A woman, no longer young, evidently a hard-working person, yet as evidently by birth a lady, who had met her once in the woods, when she was a little child, and had asked her for a kiss, and who ever since had, now and again, crossed her path in some lonely place, and talked to her as no one else did. She had asked her name once, and the woman had said: "Call me Martha."

"Martha was my mother's name," said the child; "she died before I ever knew her." Then suddenly she was strangely moved. "Oh, if I only had a mother!" she said. And the woman kissed her again, and two tears dropped from her eyes.

That was years ago. Margaret was now seventeen; yet still she met the pale, fair woman, with her hard-worked hands and high-bred face, her common dress and lady-like movements, in the woods, by the little spring, amid the gray rocks in the pathway that let from the orchard itself. That was when her grandfather was away. And she had never spoken to him of this lady. He never allowed her to have any friends.

Of late, however, Margaret had had a little secret of her own, one that she did not tell her friend any more than her grandfather.

Some one else had met her in the woods. Some one else had told her, as this woman had said, that she was beautiful. Yes, some one else had kissed her also with a kiss that thrilled her through and through. She had a lover of whom she knew nothing save that he was handsome, that he praised her, that he said life was unblest without her. She knew her grandfather would put an end to the pleasant meetings if he guessed at them; and Ralph Harland had told her so.

"A strange old gentleman, your grandfather," he had said; "a man who, though doubtless deserving of respect, has no sympathy for others. Were I to go to the house and ask permission to visit you, though he knows me well enough by reputation, he would drive me from his door. We must marry first, Margaret, and then ask for forgiveness. We can do without it if he refuses it, I think."

And Margaret felt that if she had but her Ralph for her own she could do without all else. What had her grandfather ever been to her? She loved her friend Martha much better.

That day she kissed Martha fondly when she left her. She had promised her lover to leave home with him that night and she knew that they might never meet again.

She looked back after she had gone a little way. Martha stood looking after her, shading her eyes with her hand.

All that evening Margaret wandered to and fro like an uneasy spirit, taking a silent adieu of her old home. She felt some remorse when she looked at her grandfather, and she even felt sorry that she was about leaving Black Jane thus. But Ralph stood first. She had no thought of drawing back. She sat in the old kitchen at last, lingering over the spot where she had been happiest, for, if there had been any comfort, it had been at Black Jane's knee, when the door burst open and Jane herself tottered in, and, trembling with horror, cast herself upon her knees.

"I have seen a spirit, Miss Margaret," said Jane, "a spirit from the other world. I've seen your mother, child, white and worn and wretched, standing watching your window from the orchard yonder. Some trouble is coming, some trouble is coming. What shall I do?"

Margaret, with a horror for which she had no words, crouched close to the black woman's side.

For the moment her resolution failed. But the terror passed ere long. She even grew to believe that Jane was the victim of her superstitious terrors. And she went to her room at last, resolved to meet her lover as she had promised. She had prepared her little bundle and placed her tiny sum of money in the pocket of her dress. She had written a note to her grandfather and laid it on the unrumpled pillow. And now that the house was all still—even Jane, in spite of her terror, asleep in her garret room—the girl crept down stairs and out into the orchard.

The moon shone bright; the path to the road was clear. She crept down it and opened the gate. A little way beyond a dark figure stood among the trees. It hastened forward.

"My darling!" cried a soft voice.

It was Ralph; all Margaret's terror vanished. She was with her lover; she was safe.

"A carriage stands at the foot of the lane," he whispered. "We will be beyond pursuit in an hour. Come, my darling."

But as she placed her hand in his and lifted her hand to his own another figure, crouched until now in the shadow of the great pear tree beside the gate, arose and glided like a ghost between them. A white face turned itself toward Ralph Harland, a white hand waved him backward.

"Demon!" said a low, clear voice. "Black-hearted demon! leave this poor girl and go!"

"Who are you who interferes?"

"Her mother," said the woman.

Margaret screamed. In the white moonlight, her head uncovered, her face as pale as that of the dead, the face seemed that of a spirit. She did not recognize Martha, and, overcome by terror, fainted in her arms.

When she again opened her eyes she was alone with the woman. She knew her face and voice now, and angrily shrank from her.

"Where is Ralph?"

"Ralph, as you call him, has gone forever, I hope. If he has gone to his wife he has done well, for he has one. I am your mother. Years ago I left my father's home at night with one as bad as Ralph. We were married, and six months afterward I learned that he had another wife, and he finally fled to escape the state prison. I only returned to place you, my child, upon the step of the old homestead. After that I worked honestly for my bread in a farmer's kitchen, but I could not refrain from seeing my child. I have saved you, darling."

And Margaret sobbed upon her breast.

"You must not leave me, mother," she said.

In the dawn two women knelt before the old man, and he was not stern to them, nor cruel; his lips pressed Margaret's forehead, and he took Martha to his heart.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Spirit of Chivalry.

Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, in a recent sermon, regretted the truth of Edmund Burke's assertion that "the age of chivalry is gone," but he thought that although the body might have departed, the spirit of chivalry still remained. This was evinced in the expedition to the north pole and to Africa, the missionary work to heathen countries, and the respect shown to women. The foundations of chivalry are mercy, courage, humility, and faith. No infidel could have been a knight of old, and no doctrine that is for self instead of for others could be a chivalrous one. The lack of chivalry in this city was very noticeable, and especially among the rich.

"Where do we find the wealthy?" the speaker asked. "In clubs and on the race tracks attempting to legalize gambling. The good that is done in this city is the work of that great middle class, the wage workers, and in many cases by the poorest of the poor."

A Serious Illness.

"I hear that your wife's health is very poor, Uncle Rastus."

"Yes," replied Uncle Rastus, wiping away a tear, "de poo 'ooman am enjoyin' bery bad health ob late, Sah. Hit do beat all, Sah, how de poo' creatures ob dis yearth am strucken down in de mournfullest way. Why, fo' months ago, Sah," he went on sorowfully, "dat poo' ole wife ob mine cud take in two dollahs a day washin".

A SHORT TALK WITH THE BOYS.

Why Nine-Tenths of the Farmer Lads are Dissatisfied with their Surroundings.

"I am a farmer's son and am not satisfied with my surroundings." This paragraph, or a portion of it, writes "M. Quad," in the Detroit Free Press, is certain to be found in four out of every five letters received from the country, and it is a matter which should be investigated. Our statesmen and journalists and philanthropists are continually praising agriculture as a vocation, and the idea that the farmer is independent and happy prevails in every story of rural life.

What has dissatisfied farmer's sons. Why is it that so many of them want to leave the farm for any work which will bring them a living? In most cases the trouble will be found with the farmer instead of his son.

It is a curious position in which an old fashioned farmer and his son are placed. The old man is content with some improvement on the ideas of fifty years ago. He can't see how any one should want anything better than bare floors, Windsor chairs and cowhide boots. He would as soon go to meeting without a collar as with one. He "rayther likes" the music of an organ, but if he buys an organ he won't feel like building that addition to the barn. He can't really see how any one can sit down and get interested in books, and why Henry and William should want "real cloth" collars is a deep conundrum. When 8 o'clock comes he gets ready for bed, and he can't see how the boys and girls can "abear" company who keep them up until 10. The farm is conducted after a fashion of a quarter of the last century. The house may be painted once in five years, but the chances are that it is allowed to go ten. The barns have needed repairs for years past, but it's cheaper to lose a ton of hay by the leaks than to buy new shingles. The fences are rotting down, but next winter will be a good time to split rails. There are half a duzen panes of glass needed about the house, but if the broken lights were renewed they might be smashed again. The democrat wagon has been "about worn out" for the last five years, and that's the excuse for not having it painted. The harnesses will hardly hold together, but they must answer for another year. The boys are held to "serve their time," like so many slaves or convicts, and the amount of cash finding its way into their pockets yearly would not keep a bootblack in stock to do business. Is the picture overdrawn? I can add twenty per cent. to the strength of each assertion and then not exceed the truth.

And now what's the matter with farmers' boys? They live in a new world—father is in an old one. No matter how little schooling they have had, they are better educated than he is. No matter if the father refuses to do more than subscribe to a weekly paper, his boys are fairly posted on the daily happenings all over the world. He wants to farm after old ideas—they after new ones. He got along without knowing whether England was east or west of the United States—without grammar, orthography or being able to write more than his name—without collars or cuffs or neckties—without books or papers or amusements, and he is quite certain that the boys can do the same.

The number of farmers' sons who are leaving home, either with a half-hearted consent, or running away, is greater than you dream of. They flock to the towns and cities to learn trades; to accept of menial positions; to take any work which will pay their way and prevent the necessity of returning to farm work.

The farmer who realizes this must ask himself where the blame lies, and then seek a remedy. Is there a remedy? Let us see.

In the first place, farmers' sons are overworked. There is no doubt that the farmer is, too, but that does not alter the case. When you rout a boy of 14, 16 or 18 out of bed at 4:30 or 5 o'clock in the morning, and work him until 7 or half past, you are making a white slave of him. You not only peril his health, but you deform his body. That's the cause so many sons of farmers are lop-sided, bow-backed or otherwise deformed, and the origin can be traced to over-exertion while growing.

There isn't a farm in this country on which the hours of labor couldn't be shortened to ten hours without causing a loss of $25 per year. If ten hours is enough for a ditch-digger it is all that a farmer's son should be called upon to endure. If there are two hours between 6 o'clock and darkness on a summer's evening, the boy can take up a book or paper, or put it to good use in some other way. As it is now, he knows he is expected to slave from daylight till dark, and when night comes he is weary in body and aggravated in spirit.

And the remedy is not altogether in shortening the hours of work. The boys must have things to interest and amuse them. They want books, magazines and newspapers. If there's a chance to fix up a bowling alley let the boys go ahead and make one. The game of bowls is a healthy exercise, and furnishes plenty of sport. If one of the boys has a taste for music help him on with it. Let him have a fiddle, accordion, organ, or whatever instrument he feels he can bring music out of. Both boys and girls should be encouraged to sing. To this end they should be encouraged to get up singing classes, which might meet around from house to house. A young people's social club, to meet in the same manner, would prove very interesting.

The farm can be made pleasanter than the work-shop—the farm-house as full of comfort and happiness as any home in the city. When this takes place the farmer's son will not be the young man he is. He will be jovial, content, and enthusiastic. He will be able to appear well in any society, to converse with anyone on the topics of the day, and he will have some future outside of the day in and day out toil which is crooking his spine and thickening up his brains.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"You needn't stop for me; I'm not an old woman."

"Can't see why an able-bodied man wants to stop a car before he gets off."

"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTOR.

Edwin Booth's First Appearance—Like Irving and others He had a Rugged Road to Travel.

Edwin Booth made his first appearance on the stage at the Boston Museum in 1849 as Tyrrel to his father's Richard. When night came and Edwin had dressed his father and himself, the eccentric parent took a chair, lit a cigar, and, after examining the youth with a critical eye, asked:

"Do you know that you are supposed to have been riding hard and far?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are your spurs?"

"I haven't any."

"Take mine, then," said the fond father, holding out his boots to be divested of their spurs.

Edwin filled his little part with easy self-possession, and his father, from a place of concealment in the wings, observed him and was satisfied. The audience, sitting under the spell of the great actor, encouraged the boy with scant and careless applause. Beauty and grace they allowed him—gifts natural to the son of the great Booth. He might, it was said, also have talent, might become a respectable actor, but he was not a genius. The handsome stripling disappeared, and, while the world applauded Brooke, Cushman and Forrest and amused itself with many lesser stars who filled the eye for a term and generally grieved the heart, rumors came of young Booth's playing in California, in Australia, in the Sandwich Islands. The world did not care to know that the young actor pasted his own play bills on the fences of Honolulu and acted "Claude Melnotte" with John Roe as "Pauline." Seven years after his first step on the stage in Boston Edwin Booth attempted "Richard III," in New York, and in this part conquered his place in the metropolis. In the following year, 1857, he played the first of his many brilliant engagements in Philadelphia, and acted for the first time "Sir Giles Overreach." This was the turning-point in his career. It banished self-distrust and strengthened his resolve to attempt the magnificent enterprises for the advancement of the stage which began at the Winter Gargen and ended at Booth's Theatre. The man who, above all others, was born to fulfill the mission of the greatest actor of his day proved one of the least successful of theatrical managers.

The run of over 100 nights of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden Theater in New York in 1864-65, brought Mr. Booth in his thirty third birth-day, to the zenith of his fame and power, and for him without a rival in the new generation. He has since managed, and partly owned, two theatres, and produced a few plays, but his "Hamlet" is still the one impersonation in which he is most famous and most worthy of fame, and the last twenty years, the most fruitful of the actor's life, have been devoted to the repetition of a wide but familiar repertory. The passion and fury which marred, but helped to make, his earlier success have departed, leaving the countenance and the genius of an actor softened and strengthened and infused with that serene spirit which lifts the man of feeling above the aspirations of youth. It is twenty years since Booth was at "Hamlet's" age, and although he does not now fill the youthful beauty of the part as he did then, the lithe grace, the elegance, the beauty, the electric swiftness of his acting are as persuasive as ever, and the matchless, subtle harmony of his presence, colors and tills the mimic world in which he moves. Year by year the actor is less in him and the art more.

France and China.

Tonquin, the scene of the Franco-Chinese difficulties, signifies "the capital of the East." So does the word Tokio, which is the name of the Japanese capital. The French are beginning to find it anything but a profitable capital. The Chinese are, on the other hand, likely to find that blessings in disguise come out of the embroglio. One result of advantage to them is the reunion of the "Black Flag" or Yunnan rebels to the empire. The people, who have given the French troops such trouble, are mainly the Panthays or Chinese Mussulmen, descendants of a hardy race who in the tenth century entered Yunnan, China, and became an integral portion of its people. They revolved some twenty or more years since, and were finally defeated, taking refuge in the mountainous part of Tonquin. Another result to China is the long stride it has made to the effective crystallization of a modern army. The Chinese are showing that they can fight European troops.

THE PRETTY ROLLER SKATER.

A group of merry skaters at the rink went
Like the grinding of a grist mill rose that dry, persistent sound;
And I nightly went to watch them from the gallery's lofty place,
For the poetry of motion seemed to thrill each form and face.

Some were full-grown men and women; some were youths and maidens fair;
Some were children of all sizes, penetrating everywhere;
All were stirred by sport and frolic as if life were running o'er;
'Twas a pretty sight to witness on the hard and burnished floor.

One, arrayed in bright, gay costume, so bewitchingly did skate
That my heart when she was coming would most wildly palpitate;
Without doubt the village beauty was this young and rosy lass,
And she tore my heart to tatters every time I saw her pass

She could step in any fashion, turn her feet each dangerous way,
Pose in figures quite coquettish, backward sweep with dizzy sway;
On the floor she fairly floated, seeming free from thought or care,
Fairy-like and half enchanted streamed the ribbons from her hair.

Sometimes in her gay gyrations upward beamed her pretty face,
Which was all aglow with roses from the ardor of her race;
Then I fancied she had seen me, for she paused and skated slow,
But among so many others how could she my passion know?

To that town I came a stranger—no one knew me there, I think,
Looking every night in wonder on the siren of the rink;
And I marvelled, when so many were in dual marches thrown,
That she got no fellow's offer, but kept skating on alone.

Are the young men all demented? thought I, as she whirled along;
For their coldness seemed surprising, doing human nature wrong;
And I vowed, if she would take me (though I know not how to skate),
I would stumble off on rollers and whirl with her, tete-a-tete.

So I rallied the director, who was owner of the rink,
And while proffering my credentials, "You are Mr. Smith, I think."
Said I, in the blandest manner, but with diffidence, I own;
"Would you name me that fair damsel who is skating all alone?"

Here I thought a shrewd discretion was be-it
It would never do to tell him she had skated through my heart!
"What! that young girl in gay costume?" said he, without stare or frown;
"She's our 'champion roller skater'—she's a tailor's wife, in town!"

I have never tried the rollers, and I never shall, I think;
I have something else to live for than a noisy skating rink.
People say that all who use them fall and flounder on the floor;
So, dismissing all delusions, I skipped straightway through the door.

—Joel Benton in Harper's.

"His Name Was Dennis."

Laconic conversation accidentally overheard on a West bound train:

"So you've been down to Washington, have you?"

"Yes."

"Looking for an office?"

"Yes."

"Life long Democrat, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"Always worked hard for your party?"

"Yes."

"Spent your money freely every campaign?"

"Yes."

"Thought you were entitled to recognition, did you?"

"Yes."

"Let's see—what did you say your name was?"

"Dennis."

Great Smokers.

The greatest tobacco smoker of his century was probably Jacob Hiemath, of Breslau, Germany, who smoked a half-pound of pigtail daily for nearly forty years. He died in 1832 at the age of ninety-four, with a clay-pipe in his mouth. Alfred Tennyson, the poet, now seventy-five, is the greatest smoker in England. Von Molke, the great Prussian soldier, now eighty-five years of age, is a constant smoker. Gen. Grant was one of the most persistent smokers in this country up to the time of his illness. Ex-Senator Thurman, who is seventy-three years of age, has been a snuff-taker for thirty-five years. Nearly all the distinguished old men we know of use tobacco in some form.

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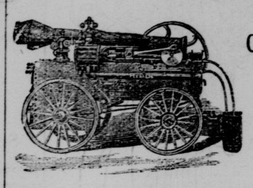

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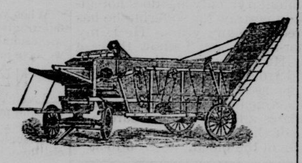

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6 50	2 38	Easton,	11 45	9 37
7 00	2 49	Chapel,	11 33	9 24
7 08	2 55	Cordova,	11 27	9 17
7 18	3 05	Queen Anne,	11 18	9 08
7 29	3 16	Ridgely,	11 06	8 58
7 39	3 26	Greensboro,	10 56	8 48
7 48	3 36	Goldsboro,	10 46	8 38
8 55	3 43	Henderson,	10 40	8 32
7 02	3 50	Marydel,	10 34	8 26
8 11	3 58	Slaughters,	10 26	8 18
8 14	4 00	Hartley,	10 24	8 16
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