DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1885. NO. 46.

SUMMER GOODS

JUST OPENED AT

DUNNOCK'S STORE.

Mr. Dunnock respectfully invites the people of Denton and vicinity to call and inspect his stock of new goods, and at the same time consider well the extremely low prices at which they are sold. He has very carefully selected his stock of new goods, both as to quality and price, and has made every effort to give satisfaction to those favoring him with a call. He now has a full stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CLOTHING,
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A full line of Gents' Neckwear, Shirts, &c., will be kept constantly on hand. Any patronage extended to Mr. Dunnock has been and will be greatly appreciated. Goods cheerfully delivered to any part of the town. ☞Country produce taken in trade at highest prices.

N. B.—I have constantly on hand a full line of samples of Dress Goods, Cashmeres and Silks, from the cheapest to the VERY BEST, which goods can be had in Denton by next steamer after order is given. As this is a new feature I will sell these goods at lowest prices and hope the ladies will give me a call. WM. E. DUNNOCK.

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AGENTS,

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BLITHE SPRINGTIME

Has made its advent, and many are the needs of the farmer and his household occasiond thereby.

The LADIES should not fail to see my stock of new Ginghams, Muslins and handsome Spring Prints, Hosiery, etc., just received.

The GENTLEMEN, fashionable young men and dudes can find just what they are looking for in my new stock of Neckwear. There is something to please every one's fancy.

All having BUILDING in contemplation will please call and get prices of Lumber. I am agent for the well-known firm of W. W. Tunis & Bro., and can supply everything you need in the building line at bottom figures.

The FARMERS can do no better anywhere than by using the well-known brands of Fertilizers, "Monarch" and "Union Soluble," for which I am agent. The analyses of these fertilizers are guaranteed.

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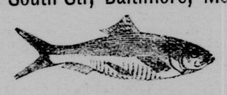

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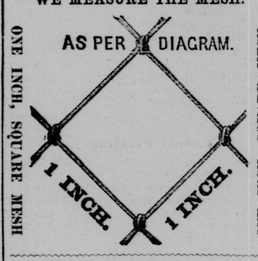

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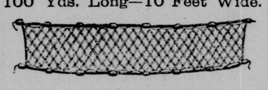
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



We would make the webbing 150 yards long, 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram

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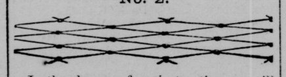

In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

☞Send for Price List.

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You Know.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

Two months ago, or something so,
I married a wife—a wife, you know—
I married a wife, O ho! O ho!
I married a wife, you know!

"Now, Charles," she said, "just ere we wed
Promise me this—just this, you know:
That you won't smoke, nor waltz, nor polk
With anyone else but me, you know!"
Two months ago, this was, you know—
And I—like a flat—I promised so—
But now we are wed. O ho! O ho!
I wouldn't do it again, you know!

"You musn't drink; I really think"—
'Twas thus she went on—"I've heard, you know,
You like a glass of wine, to pass
A sociable hour with friends, you know.
A year ago this would not show
Like anything bad at all, you know—
But married to me—I love you so
I couldn't endure it at all, you know!"

We loved so well it thence befell,
Not sorrow—Oh no! not I, you know—
But then—cigars, the lark with "stars,"
And friends, three or four "Good Boys," you know;
Two months ago you couldn't show
A merrier set than we, you know;
But having a wife, O ho! O ho!
Is quite a different thing, you know!

My bride and I, as days go by,
Grow tiresome a bit—both ways, you know;
I think of friends—she billets sends,
And walks on the street alone, you know.
Two months ago 'twas hardly so,
We never could be apart, you know:
But married eight weeks—O ho! O ho?
May open one's eyes sometimes, you know!

And now I find that she's inclined
To flirt somewhat at times, you know;
And so am I—but vain my sigh,—
The gallants all flock to her, you know,
Where ever we go she's sure to tow
Some jacknapes on behind, you know—
It isn't so very nice, you know!

A charming miss I used to kiss,
When deep in the door we stood, you know,
But married now, how cool her bow!
She will hardly speak to me, you know;
Two months ago 'twas not so slow
For her or for me to flirt, you know;
But now I've a wife—O ho! O ho!

Two months ago—two months ago! heigh ho!
It seems like two years to me, you know;
My wife away the livelong day,
And part of the night as well, you know;
Two months—Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
But such is the life of man, you know;
Who marries a wife—O ho! O ho!
Learns a number of things, you know!

A GOOD MATCH FOR BOTH.

He went up the steps of his friend's house and rang the bell—"he" was Benjamin Cuthbert—and before it was answered he looked through the French windows—no one could help it who stood on the porch—and saw within a lady and four children.

The lady sat in the big arm chair reading a story book. One little one perched upon her knee. A girl sat sewing beside the table, making a doll's dress, but listening to the reading all the same. One of the boys was making a "fly trap" of paper—the other cutting paper boats.

"What a happy man Dick is," he said to himself, "with such a family about him. He has stayed at home and become a solid man, while I have been roaming over the world. What a pretty woman she is, too—"

"Well, sir?" said a voice at his elbow.

The door had opened as he stood staring; and rather abashed, he added to a hasty "Oh, beg pardon," the inquiry: "Is Mr. Fielding at home?"

The girl shook her head.

"No, he ain't," she said. "We expect him home to-morrow. But if you would like to see Mrs. Fielding—"

"Take her my card," said Cuthbert, offering her one.

"She's just in there," said the girl.

"I know," said Cuthbert.

"And there aint no light in the parlor," said the girl.

"Oh, I'll stay here," said Cuthbert.

The girl vanished.

The next moment the lady appeared at the door with the book in her hand.

"Mr. Cuthbert," she said, "dear me! Have you been left out here? I suppose Ann believed herself to be doing right. She does the strangest things under that impression. Walk in. Mr. Fielding will be sorry he was away. He will be back some time to-morrow, and your room is ready for you. Dick talks so much of you that you seem quite an old friend."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Cuthbert.

And he entered, and in the space of ten minutes felt as if he had known that woman as many years. She made him regret, as no woman ever had before, that he had never fallen in love before and married.

A good supper was served shortly, and when the children began to fall asleep about the room, Mrs. Fielding gathered them together, and bade him good night.

"It's awfully stupid for you that Mr. Fielding is not at home," she said. "Your room is the one just at the head of the stairs. If you need anything, ring. Sam won't go to bed for hours. He sits in the kitchen and plays the fiddle nearly all night. Pleasant dreams."

He arose and bowed, and said something polite, and went up to his room very shortly afterwards. It was comfortable and pretty, but he did not sleep very well; he tossed about and found himself dreaming all sorts of things; he heard one of the young Fieldings cry a great deal, and wondered if it was sick.

In the morning, going down stairs, he met a stout old lady in an apron, carrying a bowl and plate on a tray. She gave him good-morning.

"Is the child sick?" he asked.

"Law, no, sir!"

"I heard it cry so much," he added in apology.

"They always do, bless 'em!" said she. "Always."

"I'd put a stop to it, I think," said Cuthbert to himself, "if I was Dick. A strapping little boy like that!"

And he did not envy his friend's matrimonial joys so deeply. But after, when they were all at the table again, those doubts vanished. He had been very long a stranger to any home, and for years together had sojourned where women scarcely came. He had made money; but what had he not missed?

He told his adventures in the mines and at far-off ranches to the children, who thought it as interesting as a fairy tale. Indeed it was. And Mrs. Fielding listened, and when the child upon her knee cried, "Oh, isn't that splendid?" she nodded at him and smiled at the narrator.

Later on in the day a letter came. It was from Fielding.

"He writes," said Mrs. Fielding, "that he may be detained by business, but you must stay until he comes. We'll go and see the falls to-day, and there's an old glen and cavern close by, an old house Washington stayed over night in, with the original old furniture and family miniatures by Malone, and all the rest of it. It is all worth driving to see."

He agreed to everything, of course; he enjoyed himself very much—so much that it surprised him. A little woman who did not talk a great deal, and four children. He should have thought it would be very dull. On the contrary he was perfectly happy.

That night that dreadful youngest boy shrieked more shrilly than ever, and somebody cried:

"There, there, a tootsy!"

"I'd cut a small switch, I think, if it's not a case for cholera medicine," Mr. Cuthbert remarked to himself.

And he looked at the healthy, smiling child in astonishment next day and felt inclined to ask questions. He was deterred by the fear of seeming fussy.

The old woman in the apron often crossed his path, and always with something to eat on a tray, and he was sure he occasionally heard a voice he did not know.

There was a sort of enchanted castle mystery about all this, and he might have fathomed it had his mind not been occupied by a trouble of his own.

It came upon him one moonlight evening, as he lay lazily in the hammock between two pine trees, with the small Albert Edward perched upon his chest.

"I yike you," said the talkative child. "Do you yike me?"

"Yes," said the gentlemen.

"Do yike Phiwip?" asked Albert Edward, "and Neddie and Kittie?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you yike Nurse Smiff?"

"Is Nurse Smith the stout lady with the tray of eatables?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Oh, I adore her!" said Cuthbert.

"I hate her!" said the child.

"Why?" asked Cuthbert.

"She won't let me hug my mosser."

"Why not?" asked Cuthbert.

"I don't know," said Albert Edward. "Do you love my mosser?"

"Yes," said Cuthbert.

Then suddenly he started to his feet, sick at heart.

The truth flashed upon him. He knew why he was so happy in that simple home. He loved his friend's wife. The feeling had come to him. He had no thought it could be. He had done nothing a man should not do. He could no more help it than he could have helped a sudden attack of illness, or a lightning stroke; but it was true. It was true, he loved her; and this was the first love of his life, and that love had come to him at forty, a stronger, deeper and, as he felt, a more enduring passion than he could have harbored in his heart at one-and-twenty.

His friend's wife, a virtuous matron, sitting amongst her children, unconscious of his thoughts. Well, at least, he was only a pitiable wretch. He had not suspected himself until this moment, but had only thought life sweeter than it had ever been before. Oh, so much sweeter!

And now he would do the only thing a gentleman and a man of honor could do. He would leave the dangerous spot. He would rise with the dawn, and before he could see that sweet woman again would quit the house.

He sat down and wrote this little note that night, with a trembling hand, and eyes that scarce saw the paper:

MRS. FIELDING—Dear Madam:—Sudden news has reached me which compels me to leave at once. I cannot even wait to thank you for your kind hospitality. Give my love to my dear old friend, whom I hope to see soon. Yours truly,

BENJAMIN CUTHBERT.

This he enveloped, sealed, and gave Black Sam, scraping his fiddle in the kitchen.

He did not sleep much that night. Albert Edward cried terrifically with long cat-like squawls, and choking sobs, and his light drew a number of curious winged things into his room that buzzed about, and crackled the newspaper, and tickled in the surbase and rustled in the curtains.

At daybreak, unrefreshed and very miserable, he took his portmanteau in hand and shut the door behind him.

"Good-bye, dear woman," he said, sadly. "Good-bye, forever."

He looked at a certain window as spoke—it was quite the wrong room; but that was not the only mistake he had made—and then walked to the station, accumulating alternate layers of dust and mud on his boots, and, breakfastless and forlorn, took the earliest morning train cityward.

He had been trying to forget his folly for two good weeks, when one morning somebody asked for him, and that somebody proved to be no other than his old friend, Richard Fielding.

Hands clasped and kind words passed, and then Fielding cried in his own hearty, honest way:

"But why didn't you stay at my house, Ben? I should have been so very glad. Catharine says it was too stupid. My wife says the baby kept you awake. It's a frightful little squaller. Splendid child, though; weighs fourteen pounds. Nurse Smith says you asked after it so kindly when you met her on the stairs; said you thought it must be sick. Quite unfortunate, your coming when I was away, and my wife couldn't entertain you."

"Mrs. Fielding was most kind," said Cuthbert.

"Oh, yes, Catherine would do her best, but my wife is different," said Mr. Fielding, spreading his hands abroad. "My wife has aplomb, and all that—the life of every company she is in—good talker. Now Catherine, nice little domestic woman, is very quiet—a little serious and silent—eh?"

"Who is Catharine?" asked Cuthbert, with wildly beating heart.

"She was Mrs. Jefferson Fielding. You remember poor Jeff? She's his widow. She's lived with us for years. The children adore her. You know she says she never said anything about the new baby; didn't like to. I wonder why not? But Nurse Smith says you must have known, for you asked after it; and its shrieks—no baby over four weeks shrieks like that. Of course you know, Cuthbert."

"I don't know. I'm an old bachelor. I laid it all to Albert Edward," said Mr. Cuthbert. "I made several mistakes in your family. I couldn't think why Nurse Smith carried so many trays of provisions upstairs, and I—I thought your brother's widow was your wife."

"Poor little sister-in-law!" said Fielding. "Yes, yes, a nice body but not Amelia Jane. She is quite another person."

"Thank heaven!" gasped Cuthbert.

"I see how it is," thought Fielding. "Catharine has been prim or dull, or offended him somehow," and he said aloud:

"Come down with me. Amelia Jane is up now and wants you to see baby," said Fielding.

Cuthbert went.

All the way long he sang a song of rejoicing to himself. He had not fallen in love with Fielding's wife; he had nothing to be ashamed of. There was no harm in adoring Jefferson's widow.

Standing at a railway station one day—"To think," said Mrs. Richard Fielding, "how things come about. Who would have dreamed that your friend was coming here to marry Catherine. "Well, it's a match for both. I'm delighted."

"So am I," said the husband. Then they waved their handkerchiefs to the departing bridegroom, and went home together.

Spiritualism's New Hobby.

Spiritualism has a new hobby. That famous Methodist, the Rev. D. D. Wheden, had, shortly before his death, evolved a curious theory as to disembodied spirits. His idea was that the entire nervous system, not the contents of the cranium alone, constituted the mind. Therefore, the ramifications of the nerves, forming in themselves a shape conforming exactly to that of the whole figure, made the soul of a man just like his body so far as configuration was concerned. He believed that at death this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself, and became the eternal form of the spirit, visible to its fellows, and, under some conditions, to terrestrial folks. Dr. Wheden described how the soul gets out of the body, as follows:

"Emerging upward, the spirit awakes into the pure ether—a blessed atmosphere. This paradisiac ether is an effluence from the divine essence, and the emancipated soul bathes, swims, lives in its own genial and native element. Paradise thus pervades above and around us, and at death the spirit enters thereinto as through a veil."

He intimated that apparitions are glimpses of the beings of this close by but usually invisible world. "Even the resurrected body of Christ," he says, "walked through the solid walls of the house, and first revealed itself to His disciples at the table." He called these beings angeloids, and argued that they leave behind them, in the discarded corpse, the baser attributes. The pertinacy of Wheden's theory to modern spiritualism lies in its harmony with the alleged phenomena of materialization. It has been seized upon by several of the professional mediums, and in some of the seances forms in semblance comporting with the conditions of his angeloids have been shown to astonished disciples.

Rev. Sam Jones on Whiskey.

Rev. Sam Jones is the name of a character whose sermons are reported to have made a feature in some of the Southern papers. The following is taken from a report in the Atlanta Constitution.

"I believe liquor is a good thing in its place, and its place is in hell. If I was in hell I might drink it, but so help me God I never will on this earth drink it again. Some fellows say don't mix politics and religion. When a fellow talks that way you may know he hasn't got any religion to mix. I would mix religion with politics, not politics with religion. A little religion will help politics. It will make it clean and decent. We want truth, justice and temperance mixed with politics in this State. I spoke to the Legislature of Tennessee on the subject the other day. They are talking about a constitutional amendment on the liquor question up there. We want this question cleared up beyond the reach of these little crossroads judges, who hop up every now and then and say something is unconstitutional. We want to do away with such judges and put decent men of brains and character in their places. You can't reform a State until you send some good men to the Legislature. Some men come to every Legislature that meets in in Georgia that ain't fit to go in a chain-gang.

"If you refuse to help suppress the infamous wrong that is being done by whiskey, you are rotten yourself. Some of you don't know me. I speak plainly. I use words you can understand. Now you can take the Latin word decayed and it won't faze a fellow. If you take the good old Anglo-Saxon word rotten you can cut his head. You see, I choose my words. Of course there are always some little spelling-book critics setting around, who will go back on a fellows grammar. I wouldn't mind being swallowed by a whale, but I would hate to be nibbled to death by minnows. Whiskey is not good for one thing in this world for which there is not something else that is better. If the time ever comes when they say to me; 'You'll die if you don't drink whiskey,' I will say, 'Get a shroud ready.' I mean to die sober. If a fellow gets so low that nothing but liquor will save him, I am ready to preach his funeral sermon. If there is in this vast audience one man or woman who never had a relative or loved one hurt or ruined by whiskey, I want him or her to stand up right now. You have all had a brother, or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law ruined by whiskey. My goodness, these sons-in-law! I'd rather have a boa constricsor around my neck than to have a drunken son-in-law. The devil can't do any worse than that. Some of you old hypocrites that are dilly-dallying with the whiskey question are going to get caught just that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunken son-in-law, and I'll bet he'll make you prohibition with a vengeance. God despises a coward. I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty than to run away from it because I was afraid. God entrusts all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game. I don't mean to talk here more than half an hour. If any of you fellows get tired you know the way home. We wouldn't have missed you if you hadn't come at all."

He Couldn't Stand It.

Let me tell you one thing about shopping, dear reader. There was a clerk behind the counter in the white goods department of a drygoods store. He had an air of a foreign nobleman, with a bewitching admixture of the American dude. The very sight of him was enough to conjure up a halo of romance around his darling, curly little head. In front of that same counter, seated placidly on a stood, was a distinguishedly fashionable young woman. She was making a selection of underclothing; and anybody familiar with beauty, intricacy, beauty and cost of the garments now worn by fashionable ladies can understand when I say that she seemed to be buying everything that struck her fancy, that she was indeed purchasing liberally. But it wasn't possible, I thought, that a visible emotion on the part of the pretty clerk was due to the magnitude of the sales. No; nothing directly connected with mere trade could have so stirred the depths of his delicate soul. He got worse and worse. His hand quivered, his eyes filled with tears, his replies to her casual questions grew more incoherent, and finally, with a sigh that almost rent his moderate bulk, and a grip of his infinitesimal forehead between his trembling palms, he dashed out of the room.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with the fellow?" I inquired of the superintendent of the department, after he had detailed another clerk to attend to the fair customer.

"On the positive," he replied, "I don't mind telling you. The clerk is a rejected suitor of the lady. She is going to be married to another. She is purchasing a bridal outfit. To take an active share in the making up of her trousseau was more than he could stand. See?"

Misery requires action; happiness repose, remarks a philosopher. No one who has ever made the business acquaintance of an angry wasp will doubt the first part of this statement.

Between Ourselves.

Because her eyes to me and you
The brightest are and bluest,
Shall storms arise between us two,
The oldest friends and truest?
She smiles on me, my heart is light,
And yours is steeped in sorrow;
And yet the flower I gave to-night
She'll throw to you to-morrow.
Coquette is she; so say with me
Let him who wins her wear her;
And fair—however fair she be,
There's many a lassie fairer."

But if it hap, and well it may,
That each in vain has pleaded,
If all my songs are thrown away
And all yours sighs unheeded,
We'll vow ourselves no hermit vows,
We'll cross no foaming billow,
We'll bind about our dismal brows
No wreaths of mournful willow;
But show, in spite of her disdain,
We yet can live without her.
And joining hands we'll laugh again,
And think no more about her!

The Duties of the Best Man.

A gentleman about to be married, with the Episcopal form of service, in church, desires to know the true duties of the best man, and also what should be expected of him at the reception following the ceremony. Yours truly, E. B. H.

The Best Man is the factotum for the event before as well as during the ceremony. He is expected to supply the element which, as the appointed day approaches, is generally supposed to float away temporarily from the parties about to enter into wedlock. He should abound in common sense, and never should lose his head. He is the business man, and should be selected on business principles, and not, as is the case with the groom, on grounds of sentiment. He is, as it were, the anchor thrown out by the latter character as a hold upon the unchangeable and unemotional world of daily life, of which the rules of procedure are never altered, and to which every young couple must sooner or later reassimilate themselves.

Not that he should be unsympathetic with his principal, but he must see that at any rate the business portion of preparatory matrimony shall be conducted sensibly.

His functions, however, sometimes vary. This is according to the conditions of the principal. They may be greater or less as the latter loses or retains his grip on the material world. But as a rule he must at least be prepared to engage church, minister, and music; to run errands; to carry messages; to lend a hand whenever he can be useful; and to jog the groom's memory whenever necessary, as well as to sing his praises.

On the appointed day labors culminate. At the proper time he must go in a well appointed vehicle, in suitable dress, see that the young man about to risk it is similarly prepared, carry him off to church, and taking him in at the side door, lead him close to the chancel. If he gets through safely now, he will be all right. Now is the time when the other division of the wedding party is about to come up the aisle. He must on no account wear an air of self-congratulation. The very worst thing he could do would be to look as if he thought he was having a narrow escape himself. That would ruin the spirit of the whole occasion. He must look as though he wished his friend's lot were his. He must appear dignified and appreciative, perhaps a trifle envious. He must cheer up the groom, give him moral support, and hold his hat, if he carries one, giving it back when it is over. With that act he surrenders his official character, and is absolved from all further responsibility. He has no fixed duties at the wedding reception.

But candor requires us to state that the term best man, when applied to the groom's assistant, is a misnomer. In truth the best man is really he who gets the girl.

What is a Crop?

Law and justice should always be closely akin, but it is notorious that generally they are only very distant cousins. Occasionally, however, we find a Judge competent to declare and set forth the harmony naturally existing between those two prime factors of civilization. Judge Boyer, of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, is a jurist of that ilk. In a recent case before him of suit against an insurance company to recover payment on a "storm-insurance policy," for a growing crop of grain that was destroyed by a hail-storm, the company pleaded that "the grain was not a crop until it was harvested." But Judge Boyer very properly decided that insurance of a crop against damage by storms would be of no value after the crop is harvested, because "growing crops" need insurance only while they are growing, and because "the commonly understood signification of the word 'crop' must govern its meaning in an equitable contract." Lightning-rod fiends frequently resort to similar subterfuges to cheat farmers, but the foregoing is a decidedly new kick for even the most vicious insurance mule.

The Honest Farmer.

"Yes," said the honest farmer; "I know there are people what always put the big apples at the top of the bar'l, but I don't."

"That's right," exclaimed the deacon, admiringly. "I have always tried to convince the folks that that sort o' thing doesn't pay in the long run."

"If they'd go to the city once in a while they'd learn something. I always put my big apples at the bottom of the bar'l."

"That's the way."

"Yes; you see people has got so suspicious that they most always open the bar'l at the bottom nowadays."

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