DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1885.

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1885. NO. 51.

REDUCTION IN SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT ◁DUNNOCK'S▷

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS, SHOES,
GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
QUEENSWARE.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

As the season advances those goods becoming unseasonable will be reduced to bottom figures in order to make room for the coming season. Such goods as Dress Ginghams, Sateens, Lawns, White Goods, &c., can now be had at very low prices. Mr. Dunnock also keeps on hand a full line of Gents' Neckwear and Underwear. The Diamond Shirt a specialty.

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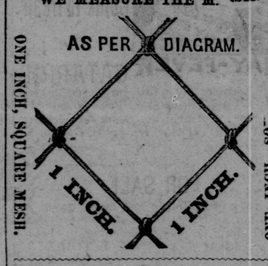
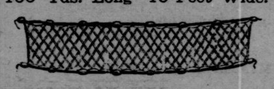


Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



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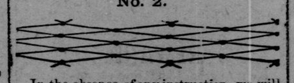

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BALTIMORE, MD.

Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

Remember—Forget.

Ah, ponder no longer
With vain regret,
O'er memories gloomy,
With tear-drops wet;
For sighs cannot lighten
The clouds overcast,
Nor pining e'er brighten
Hopes dead with the past.

They but darken the shadows
And crush out the light,
And leave, as thou gazest,
More desolate night;
Then mourn thou no longer,
Nor vainly regret;
Arise, be thou stronger,
E'en learn to forget.

Remembering only
That where thou didst stray
Some birds made sweet music
To gladden thy way—
Some sweet flowers were blooming
The foul weeds among,
Their richest perfuming
Broadcast freely flung.

Hoard each glance of affection,
Each word love-arrayed;
Let the frowning and harshness
In oblivion fade.
Forget not to treasure
Each good thou hast met,
But the wrong in thy treasure
Remember—forget.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The yellow haze of midsummer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet slopes of the Fairhaven farm, the river, murmuring softly over its pebbly bottom, flashed up like a sheet of silver, and the purple fields of clover, nodding ready for the scythe, filled the warm air with slumberous scents.

"Fine weather for hayin'," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his material nature God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop." Alas! is not this world full of Eliakim Fairhavens in one shape or another?

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting and watching the cumbersome frolics of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their mother, whom she was "bringing up by hand."

"Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the beamy west. "Who's that comin' up the path, I wonder?"

"One of the new hands, I calculate," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't 'gree to give 'em their supper and board into the bargain, a night afore the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child," said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you, and what do you want?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly. "If you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If you can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't, the sooner you go about your business the better!"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man, as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hands on his forehead, "but—"

"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat with dogged composure.

Miss Comfort looked appealingly at her brother.

"If I could just get 'em a bowl of milk, Eliakim, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" sonorously ejaculated the farmer; "I ain't goin' to give in to this sort of thing. Once begin and you'll never leave off, you soft-headed womanfolk!"

Slowly and wearily the two poor travellers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road, the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

"Oh, papa, papa," sobbed the little girl, turning over blue, wistful eye to the white, worn face, "how cruel people are."

He placed his hand upon her curly uncovered head.

"Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful, tender pathos in his voice; "it will soon end. It cannot be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child, but for you—." He stopped, his voice husky with emotion. They walked what seemed to little Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to stop.

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, reckless of her grammar. "Eliakim — that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas', and I cut down thro' the lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your father's looks out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered, calmly, and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected. Yes, he would soon be well, but it would be in that country where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

"Where are you going?" asked kind Miss Comfort, her voice growing husky in spite of herself.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays too."

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand.

"I s'pose you want to get to Lonsdale?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Is it far?"

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort, "but I'll tell ye what; I'll make Joab get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats you'll ride easy enough. He'll be back afore Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'; and while you are waitin' I'll bring down a snack of bread and meat and a bottle of my currant wine. 'Taint good to travel on an empty stomach."

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carrying her hospitable intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and appreciation of the hungry child.

"Now, see here," said Miss Comfort, drawing the child aside, when Joab drove up with the comfortable farm wagon and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use?"

"We have only enough for our railroad tickets," raid Essie, her countenance falling, "but—"

"I thought so," said Miss Comfort, "and here's a five dollar bill I've laid aside out of my butter money that Eliakim don't know nothin' about."

The child's eyes were brimming as she looked up in Miss Comfort's honest, hard-featured face.

"Will you let me kiss you, just once?" she whispered, standing on tiptoe to bring her blooming cheek close to the spinster's wrinkled lips.

Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself have remarked had she leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not resist the sweet, wistful entreaty.

"There," she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, "run along; Joab's waitin'."

"Oh!" cried little Esther, as she sat on the buffalo draped seat. "I wish I was rich and grown up."

"Why, what 'ud you do?" asked honest Joab.

"I'd buy a diamond necklace and pink dress for that good lady."

Joab chuckled. 'I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with grim jocularity. "So gee up, old Doll!"

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor I won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he speckilated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, I don't much care whe—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages do you ask?"

"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. — Fifth Avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person like you would suit."

"I ain't young, I know," said Miss Comfort, with a sigh, "but there's a deal of tough work left in me yet. Give me the address—I shan't give up and starve without tryin' for it."

Yet, in spite of all her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth Avenue mansion, surrounded by gilded tables, silken chairs, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were they.

"I'm almost sorry I come," thought Miss Comfort. "I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here."

While the thought was passing through her mind the door swung open, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morniug robe entered—a young lady with golden brown hair looped after the fashionable style over her brow, and deep blue eyes.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out, ecstatically. "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither!"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, with bright tears sparkling on her eyelashes. "Why," demanded the bewildered spinster, "who are you?"

"I'm Essie! Don't you remember little Essie Bell that you gave the five dollar bill to in the twilight by the wild rose bushes, when—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Comfort. "You don't mean to say that you are that—"

And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embraces, while she listened to the story of how grandpapa had adopted her; and how she was surrounded by all that luxury could devise or art invent.

"And I have longed to see you again," added Essie, "for if it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now, and be my darling old friend."

"No," said Miss Comfort, gravely, shaking her head, "I've come to apply for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, why I must go elsewhere."

And Essie was obliged to consent.

"But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her crepe hair; "I shall give what wages I please, for grandpa always entrusts those things to my management."

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed nominally as housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never had dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five dollar bill advantageously. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to her.

Got a Warrant for General Lee.

Billy Williams is a policeman of the Southern district who has been the night officer on Light street wharf for 14 years, and he is known to everybody who uses that thoroughfare. He shares with Capt. Delanty the distinction of knowing and being known to every resident of South Baltimore. He is now quite aged, but active, good-natured and conscientious. He was in a communicative mood last night after he had seen the excursion steamers safely unload their thousands of weary passengers on the piers along his beat.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose that he who fights last fights best, and General Grant must accordingly have been a better soldier than General Lee. But he could not have been a better gentlemen. I never knew General Grant, but I did know General Lee, and a more thorough gentleman has never yet crossed my path. He built the new fort and I used to work under him down there. That was before the war. He was then a colonel in the United States army—a sort of an engineer. He was certainly a handsome man. It did a fellow good to gaze into his honest, manly face. He could look clear through you and read a newspaper on the other side. But he was square and never unjust. His build was perfect. His mustache was black, and his hair just beginning to turn gray. That was in 1852, and when he went into the Confederate army both mustache and hair were gray.

"I suppose that I am the only man who ever swore out a warrant against him. When I quit work at the fort he wanted me to sign a receipt for my wages, after deducting my board bill. I wouldn't do it, and I got a warrant from old 'Squire Warrington, whose office was at Fell's Point, to compel him to pay my wages in full. He did it without a murmur. I guess I owed for that board, too, but I didn't owe him. A man named Ricketts provisioned us, and when I left he told Colonel Lee that I was in his debt, and so Colonel Lee tried to make me pay. I made up my mind that I was not going to pay for such rotten stuff as was served out to me, and I didn't. The corn beef that was given me for dinner one day was so decomposed that I could not eat it, and when I asked Ricketts for a better piece he refused to give it to me. I then threw it into his face, and pounded him over the head with the tin plate. Of course, I had to leave that job then. When Colonel Lee paid me off Ricketts was at the door and asked me to pay him, but he got out of my way when I told him that I would knock him down."

"Did General Lee work you hard?"

"Not a bit of it. He paid us $2.50 a day and never overworked us. He lived in the city, and was rowed to the fort every morning in a four-oared gig. He used to treat those fellows in the boat in handsome style, and they would do anything for him."—Baltimore Morning Herald.

Mosquitoes and Malaria.

If persons living in localities frequented by mosquitoes are troubled with fever and ague, they have themselves to blame for it, is the conclusion reached by a Galveston scientist, who has been roving among the miasmatic lagoons of Louisiana, and submitting himself freely to the fly-phlebotomists. The mosquito, says he, is nature's antidote for malaria. Shelter yourself behind mosquito nets and you invite the shakes; take down your nets and let the tormentors in and you regain your health.

The idea is not a new one, and it is altogether probable that there is much truth in it. The native Eastern Shoreman or dweller on the salt marshes of our own State, who both by inheritance and habitude has acquired an indifference to mosquito bites almost incomprehensible to other people, enjoys also a corresponding immunity from chills.—There is not much comfort to any one else in this reflection, however; for the new-comer who strikes such a locality in mosquito season will very soon be tempted to cry out: "Take away your mosquitoes and fetch on your malaria."—Ex.

"I have a letter here directed to the prettiest woman in the house," announced the presidentess of a woman's convention. Four reporters on the front seat were trampled to death in the rush for the speaker's stand.

He Threw Away Four Queens.

One of the most famous games of poker ever played in the Northwest was between the late Stanley Huntley and Major A. W. Edwards, the editor and proprietor of the Fargo Argus. Mr. Huntley had not been making much money out of the Bismark Tribune, and when he was taken sick and was unable to attend to business for several months, his affairs became so entangled that he determined to sell out his share in the paper. As the Tribune was the only paper in Bismark at that time, and as there was a strong political ring in the county, he had hopes of disposing of his property to the politicians; but, fearing that he might fail to do so, he dropped a line to Major Edwards asking him to buy his paper. Major Edwards had made a fortune out of his own paper, and, as he was ambitious to own more papers, he promptly responded to the letter by drawing $2,000 from bank and taking the first train for Bismark. When he reached that city he found that the trade with the politicians was made, and Huntley had come out of his difficulties with several hundred dollars in cool cash. It was several hours before the return train left, and having nothing else to do, the Major suggested that they play a game of poker at $5 ante.

The Major's fame as a poker player was not confined alone to Fargo. He was recognized throughout the Territory as the best player in the Northwest, and when it became noised about the town that he and Huntley were to play together there was no saloon in the place large enough to accommodate the crowd, and the game was moved to the town hall over the engine house.

The game began at noon and continued until 2 o'clock with varying success. At last there was a jack pot containing $200 on the table, and it was Major Edwards' deal. When Mr. Huntley picked up his hand he saw that he held four queens and an ace. He was surprised. Cards had not been running well enough to justify such luck. He saw the Major throw away one card and hold four.

"How much do you open it for?" asked the Major nonchalantly.

Huntley stopped a moment to think and then replied calmly:

"I don't open it."

"Well, I will," said the Major.

"For how much?" asked Huntley.

"For $100," replied the Major.

"All right," said Huntley, throwing away his four queens, and keeping his ace, "I'll come in. Give me four cards."

With a glance of incredulity and pity the Major dealt them, and took one himself.

"I'll bet $100," observed the Major.

"Raise you $100," said Huntley.

The Major scanned his hand carefully, looked at his young adversary keenly, and raised it back for the same amount.

"Raise it $100 more," said Huntley.

This sort of thing continued until there was $2,400 on the table, and the crowd was breathless with excitement.

"I'll raise you $500," said the Major, "if you will trust me."

"Rather have the cash," said Huntley.

"Will you take this ring for that amount?" returned the Major, as he pointed to a magnificent solitaire diamond he wore, which cost him $1,000 in Chicago.

"Yes," said Huntley, as he saw the raise.

"Then I'll call," said the Major.

Huntley laid down his hand. He had caught the other three aces. The Major had only four kings, just as Huntley had suspected. It cost Huntley $500 to treat the crowd, and when the Major left for Fargo it was on borrowed money.

The fame of this game spread around the Territory, and when Huntley returned from his trip into the Northwest Territory after interviewing Sitting Bull, he stopped at Fargo on his way East, and gave Major Edwards back his ring. After dinner, as Huntley was about to take the train for New York, the Major, accompanied by several of his friends, went to the station to see off.

"By the way, Stanley," said he, "since you left Bismark they have told some pretty rough stories about that game of poker we played."

"What are they?"

"They say that I dealt myself four kings from a cold deck. Now, I want you to tell these gentlemen that I played a fair, square game."

"The Major is right," said Huntley. "He played an honest game."

"Thanks, Stanley," returned the Major. "Now I want to ask you one question."

"All right."

"I want to know how in the devil you ever came to discard those four queens I dealt you?"

"I'll answer that, Major," said Huntley, with a grim smile, "if you will tell me how you knew I had four queens."

The Cost of an Education.

"Your studies are costing me a great deal;" said a father to his son, as he reached in his pocket for money to buy more books with.

"I know it, father," replied the son, with some emotion, as he pocketed a $10 bill, "and I don't study very hard, either."

The man in the moon is an economical chap. He never gives up his last quarter.

How They Had Him.

When I was young and tender, too,
I had to mind and had to do
Whatever mother bade me;
She used to have a walnut stick
Which kept me on the double-quick,
And that was where she had me.

When older grown, and quite a beau
Among the girls, I used to know
A Miss Priscilla Cadmy;
And with the help of smiles and nods,
I fell in love at forty rods,
And there was where she had me.

When I was older, say sixteen,
I thought it time to have a queen,
And asked her if she'd wed me;
She said she didn't much object,
Or words of something to that effect,
And there was where she had me.

But when, to make the matter straight,
I went up to negotiate
Affairs with Colonel Cadmy,
He said he "didn't care to sell,"
And told me I might go to—well,
And that was where he had me.

I drowned my sorrow in the cup
Until I got my dander up—
I couldn't have been madder—
When we proposed that we be one
In spite of pa—it was agreed upon,
And that was where I had her.

A Misdirected Kiss.

A newly married couple were en route to Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio. There are many tunnels on this road the other side of the Ohio river. All through Ohio the face of the young man wore occasional looks of pain, despite his great joy. He seemed to want something. Apparently he yearned. Over in West Virginia the train entered a tunnel. Upon emerging into the light the young man's face was seen to wear a studious expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant. He had had a revelation. Then he smiled with a firm, manly, continuous smile, and his eyes peered ahead for the first sign of a yawning cavern in the mountain side. The bride was happy and demure. Whish—shadows—rumble—darkness. The vail is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek deports a gentle blush—a modest, experienced blush, discoverable only to the initiated and envious. No perplexity, no anxiety now. The revelation has been tested and found a success. There are many tunnels, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded. The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute which never troubled the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer-meeting night. But our bridegroom was not one of these parties. He appreciated all the blessings which man and nature had bestowed upon him. He had not missed a tunnel.

But all things must have an end. Daylight always comes to the newly married. Strawberries and cream must be paid for at the cashier's desk. Within the blissful cucumber hides a microbe. Our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eager eye catches the signs of another tunnel. Of course he fears his birdie will be sore afraid if left alone in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick are his feet but faster moves the train. Darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen seats away. But the brave man does not falter. He gropes along, he reaches the seat (or thinks he does) and slides into it. Deep are the shadows and loudly hums the train.

A scream long and vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and the bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frantically endeavors to disengage himself from the firm grasp of an angry colored woman sitting in the seat just behind the bride. He at length succeeds and retires sullenly to his seat, wiping his mouth and occasionally spitting the floor as if he had bitten through a worm in a fig.

The tunnels come and go, but their shadows are scarcely deeper than those upon the face of the young bridegroom.—Peck's Sun.

Scraps.

A long face is generally a sign of a short purse.

The grave is the home place on the die man field.

Never cry over spit milk. Wait till evening and milk the old cow again.

The girl who loves William never asks her father to foot her bill.

Don't judge too much by appearances, girls. Many a sweet mustache covers an ugly mouth.

It is always a sad day for a brass band when the big drum gets affected with political enthusiasm.

When a woman wants to make a complete change of front she leaves off her bangs.

Seems as if the most likely place for a fisher-man to get a bite would be at the mouth of the river.

"Pa," said Jonny, at Barnum's circus the other day, "if one of those Arabs shodld fall down and knock all of his teeth out would he talk gum Arabic?"

"Pat, what time is it?" "O I don't know." Mike: "But let's guess at it, and then, begorra, the man that comes furthest off can go to the kitchen and look.

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