DENTON JOURNAL.

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

VOL. 40. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885. NO. 1.

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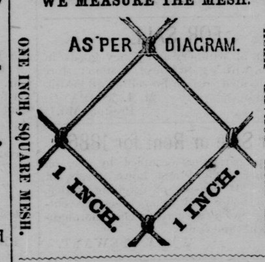

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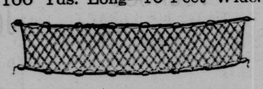
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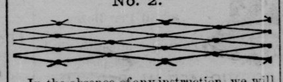
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A Warning.

They met beside the sea-beat shore
In dog days apathetic;
He was a learned pedagogue,
And she a maid poetic;
They met, they loved, within a fog,
The maiden and the pedagogue.

She doted on the picturesque,
And he on natural history,
And while he mused above the shell
Which made the clam a mystery,
She sweetly chanted poetry
On summer by the dark blue sea.

Or tinkling of her light guitar
Upon the wavelets flowing,
He in pursuit of jelly fish
And her came lightly rowing.
The moon blinked softly through the fog
Upon the maiden and pedagogue.

They wedded ere they went to town;
But, oh, the sad confusion!
They found when they could know the truth,
Their love was but delusion;
That dreams and natural history
Would not by any means agree.

And now they lift a warning voice,
Fraught with intense emotion.
To all the summer men and maids
Who tarry by the ocean.
"Deceit," they cry, "is in a fog!"
The sad wife and the pedagogue.

—Susan Hartley Swett.

AUNT JANE'S EAR TRUMPET.

The noise of wheels was heard in the street, it being the stage coach with its load of passengers just returned from the railroad station, and the vehicle paused before the gate of a rather pretentious house on the main street of the village.

Mrs. Graves looked out of the window, and an expression of dismay crept over her face.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "if it isn't Aunt Jane Breed come to make us a visit!"

"Oh, dear," chimed in Arabella, a young lady of 18 years; "what a pity. Just as we are going to have a party, too. Couldn't we tell her that it is inconvenient for us to have her, and send her to Uncle Merriam's?"

"No, Arabella, that would never do. You must consider that your Aunt Jane has twenty thousand dollars which she can dispose of as she pleases."

She had no time to say more, for the bell rang.

Mrs. Graves went to the door herself. By the time she had opened it her face was compressed into an expression of joy.

"Why, Aunt Jane, how do you do? What a pleasant surprise. Arabella and I were speaking of you this morning."

"Wait a minute, Eleanor," said the old lady, and, fumbling in her pocket, she produced an ear trumpet, which she adjusted to her ear.

"There," said she, "now we can talk."

"I had no idea you were deaf," said Mrs. Graves through the trumpet.

"Age has its infirmities," said Aunt Jane. "How is Arabella?"

"Very well, thank you. Here she is to speak for herself."

Mrs. Graves turned toward her daughter and spoke in her natural voice.

"Aunt Jane is as deaf as an adder," she remarked. "You see she has to use an ear trumpet."

"I'm glad of it," said Arabella, "for now we can just say what we please, without her overhearing us. Is she going to stay very long?

"I don't know, I'll ask her," and, turning to the aunt she said, with her mouth in the ear trumpet, "I hear you are going to favor us with a long visit."

"I can't spare you but a month," said Aunt Jane, "that is if it entirely convenient for you to have me with you so long as that."

"We shall be delighted," said Mrs. Graves, finishing the sentence for her daughter's benefit, "to have you go. That's the truth, isn't it, Belle?"

"How shall we ever live through the month?" asked Arabella, dismally, without venturing, without venturing to express the feeling on her countenance.

A peculiar expression flitted over the old lady's face, but this was not observed by mother or daughter.

Three days passed. The old lady had become quite domesticated at the house of her niece.

It happened that Arabella had a beau, a young man of very much the same calibre as herself, who was employed as a clerk in one of the village stores. He called one evening when Aunt Jane had indulged herself in sitting up a little later than usual.

"I suppose I must introduce you to my aunt," said Arabella. "She will not be in our way, for she is as deaf as a post. Aunt Jane," she said, through the ear trumpet, "this is Mr. Storrs."

"I am glad to see him," said Aunt Jane, extending her hand.

"There, we needn't say anything more to her," said Belle, cordially. "I believe you never saw her before."

"No," said he.

"Ain't she a beauty?"

"Are you not afraid she'll hear?"

"Oh, no, she is entirely dependent upon her trumpet."

"That's lucky for us. If she could hear she might not be gratified at what she heard. Ha! ha!" laughed Storrs.

"It is a great trial for us to have her here, but you know when one has a rich aunt she cannot be very well put off."

"So your aunt is rich," said the young man, with increased interest.

"Yes, she is worth twenty thousand dollars."

"That is a large sum," said Storrs, thinking how large a portion would likely fall to Belle, whom he already looked upon as his own.

"Yes, it is worth some sacrifice; so we tolerate the old lady, in spite of her frumpy dress and odd ways."

"I was going to observe," said Storrs, banteringly, "what a strong resemblance there is between you and your aunt."

"Take that for your impertinence, sir," said the young lady, playfully tapping him with the fan. "I must be charming if that were the case."

Now Aunt Jane was in reality a very good-looking old lady; not, of course, as attractive as when young. The conversation thus ran on regardless of Aunt Jane, who sat placidly in a rocking chair at the window, knitting a stocking. She appeared to take little notice of them, but occasionally an amused look flitted over her face. Probably she was thinking of something.

Aunt Jane had been a fortnight at the home of Mrs. Graves, when one morning she said at the breakfast table: "I should like to go over to Merriam's to spend the day."

"Very well," said Belle, with alacrity; "we can carry you down there immediately after breakfast. What a relief," said she, turning to her mother, "to be rid of her for a single day?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Graves, who being older, was a little more prudent, "but you must consider that he is as nearly related as I am, and we must not let her stay there too long."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Belle, with a sigh.

"You had better tell her that you hope she will not stay longer than one day."

"Well," said Belle, "if I must I must. Aunt Jane, you must be sure and not stay longer than a day or two," said the young lady through the trumpet.

"You are very kind," said the old lady. "I didn't know but I was getting troublesome."

"Oh, no, we are delighted to have you here," said Mrs. Graves. "We hope you will stay a long time."

"How could you say that, mother?" protested Belle.

"Because, my, dear, your aunt is too old to last very long, and we ought to feel willing to submit to some inconvenience for the sake of being remembered in her will. If we work our cards right she may leave us the whole. That would be worth having; twenty thousand does not grow on every bush."

"As likely as not she'll live to be a hundred," muttered Belle.

After breakfast Aunt Jane was carried to the house of James Merriam, her nephew, the only son of her sister. Mr. Merriam was a poor man. He had met with reverses, and now lived in a much less expensive way than Mrs. Graves, his cousin, who, despite the relationship, looked upon him as her social inferior. He was a very worthy man, however, and far from being as worldly as Mr. Graves. He had three children, all at home. His wise was an excellent housekeeper and far more amiable than Mrs. Graves, though her pretensions were much less.

"I'm glad to see you, Aunt Jane," said Mr. Merriam, hospitably, as he came to help her from the carriage. "We have been hoping to see you ever since we heard of your arrival in town. Clara will be delighted to welcome you."

The old lady drew out her trumpet. Mr. Merriam looked concerned.

"I'm sorry you've lost your hearing," he said.

"Old people can't expect to hear as well as young folks," said Aunt Jane.

"You must make us a good long visit," said Mrs. Merriam, who now appeared.

"I will see," said Aunt Jane.

"I always liked Aunt Jane," said Mrs. Merriam to her husband; "she is always so gentle and kind, it seems very pleasant to have her in the house."

"So it does," said Mr. Merriam. "The only thing I think of is that we have a small house and can't make her as comfortable as at our cousin's."

"Well, we will make up in the warmth of our welcome."

Aunt Jane seemed unusually happy that day. As night approached she seemed thoughtful and finally consented to stay longer.

"I must write a note to my niece to explain it," she said.

An hour later the note was placed in the hands of Mrs. Graves.

NIECE ELEANOR:—I have concluded to stay where I am during the rest of my visit. As you remarked to Belle when I came that you should be delighted to have me go, this information will doubtless be pleasing to you. As for Belle, she will be easily consoled for the departure of her grumpy old aunt, who must have annoyed her with odd ways.

AUNT JANE.

P. S.—My hearing has been wonderfully restored, so that I can now dispense with my trumpet.

This letter filled Mrs. Graves and Belle with dismay. They had sinned so deeply against the old lady that they felt that no apologies would be adequate. To add to Belle's misfortune, when the young clerk learned that had occurred between herself and her aunt he unceremoniously deserted her for another.

Aunt Jane bequeathed the bulk of her property to her nephew. The will contained the following provision:

I bequeath to my niece, Eleanor, my ear trumpet, which I found on one occasion of excellent service.

The Cowboy's Life.

The London Pall Mall Gazette says that to read of the cowboy's life, as frequently described, would make any one who cares for an out-of-door life glow with ardor at the idea. But if, instead of looking at the short period of pleasant weather in such countries as Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Dakota, we turn over the pages and look at the months from the beginning of November to the end of June—we should, too, include the greater portion of October—quite another view presents itself. We are constantly told that wages are from $35 to $45 a month, board and lodging found. This is perfectly true, but we are not always told that these wages only last for eight months at the outside, and that the purchasing power of money is not one-fourth of what it is here. The four months of self-maintenance consume almost all the wages earned during the eight months of work, if a man really maintains himself. During the summer a a sufficient amount of substantial food is provided. It consists of fresh beef, bread made with baking powder, coffee, and sacked or dried fruit. But as for lodging, the cowboy finds his own bed, which, as a rule is spread in the open air, and during rainstorms is generally protected from being swamped by a ditch running around it with a drain at the lower corner.

Let us now take the life of a cowboy from the time he starts to work, probably about the first of April. He rides around the country on his own horse until he meets with a ranch, where he obtains employment. He is there hired for an indefinite period, each party having the right of discharging or giving warning respectively at a moment's notice. He then goes off to fetch his bed, if he has one, or borrows money from the foreman for that purpose if he has not. His bed consists of a tarpaulin seventeen feet by eight feet, a couple of quilts and three or four pairs of double blankets, which he passes under and doubles over him. The tarpaulin goes around the whole bed in the the same way, so as to keep out the wet both above and below. Its projecting ends serve to cover his head, and at the same time protect his clothes and boots from the weather. His under clothes he retains. If he changes them once a week he is an exception—about three or four times in two months is near the average. He does not, as a rule, possess more than three or four suits of underclothes, and he wears them day and night. Having brought his bed to the ranch, and found room to spread it, he rolls it up against the wall. The following morning he goes to work at daybreak, after swallowing a cup of coffee. Though ample food is provided, it is difficut to eat so early in the morning. He is then engaged in handling or felling logs, or if skilled in team-driving in managing four or six mules, after cleaning and harnessing them himself. With these he is engaged in hauling logs or fire-wood, or in plowing

of which he is absolutely master as long as he works for the same owners. He trims their tails, shoes them, and trains them entirely himself. The riding of another man's horse would be a shooting matter. The horses are kept in bunches of from 80 to 150. There is a bed wagon to every outfit of men and horses, which is driven by the cook. It is drawn by four draft horses, and there are generally some few extra draft horses in each bunch. This wagon is the cowboy's home. The food, beds, clothes bags (war sacks) are all conveyed in it. There are generally from nine to fourteen hands with a wagon besides the cook and horse wrangler. The latter brings in the horses at stated times and holds them in a bunch, while the hands stand around and each lassos his mount. The wrangler is absolutely responsible for every horse under his charge. On the general "round up" in the spring there are possibly fourteen or fifteen wagons, all camped within a half mile or so, each with its own bunch of horses. It is then no easy matter to keep all these different bunches separate, all within reach of camp and on good pasture. To the stranger it at first seems incredible that it can be done at all. And yet the "wrangler" seldom fails to bring in almost every horse in the morning, in the course of from one-half to an hour's ride in the dark. The horse wrangler rises an hour before the dawn and wakes the cook, who gets breakfast and calls the hands up at daybreak. About this time the horses should be in, as breakfast is a meal of no duration. Five minutes later the horses are caught and saddled, and the men are riding out. By sunrise they will be out in the hills.

A Bloody Duel in California.

A duel was fought with French rapiers near the Ocean House, kept by Barney Farley, on Saturday morning by a Frenchman and a German. The Frenchman is named Gascon, and he owns a ranch of 2,000 acres in Marin county. The latter, whose name could not be learned, is said to be a lawyer in this city. The German and the Frenchman met a short time ago and discussed the relative merits of the cavalry of the two armies in the Franco-Prussian war. Gascon was a captain of horse in the French army, and stoutly maintained that the cavalry of Napoleon III was much superior to that that invaded France. The German, who went to school at Heidelberg ,University, replied warmly to this claim. Their words led to threats, and finally to a challenge to test their own merits with swords, and thus settle the question in regard to the superiority of one army or the other.

The arrangements were conducted with greatest secrecy. At 7 o'clock Saturday morning a hack drove up to the house of a well-known athlete, and the occupants, the Frenchman and his party, asked the athlete to act as referee of a sword contest which was about to take place. The athlete states that he supposed the contest was to be a scientific one for points and harmless in its character. He readily consented, and getting into the hack the party was driven to the Ocean House, where the German, with his friends, were already in attendance. Leaving their carriages, the two parties, which in all did not number more than ten persons, started for a ravine about 400 yards back of Barney Farley's house. The duel was to be fought on horseback, and the weapons to be used were French rapiers, thirty-six inches long, sharp on the edges and at the point. The two men stripped for the encounter. Gascon wore light trousers and a blue flannel shirt and a steel helmet over his face. He had a black beard and mustache. In his party was a physician and several of his friends. The German was a large, heavy man, weighing fully one hundred and ninety pounds. He wore a dark flannel shirt and dark trousers. The Frenchman mounted a big gray horse that had been brought for him, and the German rode a bay.

The referee states that when he saw the character of the weapon he protested, but the two men said they ew what they were doing. The eree, at 11 o'clock, ordered the t charge. The two riders spurred ir horses and advanced with uped swords. As they came together they each parried the other's blow l retired. A second charge was ered by the referee and the two n came together again. Again vicious blows were warded off l both returned safely. A third rge was ordered. Gascon rode idly toward his adversary, and h great skill cut an ugly gash in German's right arm. It is said t upon the sight of this Gascon's nds could hardly restrain their tement. When the blood began low a number of the German's nds, seeing the serious and danous character of the affray, fled. referee states that the German's tor was among those who beat a ty retreat. The referee says that tried to prevail upon the men to e up the encounter, but they both used to do so. The Frenchman's nds grew more excited with the sage of every moment, and deanded a continuance of the contt.

The referee then ordered the fourth vance and both men rode toward h other. The German's sword n was wounded, but he held his ord up and spurred his horse on. t he had lost much of his strength, l as the two men came together Gascon whipped his rapier over the German's arm at the elbow, inflicting another wound. It is supposed that the weapon also struck the "crazy bone," for the German's arm fell helplessly by his side. Then the Frenchman made a desperate rush on his disarmed opponent and struck him first on the breast, cutting him from the left nipple to the third rib, laying open the flesh and exposing the ribs. Again he raised his rapier and again it whizzed through the air in its descent and cut a gash on the German's arm. The weapon was again poised for another thrust when the referee rushed upon Gascon and dragged him from his horse. The Frenchman, enraged at this act of the referee, turned upon him. But the referee fled behind a buggy that was near the ground and saved himself. The duel was over. The Gascon party entered their carriage and drove to the Cliff House. The German's friends returned with a carriage. His physician sewed up the wounds temporarily and removed him to a farm house in the neighborhood, where the wounded man was treated more carefully. Before separating every member of the party agreed to say nothing of the affair, as it was a criminal offence. But it was an event that could not be smothered in silence, and the affair having been heard of the above account of it was obtained from the referee.—San Francisco Call.

Run, Nigger, Run.

Do, please, marster, don't ketch me,
Ketch dat nigger behine dat tree;
He stole money en I stole none,
Put him in de calaboose des for fun!
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter roller ketch you—
Run, nigger, run! Hit's almos' day!

Some folks say dat nigger won't steal,
But I ketch one in my corn fiel';
He run ter de eas', he run ter de wes',
He run his head in a hornet's nes'!
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter roller ketch you—
Run, nigger, run! Hit's almos' day!

My ole miss, she prommus me
Dat when she die, she set me free;
But she done dead dis many year ago,
En yer I'm a-hoeing de same ole row!
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter roller ketch you—
Run, nigger, run! Hit's almos' day!

I'm a-hoein' across, I'm a-hoein' aroun',
I'm a-cleanin' up some mo' new groun',
Whar I lif' so hard, I lif' so free,
Dat my sins rises up in fronier me!
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter roller ketch you—
Run, nigger, run! Hit's almos' day!

But some er dese days my time will come,
I'll hear dat bugle, I'll hear dat drum,
I'll see dem armies a-marchin' along,
I'll lif' my head and jine der song—
I'll hide no mo' behine dat tree,
W'en de angels flock fer ter wait on me!
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter roller ketch you—
Run, nigger, run! Hit's almos' day!

—Youth's Companion.

Lying in Bed.

One of the most useful yet neglected of all the arts is that of lying in bed. The damage that is done by persons getting up is past all reckoning. All the mischief and crime, the counterfeiting and forgery, the murder and theft, are perpetrated by parties who persist in getting up. Not only individuals do wrongly by leaving their beds, but rivers as well do an immense amount of damage. What man was ever dunned by a creditor, had his eye put in mourning by a too close proximity with some one's fist, broke his leg on a slippery pavement, or was run over by an omnibus who lay in bed?

What great achievements have been accomplished in war, in poetry, in literature by genius abed! "Coming events cast their shadows before" —one of the most me[illegible] lines in the Engli[illegible] with the gin-le[illegible] bell, one mornin[illegible] en. Longfellow [illegible] quisite poem, "T[illegible] Hesperus," after he had [illegible] Franklin said, "Early to be[illegible] early to rise makes a man he[illegible] wealthy and wise." There is fatal mistake. People who rise [illegible] are sure to catch the malaria. [illegible] ground is full of half-hatched poisonous germs; the sun is not up and has not warmed them into life, given them wings and set them adrift. Poor, mistaken man! He arises, inhales them all; they fructify, and poison his entire system; hence chills, fever, malaria, and half the ills that human flesh is heir to.

Rise before the sun,
And make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar.

Was ever more arrant nonsense written? Fancy a man getting up on a cold, rainy morning and climbing high hills on an empty stomach, and leaving his French coffee and hot rolls, poached eggs and oyster stew to eat—what? Why, dew! How long would that fellow last? Would not he be a fit candidate for Lone Mountain and no questions asked? But the early bird catches the worm. Yes, but the sharp boy knocked the delusion on the head forever and eternally when he said: "Father, there's the point; what in thunder did the worm get up so early for?" He trifled with destiny; he tempted fate; he should not have done it. That boy was a benefactor to the human race. He was sound on the lie-abed question.

The Hand.

Profound study has led M. D'Arpentigny to the conclusion that the hands represent three types. Those whose fingers have pointed tips have a rapid insight into things; are extra sensitive and pious, impulsive. To this class belong the poets and artists. To the "square tops" belong the scientific people; sensible, self-contained characters, professional men. The spade-shaped tops—thick tips, with little pads of flesh on each side of the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a higher appreciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger, no matter what the kind of a hand, has only one joint—that which is nearest the palm—representing the body; another—the middle—the mind; and the top the soul. Each of these divisions corresponds with one of the types above given.

He who travels the road oftenest becomes better acquainted with it.

A beautiful soul is rather to be envied than a beautiful face.

Memory is the store-house of life.

Every man considers his own lot in life hardest.—Texas Siftings.

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