DENTON JOURNAL.

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

VOL. 40. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1885. NO. 5.

1885. 1885.

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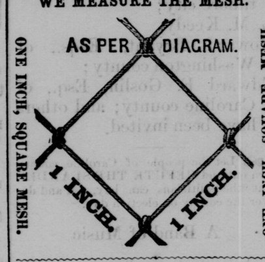

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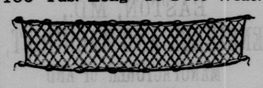

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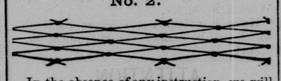

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For All Who Die.

[The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language:]

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread,
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the fa t departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who then by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful he rt would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From the halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh! I would a k of memory
No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe;
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go!
Draw round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot,
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

Major Anthony Hartletop was a very good match, indeed, as Miss Angerona Dilworth and the gossips very well knew.

To be sure, he was rather bald and had a wart on his nose; but then he was the owner of many acres of rich land; he possessed herds of fat short-horn cattle aud flocks of long-wooled Merino sheep; he raised untold quantities of amber cane, to be made up into sugar; and was, all told, the richest farmer in the neighborhood of Sugar Maple village.

As for Miss Angerona, she was not very young; neither was she old. She was not remarkably plain, nor could she be called pretty. For the rest, she was rather sharp featured and very sharp tongued, so the neighbors declared, though the major had not discovered this fact.

Miss Dilworth was not a benevolent person, yet she had taken her orphan niece, Avis, to raise.

Avis Dilworth was a hearty, merry girl, in spite of her aunt's crabbed temper, with a round face, deep dimples in her cheeks, a pair of laughing blue-gray eyes, and plenty of life and vim about her, though demure and quiet as a nun under Miss Angerona's sharp eyes.

Indeed, many people asserted that if Avis was only decently dressed, and allowed the advantages she deserved, she would be quite a belle.

But Miss Dilworth's old garments, however neatly made over, were not sufficient to set off even a good figure to much advantage.

They were all that poor Avis was allowed, however, and she sighed in vain over the crisp new lawns, the sheer white muslins, the fluted ruffles and fresh, plumed hats of her more fortunate acquaintances.

At last Major Hartletop had proposed to Miss Angerona, in a good, substantial, plainly addressed letter, and Miss Angerona had determined to accept the proposal.

"If he is bald and ugly," she remarked to herself, "he is rich, and money covers a multitude of bad looks. Besides, it will spite that stuck-up Widder Fluke, that's been a-setting her cap at him this month or more; an' as she wants him I'd have him, if he was bald as an egg, and ten times as ugly as he is!"

But, in spite of his defects, Major Hartletop was good-hearted and as romantic as many a man with a glossy head and wart on his nose.

He was really in love with Miss Angerona, and after sending his proposal, the moments seemed weighted with lead until he could receive her answer.

At last his impatience grew unbearable.

"I won't wait no longer," he declared. "I'll just call around and get her answer right away, or I shan't sleep a wink to-night, I know."

And popping his hat on his head he set off on the winding country road which led to Miss Angerona's dwelling, his mind busy with pleasant fancies of what the future might have in store.

"How nice it'll be to have my wife a-setting at the head of the table, or stepping around the house, overseein' the butter and cheesemakin'," he mused.

"An' that pretty Avis, too. She shall have better clothes than she wears now. I s'pose Angerona can't afford to dress her any better, but I'll see to that. She shall have a white dress, with lace flounces, and one o' them crimpy things girls wear round their necks, to stand up with us in."

And so, his mind busy with cheerful pictures of the happy future, he reached Miss Angerona's house, ascended the steps, and was about to knock on the open door when a high-pitched, shrill voice reached his ear.

"A new dress! No, Avis Dilworth, you can't have it! A pretty question to ask, when I've got my own clothes to buy if I marry that bald-headed scare-crow, as I s'pose I shall! A fine thing for you to come asking for duds, miss!"

"But, aunt," returned Avis, pleadingly. "I haven't got anything fit to wear to church."

"Oh, indeed! So you go to church to show your clothes, hey? You better stay at home if that's what you go fur. An' when I marry old Hartletop—why he couldn't have had a decent name I don't see—you won't be better off than you are now, if he is rich. I shill be as savin' of his money as I kin, so when he dies I'll have something fur myself. An' now go 'long and milk that cow; she's been a-bawlin' this half hour."

The poor major, half stupefied by this astonishing revelation. stumbled off the steps and got out of the gate he scarcely knew how.

And now here was a predicament! How was he to marry such a—a virago? he reasoned, mopping his head with a huge red handkerchief. And yet how was he to get out of marrying her if she chose to accept him?

He had serious doubts whether being called "bald-headed scarecrow" would exonerate a man, in the eyes of the law and public opinion, in refusing to fulfill his offer of marriage.

And yet marry her he couldn't—he wouldn't. Thus he assured himself over and over again.

Miss Angerona, meanwhile, proceeded to write her letter, accepting Major Hartletop's proposal. Having written it, she laid it on a corner of the table to dry, and with compressed lips and a look of determination in her cold gray eyes, she drew another letter from her pocket, and opening it, read:

"MY DEAR MISS: I have called twice to see you, but your aunt refused me admittance to the house. I am therefore compelled to write what I had meant to tell you personally. You must know already that I love you, Avis, and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me? Please answer me as soon as possible, as I shall be in great suspense until I hear from you.

Yours forever,
RICHMOND ALDER."

"Hum!" muttered Miss Angerona, with a smile of grim satisfaction. "It is well I didn't give her the letter. I shan't allow her to marry very soon. She's too much help to me. I couldn't get nobody to take her place and do all she does for love nor money. And now for your answer, Mr. Richmond Alder."

And taking up her pen, she wrote, slowly and carefully:

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you.

A. DILWORTH."

"That'll settle him," she decided. "An' 'tain't no forgery, either, seein' 'A' stands for Angerona as well as Avis."

And enclosing the two letters in envelopes, she directed them, slipped them in her pocket, and carried them to the postoffice herself.

"Now I know they're safe," she commented, with a sigh of relief, as she retraced her steps toward home.

* * * * * *

Major Hartletop had passed a wretched night. According to his own statement he had not slept a wink.

When Jake Soper, the hired hand, brought in the morning's mail as usual, he felt a nervous tingle down to his finger-ends.

With a quaking hand he opened Miss Angerona's letter, and, much to his relief, read:

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you.

A. DILWORTH."

To say the major was delighted would hardly express his feelings. He almost felt as if he could forgive Miss Angerona for calling him a bald-headed scare-crow, in consideration of her having refused him.

Tucking the letter in his pocket, he went whistling about the house like a school-boy

After dinner he saddled his riding mare and rode down to the village, to see a trader about buying some of his fat cattle for beef.

Tying his nag under a shady tree he proceeded toward the village store, and met Miss Angerona face to face.

She simpered, smiled and tried to blush. The major bowed coldly and passed on.

Astonished and chagrined, Miss Angerona detained him, and demanded the cause of such behavior.

"What behavior?" asked the major, coldly.

"To pass me without speaking, when—when we are engaged to be married!"

"Engaged!" cried the major. "Why, you have refused me!"

"I didn't: I accepted you!" contradicted the lady, flatly.

"I have your refusal in black and white; here it is!" he retorted.

And taking a crumpled note from his pocket, he read it out to her.

"I—I—it's a mistake!" gasped Miss Angerona. "I never meant it!"

"But you wrote it, and that's enough for me. Good morning, ma'am!"

And the major trotted on to see about selling his beeves, while Miss Angerona stood angrily berating herself for her own blunder.

"I must have sent the wrong letter, and now that Alder will get the other. What a fool I was!"

And she hastened her steps homeward to prevent further mischief from the unlucky mistake.

But she was too late. The house was shut up; no signs of life about, no Avis to be seen. On the dining table lay a note, which said:

"DEAR AUNT: Since you have accepted Mr. Alder's proposal for me, you cannot blame me for marrying him. We are going to the minister's now, and will be happy to see you at our home whenever you choose to come. As ever, your niece,

AVIS."

Miss Angerona's feelings were not greatly improved when, a few weeks later, she read the marriage notice of Major Anthony Hartletop and Candace Flukes.

And so Miss Angerona Dilworth had lost both her lover and her niece all through her own treachery, and Major Hartletop never repented the lucky escape he had made.

Burdette's Sermon to Young Men.

Here is Burdette's little sermon on the comparative chances of the poor and rich:

"My son, the poor man takes about all the chances without waiting to have one given to him. If you give him any more chances than he takes he will soon own everything and run the ohio man out of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down and give the rich man a chance. The poor man has had his own way too long. He has crowded the rich man out. But for the poor man this world would have cast anchor six thousand years ago and be covered with moss and barnacles to-day like a United States man-of-war. George Peabody was a boy in a grocery; Edgar Allen Poe was the son of strolling players; John Adams was the son of a farmer; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow chandler; Gifford, the first editor of the Quarterly Review, was a common sailor; Ben Jonson was a bricklayer; the father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was a child of poverty, the eldest of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a boy of all work, too poor even to have a trade; Grant was a tanner; Lincoln, a keel boatman and common farm hand; and the Prince of Wales is the son of a queen. It is his misfortune, not his fault; he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, that's all there is of him; he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you were not born a prince; be glad that you didn't strike twelve the first time. If there is a patch on your knee and your elbows glossy, there is some hope for you; but never again let me hear you say that the poor man has no chance; he deserves to have none; but the poor man monopolizes about all the chances there are. Put Laban and Jacob in business together anywhere and in about fourteen years Jacob will not only own about four-fifths of the cattle, but he will have married about on -half of his partner's family. Go to, my son; let us give the rich man a chance."

Sleep and the Nerves.

While ordinary physical labor exhausts the tissues, wastes the muscles, producing fatigue and appetite, thus demanding rest and food that these muscles may be restored to their natural size and strength, mental labors and toils to the same extent exhaust vitality and nerve power rendering recuperation, rest and a fresh supply of nerve food an absolute necessity.

The brain of the intellectual man is the hard worker of the body, exhausting more vitality than the efforts of all the muscles combined, though they number more than 500. While the brain is almost constantly at work while awake, its most available rest, beyond all comparison, is during the moments of profound sleep—a sleep without dreams.

While leanness, or a waste of the tissues, follows when the food does not supply the waste caused by physical exercise and labor, so when the recuperation is not equal to the exhaustion produced by mental toils, insanity is the legitimate result—a practical starvation of the brain and nerves. This recuperation is made easy during sleep, the brain toiler needs far more sleep than the day laborer, and will certainly break down in its absence.

Those who die from want of sleep always die raving maniacs; and the same is generally true of those who die from starvation; for the brain not being nourished, sleep is impossible, and mania ensues as a natural consequence. The practical conclusions from these facts are as follows, namely; first, those who do the most brain work need the most sleep; secondly, that a deficiency in the quantity of sleep, or a neglect to take it at the right time in the night, is fatal to both mind and body; and thirdly, that all from the youngest upward, should at all times have an abundance of sleep, retiring early and regularly, and rising at the first moment of consciousness in the morning, and nature will then mete out the precise quantity of sleep which each individual requires.

Women in Persia.

There are no unmarried women in Persia. Every girl is betrothed before she is ten years of age. A love-match is something almost out of the question. Marriages are arranged by third persons, although the young man may see the bride before the wedding, but that is rare. He first sees her face after the ceremony, and if he doesn't like her he can reject her. Girls go unveiled until about ten years of age. They receive no education except in needle-work and embroidery. They know nothing except what is going on immediately around them; but Mrs. Benjamin, who had unusually favorable opportunities of meeting them, says that they are clever and piquant. Like the Persian men, they are generally handsome. I have been able to observe this for myself when veils fell off in the street, and by seeing the peasant women, who wear no veils. My wife tells me that their figures are very good. The children are handsome, with warm, brown skins and dark hair.

Divorces are exceedingly common. It is very easy to be divorced. It is only necessary to write out a paper stating the reasons, and the thing is done, or to say to the woman three successive times: "I divorce you," but the husband must have a pretext for his action, however flimsy. A man sometimes divorces all four wives and begins over again. The women have very rarely any difficulty in securing new husbands. It is no disgrace to be divorced. There is an extraordinary law about marriage outside of the ordinary ceremony, which permits a man and woman to marry for any specified length of time, from five minutes up to sixty years. The couple go before a priest and state the time settled on, and the man pays an agreed sum of money to the woman. If he leaves her at the end of the fixed time she cannot marry again for four months, and any child born is the legitimate offspring of the man, and he cares for it. Many women of rank prefer this kind of marriage, making the term fifty or sixty years long, as by doing so they secure their jointure beforehand, and their husband cannot divorce them until the time is expired. —Fx-Minister S. W. Benjamin.

Antique Furniture in Washington.

Antique furniture is still very much sought after among the more fashionable of people. The rage for it, however, has passed away, and only really choice bits command high prices. There are three establishments devoted to this business in Washington, one in Georgetown and one in Alexandria. In these you may often find some very fine pieces. This is one of the oldest parts of the United States, and in early times it contained a very wealthy population, Much of the furniture of colonial days was imported from France or England, and it is not an uncommon thing to run across a relic of Washington or Jefferson in one of these antiquity shops. In one of the furniture stores of Alexandria, which was a hotel in Washington's day, they have for sale a bed in which it is said Washington used to sleep. I was offered once for $35 the desk which Thaddeus Stevens used while he was in Congress, and I know of houses in this city in which pieces of the furniture of Thomas Jefferson are in daily use. Calling upon General Tyler, the gray-haired son of the President, last night, I took my seat upon a high, straight-backed, old-fashioned chair, which upon my noticing, the general told me was over 250 years old. It was brought by his ancestors to this country in 1600 and something, and had been in the family ever since. It is of English oak, now turned by age to the color of the darkest of black walnut, and was so well made that not a crack or a joint showed. Father Bassett, who for 50 years has been in the employ of the United States Senate, has some of the finest old relics in Washington. Among them is an old-fashioned lamp which lighted the Senate in the days of Van Buren's Vice-Presidency, and which for years sat on the Vice-President's desk. Father Bassett prizes it highly, and would not sell it for the prettiest thing of to-day in porcelain or brass. —Cleveland Leader.

Fun and Frolic.

An epitaph for a boatman: Life is oar.

A wag calls bigamy utalizing the fair sex.

The silver question: "Have you got a half a dollar handy?"

It is hard to tell at what age a man loses his faith in circus bills.

When a man sees double it is evident that his glasses are too strong for him.

In India it costs more to get married than to die. Nature is full of wise provisions.

Mahdi left four mothers-inlaw. How under heaven he lived as long as he did is a mystery.

While a Virginia farmer was watching his melon patch the other night some man stole his wife away.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

A religious weekly tells "how to keep from going to sleep in church." One way is to sit near the choir.

Ginger ale is said to be good for the blood. That's the reason the dude drinks ginger ale. The dude is a blood.

Mistakes of Embarrassed Bridegrooms.

Most people the moment they enter a parsonage to get married become so embarrassed they really are hardly conscious of what they are doing. One fellow I heard of was dreadfully afflicted in this way and without realizing his act pulled a cigar from his pocket and twirled it around in his hands. When that portion of the ceremony was reached in which the lady and gentleman join hands he happened to have the cigar in his right hand. What to do with that cigar he evidently didn't know. The clergyman paused for a moment and then repeated the instruction that they join hands. By this time the poor fellow's embarrassment had increased so that it was painful to behold. He gave one agonized look at the minister and then stuck the cigar in his mouth. Before the ceremony could be concluded the minister had to take the cigar from between his lips. Another prospective groom was in the same dire condition of mind. He was making a great effort to regain his composure by whirling around on his outstretched finger a silk hat when the minister announced his readiness to begin the service. The fellow quickly jumped up. For a second he did not know what to do with his hat, but only for a second, for he solved the problem by sticking the castor between his knees. The clergyman told me he could hardly refrain from laughter as he married that man standing in the ridiculous position he was forced to take.

Human Electrotypes.

M. Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, has proposed a method of disposing of the human body after death, which he considers preferable in every way to either burial or cremation. His system is an antiseptic one, much simpler and less expensive than the old process of embalming, and is nothing more than a new galvanoplastic application. The body is coared with a conducting substance such as plumbago, or is bathed with a solution of nitrate of silver, the after decomposition of which, under the influence of sunlight, leaves a finely divided deposit of metallic silver. It is then placed in a bath of copper sulphate, and connected for electrolys with several cells of a gravity or other battery of constant current. The result is that the body is incased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change of chemical action. If desired, this may be again plated with gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the deceased. M. Kergovatz has employed the process eleven times on human subjects, and on many animals, and states that in all cases it was perfectly satisfactory. In spite, however, of his warm recommendation, the idea is repulsive. It seems a mockery to give permanence to the temple when all that once made it valuable is gone.

Wants Him to Marry.

A recent Washington dispatch says: The President was kept busy in his office for over five hours to-day. From 10 o'clock in the morning until lunch he was constantly engaged in hearing the congressmen and politicians who called on him. After that time he held his customary reception in the East Room, where nearly one hundred persons paid their respects.

Among the number of ladies who called to-day to pay their respects was a handsome, matronly-looking lady, who came from some place the northern part of New York. Upon taking the President's hand she said pleasantly:

"Mr. President, I will call here again in six months, and by that time I want to see Mrs. Cleveland. Now, don't forget it."

The President, smiling, said: "Give me a little more time, please. It takes time to make such a selection."

"Not one moment more," said the lady, as she passed out of the East Room; "you have already had time enough, and for all I know you may have already made a selection. There should be a Mrs. Cleveland in this house, and I shall want to see her when I call again."

The incident was much enjoyed by some other ladies who heard the conversation. Indeed, it did not seem to give the President any annoyance, for the smile never left his face during the reception.

A Severe Winter Predicted.

Persons who base their weather predictions on signs terrestial rather than celestial, are unanimous in the opinion that we are to have a severe winter. All who have been close observers of weather signs for a number of years, find them more reliable than any other kind of metereological prognostications. Three signs have been observed thus far this season by the weather-wise which convince them that the winter will be both early and cold. The first is the extreme thickness of the coverings of hulls of hickorynuts, walnuts, etc. This is an old sign well known to the country people, and seldom fails. The next is the unusual thickness of the corn husks. This has been remarked by many in all parts of the country. Whenever this is the case, unusually cold weather is almost a certainty. The husks are thicker this year than in 1857 or 1858, when the winter was exceptionally cold. The third sign noticed is the early departure of the black birds for southern latitudes. Three weeks ago they were very plentiful in the woods and fields, but now they are all gone.

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