Denton Journal.

1847. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &c.,—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1878.

VOL. 30. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1878. NO. 36

The Denton Journal

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,

Editors and Proprietors.

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ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER AN NUM, IN ADVANCE, OR TWO DOLLARS, if not paid within ONE MONTH of the time of subscribing, or renewal of subscription. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

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It is invaluable to Farmers, Express Companies, Stage Proprietors, well appointed Livery Establishments, and all who own or use Horses and other Stock, immediately relieving and curing

Sprains, Foot Hot in Sheep,
Bruises, Ringbone, Foundered Feet,
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Sprains, Galls of all Kinds,
Scratches or Grease Foul Evil,
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And many other Diseases.

A Stitch in the Back

Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

Sore Throat and Quinsy.

The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

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This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

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Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Ulcerated Sores.

The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

AN APRIL SONG.

BY EDWIN N. LEWIS.

Sweet April, when you try, with your sunshine and your sky,
Your wind breathing low and your birds that sing together,
Your misty blue that fills the hollows of the hills,
You can make a day of most enchanting weather!

But on this lovely morning you have for your adorning
The presence of my only love, my darling, my dear—
So you have no need to try, with your sunshine and your sky,
To make this day the day of all the year!

Yet, April do your best, with a soft wind from the west,
With sunlight on the springing grass, and tender blue above—
Let your singing birds sing loudly, and your flowers look up proudly—
So may you serve the lady of my love!

O month of changeful mien—your days may be serene—
Or your sobbing east wind may be bringing rainy weather—
Each is a welcome day, for it takes me nearer May,
When my only love and I shall be together.

BENDING HER WILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"My dear," said Hero Field, "I don't give up. If you yield to his way it's all up with you for the rest of your married life. And the idea of a bride in her honeymoon being weighed down with an old grandmother and grandfather-in-law. My! who ever heard of such a thing?"

Nanny Eastlake was a bright-haired, azure-eyed girl of nineteen; a girl who had been brought up at a fashionable boarding-school. She never had known the peaceful influence of a home, for she lived with Mrs Sykes Ponsonby, an aunt who floated on the very top wave of fashion, and spent her nights in society, and her days in bed. And the first real heart experience that had ever happened to her, was Donald Aubrey's love.

"It's such an elegant house," said Nanny. "Finished in real wood, you know; and furnished so beautifully. Turkey carpets, and furniture of ebony and gold, and the timest little gem of a conservatory, filled with roses and camelias, and the sweetest carnations; and my boudoir is all pink and silver."

"Of course, it's all very fine," said Hero Field, "but you'll never enjoy it with those horrid mischief-making old antedeluvians sniffing and prowling around. Why not open an asylum for indigent poor at once."

"But they are Donald's grand-parents, pleaded Nanny.

"Well, what then? Let him provide for them, as other people do. His wife has the first right and the only right in his house, and so I'd tell him if I were you. A mother-in-law would be bad enough, but this is ten times worse!"

"I don't think he ought to expect it of me," said Nanny.

"Of course he oughtn't," said Hero.

So when Mr. Aubrey came to make his usual evening call that night, and Aunt Ponsonby had discreetly made some excuse for leaving the drawing-room, Nanny broached the subject at once.

"Donald," said she, "I've been thinking —"

"Well, dearest."

"And I've come to the conclusion" —rather abruptly—"that you ought not to ask me to make a home for old Mr and Mrs. Vivian!"

"Is it not right and natural, Nanny, that their home should be with me? he asked, his face clouding over a little.

"I dare say it will be very nice for them," said Nanny, with a toss of her golden head; "but how about me?"

"Do you object to it?"

"Very decidedly, indeed," answered the pretty young bride-elect, fondly imagining that she had but to lift her slender finger to win any boon that she asked of Donald Aubrey.

"I am very sorry," said the young man calmly. "As I have decided to ask them to remain permanently with me, I cannot, of course, permit my wife—"

Nanny crimsoned angrily.

"But I am not your wife yet, Mr. Aubrey. And I will not be your wife if —,"

"Nanny! For God's sake stop! Think what you are saying!"

"I mean it!" said Nanny, hotly, "I do not choose to marry into a nest of relations-in-law, and so you must choose between your grandparents and me!"

"Nanny!"

She laughed a haughty constrained laugh.

"I am quite in earnest," said she. "If you really care for me, you will give up this unreasonable caprice of yours."

"Is it unreasonable to honor one's aged parents?" he asked, slowly, while his dark, searching eyes seemed to read the very secrets of her heart. "Is it a caprice to retain some natural affection for those who loved and cared for me when I was yet a helpless child? If you think it is, Nanny, I have been sorely mistaken in your character!"

"Very well," said Nanny, feeling her cheeks burn and her lips quiver, "I am then to understand that your selection is made."

"It certainly is."

"And you prefer Mr. and Mrs. Vivian to me?"

"I prefer my duty to anything in the world, Nanny."

"I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, then," she said regally.

And Nanny swept out of the room in [illegible] ov[illegible] ne[illegible] tl[illegible] b[illegible] d[illegible] o[illegible] n[illegible] t[illegible] f[illegible] s[illegible] t[illegible] n[illegible] e[illegible] a[illegible] [illegible] vo[illegible] gr[illegible] sis[illegible] op[illegible] th[illegible] ha[illegible] H[illegible] w[illegible] th[illegible] [illegible] and the green glitter of the Thousand Islands, and the gray walls of Quebec, and when Nanny came home to the house Donald had furnished for her she wore a face as bright as a rose in June. Grandpapa and grandmamma Vivian were waiting on threshold to greet her. Nanny kissed and hugged them both most heartily.

"It is so nice to have you here to welcome us," said she. "And you are sure your rooms have been quite comfortable? And grandpapa has had his dinners just as he liked them? But I mean to see myself now. For I don't know what a famous little housekeeper I am going to make."

But when the cosy tea-dinner was over the old people got up.

"Where are you going?" cried Nanny.

"Home," said grandmamma Vivian.

"Home is here," said Nanny.

"No, my dear, no," said the old lady kindly; "young people are best by themselves. Donald has bought us a pretty little cottage a mile or two in the country, where I can keep a cow and grandfather can look after the poultry. And you must come and see us there every day."

So the old couple trudged away, and Nanny looked up into her husband's face.

"Donald," said she, "what does this mean?"

"It means, my darling, he snswered, "that grandpapa and his wife could not be happy in the unwonted confinement of a city. They longed for the country. And so you will have a home without any relations-in-law, after all."

"O, Donald, do not repeat my silly words!" she whispered.

But there was only love and tenderness in his eyes.

"Little one," said he, "your heart was right, all along!"

"It was, if love could be a guide," she answered softly.

No Undoing.

A little grld sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had labored so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet theedle-holes remained, showing just how the seam had been sewed; and, with tears in her eyes, she cried, "O mamma, I can not undo it!"

Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by and by to undo.

Is there any of you, old enough to read this, who never laid your head on your pillow at night with a weary ache all through you, as you could not shut out the unkind words you have spoken to father, mother, brother or sister? Older boys and girls have felt keener heart-aches for graver faults. You all know something of this desire to undo, and sorrow that you can not.

It is a very sad picture; and now where is the bright side? Right here, little boys and girls, big boys and girls. Let us try to do a thing the first time, so we will never wish to undo it. We don't care to undo the words of kindness we spoke to our classmates when they failed in spelling, or cried because they could not remember how many seven times eight were; nor would we take back the apple we gave a poor beggarboy, nor unsaw the wood we sawed for mamma this morning, though our arms have ached all day for it was a nice kind of ache that we enjoyed.

No: we never wish to undo a thing that is done right. Then how much better it is, and how much trouble we save ourselves, if we do a thing right at first! Sometimes we don't know what is right: but we can always ask. If the little girl had asked her mother about the seam she was sewing, and done it as she was told, she would have saved the trouble of picking it out. We can ask our friends; and, above all, we can ask our heavenly Father. He never leads us wrong; and anything we do under His guidance we shall wish never to undo.—*The Myrtle.*

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.—I can tell you how I wash flannels, and if I could show you little skirts I have that have been worn year after year and are as soft as when new, you would not doubt the efficiency of my way. The secret is to rinse in water of the same temperature as the wash water. Sometimes I use cold water, soap and cold water, and my flannels look just as well as if I wash in the suding water. Some say never rub soap on flannels, but I do on the soiled spots, and have never suffered a shrinkage from it. I usually have a rinsing water slightly blued, about as warn as my suds, and wring the flannels into it. Rinse, wring, stretch well and hang up directly. When they are dry do not sprinkle, but lay within the folds of other grments, quite damp, and rolled up hard. I believe sprinkling flannels helps to shrink them. Iron well, and with only a moderately heated iron.

IF you know a man who is willing to kiss your boots because you are rich you may be sure that there is some one whom he compels to kiss boots in turn. He who will cringe before one who is bigger than himself will play the tyrant over all smaller than himself.

TOOTH POWDER.—Ten cents worth ground chalk, five cents worth orris root, five cents worth myrrh, one teaspoonful powdered castile soap. Mix all well together.

Never spend your money before you have it.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

A young stranger called on Dr. M— one evening, while he was pastor in New York City, to engage his services in the performance of a nuptial ceremony.

"I wish to make a bargain with you, doctor," said the young man, "I think the girl I am to marry will make a first-rate wife. If you will wait a year for your fee, and she turns out as I think she will, I'll then give you fifty dollars."

They agreed, the young couple were married, and the incident passed from the doctor's mind. At the end of a year, at the same time in the evening, the young man called again. The doctor did not recognize him at first:

"Do you not remember the bargain we made when you married me a year ago?"

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," said the young man, "she is twice as good as I thought she was, There's one hundred dollars for for."

Exactly the opposite of this is the following:

A clergyman in one of the Hudson River towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said, "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years after he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed.

"Dominie," said the German. "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?"

"Yes."

"Vell, if you'll unmarry me, I will give you two leetle pigs."

HOW LONG WILL THE FORESTS LAST.—Under such a tremendous yearly drain, the question naturally comes up, how long will our forests hold out at the present rate of manufacture? It is really an important question, upon which follows the inquiry as to what we are to do for building material when this magnificent wood—pine—is exhausted. One authority after another has entered formally upon its solution, with satisfactory results in local instances, but very vague ones to the field at large. At the rate we are cutting it to-day, from thirty to fifty years seemed to be agreed upon as about the limit Twenty years ago there was apparently no limit, for the consumption was not only less, but the means for its manufacture were primitive, and accomplished much smaller results than now. It seems as if it were impossible to improve further the machinery of sawmills; but the near future may for all that, see sawing machinery in comparison to which that of the present will be contemptible. So, although twenty years ago there was no foreseeing the end of the timber, now, with the modern mills myriads of them we are beginning to calculate with dire certainty as to the time when the "Wooden Age" will be a thing of the past.

HE DECLINED TO ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS.—Jack Holmes, a man-about-town, living no one knew how, was once under cross-examination by a certain sergeant-at-law, who knew his man too well.

"Now, sir," said the learned gentleman, "tell the jury how you live?"

"Well," said Holmes, "a chop or a steak, and on Sunday, perhaps a little bit of fish; I am a very plain living man."

"You know what I mean, sir," thundered the questioner, "what do you do for a living?"

"The same as you, sergeant, said the witness, tapping his forehead, suggestively, "and when that fails, I do—going through the pantomime of writing across his hand—"a little bit of stuff—the same as you, again."

"My lord, I shall not ask this obtuse witness any more questions," said the counsel.

"Brother," said Baron Martin, "I think you had better not."

TO MAKE THE SKIN SMOOTH.—Use a teaspoonful of powdered borax every morning in the basin of water, when washing the face or hands; also use it when taking a bath.

FOR SPRAINS.—Take one part of blue clay and two parts vinegar, and make into paste, and bind on at night with a wet towel. One application is generally sufficient.

TO PREVENT HAIR FALLING OFF.—Take a piece of saltpeter the size of a hickory nut, and put in a quart of water, and wet the head daily.

There are exactly one hundred Methodist churches in Philadelphia.

SMALL MEANS.—We think that the power of money is, on the whole, overestimated. The greatest things which were done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus in action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and so grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire.—Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time too heavy on his hands; remains mentally and morally asleep: and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

DESPAIR has ruined some, but presumption multitudes.

Delays increase desires, and sometimes extinguish them.

Let them obey who know how to rule.

The near miss of happiness is a great misery.

Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself.

Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every day conduct.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and towards all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

The truest help that we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.

A CONDENSED SERMON.—We find this oddity in the *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, by W. Green, F. R. S.: "Abridgment of a Sermon, which took up an hour in delivering, from these words: 'Man is born of trouble.'

'MY FRIENDS: The subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world; and
4, Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:

1. Man came into the world naked and bare,
2. His progress through it is trouble and care;
3. His exit from it none can tell where,
4. But if he does well here, he'll be well there.

Now I can say no more, my brethren dear.

Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen.'"

THREE THINGS.—The following lines were copied from the album of a young lady of Elizabeth, N. J:

1. Three things to admire: Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.
2. Three things to love: Courage, gentleness and affection.
3. Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
4. Three things to delight in: Frankness, freedom and beauty.
5. Three things to wish for: Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.
6. Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
7. Three things to contend for: Honor, country and friends.
8. Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct.
9. Three things to think about: Life, death and eternity.

A WITNESS on the stand, in reply to a question as to what the character of Mr. —— was for truth and veracity, said: "Well, I should say that he handles truth very carelessly."

WHAT is the difference between our post-office and the church that has the largest clergyman? One has the postmaster and the other has the most pastor.

Make yourself necessary, young man, and your success is certain.

Taxes were paid in Great Britain last year upon 1,399,330 dogs.

An Alabama hunter killed eight wild turkeys at one shot.

Sow good thoughts and you will reap good actions.

Mr. Ross has examined 375 lost Charleys.

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