Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &c.,—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1879.

VOL. 34. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879. NO. 5.

The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

AT DENTON, CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND

—BY—

GEO. T. MELVIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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3-21-6m.

Written for the Journal.

THE SUNLIGHT.

The sunlight, the sunlight!
Oh, golden light of life!
How peacefully thou glancest down
Upon the waves of strife!
The weary voyager looks forth
Upon the stormy main;
God crowns the billows with a smile,
And hope returns again.

The sunlight! the sunlight!
Life is not made of care;
The thunder does not always sound
Upon the darkened air.
Unbend, unbend that gloomy brow;
Behold! the clouds are riven!
An angel draws the veil aside,
And shows a glimpse of heaven!

The sunlight, the sunlight!
Thanks for the glorious grace!
It smiles upon the loneliest shrub
In this worlds wilderness.
It comes to bless the coldest heart—
The snow flakes melt away,
The faded earth is wreathed with flowers—
Thanks for the sunlight ray!

—S. E. W.

A HUSBAND'S DOSE.

"I wish you would tell James when he comes in, to turn the cows into the lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell him I have concluded to take those sheep—I want the Merinos. And while I am getting ready, please take my memorandum book and note down four harness straps, five pounds of nails, and a gimlet, half a jockey strap, and—and—yes, I believe that's all. I forgot them when I made out the items this morning."

Mrs. Streeter rose wearily, laid her sleepy babe in its crib, and proceeded to record the articles named. She was young, not over twenty-five, but the complexion was sadly faded, and faint lines were already marking the forehead, while the tired eyes told of care and hinted strongly of an unsatisfied heart.

And this thin-cheeked, pink-eyed woman had been called a beauty only seven years before! And when she gave her hand to Newton Streeter she could say what few girls can, "I married my first love,"

Judge Streeter, the father, was supposed to be wealthy. But soon after his son's marriage a financial crisis came and the thousands were dwindled into hundreds.

It was false pride, perhaps, but the young man shrank from a position under those who had looked up to him, and his thoughts turned wistfully toward the Western prairies.

He expected objections from his young and accomplished wife. But she saw with his eyes, and was not only willing, but eager to go and help him make a home that should be all their own. The purchasing of a prairie team, some farming implements, and the expense of building a small house exhausted his capital, and the young couple commenced life as many others have done who had been blessed with their advantages. The small dwelling contained but three sleeping apartments, and this fact, added to their uncertain income, induced Mrs. Streeter to take upon herself the entire care of the household.

Two children had come in seven years to nestle on her bosom. But one, a fairy child of three summers, had slid away from them, and was now sleeping beneath the flowers of the prairies; and the tired wife sighed as she looked on the cold, folded hands.

"She will never toil as I have done; but, Oh, I wanted her so much," the lonely mother sobbed forth.

Mr. Streeter was considered wealthy. His acres had broadened and his stock increased. Physically and mentally strong, and with a gentle, loving wife ever studying his tastes and wishes, why should he wear out fast.

But of her. Naturally frail, she had been like a widow bending beneath a burden voluntarily taken up. With the exception of an efficient girl for a few weeks when little Mary died, she had performed all the labor required in the house since she became its mistress.

Newton Streeter took the memorandum, glanced hastily at the neatly written items, and then stepped into the light buggy and drove away.

But no longer might she linger, for the sponge was waiting in the kitchen to be kneaded, and the baby's naps were like angel's visits. And before the task was well over his bugle note sounded to arms, and the fretful child was taken up and caressed and soothed to quietness.

She was conscious of a strange dizziness. When she arose from a stooping position her head was aching miserably and her eyes seemed burning. What was coming over her? She must be ill. Oh, no; she had no time for that. And her thoughts drifted away to the dear old home of her childhood, and she asked herself, for the first time, if she had done wisely to leave it for this life of toil and care.

It was a dangerous question for a wife and mother, and she clasped her child more closely to suppress in her heart the disloyal answer.

When Mr. Streeter returned exultant over the dollars he had deposited in the bank he found no supper prepared, and his wife helpless upon the bed, with cheeks flushed with fever and the wailing child distracting her with demands for care.

A physician and a nurse were soon summoned from the city, and the weary wife enjoyed the luxury of being ill.

But convalescence soon followed, and before leaving his patient the doctor, a close observer and a deep thinker, took the husband aside and asked:

"Did you know what brought this fever on your wife, Mr. Streeter? You have worked her nearly to death."

"You are speaking of my wife, not my horse."

"Granted; and I say you are working her to death."

"Really, doctor, such language is unpardonable."

"And yet you will pardon it. And furthermore, by your great love for the self-sacrificing woman we have just left I shall perform an operation on your eyes that you may see as I see.

And then he placed the cold hard facts before him, from the time she came a bride, beautiful and accomplished, to the village, up to date of present illness, in which domestic cares only had haunted her in feverish dreams. In concluding he added:

"I truly believe, if she takes up her old burdens at once, that before the year has passed the grave or an insane asylum will receive her."

The strong man shuddered.

"As heaven is my witness, sir, I have only permitted, not exacted, this sacrifice. She voluntarily took her place by my side, and has uncomplainingly kept step with me."

"No, she has not kept step, to follow your own figure. Unable to keep up with your long, rapid strides, she has fallen, faint and footsore, by the way. I tell you, she must have rest for both mind and body, or I will not answer for the result. And it would be better found away from home."

"Yes, I begin to comprehend, and it can be found away. I will take care, doctor, that you do not get a chance to administer another such a dose to me."

Mr. Streeter went back to the room where his wife was sitting propped up by pillows, and a gush of unutterable tenderness swelled in his heart as he glanced at her pale face and almost transparent hands. He sat down beside her, and said, softly:

"You don't know how glad I am that you are better."

"Thank you. Yes, I am almost well now—shall soon be able to be in the kitchen. I am sure I must be sadly needed there by this time."

"No, you are not needed there. By the way, would you like to have me put the farm to rent this summer, and you take the boy and go back to the old granite hills?"

"Oh, could you? May I go?" and the voice quivered with excitement; then wistfully: "But the expense, Newton. It would put us back so much."

"Yes, there it is; the old doctor was right," he thought. And then aloud, "Do you know what I went to the city for the day you were ill?"

"To deposit some money for more land, I think you said," she replied wearily.

"Yes, but I dont need the land. I have far more land than I can cultivate now. And you shall have that money—or at least all you want of it—and go home and stay all the summer, and try to get some of your blood back. I shall write to-day that you are coming."

Mrs. Streeter could hardly believe it was not one of her feverish dreams.

But all came about in good time, and she arrived safely at home, where she was petted and caressed to her heart's content.

"You are all trying to spoil me," she would expostulate, "I shall never be fit for a farmer's wife any more."

And thus among loving friends, riding, walking, and when home, reading, music and writing long letters, to her husband, the summer wore swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days that must elapse ere she could look upon his face and be clasped to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had returned, and not an instant did she shrink from the old life.

And when the husband came and saw the wonder that one summer had wrought, he again confessed that the good doctor was right.

A few days were given to old friends and then they turned their faces toward their Western home.

It was evening when they arrived, and the wife looked with bewilderment on the change. A handsome front had been added to the old dwelling; and before she had time to question she was ushered into a parlor newly furnished and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception.

She turned to her husband to assure herself that he too had not changed into something else.

"Come, I have more to show you," and he showed her into a large commodious room furnished for her own sleeping apartment, even to her baby's crib.

"This is for you. And now lay aside your dusty garments and prepare for tea. It must have been ready an hour ago. I will go and see."

When he returned he found his little wife sitting in her rocker, and weeping silently.

"Have I wounded where I wished to heal?" he asked reproachfully.

"Forgive me," she said, smiling; "I am a goose, but a tired-winged one, you know. And I am so happy to be at home in such a home, that I have no words in which to tell my happiness."

He stooped to kiss the offered lips. And what a different life it was—busy, not burdened. Good help in the kitchen all the time, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The farm was an unfailing source of income, fully defraying expenses, with a balance in favor.

"Been improving, I see," said Doctor Meeker, as he reined in his light carriage to the next fence.

"Yes, doctor. Come in; I want to show you all the improvements. Here, Mary, the doctor wants to see you."

And as she came to greet him, rosy with health and happiness, he nodded his head at her husband.

"Yes, that will do;" and then glancing at the open piano, "I am going to stay just long enough to hear one tune played. Will you favor me?" and with the old gallantry, fittedly so awkwardly to his brusque manner, he led her to the instrument, and stood, hat in hand, while she played.

LONDON LETTER—English Crop Prospects.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

LONDON, Aug. 10th, 1879.

Agricultural prospects vary according to the point of view. Not that any district in England is enjoying a cheerful outlook, but only that the gloom and discouragement differ in intensity according to the character of the husbandry pursued. In a general way it may be said that pastoral districts present a more promising aspect than the regions mainly devoted to corn-farming. The summer's grazing of cattle and of fattening sheep would be fairly prosperous, owing to the abundance of grass and the comparative quiescence of contagious disease, if the watery and abnormally forced herbage had more "proof" in it, and if reasonable prices had been obtainable for the light clips which have not enabled the farmer to draw a handsome share of his year's proceeds in the shape of the wool-buyer's cheque. But, on the other hand, breeding flocks have suffered severely; the losses of lamb's have been disastrous from the persistent continuance of excessive downfalls of rain, which have kept pastures and seeds and forage crops in sodden and unhealthy layers. Even dairy farmers are in difficulty though their chief stress is the low market of American cheeses upon the monopoly of quality heretofore enjoyed by home-made cheshire cheddar, and stilton.

As to the hay harvest, while only a very small proportion of the meadow hay can possibly have been got well, and a larger quantity than probably at any former time has been spoiled in the rick owing to hasty and insufficient making, the quality of nearly all is deteriorated from the mere fact of the lateness of the period of cutting—resulting in an over-ripe and woody condition of the grass and a waste of the nutrient properties which were at their *maximum* when weather forbade the risk of putting in the scythe or mowing-machine. Large breadths of meadow hay are at this moment lying in the swath—bulky growths, indeed, but hazardous to spread out properly with the tedding machine, and to treat *secundum artem* with a view to color, fragrance, and quality, besides involving heavy labor of teams and hands just when all the forces of the farm are in demand for overtaking some of the tillage operations, such as the weeding of green crops, which the weather has made long overdue, and for the commencement of pea-cutting and other labors now pressing closely upon the heels of each other. The crops of clover hay too, is only partially secured. The actual destruction of hay by the catastrophe of flooding rivers and deluging rains and waterspouts must have been very great. Taking the condition of the principal hay districts into account and applying the same throughout England and Wales, it may well be that the fodder for next winter is many millions of pounds sterling short in value.

The prospects for corn farmers, and for root growers, for the winter keep of sheep, and also for the cleanly culture of land next year may be understood from a few notes with regard to particular districts. And as a sample of a fine corn country take parts of Essex and Hertsfordshire, extending between Chelmsford a point westward of Bishop's Stortford. In journeys by railway and a drive through the clay country of Roothings and the kindred land nearer Chelmsford and about Danmow and Bishop's Stortford, I am impressed with these governing features—the failure of the barleys, the thinness of wheat the foulness of the fallows and, indeed of all land and the number of dungheaps and farmyards full of manure which the farmers have been unable to apply either for the present or next year's crops.

This year, of all others, the farmers, disappointed in their usual early wheat seeding time, sowed more acres than ever with barley; and, indeed, an eye to the probable market has lead them to expect better money returns from the beer-making than from the bread-making cereal. But barley is more sensitive than wheat to climatic influences. The inclement spring and summer have damaged it more. The plant is so thin and the stems are so weak that the whole crop must be looked upon as more or less a failure.

How to get ahead of your butcher—Pay his price for it.

The Queue Ordinance.

In April, 1878, a Chinaman in San Francisco was convicted under a city ordinance relating to lodging-houses of being found sleeping in an apartment not so large as the law required. He was fined ten dollars, and in default of payment, was sent to prison, where the sheriff ordered his queue to be cut off. He made complaint as a subject of the Emperor of China against the sheriff for maltreatment, the maltreatment consisting "in having wantonly and maliciously cut off the queue of the plaintiff, a queue being worn by all Chinamen, and its deprivation being regarded by them as degrading and as entailing future suffering."

The case came before the U. S. Circuit Court for California, where it was tried, Justice Field of the U. S. Supreme Court presiding and giving the decision, which is that the city ordinance was unconstitutional and invalid, being an assumption of State authority, a form of special legislation, and unnecessary either as a matter of discipline or as a sanitary regulation. And he adds:

"The claim put forth that the measure was prescribed as one of health, is notoriously a mere pretence. A treatment to which disgrace is attached, and which is not adopted as a means of security against the escape of the prisoner, but merely to aggravate the severity of his confinement, can only be regarded as a punishment additional to that fixed by the sentence. If adopted in consequence of the sentence, it is punishment in addition to that imposed by the Court; if adopted without regard to the sentence, it is wanton cruelty."

The judgment of the Court was in favor of the Chinaman.

ONE has indeed to go abroad to gather news. The London *Truth*, whose name would indicate that it was a reliable newspaper, tells a story of how one day Miss Emiline Nobbs, of Indianapolis, was honored by a presidential audience at the White House, and as soon as her eyes rested upon the manly form of President Hayes she rushed forward and embraced and embraced him in the most gushing manner, exclaiming, I love you and am come to marry you, The President, who is noted for his modesty and bashfulness, was altogether frustrated, protested and begged to be excused, as he was already possessed of a wife. But the young lady was not to be put off by any such flimsy excuse as that. She had come to marry the President, and she was going to do it any way. Finally, on the fine diplomatic plea of getting a friend to witness the ceremony Mr. Hayes loosended the grasp of the hugging girl about his deck and escaped into the next room. He soon returned with two constables, who with much difficulty succeeded in getting her away from the presidential mansion. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are still happy, and Miss Nobbs is in a Wsstern lunatic asylum. What have all the Whashington correspondents been doing that this delicious piece of harmless gossip should first see the light in London?—*Balto American.*

THE harvest would seem to have failed everywhere except in this country. From England to Southern Persia and Asiatic Turkey we hear of short crops, and in England especially the season has been particularly disastrous. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and we cannot be expected to quarrel with the circumstances that promise us a new lease of properity. It is fortunate for the countries of the Old World that a great store house like America exists, where there is food enough and to spare. This country promises to become in time the principal food market in the world, and one, therefore, with which it will be extremely uncomfortable for any other nation to quarrel.—*Balto. Bulletin.*

We want to exchange with some paper that don't tell their readers when a resident dies that "he was an old and respected citizen, whose death is regretted by the entire community, and his demise will leave a vacancy which can never be filled." It makes the people who are left behind feel that they are a paltry set of villians whose deaths will be annouced by the ringing of bells, booming of gun and a general "whop'er up, boys old Jones has kicked the bucket."

Of the Irish it is said, they are never at peace unless they are at war. They seem to have a national and an irrepressible tendency toward a fight. Within a few days there have been desperate and bloody riots in Dublin, Belfast and Lurgan, Ireland, and last week at Quebec a fight between the Irish and the French Canadians raged for two days, the wounded numbering scores. But wounds and murders only seem to give zest to these proceedings thoese engaged in them.

Whn ewe have practiced good actions awhile they become easy, and when they become easy we begin to take a pleasure in them, and when they please us we do them frequently. Form then the habit of doing good

The young man who works hard, saves his money and gets his hair shaved off short is preparing to get married.

"I think I must have a vein of rich humor," said Seth, after his 18th boil put in an appearance.

A Retrospection.

Ah, hum. How the wheels of time speed round—how the gathering years crowd thick and fast—now the maelstrom twirls as we are drawn near the vortex—how old tempus does fugit.—And yet it was not always thus. Looking back over our shoulder—(to see if girl is flirting)—to the years that now, alas, are past and gone, we see a fair haired boy. Ah, but his hair was fair—fairer than the luscious strawberry nestling in the fraudulent box in the early spring time, at eighty cents a quart—fairer than the golden carrot as it swims among the grease-drops on the surface of a plate of soup—fair as the lily, the marigold, the daffo-down-dilly. Fair, fair.

How long the days were then. The forenoon was an epoch; the afternoon a measureless cycle of time. A piece bread and butter at half past nine, and another at eleven, mitigated our sufferings and stayed our hunger which consumed us during the lapse of time between breakfast and dinner. And the doses would have to be repeated in the afternoon, and just before going to bed. What a change in all this twenty years have wrought. There is on "piecing between meals" now; no indeed. And dinner seems to come so soon after breakfast that we are almost inclined not to be bothered with it. And supper it a thankless task.

The years seem to gather momentum as they pass; each succeeding one being shorter than its predecessor. We see how is—we are on the down grade, and there are no brakes. We are rushing along with increasing velocity—today we are bald-headed, to-morrow we shall be toothless, next day gray, and then—ah, then, the silent boneyard. It is not a pleasant prospect. Let us look the other way—let us shake 'em back. What was it that caused us to fall in this train of thought? O, yet—this aged bill from a shoemaker. We promised to pay the man next week, and now the account is outlawed! It beats all. Time should not fly so fast.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Collapse of the Lesseps Canal Scheme.

M. de Lesseps's scheme for a Panama canal *a niveau* has practically been abandoned—"suspended" is the convenient word used. This is not surprising under the circumstances, but still the business world's epitaph upon the impracticable project will probably be; "If so quickly you are done for, the wonder is what you were begun for." The French engineers who carried the vote in favor of the Wyse concession have been industriously employed in writing up the project for the Paris newspapers, and even so solid a journal as the Debates has given columns of its space to specious arguments in favor of the "only natural route" between the two oceans. In one of these articles the writer M. Paul Bolteau, assured his readers that the Panama canal would diminish by eighty francs a ton the cost of transporting goods by sea; that General Burnside was the only man in the United States who thought the building of the canal an infringement of the Monroe doctrine, and that the real opposition to the work in this country proceeded from the Panama and the transcontinental railroads. In spite of all this the Panama canal was a hopeless job from the outset. The speedy abandonment of the scheme shows that it has been found out, by those alone who could supply the means necessary to promote it, to be not a scientific plan for the construction of a public work of international proportions, but a project "put up" in the the interest of speculators and stock-jobbers. The fact that the objections of Admiral Ammen and Mr. Menocal were brushed aside without any attempt to answer them was in itself fatal to any plan soliciting bona fide subscriptions from substantial capitalists. M. de Lesseps may still carry out his proposition to visit this country, but he should understand before he comes that the man who seeks to convince others must in the first place prove that he himself is open to conviction.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Something That's Foolish.

To think the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he becomes.

To conclude that if excercise is good, the more violent it is, the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is good for the system, without regard to ulterior effects.

To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

"There's no future for the newspaper borrower," according to a down the Peninsula debating society, and another society will in a few days discuss the "Hereafter of the Regular Newspaper Beat."

A Portland woman calls her husband good resolution, because he is always broke.

The Basis of the Civil Sabbath.

These are some of the grounds upon which it rests:

First. Every human being, by the necessity of his nature, needs a rest of one entire day in seven, added to his nightly rest in sleep, for the restoration of his strength, exhausted by the labors and cares of six successive days. His very heart and flesh cry out for it. The free citizen has the same natural right to be protected by law from the disturbance on his weekly rest day as in his nightly sleep.

Second. The State needs rest day for the protection and promotion of good morals, good order, the public peace and public decency. "The Sabbath law, considered as a police regulation, rests on the foundation which uphold laws prohibiting gambling, lotteries, polygamy, disorderly, houses, the sale of intoxicating liquors on election days and the like. The State punishes all these offenses. Sabbath breaking included, not as sins against God, but as injuries on society."—(Supreme Court of New York.)

Third. No citizen should be required by law to worship God, even on Sunday, for the sake of public morals. But the law ought to restrain him from disturbing those who choose to dovote rest day to religious worship, for this among other ends, namely, the welfare of the whole people. Considered as an educational agency the Sabbath stands side by side with our schools of learning; and both ought for the same reason, to be protected from molestation.

Fourth. Our citizens have natural right to undisturbed worship on the day set apart for rest by the usage of the American people from the settlement of the country. This right cannot be secured amidst the noise and stir of ordinary lador and public amusement. Besides, those who carry on their business on Sunday virtually compel their neighbors in the same business do the same. In the active competitions of life, "the liberty of rest for each man depends on the law of rest for all."

The Physique of Americans.

It used to be a common remark tha Amerfcans were lacking in physique and as a nation they were called lank, lean and of too nervous temperment. But time, with increased comfort, prosperity, better food and clothing, and other concomitants of civilization, has worked wonders for our people. Dickens, who was an unusually keen observer, remarked a vast improvement on his second visit to this country in the looks of the people, especially the women. Other evidence might be cited to the same effect. But let each judge for himself. Walk along Broadway or any other thoroughfare when the crowd is densest; stand on a packed ferry-boat, or in front of our large churches or theatres when the audience is leaving. Are not the mass of people who pass robust, wellfed and substantial looking? Do you see many cadaverous, slab-sided persons? Do not they look, on the average, as well as people any other race? The fact is, and the statistic of the examining surgeons of our enormus army during the war prove it, that the American is taller and larger round the chest than his Saxon, Celtic or Teutonic cousin. Dwellers in cities are usually puny. The Londoners, the Parisian and New Yorker are all small men; but the Maine lumber-men, the farmer from the far West, and the men from the border States are huge, powerfully-built fellows.

Take the United States Senate or the House of Representatives, and how many fine physiques will be found among their members! In the last three Cabinets there was an unusual proportion of lage, vigorous men.—Chase, Seward Stanton, and Blair were not pigmies, nor are Hayes' supporters lacking bone and muscle, excepting Evarts and Schurz. Thus it may be accepted that Americans have size and strength sufficient for their needs, and it is a mistake to suppose otherwise.—*Sanitary Engineer and Plumber.*

Luck and Labor.

Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Codben, a distinguisted writer in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is always wating for something to turn up.
Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns up something.
Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.
Labor turns out six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.
Luck whines.
Labor whistles.
Luck relies on chance.
Labor on character.
Luck slips down to indigence.
Labor strides upward to independence.

An agricultural paper advises the farmer to count his sheep every day. If it comes to that, we should advise the farmer to move into a better neighborhood.

An accountant who visited Bunker Hill monument last summer says it is the longest column he ever footed up.

A classical man in Polk County has christened his cat "Othello the mewer of Venice."

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