Denton Journal.

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The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY
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CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,
—BY—
GEO. T. MELVIN, Editor and Proprietor

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FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

As we know familiar voices,
Ever near and dear one's call,
Coming through the silent chambers,
Waking echoes in the hall;
So with instinct all unerring,
Ever strengthening more and more
We can read the varied language
Of the footsteps at the door.

Grandp.'s faltering tread, now heavy
With the weight of fruitful years,
Nearing yonder golden city—
Almost through this vale of tears;
Steadfast feet that never loitered,
Bravely going on before;
By and by we'll miss the music—
Precious footsteps at the door!

Then the patter of the children,
Happy darlings! out and in,
Like the butterflies and sunbeams,
With no thought or care of sin;
Little feet that need sure guiding
Past the pitfalls on the shore,
Lest they turn aside to mischief,
Blessed footsteps at the door!

Then the matron glad and cherry,
Hears her good man drawing nigh;
And the children hear the mother
As her busy footsteps fly;
Household music! We all hear it!
While we love it more and more,
And we hope to welcome with it
Angel footsteps at the door.

The Captain's Lost Arm

It was at one of our evening campfires in India, that he told his story. Far in the distant jungle sounded the cry of the terrible wild beasts that reigned there—it sounded over the plains and came to our ears with the most dismal of monotones. We could easily imagine how gracefully the tiger crouched there, how like flames his eyeballs gleamed.

There were four of us. We were half lying along the ground, each of us industriously puffing at our cheroot. There had been a silence of a quarter of an hour, when Charteris, looking at the captain as he calmly smoked, said: "Now, Roland, isn't it a favorable time to redeem your promise of a year ago?"

Captain Roland looked up questioningly. I believe there was no greater favorite in the regiment than Roland, and there was no danger spoiling him either. He was about thirty-five years of age, he had been in India ten years, and thus escaped fevers and wounds, though no man exposed his life more bravely—but he never did it foolhardily.

His left arm was gone, but none of us knew how it was lost—it had been in battle

In reply to his look Charteris said: "You know you promised to tell us how you happened to lose your arm.

Roland shuddered perceptibly as he withdrew his cigar from his mouth, and said: "Yes, I did promise, and I hope it'll do me good to tell that story once. I've kept silent about it, but I haven't forgotten it. You see, a man remembers a thorough fight a good while.

It was when I was in the — regiment, before I was transferred to this That was almost eleven years ago, and I was a good deal younger than I am now, and rushed into all sorts of scrapes—though I do hope under the same circumstances that happened that day I should do the same thing over again. I was a lieutenant in those days, and that morning I was sent out in command of half a dozen men in pursuit of a deserter, who was reported to be hiding in the vicinity of that place we call Marvel's Gully.—You know the place? The sun glared down with unvarying, cloudless heat; a gentle wind blew over the earth like the breath from an oven ten times heated; it struck against me as I rode, and I shuddered as I felt it; for it seemed the breath of some fire monster that would devour this luckless land. I am more to that breeze now, but it used to make me homesick more than anything else

We rode as fast as we dared in the heat, and by noon we reached the wretched village where we were ordered to search for the deserter. I did not much like the job, and rather hoped we should not find him; but we did, and while we were safely securing the miserable wretch, a party of natives came up in great excitement, and begged us to go down to the gully with them, saying that that morning a young girl, the pet of the village, had gone down on some kind of an errand, and that they were afraid she had fallen a victim to a tiger one of them had seen lurking about after the girl had started.

The men in my little command were weary and disinclined to go and some of them had had rather disagreeable experiences in such expeditions. But I thought of the girl, and hoped the tiger had missed her; and in anticipation I felt the triumph of killing him before she had fallen into his power. So I told the natives I would go with them, and I left my men in the village, with strong suspicions that they would all be drunk when I came back.

With my gun over my arm—I had both arms then—I stole softly along over the baked earth with my dusky companions, who did not seem to mind the heat at all, but went on with skins glistening in the sun, with eyes that looked stealthily on every side as they advanced. It was the first time I ever hunted a tiger, and from the moment we started, I felt a strange excitement, more painful than exhilerating.

In an hour's time we reached the gully—the deep bed of a dry stream—a place where at some seasons rushes a torrent of water. The place was not so dry but in some parts of it grew a wild luxuriance of vegetation, a gorgeous blossoming of deep-colored flowers, and the air was sickening and heavy with the perfume of them. As we came close to the ruins I thought the half dozen natives with me gave some some signs of a disposition to shirk out of too near an approach to the supposed lair of the beast. I did not know much about those fellows then; but I have learnt to think since, that on the whole they are about as brave as the average of us human beings.

I had reached the thickest part of the tail shrubbery, and saw ahead the gleam of an open space—a part of the empty bed of the stream. With my gun cocked, I carefully pushed aside the leaves, feeling as if some dreadful sight was to meet my eye. And true enough! in the open space, but under the shade of a broad-leaved tree, sat a huge tiger—sat upon his haunches like a cat—panting, but apparently enjoying his rest and his anticipated feast. Lying in front of him, so near that his paws touched her, was the motionless, insensible body of a girl of sixteen or seventeen, her long, black hair streaming on the ground, her face upturned and colorless.

I could not tell whether she was dead or not. In that first, horrible, fascinated moment I did not move; I forgot that I had a gun. The tiger looked down at her, touched her a little with his paw, just as I had a hundred times seen a cat do with a mouse. His motion dispelled my immobility. I raised my gun, took careful aim, and fired.

The beast looked up wildly, bounded forward over the girl, and then fell down and lay still, the blood oozing from his breast. I dashed through the branches and ran towards the girl, hearing the natives push along someway behind. One of them must have been in advance of the rest, for before I had reached the girl's side, I heard a shrill cry of warning and horror from the rear, and in the same instant, I saw the tiger struggle to his feet again; I caught the green and yellow glitter of his eyes, and the snowy sheen of his fangs. All that I saw in an instant—the next, he had sprung upon me. I felt, in a second, the greatest physical horror I can imagine, his teeth crushing through my flesh—then I felt him leaping away with me; then mercifully the blackness of unconsciousness came to me.

When I awakened the blazing sun had long since passed the meridian; long horizontal rays of yellow light came in narrow bars between the holes of the trees of a grove a few rods away. I was lying on an open plain, in a place I did not know, though I could not believe it to be far from the gully. But I could not feel, much less think, at first. By degrees a sense of pain began to grow upon me. I was bruised all over my body, I ached everywhere. Only my left arm was free from pain, and I looked down in wonder at it glad that something had escaped.

I cannot tell you the sensation that came over me as I saw, not my arm, but a mass of flesh, and the linen of my sleeve—a mangled object without shape.

Just above my elbow my arm regained its form; it was not apparently injured there. There was no sensation in it—it was for the time being incapable of suffering.

At the first moment I did not remember the cause; then I looked about me for the tiger, for it must have been he who had brought me here. I found him; he was lying close at my head—utterly motionless; I could see his eyes, and I knew by them that he was dead; it was my shot that had killed him at last, though he lived to taste a partial revenge.

I began to suffer acutely. At last when the sun had finally gone down and a full red moon had swung itself up the horizon, staring wildly at me, a sort of stupor came over me and I fell into a heavy sleep, which was more stupidity than sleep. Thus I spent the night, alternately waking and falling off into a sort of trance.

In the earliest light of the morning, before the sun was up, I became conscious that some one was kneeling by my side, had laid a cool hand wet in water upon my head, and was holding drink to my lips. I started wideawake at this and looked vaguely at the girl—for it was a girl, the one I had seen lying at the feet of the tiger in the gully.

With her, and looking down at me with mute horror in their faces, were the half dozen men of my command. They lifted me upon a stretcher, and put an awning above it; then they traveled slowly along to the village where I had left them.

The girl had not been materially injured by the tiger, but was in a swoon when I first saw her. She had roused up to life in time to see the tiger gallop off down the gully with me in his mouth, and she had hurried back as well as she could with the natives who had come out with me, and told my men. They had tracked me there, not expecting to find me alive.

I never saw a human being so grateful to any one as that girl was to me. Through all my long illness at her village she tended me with entire devotion, and it is just as true that she saved my life as that I saved hers. I know that I should not have survived that day's work if it had not been for her. As it was, it was almost a year before I could enter again upon active duty.

Now, gentlemen, I have only to hope you may never suffer what I did in that twenty-four hours."

Advice to Husbands.

The world is full of "advice to wives" and even the cheap commodity by courtesy addressed "to married people," is mostly one-sided and intended for the ears of the weaker sex only. We can scarcely pick up a paper without reading the oft-reiterated injunction to "always meet him with a smile" (whatever may be his delinquencies;) to be "always neatly dressed" (whatever work on hand;) to "never complain to him" (whatever the weight of your cares,) and all the rest of it, which everybody knows so well. For the sake of a more evenly balanced state of things, let us administer a little of the same dose to the other side of the house, on the old principle that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

Husbands should always appear before their wives in a neat and becoming attire. Remember that was one of your chief attractions during courtship. A man is not at all beautiful in dishabille, and how can you expect to retain a woman's love if you suddenly drop all the blandishments that won it? Husbands, be neat. Never come to breakfast with hair looking like a "big tree shaken by a mighty wind," or soiled collar or necktie all awry. Never lounge about a late hour in the evening, in stocking feet, pants, coat and vest, and with sloughy suspenders. Had she chanced to see you thus courting days, it would have taken a vast amount of romance out of her, depend upon it. Suppose your circumstances in life are such that you must assist in doing the "morning chores," then steal to your room before she has seen you and change the working coat for dressing gown, polish your boots and make yourself presentable, that no suggestion of the farmyard may accompany you to the breakfast table. The look of fond regard that will surely greet you from behind the fragrant coffee pot will be a sufficient reward.

Never wear a cloudy or angry countenance in the presence of your wife. No matter what the cares and annoyance of the day may have been, before her you should be all sunshine. Thus you will make her happy and forget your own troubles. In her own sphere she has petty vexations to bear that would break the spirit of any man alive. Don't add the burden of yours, too.

If the children are noisy or peevish, quiet them with as much tact as possible, in order that you disturb not their mother, who, in the evening, should find the rest and tranquillity that will prepare her for another day. Above all, allow no impatient words to arise to your lips should your wife object to your spending money on such selfish gratifications as expensive and choice cigars, while she is economising in many little ways Though you may think her in the wrong, you had better be ruled by her wishes, as thus you may avoid future unpleasantness.

If you wish to be the true companion of your wife don't allow yourself to degenerate into a mere drudge and money catcher. Keep your intellect refreshed by reading good books; read the things she reads and repeat to her the news, both political and general, that you have gleaned in the world outside her sphere.

Bear in mind that many over-taxed wives are mere bundles of nerves, so to speak, and subject to a thousand and one irritations that enter into man's philosophy to comprehend; therefore write it in your heart and prove it in your daily conversation that a "soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.—*Bob Burdette.*

Woman's Nerve.

A TALL LADY PROVES HER COURAGE TO A SMALL REPORTER.

A tall lady with a saturnine countenance came into the *Chronicle* office today and demanded of one of the reporters if Virginia offered a good field for a series of a dozen lectures on Woman Suffrage.

"I don't think the Comstockers have thought much about female suffrage," replied the reporter frankly.

"Don't say female," said the tall lady sharply.

"Why not?" asked the reporter in innocent surprise.

"Because, sir, a term that is used to describe sex in animals should not be applied to woman."

The reporter admitted, in great humiliation that the point was well taken, and looked up in some alarm at the severe countenance of the lady, who was a head taller than himself, and manifestly able to thrash him in the interest of Progress, if so disposed. The stern countenance softened somewhat at these signs of confessed inferiority, however, and the lady continued:

"The cause of Woman is the cause of Humanity. The cause of Humanity embraces all Progress. Why, then, should the people of Virginia be indifferent to Woman?"

"They're not!" cried the reporter, hastily. "Far from it. Woman is the boss in the camp. Everything she wants she gets, and not one in a hundred has to do a lick of work."

"Mere toys," said the tall one, with deep scorn. "Playthings for an idle hour. You would cover Woman with silks and gauds and sink her soul to insignificance by circumscribing her sphere and allowing her no mission in life,"

"Well," admitted the small reporter, "that's about the way we look at it up here, that's a fact. Women haven't got the nerve to rustle for themselves like men."

"Ner-r-r-ve!" She uttered this word in a terrible tone, so terrific that the small reporter half rose from his chair.

"Nerve? What is there requiring nerve that you do that I am incapable of?"

"No offence, madam, no offence. I meant nothing personal, I assure you."

"Am I not stronger than you?" she demanded, scorning the apology. "Am I not gifted with as great a brain? Why do you despise my sex? We can bear more pain, and are therefore your superiors in courage."

The small reporter was gazing fixedly at a dark corner of the room and made no answer.

"Nerve, indeed!" continued the tall lady; "why, women have infinitely more nerve than men. Only yesterday I saw a woman —"

"That's the biggest rat I ever saw in the office," said the small reporter, staring intently at the dark corner.

The scream that rent the air brought in all the printers and several citizens from the street. When they arrived the Tall One was standing on a chair, with one hand covering her eyes and the other convulsively clutching at her skirts as she gathered them close around her.

The small reporter wisely took advantage of the crowd to slip out, and he telegraphed from Gold Hill that he was going down to Carson to work up a big item.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

For the Journal.

Commendation.

The desire for commendation is universal. There is no one so great or exalted, or who feels himself lifted so far above his fellows that he feels no thrill of pleasure at having his actions favorably commented upon. School ourselves to stoicism as we may, we can not rise above the desire for the approval of those around us. Yes; we want commendation; not flattery but honest words expressing favorable appreciation of our works and motives. And, it is right that we have it; we are the better for receiving it, pity him who does not get it. The statesman, pondering over the problems of his country, will think with clearer brain, and be sustained by loftier principles, if encouraged by the approval of his countrymen; the minister in the pulpit will preach with a more winning eloquence if from the lips of thoughtful christians he have an occasional "well done," "the house wife plies her busy cares" the father brings his earnings home, the sister devises still some other home comfort, some home beauty, the school boy strives with his weary task, the plowman plods his lonely way, all helped all cheered, well nigh repaid by words of commendation from those from whom they most care to receive them. Is it not a pity they are so often left unspoken? Words are cheap, hearts are hungry. For the lack of such words many a life has been made bitter and cowardly, which, with them, would have been full of sweetness and heroism.

Honest, just commendation can injure no one; it will help the humble man and give confidence to the self-depreciating. But it must be given in a proper manner; not formally, or as a customary requirement, for then it will not have the soul of sincerity in it. This it must have; and it must come from those whom the recipitent thinks capable of judging;—the more capable the better. There is no danger that praise will make a man vain, so long as it is just; if it is just it is *below* his own estimate or he is *not* vain; and if it fall *short* of his own estimate, it must have the tendency to lessen vanity.

M.

How to Sweep a Room.

THE WAY TO GO ABOUT IT AND NOT COVER EVERYTHING WITH DUST.

To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and, like all fine arts, has a right method. Well done it renovates the entire room, and the occupant takes possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgement, in other words, brains, must enter.—Are these closets opening into the room to be swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping day; then let this be the first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets, as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in the hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it, then, taking a step ladder, begin to sweep or brush or wipe the cornice and picture cords and pictures. Draw the shades to the top of the window or, if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or the air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it.

Now begin to sweep: not toward the door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room toward the centre, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush and dust pan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest of the furniture in the room and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out our details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so soon dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance; while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is as the finishing touches to the picture.

Earthquakes and the Future of Our Globe.

Prof. Denton, in a recent lecture in Hartford, said: "Volcanoes and earthquakes have ever troubled earth's dwellers. But the evil is becoming less and less. Now, instead of daily and almost continuous earthquake shocks, and the roaring of volcanoes along all the shores, we have scarcely more than one great shock in a lifetime, to tell us of the power of the sleeping giant. And the time will come when the last earthquake will have occurred, when volcanoes will cease, and the husbandman will plant the vine and olive up the slopes of Ætna and Vesuvius, and young men and maidens will dance in the socket of the blind and dead volcanoe's eye. The thickening of the earth's crust will from necessity grow less and less, and be only known as an accompaniment of the past stormy history of the globe. Noxious reptiles and insects are doomed to extinction, even as their ruder but similar forms of the early ages have vanished. In an eloquent picture of the brightening future, the lecturer said the land surface, in proportion to the oceans, will increase—and the seas recede and diminish. Now, the water still occupies eight-elevenths of the globe's surface—and man has but three elevenths. That fact itself shows that the planet is still in its youth. The same laws are at work to-day that prevailed in the cretaceous period. Our world is a cooling globe. And, as it cools, it ridges; mountains are heaved up, and the land surface is increased. And in just the same ratio the water recedes, and takes the lower place. This will continue for millions of years, until our globe attains the condition of the planet Mars to day. There the land surface equals, or exceeds, that of the water. People there can sail all around the world without going out of sight of land, and if a storm arises they need not sink, but can go ashore.

The Child-Teacher.

Backward and forward in her little rocking chair went Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful waxen-doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly;" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in a bay window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly:

"I am through for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose."

Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly:

"I am so glad! I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote this; you and Dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, we had, mamma; but I got tired after awhile of loving her."

"And why?"

"O, because she never loved me back."

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is *one why*, mamma; but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

"We love him because he first loved us," whispered the mother, and fervently she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

What Came of a Mock Marriage.

A despatch from Binghampton, N. Y., says: "Some months ago a young man named George Youngs went to Bath, Pa., from Schenectady. He was a printer, and was handsome and intelligent. Alice Beers, a beautiful girl, daughter of a prominent citizen of the place, fell in love with Youngs. The pair desired to marry, but the girls parents refused to consent to the marriage Youngs and Miss Beers ran away. They returned next day, and Young exhibited a marriage certificate bearing the signature of a clergyman of this city. The girl's parents received her and her husband to prevent scandal. A week or two ago it was rumored in Bath that Young had a wife and child in Schenectady. His Bath wife was given good evidence of the fact, but she refused to believe it. A gentleman of Bath came to this city last week to investigate the marriage here. He found that the clergyman's signature to the marriage certificate was forged, and that the ceremony Youngs had performed was a mock ceremony at a disreputable house, a boon companion of his having personated the clergyman. When the news was carried to the young wife she fell to the floor dead. Youngs fled, and no trace of him has yet been found. He has a wife and two children in Schenectady.

An Ungrateful Nephew.

A naughty nephew recently swindled his uncle, a foolish Kentucky farmer, out of a bride. The old man was well-to-do, and his nephew lived with him on Green river. A charming country lass in the neighborhood was very poor, and yet disinclined to marry wealth when it was handicapped by old age. The old man's entreaties did not cease, and finally in despair he enlisted the services of his nephew, who was prevailed upon to argue the case with the charmer. The confiding old farmer never suspected anything when his nephew suggested the propriety of capturing the young lady with presents, and giving her an earnest of what she could expect after marriage. This suggestion was received favorably, and the old man thinking the nephew the better judge in such points, gave him $150 for the purchase of the gifts. The nephew went down to Evansville a few weeks ago and bought some handsome dresses, jewelry, and other bribes, and took them back to Green river. The old man presented them freely to the lady, hinting that if she would only become his wife she could have as many duplicates of the lot as she pleased. The young lady went to work and made up the dresses, and then ran away with the nephew.

"To Thine Own Self be True."

Just be honest with yourself, and then you will be honest with the world. And when you get to be honest with yourself, my son, you will be surprised to find what a good fellow you are. You will like yourself. You will want to shake hands with yourself and pat yourself on the back, and call yourself "old boy" and be on familiar, friendly "Tom and Bill" terms with yourself. But so long as you are not fair and candid and honest with yourself, so long as you make yourself a promise on the first of January, and break it on the second, you will hate yourself, you will be ashamed of yourself, you will seek any society to avoid the rebuke of your own presence. So, be good to yourself, my boy. Be honest with yourself, and if you made any promises on the first of January, stick to them if you have to get out of society and live in a cave. Keep them, if you break a trace a hundred times a day. Be honest with yourself, and by the middle of June you and your conscience will be so satisfied with each other that you will want to run yourself for President.—*Hawkeye.*

A Rich Dowry.

"Good-morrow to you, Mrs. Fogarty," said one Irish crone to another, as they met in the streets of Cork.

"Then good-morrow kindly, Judy; I hope I see you well this moruin'?"

"So, Mrs. Fogarty, you married your daughter?"

"I did, indeed, praise be to heaven."

"Did she make a good match?"

"Faix, then, 'tis herself that did. Didn't she get blind Darby Driscol, on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork?"

"I am delighted to hear it, Mrs. Fogarty, I assure you. That the world may wonder at the luck they'll have! Did you give her any fortune?"

"Any fortune is it? Ah thin, now, Judy, is it after insultin' me you'd be? Sure ye know in yer heart that a child of mine was never married without it. Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick Street, which, if well begged, is worth seven and sixpence a week?"

"Oh, what a fortune!" and the two women separated.

Thoughts for Teachers.

Never be hasty in word or action.
Labor and brains conquer all things.
Teach both by precept and example.
Labor diligently for self-improvement.
Never let a known fault go unnoticed.
Encourage parents to visit the schools.
Be prompt in beginning and dismissing.
Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.
Never let your pupils see that they can vex you.
Teach self-government; it is the only government.
Speak grammatically to your pupils; speak kindly, too.
Never be slow to commend a pupil for good work or deportment.
He who can begin with a child, and skillfully carry him through the first fifteen years of his life, does the grandest thing that is ever done for him.

THE fashion of placing the heel of a woman's shoe near the middle of the foot has led to the following in the Springfield *Republican*:

She passed just now in the falling snow,
And left the print of her dainty shoe
From the edge of the heel to the pointed toe
The most I can make is a number 2.
Yet her brother showed me her morning slipper,
A number seven, as I'm alive.
And broad in the sole as a Portsmouth skipper.
Now how the d—ce do the gir's contrive
To squeese a hoof like a camel's foot,
Into a number two French kid boot

To put a horse on his metal, shoe him

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