Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1880.

VOL. 35. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING DECEMBER 4, 1880. NO. 16.

The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning
AT DENTON,
CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,
—BY—
Geo. T. and Jas. F. Melvin, Proprietors.

One Dollar a Year Invariably in Advance.

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THE CANNING HOUSE property at Denton Bridge will be sold at a reduced price and on very easy terms.

The lot contains about one acre, and the CANNING HOUSE is a very large

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thirty feet wide by sixty long. The back building is twenty wide by fifty long, one story. The inside improvements consist of a

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It is beautifully and eligibly located in the heart of a fruit growing section.

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Genuine Mackinaw Hats from - - - $1.50 to $5.00

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SHINGLES, LATHES,
Sash, Doors, Bricks, etc.
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STRICTLY "ONE PPICE"
ClothierS
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Attention, Company Buyers!

What are you holding back for? When you can march right straight into the store of G. SPITZER at Greensborough, and inspect the most prettiest, completest, and most seasonable

STOCK OF GOODS FOR THE FALL TRADE

which have ever been brought to this town, having arrived this week, and are now all arranged on his shelves and counters, comprising a fine lot of CLOTHING. Style and workmanship cannot be surpassed, and prices not to be undersold. New designs of novel Dress Goods and Calicoes. Latest patterns in Shawls and Knitted Goods for Ladies, Misses, and Children. In shoes you can suit yourselves beyond all doubts.

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS IN ABUNDANCE.

Oh! well, come along and look about for yourselves. We cannot spare the time very well to write up every article. Our Grocery Department is complete. The largest stock in Smokers' Articles in the county.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to merit a continuance of the same,
I remain, Yours Respectfully,
GOTLEIB SPITZER, Greensborough, Md.

WANTED.—10,000 lbs. of dried apples and peaches, 10,000 lbs. of lard and bacon, besides all kinds of country produce, for which will be allowed the highest market prices, taken in exchange for goods. june 15-oct 3

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At World's Fair, London. Exposition Universelle, Paris. World's Fair, N. Y.
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Ingrain, Three-ply and
BRUSSELS CARPETS!

Goods for this season purchased direct from the
☞ MANUFACTURERS! ☜
Inducements to Offer which
DEFY COMPETITION

☞ Housekeeper should see our stock before purchasing. ☜

AT OUR "EMPORIUM"

We have facilities for this line of goods which no other house can boast.

Carpets Always in Stock,

And always a pleasure to show them.

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THE undersigned, having opened in the town of Harrington, Delaware, a general

FURNITURE AND HOUSE FURNISHING STORE,

would respectfully calls the attention of the JOURNAL readers to his stock. We sell Furniture of every kind and description:—

Bedding, Cheap and Fine Looking Glasses. Pictures and Frames in Endless Variety. All Kinds of Fancy Parlor Walnut Work

We will not give a long list of our goods here, but invite you to call at our New Store and see the goods and learn prices.

UNDERTAKING.

Arrangements for this department of our business are complete. We keep on hand

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

of every description and all kinds of Undertakers' Furnishing goods such as

Shrouds Robes, Pillows, Linings Crepe. Gloves, Handles, Plates, Screws

and if fact everything belonging to a well regulated and first class undertaking establishment. Bodies kept well without ice.

☞ A HANDSOME HEARSE AND TEAM. ☜

Having had an experience of several years with a practical undertaker I flatter myself that I can give satisfaction to all who may kneed my services. We also carry on

The CARRIAGE Business

and keep on hand all kinds of Carriages, First class work a specialty. The celebrated Carriage of Wm. R. Cahoon & Son, of Dover, Del.; famed for their beauty of finish, style and durability, and other makes If you need of the goods herein mentioned come and see me.

W. G. HARDESTY,
26-6-1y. HARRRINGTON, DEL.

This Organ is sent on trial. The purchaser takes no Risk or responsibility whatever.

MARCHAL & SMITH ORGAN CO., $60

By sending direct from factory to purchaser, can sell this beautiful Organ, 70 inches high, 48 inches long, solid walnut case, 6 octaves, 15 stops, 4 Sets of Reeds, for $60. We are determined that every one shall have an opportunity to test this magnificent Organ. We therefore put the price at $60, and send on Fifteen Days' Trial. We send with every Organ a STOOL, MUSIC and INSTRUCTION BOOK, (a complete Musical Guide).

Order at Once. Deposit the money with your bank or any responsible merchant, to be paid to us if Organ is satisfactory, or to be returned to you if Organ is returned to us.

Ours is the Only House in America that offers a 5-octave Organ, 4 sets of Reeds, having Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste and Grand Organ, for $60. Order direct or send for full description. MARCHAL & SMITH, 8 West Eleventh Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW PREMIUM CORN SHELLER.

ONLY CHEAP PRACTICLE HAND CORN SHELLER MADE, WILL DO AS MUCH AS ANY $ DOLLAR SHELLER IN THE MARKET.

TWO IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES.

FIRST.—It does not injure the corn, and is therefore just the thing to use for shelling corn for seed.

SECOND.—The tip end and butt end of the corn can be shelled into one vessel, and the body of the ear into another, which is an immense convenience, as many farmers plant only the corn from the middle of the ear.

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It Will Pay For Itself Many Times Over on Any Farm.

Our PREMIUM CORN SHELLER is destined to become the leading HAND CORN SHELLER of the day. When once introduced no other small sheller will be wanted. We believe this to be the Best Hand Corn Sheller ever invented. Canvassing AGENTS WANTED in every County.

☞ For Sale by all first-class Country Stores and Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, and if he has not got it, we will send a Sample prepaid to any address upon receipt of $1. Address the Manufacturers, Publishers, FARM & FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

YOU AND I.

You are climbing up life's pathway—
Going down am I;
Youth's bright days o'er you are shining;
Mine have all passed by;
Yet I fain would be remembered
All the journey through;
Will you think of me as kindly
As I think of you?

You are strong for all endeavor—
Weak and worn am I;
You are longing for the conflict—
For the rest I sigh;
You have faith, and hope, and courage—
Memory's wealth is mine;
Yet a tie of love and friendship
Links my heart to thine.

You are looking on to glory—
Looking upward I;
You have stored on earth your treasure—
Mine are placed on high;
Yet no height or depth can sever
Love's immortal band;
We shall sometimes find the level
Of the heavenly land.

A Story of the Gaming Table.

"Red wins!"

It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again and again reiterated, only diversified with that of "Red loses!" which broke the stillness of the superbly-appointed room at Homburg, with the gaming-table in its centre, round which were gathered its eager votaries behind whom were the scarcely less interested groups of lookers-on.

"Come away, my dear," said a very lovely woman among the spectators, in a whisper to her husband. "I am sorry that we came. This is no place for Pearl," indicating with a nod of the head, as she spoke, to an exquisitely beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child of some twelve or thirteen summers, who stood beside them.

"Come, Pearl," the father said.

But the girl stood entranced, her eyes were fixed upon a man's face seated at the farthest end of the table. It was a strikingly handsome face, even when wearing, as it now did, an expression of calm born of desperation. No tinge of color was in either cheek or lips.

His eyes shone with a stange and hard glitter, and were fixed upon the balls as they swung around, as though on the color uppermost hung his hope of life or death. And so it was. He had sat down possessed of a fortune; he arose a beggar! Fate had steadily pursued him with a mocking hopelessness, until he had placed his last stake, only to see it mercilessly swept from him.

He half rose from the table. What more was to be done, save to go out somewhere into the still night air and send a bullet through his heart or brain.

It was at this moment the girl, wiun flushed cheeks and half-parted lips, darted up to his side.

"Take this," she pleaded, "for my sake," and pressed a gold piece into his cold hand.

He turned. To his excited imagination she seemed scarely mortal in her pure, childlike loveliness. His first impulse was to return her offering—he was not yet an alms-taker—but again rang out the croupier's cry of command to place the stakes.

The child stood breathless in her eager expectancy, her eyes burning with feverish interest.

A sudden impulse overmastered him. Without speaking a word he placed the gold upon the table.

The next minute a small pile of gold was at his elbow. He staked it all again. Again he won. A bright spot of scarlet replaced the pallor on his cheek, which spread and deepened as Dame fortune, who had so persistantly frowned upon him, now reserved for him only her smiles.

Morning was breaking when he rose from the table, no longer a desperate man, but with his fortune threefold returned to him.

After his first winning he had turned to return to the child her offering, but she had vanished. Should he ever find her, should he ever repay the debt? He knew not; but, standing at last out under the clear blue sky, with a great weight lifted from his heart and brain, Harold Clayton vowed that it should be his life-search, but that the lesson taugh. him should never be forgotten, and the gaming table should know him never more.

Six years passed, and Harold Clayton was winning name and fame in his own land, in his profession as an artist.

Standing one night in a crowded assembly, some one in passing touched him lightly on the arm with her fan, and glancing around he met the smiling face of his hostess.

"Come," she said, "I want to present you to my belle. If you can prevail upon her to give you a sitting, and transfer her coloring to canvas, you will render yourself immortal."

"Is she, then, so becutiful," he questioned.

"Judge for yourself," she lightly rejoined. leading him to a little group doing homage to the fair girl in its centre.

"Miss Reyburn—Mr. Clayton," were the formal words of introduction, as Harold bowed in acknowlegement before the woman whom his artistic eye confessed the most beautiful that in all his wanderings he had ever met.

Before the evening was ended he might have added, the first woman whom he had ever loved, since she had awakened in him an interest as new as it was strange.

Through the next week her face haunted him. Then they met again, and the charm grew and deepened. He could not define it; he scarcely acknowledged it to himself; only away from Miss Reyburn he was restless and uneasy, until again he found himself within the scope of her fascinations.

Yet her nature remained an enigma to him. Although so young in years, so beautiful in form and feature, she seemed cold even to haughtiness, reticent almost to scorn.

It was as though some exquisite marble statue had risen in his pathway, which might some day warm into life.

She welcomed him whenever they met with a manner which, while it gave him no cause for complaint, yet chilled the hope springing within his breast.

One day, on going to her home, the servant met him at the door with the announcement she was very ill. This knowledge brought other knowledge—the fact that he could not conceal from himself that he loved her, and on his hope of winning her hung his life's happiness.

He went back to his studio, wretched and despairing, and seated himself at his easel. He had not meant to paint her face—his brain seemed unconscious of his fingers' toil—yet, when the morning broke, it was her features smiling upon him from the canvass, and he remembered the words his hostess had uttered on the night he had first met her—that thus he should render himself immortal.

He grew pale and wan in the days of anxious suspense, when those who watched over her couch knew not which would conquer, the angel of life or death. But there came an hour never to be forgotten, when he was admitted into her presence.

She was very white, very fragile, but more beautiful than in the coloring of perfect health. A new expression, too, was in the violet eyes raised to welcome him.

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said, gently. "I hear you have been anxious about me. You are very kind."

Then the words he had not meant to speak burst from his lips.

"Anxious?" he said. "Can a man Miss Reyburn, perishing of hunger, hear of the famine without a shudder? I am presumptuous, you will say. It is true. What is my life, with its many settled pages in which your eyes could never look, that I should dare offer it to you? And yet, purified by your love, I would try to make it more worthy. Tell me—answer me! If I serve as Jacob served for Rachel, is there hope that I may win you! My darling! my darling! I love you! I cannot live my life without you! Will you not share it?"

Lower and lower drooped the lids, until the long dark lashes swept the marble cheek, while the sweet mouth trembled; but the momentary weakness passed as she spoke: "Forget all that you have said, Mr. Clayton. It can never be."

"You do not love me?" he questioned sadly.

Again that swift expression of pain flitted across the lovely face.

"I shall never marry," she answered; "but," and in her voice crept an almost pleading tone, "I need my friend very much, Mr. Clayton. Do not desert me!"

"I cannot," he replied. "To desert you would be to desert the hope of one day forcing you to unsay those cruel words—the hope which will go with me to my grave."

What was the barrier between them? This was the question ever ringing in Harold Clayton's ear. As she looked when she pronounced his doom, so he had fancied she might have looked when the statue warmed into life.

Since then she had been colder, more distant than before; but he had caught the momentary expression, and transferred it to the picture on which his every every leisure moment was spent.

He was thus engrossed one morning ever striving to add new beauty to his almost perfect work, when a low knock at the door aroused him.

"Come in!" he called, then bent anew to his task, without so much as raising his head until a low, laughing voice sounded close beside him.

"We were caught in the shower, Mr. Clayton, and I persuaded Margaret to seek shelter with me here. I did not dream she would find herself forestalled."

It was Mrs. Somers who spoke—the lady who had first presented him to Miss Reyburn—whose instruction he had, unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret," she added, turning to her friend, "you have been sitting for your portrait, and did not let me know. Why have you kept it such a secre?t"

He had now sprung to his feet in time to see the rosy tide spread over Margaret Reyburn's face.

"It was a liberty I took without Miss Reyburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers," he explained, "I assure you I have never been so fortunate as to secure a sitting."

"Well, you shall have one now, and you must thank me for it," she rejoined, while Margaret turned away to examine the sketches and studies lying about in profuse confusion.

"Here are some sketches taken while I was studying abroad, Miss Reyburn," said Harold. "Will you amuse yourself by looking at them?"

"I will return in a few moments," interrupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for me, my dear."

A word of expostulation rose to Margaret's lips, but too late. The door had closed behind the speaker.

Silence fell between the two thus left behind, when a low cry arrested Harold's attention. He sprang to Miss Reyburn's side.

Her eyes were fixed upon a little sketch she held in her hand. It represented a gaming table, at one end of which sat a man, haggard, desperate, despairing, and by him a child, holding out to him a single gold piece, with a smile in her eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her lips.

"You would know the history of that picture," he said, "Let me tell you. Years ago I was in Homburg. The gaming tables attracted me, and every night found me beside them, losing or winning, according to the fortune of the hour. One evening the demon ill-luck pursued me. I lost and lost until I found I was beggared. Maddened, desperate, I resolved to put an end to my miserable life, when some one touched my shoulder; a child-angel stood before me and slipped into my hand a piece of gold. 'For my sake" she whispered. The croupier's hoarse call warned me no time was to be lost. I staked the gold and won, but turning to give her back her own she had fled. When I rose from the table I had recovered all and more, but I vowed a vow to my unknown deliverer that I would never again hazard a dollar of the fortune I considered hers. I have never found her, Margaret. The child will never know her work, but I am not afraid to meet her, for I have kept my pledge."

"Harold!"—it was almost a whisper, but something in the tone made his heart give a wild, joyous leap—"have I known you all this time, and have you just found me out? It was this, Harold, which separated us. I dared not give my life to a man whom I had first known as a gambler. I suppose you still played, and I thought that to see again the expression on your face I had seen that night would kill me. Tell me, is it true? Have you never touched a card since?"

"Never!" he answered, solemnly. "And it is to you I owe it—it and life. Pearl, little Pearl, can you not trust the man who has been so long faithful to the child to be still faithful to the woman? My own, you will not doom the life that you have saved?"

But at this juncture Mrs. Somers, opening the door, beats a precipitate retreat. Harold's statue has warmed into life, and, pressing the lovely lips to his, he thanks God that it is his breath which has awakened it.

Saving an Hour's Sleep.

A BLOOMFIELD MAN'S INVENTION WHICH HE THINKS MIGHT PREVENT SOME DIVORCES.

A man living near Bloomfield, N. J., has contrived an arrangement by the use of which he is enabled to get an hour or more of extra sleep in the morning, and in other ways he finds it of great benefit. In many ways it takes the place of a domestic servant. The gentleman has thought out and put into practical working an idea that occurred to him about a year ago. He is awakened in the morning by a shrill whistle. He at once gets out of bed, for he knows what that whistle means. It tells him that all is ready for him to get breakfast. He dresses and goes into the kitchen, and there he finds a bright, fresh fire, a teakettle full of boiling water, and other conveniences for preparing his morning meal. All this is accomplished by means of an alarm clock with weights, a piece of wire, a sheet of sandpaper, and some matches. Paper, wood, and coal are put into the grate of his cooking stove, and a teakettle filled with water, and having a tiny whistle fitted into the nozzle of the kettle, is placed on the stove. By setting the alarm in the clock he can have a fire at any time he wishes. When the alarm in the clock goes off, a weight falls and hits the wire; the wire moves and scrapes the matches fastened to it on the sandpaper; the matches light the paper in the stove, the paper fires the wood and coal, and soon a fire is under way. In a little while the water in the teakettle boils, and then the tiny whistle gives the note of warning that everything is ready and it is time to get up.

"Simple thing, and yet what a comfort it is," the inventor says. "There is no getting up for me now an hour before breakfast, losing that amount of sleep, and then waiting around for breakfast. The arrangement costs next to nothing, and it is as trustworthy as anything in this world. I have not had it patented yet. Some persons advise me to, and perhaps I may. I haven't any for sale; got it up entirely for my own comfort and convenience, and it has more than repaid me already. But just think, if it were in general use it would save many hard words and do away with considerable domestic unhappiness among poor people. Doubtless it might have a tendency to make a better feeling between some men and their wives, by settling the vexing question as to who should get up in the morning and build the fire. Out of this question alone many divorce suits grow, and this arrangement would prevent them."

THEY are kicking up another row in Ireland, and the British Government is, as usual, making an ass of of itself by prosecutiag the ring-leaders instead of letting them alone severely, when they would cut each other's throats. Will English statesman never lay to heart the philosophic politoco-economic myth of Kilkenny cats ?—*S. F. News Letter.*

An Ode to an old Stove Pipe.

Infernal stuff, your nature well I know.
35 when I took you down six months ago
Each piece I numbered so that I might tell
Exactly how you'd go together well.
And now the time for chilly days draws nigh,
To put you up again I madly try,
But all in vain. The joints that then did fit
Now do not come within an inch of it.
I get you two-thirds put in place and then
Crash you go tumbling to the floor again.
Once more I try. You're rather full of soot,
And I am getting daubed from head to foot.
I jam my thumb, but still I persevere.
One piece goes down again and rakes my ear.
I grab to catch the piece, another goes,
And falling scrapes the hide off my nose.
And then another piece falls with a slam,
And the rest goes down, and I say d—n!
And then my blood gets boiling, and I say,
"By all that's blue, I'll fix you any way!"
Once more I go to work By patience great
I get all but a single section straight,
And that I am about to place, when oh!
The chair I stand on tips. Down flat I go;
While on and around me with a horrid crash,
The whole comes down again in one grand smash,
And then my wife remarks: "I never saw
A man so clumsy! I say "hold your jaw!"
And for a tin man send, while I retire
To wash myself and swear to vent my ire.

A Useful Invention.

A LADIES' BONNET WITH A BLUSH PRODUCING ATTACHMENT.

It is not every maiden, in these prosaic days, who can summon the "telltale blood" to her cheeks at will, or silently reveal, by an opportune roseate flush, those inward feelings to which many young ladies experience. But as the value of the blush, as a highly effective weapon in the feminine armory, is still universally recognized by the sex, although it would appear to have fallen into desuetudes, French ingenuity has been at the pains of devising a mechanical appliance for the instantaneous production of a fine natural glow upon the cheeks of beauty, no matter how constitutionally lymphatic or philosophically unemotional its proprietress may be.

This thoughtful contrivance is called "The Ladies' Blushing Bonnet," to the side ribbons of which—those usually tied under the fair wearer's chin—are attached two tiny, but powerful steel springs, ending in round pads, which are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries by the action of bowing the head, one exquisitely appropriate to modest embarrassment, and by artificially forcing blood into the cheeks cause them to be suffused with "the crimson hue of shame" at a moment's notice. Should these ingenious head coverings become the fashion among girls of the period, it will behoove the "young men about to marry" to take a sly peep behind the bonnet-strings of their blushing charmers immediately after proposing, in order to satisfy themselves that the heightened color, by them interpreted as an involuntary admission of reciprocated affection, is not due to the agency of a carefully adjusted "blushing bonnet."
—*London Telegraph.*

FUN AND FROLIC.

TO A TALL CHARMER.

O Emma dear! look down on me
So near the angels thou!
I ne'er may hope to rise to thy
High station anyhow.

Like stately pine thou sweepst the sky—
Dear Em, I may be wrong;
But though I long have loved thy sex,
I cannot love thee long.

An English servant-girl, who had returned home from the United States, was told that she "looked rather aristocratic," to which she respouded, "Yes; in America all us domestics belong to the hire class."

"Am I lookin' for work?" indignantly replied the honest tramp, in response to the citizen's question. "Am I lookin' for work? Not much I ain't. There is too much work in the country now. I'm tryin' to keep out o' the way of it."

It is not strange when you come to think about it, that a wheelbarrow so often gets up on its hind-legs and displays such a prodigious amount of inherent cussedness on the slightest provocation. Remember to what base uses it is subjected in the ayment of election bets.

It is proposed to call a convention of the "oldest voter" in the United States. It is all right; but where are they going to get a hall big enough to hold him? He's twice as numerous as the author of "Beautiful Snow," a poem written in the sixteenth century by one of the old masters.

"Blondes," says a society journal "are out of fashion." Young men who have recently married blondes will now deeply regret that they didn't select brunettes instead. The fact that a man's wife is an unfashionable blonde is not sufficient grounds for adivorce, we believe; and if he was to exchange her for a dark-hued woman, it would occasion unpleasant remark.

An exchange suggests that it is a good season of the year to begin practicing upon the almost "lost art" of shutting the door after you. But that art was never lost from a newspaper office. Afternoon newspapers always give a visitor a chromo if he shuts the door after himself in cold weather. A half dozen chromos last most offices from one Presidential election to another.—*Ex.*

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