Denton Journal.

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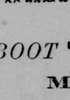
BOOT  *SHOE*
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FINE WORK

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at short notice and at reasonable prices. All work guranteed to be as represented.
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He charges the same old prices horse shoeing—**$1.00** for plain **$1.25** for steel toes—and guarantees satisfaction in all cases. Give him a trial.
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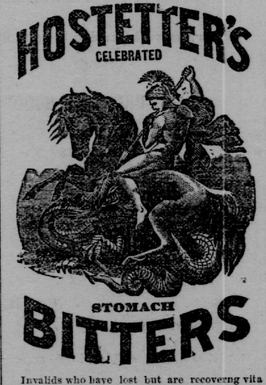

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GEO. T. MELVIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.,

FAIR INEZ.

Oh, saw ye not fair Inez?
She's gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn, again, fair Inez,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon shine alone,
And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write.

Would I had been, fair Inez,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by the side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lover here,
That he must cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I Saw thee, lovely Inez!
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Inez!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shouting on the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sank, Farewell, farewell
To her you're loved so long!

Farewell, farewell, fair Inez!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on her deck,
Nor danced so light before;
Alas for pleasure on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more.

—Hood.

OUR LITTLE SERVANT-MAID.

I never thought so little of Barbara Darling as I did that July afternoon when she stood by the window with a pout on her lips and a frown on her brow, looking out on the road with eyes that saw nothing, and utterly oblivious to the fact that her dear, rosy cheeked, bright-eyed little sister was tugging at her skirt with one small hand and holding up her doll with the other, while she piteously complained, "There's sumfin bery awful wrong er matter wif my baby, Baba; her's broke in her inside, an' can't cry any more to sabe her life," until the speaker as though to make up for this deficiency on the part of her "baby," burst into a loud, long and tearless cry herself, and even then Barbara only pulled her dress out of the dimpled little hand and said, in a decidedly unamiable manner, "Oh, bother!"

Barbara Darling was not pretty, that is, not very pretty—at least there was a diversity of opinion about her. The young men, alluding to her eyes and hair, spoke of violets and buttercups, the young women, on the contrary—young women are so unpoetical when by themselves—sneered "Blue china and molasses candy;" the young men liked the deep dimple in her chin, the young women said it was "awfully babyish;" the young men called her "a fairy," the young women "a dwarf."

She was she eldest of eight children; had no accomplishments, unless singing a ballad or two passably well could be called one, was eighteen years old, poor and—and—well to tell the honest truth, rather high tempered. And yet she had for a lover handsome, talented, proud, wealthy Anthony Ditto, the match that all the girls in her circle had been making eyes at for a year before he, with heart still untouched, had met "wee Bab," as he called her.

How he came to notice her at all goodness knows, unless the comicality of the introduction struck through the dignity which enveloped him as a mantle, and softening his heart, as honest fun always soften hearts, let her steal into it, and then being a burry sort of a little body he couldn't get rid of her afterward.

"Miss Barbara *Darling,*" said that provoking Ned Parker, "Mr. Anthony *Ditto;*" and we (yes, we—I'm Bab Darling) burst out laughing, the names were so odd following each other in that manner, you know; and from that moment we were excellent friends until the day we ceased to be friends and became lovers.

Papa and mamma were delighted with the engagement, and so was I, for of course I loved him dearly; and yet for the life of me I couldn't stop what he called "flirting," though I'm sure I didn't mean it for that. You see everybody is so very kind to a little woman that it is almost impossible for her to be dignified. She gets used to being treated like a child, and accepts pet names and bouquets and bonbons and gloves and the best of everything, and talks and laughs and sings with pleasant people of the opposite sex just as a child would.

Now Anthony didn't like it—absurd fellow! wasn't I going to marry him?—and he used to look, oh! so very grim and ogreish, and lecture me on the impropriety of my conduct, until I felt myself the most miserable of sinners, but—I don't know how to account for it—I always forgot the lecture as soon as it was over, and was in disgrace again immediately.

Well, the other evening—Fourth of July evening it was—a party of us young folks went to the village green to see the pyrotechnic display, and arriving there rather late, found ourselves the last comers, and consequently on the outside of the crowd. Ned Parker and I tried to push our way to the front, but we couldn't; and I didn't see a thing, except a few rockets and blue lights, until the very last, when Ned lifted me in his arms so that I might at least catch a glimpse of Washington blessing his countrymen and women with one fiery hand, while he pointed to a Roman candle that had just gone up with the other.

Anthony was a few feet away, talking with Netta Brooke; and when I joined him, expecting to meet with a terrible frown, he greeted me with a charming smile. And all the rest of the evening he was as amiable as possible, and though he had several five minute chances to scold me, never said a reproving word—never even referred to the George W. episode, but he did worse—he flirted himself.

That I had never dreamed of, and, I must say, that I thought—at the time—it was a real mean thing for a great tall fellow like him to do, to revenge himself on a mite like me.

Yes, he flirted for two long, very long hours; and when (the party ended at our house) the children proposed a kissing game, he, my haughty, reserved lover, joined in with that bold Brooke girl, and chose her for "a partner" every time, kissing her on the mouth—and she has a pretty mouth—as he did so.

I should have liked to box her ears, and his, too, for that matter, but I didn't—of course not. I sauntered about with Ned Parker, and looked up into his face as though every moment I discovered some new beauty in it, and when Netta bade me good-night (Anthony could find no excuse for offering to walk home with her, her brother Dick being there) I kissed her and hoped she had enjoyed herself.

"Oh! very much—very, very much, indeed," said she, flinging a look which she meant to be tender, but it wasn't—she has big, black, yellow eyes—at Anthony. "I never enjoyed myself so much."

But as soon as the garden gate closed behind them I took my engagement-ring from my finger and flung it upon the ground, and I actually—I'm ashamed to tell it, but I did—made my hand into a fist and shook it at my promised husband. What would mamma, the dear, meek Darling—I don't get my temper from her—have said if she had seen me?

As for Anthony, he wasn't the least bit frightened, but caught the fist, and shut it up it his strong right hand like something in a box.

"I hate you!" I cried. "Nobody ever treated me so before."

"But how many have you treated so?" he asked, with a smile; and I couldn't help thinking how handsome he looked in the silver moonlight.

"Everybody has always done what I wanted them to do," I went on, stamping my foot.

"And consequently spoiled," said he.

"What did you love me for, if I'm not—nice?"

"Because I knew the moment I saw you, you wee thing, you were my fate. I thought you were nice then, and wanted to take you in my arms the moment you smiled at me."

"And now?"

"And now I think you a bad-tempered, selfish, willful, unreasonable little girl."

"Indeed!" and I wrenched my hand away, but not before he had kissed it with the most provoking coolness. "Then we'll part, unless you change your opinion immediately, and promise never to speak to Netta Brooke again."

"I shall make no such silly promise, Barbara." Good gracious! the idea of his calling me Barbara! "I have promised to drive her to the depot to-morrow."

"You return to the city together?"

"We return by the same train, as we have done a dozen times before."

"Go," said I, almost beside myself with rage. "I never want to see you again."

"Are you sure, Barbara?" he asked—"quite sure? I think you had better wait for a day or two before you banish me. If by the day after to-morrow—your birthday—you still hate me, send me word to that effect, and I will, the moment your note is read, accept a position offered me this morning, and start for a home beyond the sea. Good night, Miss Darling."

"Good night, Mr. Ditto."

And he strode away up the road, and I picked up my ring and stole into the house, and cried as though my heart would break. It was so cruel of him to be unkind to a poor little thing like me.

The next morning, as I sat on the front porch darning the children's stockings—dear me! it seems to me every time stocking-darning time comes around that there never could be another family with so many feet as ours—Anthony drove past with Netta Brooke at his side.

I hid behind the stocking basket until they were out of sight, and then I flew to my desk and wrote as bitter a note as a woman twice my size could have written, and sent it to the village postoffice, that very evening, by our little servant-maid.

Our little servant-maid, with large, honest gray eyes, a small red mouth, bright chestnut hair, a pleasant smile, a neat, plump figure, and a remarkably cheerful disposition. And a clever little maid she is, too—can wash and iron and cook, and do a hundred other things; but she possesses one taste which interferes sadly with the performance of her domestic duties—the most insatiate hunger for literature, which she gratifies whenever she finds an opportunity, in season or out of season, morn, noon or night.

Potatoes and stews are burned, bread, cakes, and pies baked to cinders, doors left open all night, breakfast delayed, lunches forgotten, dinners served too early or late all on account of this love of reading which characterizes our little servant-maid.

She nearly drowned baby once, while giving her her bath, by letting the Darling's head slip under the water, while she devoured a story in the paper she had taken from a table near by. She let my canary escape while she removed his seed cup with one hand and held a late novel in the other, her eyes being fixed on the book. She spilled the soup one dinner-time, over papa's immaculate white vest, while trying to peep at the magazine he was glancing over. She set the hot flat iron on our best damask table cloth, and left it there to indelibly imprint its triangular portrait, while she hastily read an interesting murder case in the morning paper.

She could scarcely be got out of bed in the mornings, because she was tired and sleepy from reading the book she had abstracted from the book-case the night before, and when she did get up she actually sat before the dreary-looking stove for half an hour or so, intently perusing the various scraps of newspaper with which she should have been lighting the fire.

In short, if she had not been the most devoted, sunny, unselfish, fond-of-us-all little creature, it would have been utterly impossible for us to have stood the many mishaps and disasters that sprang from our servant-maid's devotion to literature. As it was, papa said to her when she drenched him with soup: "Another occurrence of this nature, and you go." And mamma said to her, when she nearly drowned the baby, "Really, Eleanor, if anything as dreadful as this happens again we must part." And I see her, when she freed my song-bird, "The very next wrong thing you do while reading—" and I made significant pause and looked.

"Yes, Miss," said Nellie, meekly, with the tears in her grey eyes, which didn't prevent her, as soon as she reached the kitchen, bursting out with "Why, why, why didst thou leave me?" to a tune made up of a strange combination of "Old Dan Tucker," and "The Russian Hymn."

But with the exception of a turkey nicely roasted and sent to table retaining its crop and one or two other superfluous appendages to a turkey when roasted, on account of "Red as a Rose is She," and forgetting to put the yeast in the bread one night because "East Lynne" lay beside the bread bowl, Nellie had got into no trouble for several months, and had gladly said to me, the morning of the very day I sent that horrid letter, "So, Miss, I shall be with you another birthday after all; and isn't that "Monarch of Minking Lane" lovely? I read a little bit of it when I was dusting the parlor, Miss."

Well, to go back to naughty Barbara, standing by the window and gazing out into the street.

Oh, how my heart ached! How sorry I was for quarreling with my dear, good splendid Anthony! The first thing this morning, my birthday morning—last year I was scarcely through my breakfast when he came, bringing me the loveliest set of pearls—he will get my cruel letter, and then, before I can send another to beg him to forgive me, he will have started for that dreadful place away off, goodness knows where.

"What possessed me?" I said to myself, wringing my hands in despair. "Silly, wicked little thing I am, to break my own heart and wound him so deeply? He loves me, I know he loves me dearly, and he never, never, never would have flirted had I not set him the example;" and I heaved a deep sigh, which was immediately echoed behind me, and turning, I saw Nellie laying the table for dinner, with a most woe-begone expression on her round, rosy face; and as I turned toward her, two frightened, imploring grey eyes met mine. For a moment I forgot my own trouble.

"Why, Nellie, what is the matter with you?" I asked.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how can I tell you? And out of this house I must go as soon as you know. And I love your ma, I almost love your pa, and I adore all the rest of you. Oh! oh! oh!"—bursting into sobs and tears.

"Take down your apron, this minute," said I, firmly, "and tell me what you have been doing this time."

"Well, Miss," said Nellie, giving a great gulp, and coming and standing before me, "you know, Miss, last evening I went to the village, and it was an elegant moonlight night, Miss; and oh, Miss"—twining and untwining her fingers nervously—"I can't bear to go out into a cold and heartless world. What shall I do! What shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I got my paper—the 'Weekly Avis,' you know, where they're printing 'The Vow of the Glass Fiend,' or the 'Gittering, Gleaming Girandole.' And oh! Miss, what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I opened the paper in the store just to see how Stephanyer Alveretter got out of the enchanted cave, and I came out into the road a reading it. Oh, Miss, it's most awfully interesting!" And Nellie, completely carried away by her subject, undone her hands and continued in as bass a voice as she could assume, "The dragon belched forth streams of fire." And then, suddenly changing to a high, shrill tone, "Rudolfer sprang between her and the monster-r-r." "Saved, saved, saved, she cried," *cried* Nellie at the top of her voice, entirely lost to everything but the "most awful interesting" story.

"Good heavens! Nell," said I, "you'll have ma tumbling down stairs, thinking it's tramps. Forget the Glass Fiend, or whatever it is, for a few moments, and finish your own story."

The frightened look came back into Nell's face, "Well Miss," she said slowly, "I got my paper, and, oh! Miss."

"*Go on!*" said I, stamping my foot. I had made up my mind never to stamp my foot again, but the girl was so provoking.

"And, Miss,"—with desperate calmness—"*I forgot to post your letter.*"

I flung my arms around her and gave her a huge kiss, promised her a whole year's subscription to the village circulating library, and left her with round eyes and mouth wide open in wonder, while I flew to the door to answer the ring of—

"Barbara *darling,*" said he.

"Anthony *ditto,*" said I.

The Women in the Case.

An observant journalist who has just finished a tour of the South has added the results of some acute observation to the copious store of facts already coming to light. He has, in fact, found, stated for the first time, one of the potencies that rule Southern life and politics. This is the inordinate influence of woman! Any one who sets upon this trail will be apt to recall much that significantly corroborates the fact. When Southern ideas dominated the government it will be remembered that they were for the most part the crystallized piques, caprices and intuitions of a feminine coterie. This, however, is a result that attends the close soldering of coteries. Whenever one class of men hold power any length of time the virile methods that first enabled them to grasp it are always strained and attenuated until effeminacy rules.

What could more strikingly illustrate than the last four years of Grant, when the wives of the Cabinet virtually made and unmade Ministers, carried out or killed polices? It was Mrs. Grant's consuming thirst for wealth and show. to put herself upon a plane with the wives of the millionaires, that gave the Black Friday and San Domingo schemes their vitality. It is a singular fact that the influence of women in affairs of state is never good or pure. What Byron said of the sex in love is at all events true in politics. Women have in public affairs no sense of honor or moral responsibility. This may be considered to be proven by the study of woman's part in affairs from the Queen of Sheba down to the Empress Eugenie. No wonder, then, that the crude in methods and doubtful in morals remain part of the Southron's education. By this is meant the prevalence of the duello as the end of an argument and the paternal idea in government as a panacea for all ordinary civic ills, for it is one of the broad farces of the conditions of parties that the Southron who believes himself a Jeffersonian Democrat makes no compunctious scruple against making the general government a paymaster for the local needs of the States, a principle as opposed to real democracy as nihilism to trinitarianism.

The Southron is not only governed by his female surroundings, he is instructed by them; and as the women of the South have no large facilities for general education the paucity of large intelligence and general accomplishments in the men need not surprise the student. Women in the South are gifted, however, very much in the manner of their French sisters—they trust their intuitions. They hold to the old notions of chivalry. Every man is a knight, consecrated to the devoir of not one chosen one but the whole sex. To him the first duty is the conquest of beauty; the crown thus gained he is bound to defend wherever challenged. Hence the prevalence of the blood thirsty code which the better equipoise of the North has long banished, through a serious moral sentiment as well as an inexpugnable ridicule. Women are moved mostly and powerfully through their prejudices; their husbands and brothers imbue these prejudices, and since their wives and sisters are the ruling voices in the social system it is their caprice and prejudice that crop out in the public as well as the private conduct of the Southron. Another condition enters for a good deal. In the North, for example, young boys are sent off to academies and colleges, where the narrow spirit of locality and provincialism is worn out by a constant friction with diverse elements. The Southron lad has the benefit of no such wholesome attrition. He goes into political or business life with his mother's narrowness and prejudices confirmed, intolerant of an opposition which seems to call in question the infallibility of the one being that he loves and reverences. It is this primitive training which explains the helplessness of the Southron in politics. Mark how quickly the well-equipped Northern member combats and pushes to the wall the Southron in debate. Men of half their native force are able to rout the Southerners on the floor, simply through the habit they have gained of looking at questions from many points of view, while the Southron never sees but one. When the lads south of Mason and Dixon go to college for education and take events as the study of their mature years, instead of home prejudice and maternal intuitions, there will be less distinction of political or social methods in the two sections.

An exchange says that not "many months since a distinguished Senator from New England, being a little annoyed by one of Senator Edmund's proposed amendments, remarked to a brother Senator that he would bet $50, if the truth could be known, that when Senator Edmund's mother first taught him the Lord's prayer, he bounced up on her knees and offered an amendment to it.

Put away her little seal-skin,
Hang it high above the floor,
All her days of winter pleasure
And of sleigh rides, now are o'er;
Give her time to look about her
And the situation grasp;
Spring is here and soon her molars,
Through the ice cream will rasp.

A plumber who was about to die said: "My only regret at dying is because where I am going water pipes never freeze up."

When the deluge came Noah saved his bacon by taking Ham into the Ark.

Best of the Jokes.

Over zealous: A servant girl hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.—*London Truth.*

Dramatic note: The manager of a theatre being deeply impressed by the reports of recent fires at places of amusement sets actively to work to make all possible arrangements for emptying his theatre in the event of an accident. "He ought to try and do something to fill it," remarked a cynical rival.—*French Paper.*

Progress in naval affairs: That jolly old seadog, Secretary of the Navy Hunt, rushed into Congress the other day with a demand for an appropriation for sinking artesian wells on shipboard. He explained that it was about time our navy was supplied with pure fresh water at all times. He was removed by force.—*San Francisco Post.*

Precocity of the juvenile Parisian: "You wouldn't believe it," remarked Bliffers, who had just returned from "Yurrup," "but I tell you it is a fact. There are plenty of little shavers in Paris, not more than three or four years old, who can speak French!" And Bliffers wondered why we manifested so little surprise at his remark. —*Cambridge Tribune.*

A non-combatant: "Did you serve in the war, Uncle?" "No, sah; I was a cowardly niggah. I was a Kentucky niggah. And what did I want to 'list foh?' "Were not the white men fighting for you?" "'Spose dey way. Dat was no sign why we should fight. Massa, did you ebber see two dogs fighin' over a bone?" "Well, what's that got to do with your fighting?" "A heap, massa. Did you ever see the bone fight?" The questioner left amid a general laugh.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Breech-Loading Pipe.

A Connecticut man has invented a breech-loading pipe, which he considers one of the most important productions of the age. The valuable peculiarity of the pipe consists in the fact that it can be discharged and reloaded without being relighted. This would seem to be a sweet boon to the few pipe-smokers who have survived the cigarette craze. It saves a vast amount of time and matches and vexation of spirit. The inventor calculates that the average smoker fills his pipe twelve times a day, averaging six minutes each time—causing a loss of seventy-two minutes per day, or eight hours and twenty-four minutes per week, or eighteen days, four hours and forty-eight minutes per year. At such rate the person who smokes for fifty years will waste nearly three of them in loading and unloading his pipe, which is a frightful waste, indeed, of the fleeting hours. Pursuing his singular calculations, the inventor estimates the number of pipe-smokers in this country at 1,000,000; that each pipe-lighting requires an average expenditure of fourteen matches—to say nothing of the incident profanity—which is equal to the destruction of 56,940,000,000 matches per annum! The breech-loader is important, therefore, as to the vast amount of timber it will save for more useful purposes. But the inventor need never hope to inveigle an Emerald Islander with the breech-loader. He prefers his dudheen to any new-fangled pipe; and we all know that he does not waste matches, because of his superior attainments in pipe-lighting whether in wind or calm.

HOW TO HANG PICTURES.—No picture ought to be hung higher than the height of the average human eyes when the owner of the eye is standing. It is the most universal rule in our houses to hang pictures much above this level, and they cannot be enjoyed there. If the picture is a portrait or it has human faces in it, its eyes should look as nearly into ours as possible; and if there be no such simple guide, perhaps a good rule will be to have the line that divides the pictures horizontally into equal parts level with the eye. If one starts to hanging pictures with the determination to place them so that they can be easily seen and enjoyed without stretching the neck in the least, or stooping the body, he will be pretty sure to do well. In remote farm houses and country taverns we often see pictures, particularly portraits, skyed as high as if their owners had been academy hangers, and the painters young rivals of a new school. I suppose that the reason is that the simple-hearted owners think a picture such a precious thing it can't be hung too securely out of the reach of meddling hands. They are often not clear in their minds as to what a picture is meant for, and not finding it in any particular relation to human life and society, they treat it with reverence and put it where it will disturb them as little as possible. But as people come to enjoy pictures and get some intellectual, spiritual nourishment out of them, they want them as they want their books where they can see them and use them.

They had a grand ball at Leadville to celebrate Washington's birthday. Over 400 were present, six barrels of liquor were consumed, and seven men killed at a free fight, which was excellently managed. The whole affair was very *recherche* and will be remembered as one of the most delightful social affairs that ever was enjoyed by the best society of Leadville.

The shortest Spring poem on record:

Shiver,
Shad,
Liver
Pad.

"Will you love when I mold?" as the cheese said to the grocer.

AN exceedingly troublesome net—a hornet.

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