Denton Journal.

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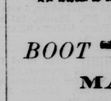
BOOT  *SHOE*
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He charges the same old prices horse shoeing—$1.00 for plain $1.25 for steel toes—and guarantees satisfaction in all cases. Give him a trial.
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GEO. T. MELVIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.,

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

There in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly, laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the rose, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years now fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch.

An Invitation to Breakfast.

"Walk out to my house, and have breakfast with me some morning." Such was the invitation given to me one day by Mr. Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articled, in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been articled for a few weeks, and what I had seen of Mr. Robertson in business made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterward, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove; and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which, generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, the sparkling dew, and soft low breeze, all tend to exhilerate one's spirits and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr. Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued, I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be to appease the appetite stimulated by the breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No; nothing savoring so of the town for this group of country residents; they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chance of having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, however, by sending across my path a traveling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply, "This 'ere one I've jist come from, sir." Walking up the path I found the door invitingly open, and the housemaid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

"Master is not down yet, sir," she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

"Oh, then, I will come in and wait," I replied.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked the girl.

"Just tell him Mr. Brooks has called and he will understand."

So saying the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should have possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two wide French windows, which opened on a tastefully arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. While noticing these things the housekeeper had gone upstairs to announce me, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Brooks is down stairs."

"Mr. Brooks! Who is he?" was the response, in a muffled female voice.

"I don't know, ma'am," the maid replied, "I've never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he'll wait till master comes down."

"Whoever can he be, and what can he want, bothering here at this time of day?" continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting, and I soon concluded my inspection, and looked round for something else to occupy the moments, which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up, just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room, and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with "Good morning, uncle; here is your button-hole bouquet."

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily-shaped head; her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened, too, by a rosy blush, when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button hole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unrestrained enjoyment had changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eyes as the humor of the awkward situation we were in broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay to breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting, "Good morning, uncle," followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp "Good-morning." I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was: "He is some visitor;" but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin, that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable understanding; that I humbly apologised for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking I made a frandash at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady, who, in less than five minutes I had found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried "good-morning," and was trying to make a ghastly attempt at a smile as I left the room when, would you believe it? that tall, dark man burst out into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gayly discussed at that breakfast-table, before her, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. "You really must forgive; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr. Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but in all my experience we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one."

Now this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart. "Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Dome the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning." So saying he took my hat out of my hand and led me into the room again. Of course it did not take much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the most kind and considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more genial and more kindhearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower garden, I received from her a rosebud for my buttonhole, which I kept for some years afterward. When saying good-bye I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town I lost no time in explaining "the situation" to my worthy employer, Mr. Robertson, who rallied me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr. Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me; and that "fairy-like girl" is now my wife. The local milkman, bless him, got a handsome "tip" upon our wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

A LUCID DESCRIPTION OF AREAS AND STORM CENTERS.

"I see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid the paper down, "I see that we are to have rising, followed by falling barometer, with northeast to southwest winds, and higher or lower temperature, with clear, or partly cloudy weather and light rains. How is it they contrive to tell so accurately about the weather? Do you understand it"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke. "They do it by observation.—They have a man out West observing, and a man down East who observes, and fellows observing around in different parts of the country. They put all their observations together, and we know just what it's going to do."

"I suppose that's what makes the wind so different every morning when one man's temperature is rising, another's is falling, and when one is clear all the rest are partly cloudy, with—"

"No, they ain't. Each observer sends in what he observes, and then the chief makes up his mind from those reports what the weather will be.—Can't you understand."

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, rubbing her elbows. "If one sees the barometer rising and another sees it falling, and it's cold in one place and cloudy in another, they all say so. But I should think when one hits it right the others would be awful mad."

"What would they get mad about?" demand Mr. Spoopendyke. "You do not imagine that they all get together and fight it out, do you? They take the weather from different points and combine it, and then they parcel it out among the different regions. For instance, if it snows in the East and is warm in the West, they strike an average in the Lake region. Now, what's the average between heat and snow,

"Rain," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted with her sagacity. "I see how it is now. They take what is usually going on and equalize it all over the country. I'm glad the Democrats wern't elected."

"What have they got to do with it. Do you think a barometer is a politician?"

"No. But if the Democrats had been elected they would have had to change it all aroud, wouldn't they? And the South would have got the best share. That's what the Repub——"

"Dod gast the Republicans! They've got no more to do with it than you have. You've got an idea that they throw the barometers and observers into one end of a steam engine and the weather comes out the other. They don't make weather. The weather makes itself. It's the only self-supporting thing about the government. And these signal men only watch it and tell what it's going to be."

"I suppose when tehse observers all get together and talk it over, that is called a storm center, isn't it?"

"That's it!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've got the weather, now. All you want is your name painted on the handle, and the spring broken, to be an umbrella. They don't talk it over; they tell what they know, and its fixed up in Washington. They agree on it there, and then they telegraph it all over the country. A storm center travels around everywhere. It's generally made in Manitoba and then sent down here.

"How wide is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, deeply interested. "Because, if it isn't too big. I should think they might stop it."

"Wide? It's about a feet wide!—Just a feet. Just about as wide as your measly information. How're they going to stop it? S'pose it travels on a railroad train? Thing it jaws the sleeping car conductor because there's only and upper berth left?—Well, it don't. It hires a horse!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, "and the only way to stop it is to build a fence around it. There was some talk about burning the last one, but the wood was wet."

"Well, my dear, you needn't get angry about it," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "I only thought there might be some way they could make some arrangement about it. I think storm centers are horrid, and the observer in Manitoba must have a hard time. If he has to observe much in the winter he must be nearly frozen."

"Does any human being know what you're thinking about?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "Do you s'pose he goes around with a spyglass looking behind rocks? Think he prowls all night with a dod gasted lantern, hunting up storm centers? Got an idea that he runs around under the bed with a broom, like a measly marrind woman I know of, and when he catches a center pulls him out by the leg and observes him? He don't do anything of the sort. He has 'em in to spend the evening with him, and get 'em drunk and finds out what they're up to. Understand it now? All you want is to whirl around twice and squeak nights to be a weather-vane."

"I didn't know how they did it," quoth Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently. "but I see it now. If the prohibitionist had been elected he couldn't have done that, and we would have been in a bad way. Now that I understand it, I'll learn the indications every morning. How does a barometer rise and fall?"

"With jack screws, dod gast it!" thundered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sometimes they haul it up with a stump machine; then they drop a carpenter's shop on it. When it gets very low they blow it up with gun cotton.—Once in Dakota it got so high they had to dig a hloe and ram it down with a spile driver. Got it now! Begin to see through it. What you need is a box of pills and a conundrum to be an almanac!" and Mr. Spoopendyke jumped out of the house like a conical shot, and banged the door after him.—

"I never quite understood it before," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, speculating whether she'd put the plume on the side or back part of her hat, "but now that he's made it plain to me, I wonder they don't observe by steam. It must be awful hard on the poor men," and having decided about the plume, Mrs. Spoopendyke filled her mouth with pins and crawled under the bed in search of her thimble.

"Peach Plucks."

The "plucks" begin to move towards the Eastern Shore about the middle of July, and when assembled on a farm for work at picking peaches, where fifteen or twenty thousand bushels are to be marketed in a few weeks, they represent the world on a small scale. There are few countries but what are represented, and all classes of society. One is reminded of the saying that extremes meet, for in a peach orchard all characters can be found; some who bear evidence of refinement, education and culture, and others just the reverse. Some will be seen during idle moments taking notes, or recording their passing thoughts in their diaries; others playing cards, and of this class there are many who will work hard all the week and before the Sunday passes every cent will be in the pockets of the successful gambler. Others will leave for the city, spend their money for whiskey and return without a cent. Another portion will stroll to some retired place, and quietly sit for hours as if in deep meditation about their homes or perhaps their distressed families. A few will carefully save every cent as closely as a miser, promising themselves to be reformed men, and I have no doubt entertain a fond hope of a reunion with some loved wife and children, and yet may fall when within sight of the desire of the heart.

What has brought about this migrating army of peach plucks, with all the misery and degraded manhood that follows such a condition? Foul whiskey tells the tale. Yet it is a fact that some will not touch it while the season lasts, even refusing the usual free drink in the morning that some dispense as an inducement to be on hand as the sun peeps up; but few, very few, are among the missing. It may seem strange, yet I have been told that as a general thing these plucks are honest, at least that nothing is ever missed, although every chance is offered for stealing. In some orchards regular sheds are erected, with births in them, and in other cases barn lofts and other out buildings are used for sleeping in. With many, Sunday is dreaded, as they would prefer working; but our farmers, as a rule, forbid work on the Sabbath. With those who would prefer working the day is a dull one, but they will select some retired place and play cards all day, blacks and whites mingled together. Others under no circumstances would touch a peach or card on Sunday. It is amusing to see with what expertness some of them will assort peaches—a defective peach seems to stick to their fingers as if by magic.—A. P. S., Rock Hall, Md.

John Carmichael's Postal Card.

John Carmichael, a Virginia farmer, addressed to Senator Zebulon Vance a note saying: "Please send me yr speech on that damm dog Mahone." This communication, which undoubtedly as bad in taste as in spelling, never reached the person for whom it was intended. A clerk read the card in the Washington office and called the attention of his superiors to the language used. The missive was impounded. The writer was arrested on the affidavit of an inspector of the department, and, after a preliminary examination before a United States Commissioner, was held for trial on the criminal charge of mailing indecent matter, in violation of Section 3,893 of the Revised Statutes, "and against the peace and dignity of the United States."

Carmichael's trial is set down for the day after the Fourth of July, If he is convicted, it will be within the discretion of the Judge to sentence him to a fine of $5,000 and imprisonment at hard labor for ten years.

The question directly involved, of course, is not whether Mr. Mahone can be described with accuracy as a "damm dog," or whether it is proper and polite to call him a "damm dog," or, indeed, whether the epithet is libellous; but whether the words used by Mr. Carmichael to convey to Senator Vance his opinion of Mahone are "indecent." The law under which Carmichael is prosecuted is designed to prevent the dissemination of obscene matter through the mails. Mr. Bell, Superintendent of the city delivery of the Washington Post Office, who intercepted the postal card addressed to Senator Vance, swears that he considers it "obscene and unmailable." The United States Commissioner at Alexandria, who held Carmichael for trial, is apparently of the same opinion.

Farcical as the proceeding is in some of its aspects, it has a side which is far from being comic. If Post Office clerks are to be censors of the worthiness or unworthiness of the sentiments contained in the private correspondence intrusted to the Government for transmission, and if they are commissioned to decide what messages shall be forwarded and what messages confiscated and suppressed, it is high time the public should understand the fact.

FISH CULTURE.—The valuable results which have attended the operations of the New Jersey fish commission, says the Baltimore *Sun*, should inspire renewed hopes in regard to the results to be realized from the efforts of our own Maryland fish commission, which are on a much more extensive scale, to restock our depleted rivers with first-class food-fish. The New Jersey commission was organized as late as 1878, and the annual appropriation has been only $5,000, but the results of close supervision, strict but reasonable laws, and continued propagation on the fish production of the State have, however, been exceedingly gratifying. It is only during the late season and the one now closing that the results have been clearly shown. The estimated increase in the shad production is from 150,000 to 200,000, while there has been a marked change for the better in the quality; the average weight has also risen from four and one half to six pounds, with a perceptible increase each year. Shore fishing has been especially encouraged, and these fisheries are the most profitable. Along the Delaware $100,000 is invested in shad fisheries alone, giving employment to at least 3,000 men, using 100 miles of nets. Cape May and Long Branch during the fashionable season are enormous consumers. During the year the New Jersey commissioners have planted 300,000 trout, 15,000 black bass and 80,000 California salmon. These latter have made their appearance in good shape as full-grown fish in the Delaware, and, barring a little coarseness of flavor occasionally, are said to rank with the California production.

HUXLEY ON THE HERRING.—In his recent lecture at the National Fishing Exhibition in Norwich, Eng., Professor Huxley said a great many interesting things about that prolific and valuable friend to man, the herring.—He described this fish as occupying a place in natural history almost unique in itself, which still to a certain extent puzzles biologists. Practical men may have little difficulty in determining whether a given fish is a herring or not; but scientific zoologists, looking a little deeper, have not always succeeded in drawing a hard-and-fast line between the herring, the sprat, the shad and the pilchard. One thing is certain, that, by whatever name the fish is called, the numbers on the English coast are enormous, and, so long as climatic conditions remain the same, the supply is practically inexhaustible.

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